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THE

TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1872.

London Society.

FRENCH NOVELISTS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

To a little octagonal writing-table in Victor Hugo's house in Guernsey, which we visited a few summers ago, there are affixed four inkstands of simple and ordinary construction. In the table beneath each of these is a little drawer which when opened discloses an autograph letter. The four inkstands were used respectively by Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Georges Sand: and the letter from M. Dumas runs as follows: "I certify that this is the inkstand with which I have written my fifteen or twenty last volumes. Alexandre Dumas. Paris 10th April, 1860." The entire arrangement was a pretty conceit carried out by the late Madame Victor Hugo.

What we would specially call attention to is the seemingly studied carelessness of manner in which M. Dumas alludes to his works—"my fifteen or twenty last volumes;" as if, forsooth, novel-writing were meant to be looked upon as mere child's-play to him, and the composition of a score of volumes as matter of scarcely more moment than the scribbling of a dozen of unimportant letters. But we do not imagine M. Dumas in this instance to have been guilty of affectation. The enormous array of his published volumes is something positively bewildering. Were we to take them, after his own example, in fifteens, and count them cribbage-fashion "fifteen-two, fifteen-four, &c.," we should find that the pegs were a long way down the board when we had finished.

Princes, and guardsmen, and courtesans, and mysterious exiles, and intriguers, and millionaires, and diplomatists, and generals, and impossible sailor counts, and bewitching women—plotting, loving, revenging; all these we have, and crowds besides of painted characters that form a vast procession through these volumes like the pageant of an eastern king.

Alexandre Dumas was born at Villers-Cotterêts, the 24th July, 1802, and his full name is Alexandre Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie. His grandfather was a wealthy Frenchman, for many years Governor of St. Domingo, the Marquis Marie Alexandre Antoine Davy de la Pailleterie; and his grandmother, who was either married or not married, was a negress called either Louise Cessette or Marie Tessette or Tiennette Dumas—accounts differ as to her Christian name.

When the Marquis de la Pailleterie returned to France, he took with him his son, a young mulatto of lively temper, graceful form, and some chivalrous accomplishments. The youth is said to have been of enormous physical strength, and

to have had hands and feet like a woman's. At the time of his father's second marriage his allowance was stopped, and he enlisted in the army as a private soldier, under the name of his dead mother. He distinguished himself in the French ranks and rose rapidly, attaining the grade of general of division. This was in 1792. Suffering disgrace under the empire, he resigned his post, and died at Villers-Cotterêts in 1806, leaving a widow and one son—the young Alexandre. Dumas is careful to inform us that Villers-Cotterêts is two leagues from the birthplace of Racine, and seven leagues from the birthplace of La Fontaine: he thus expects in turn, we presume, that whenever we speak of the places of their birth we shall describe them as so many leagues from the birthplace of Dumas.

He describes the house where he was born, and says that it has come into the possession of a friend of his, who will let him have it one day in order that he may die in the chamber where he was born, and "return in the night of the future to the same place whence he stepped from the night of the past." He did not die there, however, but at Puys, near Dieppe, on the 5th December, 1870.

Poor fellow! he is one of those to whom most things have had to be a contest. Even his aristocratic name is denied him, which he thinks rather hard, as he did not put it forward obtrusively, only appending it to the name Dumas in official documents. So, in proof of his right to bear it, he furnishes a copy of his baptismal register with witnesses and all possible detail, wherein he is shown to be the son of General Alexandre Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie, and Marie Louise Elizabeth Labouret, his wife. He humorously says that had he been a bastard, he would have accepted the "bar," as have done bastards more celebrated than he should have been; but that it will be necessary for the public, like himself, to become resigned to his legitimacy. The name of Pailleterie was abandoned for a time by his father, who, on the old marquis's second marriage, found himself without allowance, and under these circumstances, after a quarrel, decided upon entering the army, into the lower ranks of which the marquis would not allow him to drag the haughty surname.

So Dumas, only, became the cognomen of the future general; and Alexandre, although baptized under his grandfather's name—his father also having been known as the Comte de la Pailleterie—yet elected, when the matter came before him for choice, to take the name under which he had known and loved his father, rather than that of his grandfather the marquis, whom he had never seen. Dumas' definition of himself as a child is worth quoting as in the highest degree characteristic of him. We translate from his own words. "I made," says he, "a pretty enough child; I had long curled hair which fell over my shoulders, and which only became frizzled on the day when I attained my fifteenth year, large blue eyes which I possess still, and which constitute the best feature of my face; a straight nose, small and well made, great lips, red and sympathetic; teeth white, set moderately badly. Besides, in fine, a complexion of a brilliant whiteness, and which only turned to brown at the time when my hair went frizzy." Here he would seem to make out that the quadroon characteristics only came out with youth; he never avoided, however, the subject of his descent, but treated impertinent inquirers with some jocular scorn. We all know the story of his being interrogated by some simpleton as to his lineage. "Who was your father?" asked his questioner. "A half-caste," answered M. Dumas. "And your grandfather?" "A black." "And your great-grandfather?" "A baboon, sir—my pedigree begins at the point where your's terminates." There was, however, a strange apprehension in his mother's mind before his birth lest he should turn out a black. She had been some little time before to see a play, and the polichinelle who was acting, being habited in black with a scarlet tongue and tail, had excited her imagination, and she trembled lest the coming infant should bear the like fantastic figure. A slight accident which attended the child's birth fostered her hallucination for a time. The boy, however, turned out to be of a proper color, and cried moreover with a natural voice, and not with the diabolic grunting of which she had been afraid.

The general dying in 1806, the widow was left not in the most flourishing

circumstances. The boy had adored his father, who had been notorious for beauty and accomplishments, and, on hearing of his death, he immediately took up a gun, and said he was going to heaven. "What for?" asked the tearful widow. "To kill the good god who has killed my father," shouted the boy.

As adventures are to the adventurous, so all sorts of fantastic, romantic, and ludicrous incidents seem to cling about young Dumas' life; and all these with a sensational and highly entertaining garrulity he seems to take a pleasure in narrating in his most lengthy memoirs of himself. These are in twenty-two volumes and have not been translated into English. They are considerably more interesting than his novels, and would be well worth being rendered into our language, were it not that Dumas' simplicity leads him to descriptions of details of his life of so realistic and minute a nature as would occasionally shock our Anglican sense of propriety. Of a nature pleasure-loving, careless and vain, and with so rich a fund of life and so little reserve or natural delicacy that he cares little whether he is being admired or laughed at so long as he is but the centre of attraction and the observed of mankind, Dumas gives us by turn the struggles, the pleasures, and the heroic aspects of his life.

Over the whole of his memoirs an air of comedy is thrown. He seems always to be brimful of life and humor, and everything that comes before him partakes of his drollery. When quite a child his governess comes to him to borrow a book. He lends her a little volume containing one only of the "Arabian Nights" series of stories—that of the "Wonderful Lamp." When she comes for another book he lends her the same volume over again, and so on, until she has read the identical volume fifty-two times over. At last he inquires of her, "Does 'The Thousand and One Nights' amuse you, mademoiselle?" "Prodigiously, my little friend," she answered; "but, you who are so wise, perhaps you can tell me one little thing—why are the men all called Aladdin?"

When about ten years old he is destined by his mother for a seminarist. Prevailed upon by her continued entreaties, he at length consents. Collecting his small baggage, he finds that he is short of an inkstand, which would above all things be necessary to a collegian. His mother gives him twelve sous and sends him to buy one. At the shop he meets with a romping girl—cousin of his, who congratulates him upon his prospects, and promises him that when ordained he shall be her spiritual director. The raillery is too much for young Dumas; he flings the inkstand at the shopkeeper's nose, declares he will not go to the seminary, and puts the twelve sous in his pocket again. With these he buys a sausage and some bread, and goes to find Boudoux. Boudoux is a bird-snarer and poacher, a man who could eat "the portion of forty dogs" at a meal, who is a trifle more ugly than Quasimodo, and who with the strength of an elephant, has the gentleness of a lamb. With Boudoux he remains three days, after which, thinking his mother would have been sufficiently terrified to be reasonable, he arranges a dramatic return after the fashion of the prodigal son. All the mother's wrath fell upon Boudoux, who, however, gets five francs from her the next time she sees him, and the boy is forgiven without a question as to the seminary. The more that children are prodigals, says Dumas, the better are they received. "When the veritable Prodigal Son returned to his father after three years, they killed a calf; had he not returned until after six years' absence, they would have killed an ox."

Thus one great danger was escaped—Dumas was saved from being either seminarist or curé. Had he been such, the religious tendencies which he had at all times in his soul, he says, would have been developed, and he would have become a great preacher instead of a poor poet.

After this he commenced to study with a certain Abbé Gringoire. The boy evinces no disposition for Latin, less for mathematics, but is passionately fond of all out-door sports—poaching, snaring birds and rabbits, pistol-shooting and the like.

Everything connected with him points to that excess of vitality, that exuberance of animal life, which is always his most noticeable characteristic, and which ac-

tually constitutes the foundation of his literary faculty. He always has a fund of vitality to spare, and with this he can not only invest dry historical bones with flesh and reality, but clothe them also with gorgeous apparel, give them the charm of youth, and make them pass before us in the midst of a sumptuous magnificence which is as fascinating as an unrealized dream.

Both Dumas and his son, it seems, objected to having their biographies written; they prefer, we presume, painting themselves with their own colors. M. Jacquot, who has drawn a hundred contemporary portraits, and is better known under his pseudonym of Eugène de Mirecourt, complains bitterly of them both. We translate his lamentations on the subject: "Do you think," he says, "that certain heroes of these little books—Alexandre Dumas the elder and Louis-Jésuite, for example—bring a marvelous good-will toward letting themselves be painted? Don't for a moment imagine such a thing. Our announcement of their biography as forthcoming is sufficient to make them endeavor to render it impossible." He reproaches Dumas the younger for "troubling the biographical source," and the biographer seems to be compelled to extract facts from his subject in as violent a manner as if they were engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle. Perhaps M. Jacquot has not reduced "interviewing" to a science; let him go and learn concerning it of our transatlantic cousins.

He appears to have had some quarrel with M. Dumas; for in writing his biography he makes us see everything under an exaggerated color and a ludicrous aspect.

Young Dumas, we learn, entered as junior clerk in the office of a notary at Villers-Cotterêts. In this little town was a family of Leuven, one of the members of which seems to have taken a fancy to our young hero. Dumas manifesting a "violent desire of arriving at fortune," Adolphe de Leuven counseled him to try dramatic authorship and offered his collaboration. Alexandre tried, wrote three pieces, which were submitted to the Parisian theatrical managers, but everywhere rejected. Then, says M. Jacquot, in an heroic strain, "The son of the general is in no degree cast down." His friend Adolphe had gone to Paris, and the young Alexandre is tormented by an irresistible desire to know the actors then in vogue—a very sensible ambition for a would-be dramatic author. He decides to make the journey with the head clerk of the notary in whose office he is employed. They start on their way with purseless fob and guns under their arms, or, rather, with one gun between them, and a horse. They kill, as they are journeying, quantities of hares and partridges, sell them to the poulterers along their route, and so are enabled to reach Paris. Adolphe receives his young companion with open arms, gives him a ticket to go and see Talma; more than that, he enables him to get behind the scenes, and presents him to the celebrated tragedian between the acts. Talma receives him affectionately, studies his eyes and forehead, discovers the manifest marks of genius, and delivers an exordium as follows. We shall doubtless smile at his words, but every incident in Dumas' life seems to partake of the mock-heroic: "Alexandre Dumas, I baptize thee poet in the name of Shakespeare, of Corneille, and of Schiller. Return to the provinces, re-enter thy study, and the angel of poesy will know well how to find thee wherever thou shalt be, to raise thee up by the hair like the prophet Habakkuk, and to carry thee where thou shalt have somewhat to do."

M. Jacquot indulges in a little sarcasm with regard to this episode. "Failing an angel," says he, "a devil hostile to literature tarried not, in fact, to take by the hair Habakkuk Dumas, and to transport him definitely to Paris, to be the greatest of misfortunes to modern writers."

The misfortune of which he complains is that Dumas degraded the standard of literature, causing people to mistake glitter for gold, and brilliant but false depictions of life and luxury for truth. That he also taught men of letters to be sordid, and to manufacture gaudy rubbish in order to catch the lowest popular taste, rather than to endeavor to raise the standard by the promulgation of their highest efforts. That he, in fact, introduced a low literary ideal, and by his vast popularity crushed the aspirations of a vast number of writers of higher worth than himself. The

legations are not without force, but the literary characteristics of a period do not depend wholly upon one individual. Power will have its way, be it of whatever description; and Dumas, though his nobility may be questioned, cannot be denied the possession of this attribute.

If only we could have a selection rendered into English from the voluminous and wonderful memoirs! Dumas has so marvelous an art of calling to life past scenes, however unimportant, that we are constrained to sympathize with the actors whom he brings before us. These recitals are more interesting than a romance; we are never quite sure how much of them is romance and how much reality, but, doubtless, there is a general foundation of truth, above which, M. Dumas' flowery faculties have thrown out their variegated and tropical growths. Much that is most amusing is recounted of his life at Villers-Cotterêts while quite a youth, and before his entering upon the wide world of Paris. We are told in the most charmingly candid manner about his first dance. How he then began to think that dress might be of importance, and how jealous he was of an exquisite who was escorting a lady, into whose charge he had been given. How he endeavored to excite the fair lady's admiration, by leaping over a fourteen feet ditch and ha-ha, which exploit he thought her partner would be unable to achieve. How he fell and burst the knees of his trowsers, and escaping before she had discovered the mishap, ran all the way home and got them mended by his mother. How, returning to the lady, and begging for a dance, he was delicately reminded that he was without gloves. How he managed to borrow a pair from a friend who had come provided with two pairs, lest one should crack in the drawing on; and how such a habit opened to the juvenile Dumas unknown horizons of prodigality. How, by watching the leading couples, he managed to catch all the fashionable novelties of the dance, and by so doing, considerably impressed his partner with his capabilities. How his waltzing earned outspoken praise from a young Spaniard, and he replied that he felt indeed complimented, for his only previous partners had been chairs; since the good abbé had forbidden him to waltz with girls, and in that manner only had he been able to learn the art "without sin." How the lady nearly expires with laughter on hearing this naïve confession; and how she tells him that he is a droll boy, and that she likes him very much. How they waltz again, and Dumas tells her she is heavenly compared with a chair. How the lady, with whom he had executed the square dance claims him for a waltz also, but the fair Andalusian refuses to give him up for anything but a square dance. How the young Dumas is in a rapture of excitement and cannot sleep when the ball is over. How he becomes a man in spirit that day, and ever afterward a "frenetic dancer;" are not all these things to be found in the most amusing memoirs ever written?

Once in Paris, Dumas endeavors to make use of some letters of recommendation to some of the old generals of the empire, which he had obtained from the magnates of his department, but for a long time is unsuccessful in finding a patron. At length, on the score of his elegant caligraphy—his handwriting is more clerkly and less erratic than we should have supposed from a knowledge of his character—he is introduced by General Foy to a subordinate situation in the bureau of the Duke of Orleans. He is said to have uttered the following prophecy to his benefactor. "I am going to live by my writing; but I promise you one day to live by my pen." The young man studies hard, and in time his plays begin to be accepted. Afterward his progress becomes marvelously rapid. And with his change of fortune, as we might have prognosticated, his habits grow into an extravagance befitting that ideal character, half hero, half sensualist, which fills his books, and which is himself. "As if stunned by his sudden passage from obscurity to glory, M. Dumas," we are told, "plunges with ardor into exaggerations of luxury; he wears fantastic coats, dazzling waistcoats, an oppressive amount of gold chain; gives dinners like Sardanapalus, knocks up a great number of horses, and loves a great number of women."

He married an actress, and the pair lived together for a while in imperial style. During this time he is said to have called himself marquis, and to have retaken possession of the family name. But the mag-

nificent couple spent more money than they could afford in maintaining their nobility; they were obliged to separate.

Dumas' life was an attempt to realize in our dull and prosaic world that land of enchantment in which all the glories and grandeurs that an extravagant imagination can conceive come into existence at the magician's bidding. He revelled in the superb and the *bizarre*, the gaudy and grotesque.

One thing Dumas has certainly not escaped—charges of plagiary. He is said by hostile critics to have borrowed, in his "Henri III," from Schiller, in another place from Ugo Foscolo, in another from Thierry, in another from Chateaubriand. Not only this, but he is accused of having employed a whole staff of writers to compose romances under his name. The wholesale manner in which he is accused of buying novels and plays is perfectly absurd. He is said to owe most of his "Napoleon" to Cordelier-Delanoue, of his "Charles VII." to Gérard de Nerval and Théophile Gautier, of his "Antony" to Emile Souvestre, of his "Marion Delorme" to Victor Hugo; besides which a host of instances are given of novels written to his order by authors of obscure name. Doubtless there is some exaggeration; but it was our hero himself who remarked once, with regard to such appropriation of others' work, "The man of genius does not steal; he conquers." Any way he must have had a marvelous mind if he only arranged and ordered the labors of his subordinates, for his works possess a certain harmony, which marks the direction of a single mind.

Some of his thefts he was not ashamed of acknowledging. "It is men who invent—not a man," said he. So it is, without doubt, in the case of his novels, say his critics. Another excuse of his is also wittily retorted. Dumas pleads that those from whom he borrows were so obscure that no one knows their names; and he considers himself as bestowing a boon upon society in bringing to light undiscovered scenic beauties. He alleges, too, that when a stupid critic accused Shakespeare of having borrowed an entire scene from some contemporary author, Shakespeare rejoined: "It is a girl whom I have taken out of bad to introduce her into good society." In reply to this, M. Dumas' critics retort that he has inverted Shakespeare's excuse: it is from good society that he takes a girl, to make her enter into bad.

Curious incidents, it is said, arose out of this system of employing subordinates in the manufacture of romance. A certain Hyppolyte Auger, one of his workmen, finding his pay for such journeyman's toil inadequate, went to seek his fortune in Russia. A French journal was published in Russia, in which, at the time in question, was appearing one of the so-called Dumas novels. Hyppolyte calls upon the editor of this periodical, and recommending himself to him as the author of the novel "Olympe," which is just coming out, offers his services for the future in similar work. The editor begs his pardon, but is not familiar either with his name or the title of the work to which he refers. "Right!" says Hyppolyte; "M. Dumas signs my book, and has changed the name of "Olympe" to that of "Fernande."' The editor, still incredulous, is shown a letter from M. Dumas, asking for the concluding sheets of the work, in order that its publication may be proceeded with without delay.

Sixty volumes are said to have been brought out with the signature of Dumas in 1845. The quickest romancist cannot produce more than fifteen original volumes per annum; and on the preternatural rapidity of M. Dumas is based a calculation which proves him to have had either Satanic or human assistants at his command. The most dexterous copyist, toiling for twelve hours a day, will, we are told, produce with difficulty 3,900 letters per hour, which amounts to 46,800 letters per day, or sixteen ordinary pages of a novel. This will come to five average-sized volumes a month, or sixty a year—the exact number which appeared in 1845. Be this calculation accurate, M. Dumas must indeed have been industrious, or his subordinates must have worked like their patron ought to have done, *i. e.*, M. Jacquot suggests "like a nigger;" but we think the rate of 3,900 letters per hour allows but for a slow-fingered copyist.

Dumas earned enormous sums by his works, and spent his money, as he thought, magnificently. In one year, "by stealing from the ancien and

buying from the moderns," he is said to have made 200,000 francs.

Quarreling with theatrical magnates, and finding their theatres inadequate to the proper display of his productions, he manages to get a building erected especially for their representation.

In his gorgeous villa of Monte-Christo, at St. Germain, which Arabs brought from Algeria for the purpose and decorated, there is, on one festival day, a special dramatic performance. The piece is expressly composed for the occasion, and the title of it is "Shakespeare and Dumas."

In Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," there are some remarks upon the characteristics, and speculations upon the future of the negro race, which appear to possess a certain measure of insight. We may quote them here appropriately: "The negro is an exotic of the most gorgeous and superb countries in the world, and he has deep in his heart a passion for all that is splendid, rich, and fanciful—a passion which, rudely indulged by an untrained taste, draws on them the ridicule of the colder and more correct white race." This description corresponds much more closely to what we should expect of the black race than Mrs. Stowe's portraiture of the "moral miracle," Uncle Tom. However, in another part of the book, Uncle Tom is shown in his more sensuous moods: "He was in a beautiful place—a consideration to which his sensitive race are never indifferent—and he did enjoy with a quiet joy the birds, the flowers, the fountains, the perfume, and light and beauty of the court, the silken hangings and pictures, and lustres, and statuettes, and gilding, that made the parlors within a kind of Aladdin's palace to him." Mrs. Stowe, with reference to this scene, proceeds to enter upon the following speculations: "If ever Africa shall show an elevated and cultivated race—and come it must some time, her turn to figure in the great drama of human improvement—life will awake there with a gorgeousness and splendor of which our cold western tribes faintly have conceived. In that far-off mystic land of gold, and gems, and spices, and waving palms, and wondrous flowers, and miraculous fertility, will awake new forms of art, new styles of splendor; and the negro race, no longer despised and trodden down, will, perhaps, show forth some of the latest and most magnificent revelations of human life."

M. Dumas has surely forestalled these magnificent revelations of the future. Scarcely can any one be found, we should imagine, more *outré* and extravagant than he was, or with a greater passion for magnificence and very delirium with color and ornament. Scarcely, also, will there be found any nature manifested in such fashion, possessing more real power than underlies the revel and riot of his imagination. He may, in sooth, be taken for a type. M. Dumas is at the moral antipodes of obscurantism. Virtue and vice, grandeur and folly, are alike to him, and are woven together into the gorgeous jumble of pageantry that his volumes present to us. We do not object to the presentment of a full and complete picture of life; but M. Dumas does not give us real life. His characters lead an enchanted existence in which there is always the glitter of romance and the seductive hue which is given by the southern temperament of the author. Dumas is a splendid exotic, full of burning color, of fragrance, of passionate thirst for the sun; he is not a flower such as we meet with in our gardens or fields. Life as exhibited by him is not that of the world but of the hot-house. He makes some attempt to give reasons for the portrayal of so much that is objectionable, which we would rather he had omitted. They occur in the first number of his journal: "You continue these memoirs, then?" "Yes." "You are wrong." "Why so?" "Because they reveal a crowd of things which you would do as well to leave hidden." "To my thinking nothing ought to remain concealed. Good things ought to emerge from the shade in order to be applauded; bad things ought to be dragged into daylight in order to be hooted and hissed." We do not object to this position as a general rule; but Dumas did not merely drag into the daylight. He added a fictitious daylight of his own, he heightened, he embellished. The light is so strong that one cannot see the cracks in the gilding.

The redeeming point in his character is his complete candor. He is vain to a

degree; but he confesses his weakness with becoming simplicity. It is a part of his character; we must take him as he is. "My pride," he says in one place, "did not require to be encouraged to come out of the vase where it was enclosed, and to swell out like the genie in the 'Arabian Nights.'"

From such a rich, unctuous nature as his, both insults and anxieties seem to glide away like water-drops. His may not be an exalted nature, but it is pre-eminently a happy one; no annoyance can reach it.

In small things as well as great, Dumas was passionately fond of creating a sensation. In his preface to "The Three Musketeers," an historical manuscript is so accurately described with name, title, date, and its place and number in the Royal Library, that it has been fruitlessly sought for by individuals who had not learned how well imagination could counterfeit even the most minute reality. "There was," it is said, "much running up and down the library stairs, much mounting upon step-ladders and tumbling of paper and parchment, much grumbling of puzzled librarians and disappointed applicants, until, at last, the most obstinate became convinced that the aforesaid manuscript had no existence save in the imagination of M. Dumas." It is this same craving for notoriety which led him to wear conspicuous garments and an exaggeration of jewelled ornaments. He lives to be pointed at, and he cares not whether the finger be raised in astonishment, admiration or mockery, so long as it is he that commands attention.

Whatever may be our opinion of Dumas, we must look upon him as an original product—a nature born, and not a manufactured force. He is full of affections; but those affections are a real portion of the man—belong to a character in which life is more abundant than control, foliage than fibre. He deserves contemplation—a power grown of the tropical soil of the earth, unrestrained, untouched by the pruning-knife; he is worthy of our attention and wonder, even though his manifestations be but a gush of gaudy color and a luxuriance of vegetation which approaches rankness. He is no more difficult to comprehend or to place in the system of the universe than is a mighty flower of the great forests of the torrid zone, overladen with unrestrained revel of blossom, and giving out at one time fragrance, at another miasma. He may not be fitted to be the instructor of youth; but his vagaries may afford wise men a smile, and if the construction of magnificent castles in the air be not a frivolous and empty pursuit, he is worthy of praise as the prince of architects of such fantastic and splendid dreams.

Dumas, as an artist, follows in the wake of Byron, not of Goethe. He is no tranquil mirror in which are reflected the passing colors and forms of the world; but, like Byron, he lives in his heroes. Every incident that comes before Dumas is impregnated with the Dumas life, and luxuriance, and color. All his books, so to speak, reek with their author. And though he may not be great, he is far from being commonplace. He may be placed by the side of Falstaff, and the two would make a pretty pair of characters, very different, indeed, but equally original, equally entertaining, and equally heroic.

Linsley's Magazine.

YES OR NO.

I.

MUST it be No?
Ah, no!
Dear love,
The sunbeams, all sadly and slow,
Would mourningly come to me so,
Dear love.

II.

May it be Yes?
Ah, yes!
Dear love,
Let me twine round my finger that tress
The bold sunshine so dares to caress.
Dear love.

III.

Shall it be No?
Ah, no!
Dear love,
The breezes would wailingly go
To whisper such message of woe,
Dear love.

IV.

Will it be Yes?
Ah, yes!
Dear love,
Let the summer winds waft me a kiss
From those lips 'twould be heaven to press,
Dear love!

Gentleman's Magazine.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

ABOUT thirty years ago, when "doing" Frankfort under the guidance of a *cicerone*, I recollect being taken to an exceedingly small and dirty street in the *Fuden-Gasse*, or what might be called the *slums* of the town, and being assured that there dwelt the mother of the Rothschild race, and that no one dare to cleanse either the house or the adjoining synagogue from its primeval filth as long as the old lady lived, so wedded was she, like the rest of her tribe, to ancient customs and antiquarian dirt.

In the middle of the last century, that identical house bore the sign of a broad shield, with the inscription *Zum Rothen Schild*, "The Red Buckler," where dwelt a poor Jew named Moses Amschel, whose son Meyer, the founder of the family wealth, was born there 1743. The father had gradually, as is so frequently done in Scotland, assumed the name from the signpost which his house bore. Thus Moses Amschel von Rothen Schild, or "Moses of the Red Shield," like mine host of the Red Lion so common in all our provincial towns, became *Moses Roth's schild*, and hence by a very natural transition this was changed into the wide-world name of ROTHSCHILD.

Meyer began life as an errand boy to his very poor father, who wished to make his son a Rabbi, as the ambitious cotter of Ireland hopes to see one of his kin a Maynooth priest. It was, however, otherwise ordered; and Meyer's first step in life was passing from the situation of errand boy in his paternal home to that of a small clerk in the house of Openheim, the banker of Hanover. And the cause of his great rise may be traced as follows:

In the year 1801, the Hanoverian General Von Estorff, a personal friend of William IX., Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, was consulted by the latter respecting a suitable person for the situation of banker to the Court. Von Estorff had observed Meyer Rotschild as the cleverest clerk of Openheim's house, and proposed to introduce him to the landgrave as one of the best financiers he had ever met. On being summoned to the palace one afternoon, Rothschild found William and Von Estorff engaged at chess, the latter evidently getting the best of it. The Jew stood for a long time waiting patiently behind the landgrave's chair, without a word having been spoken by any one; until at length William, turning abruptly to Rothschild, said, "Do you know anything of this game?"

"Yes, sir; and if your highness will give me leave to suggest certain moves, I think you would win the game."

"Out with it, then," replied the landgrave. And by following the clerk's advice William won the game, which so pleased him that he at once promoted Rothschilds to the office of court banker.

Five years later, when William had to fly from the tyranny of Bonaparte, which then overshadowed Germany (in striking contrast to the marvels of Sedan and Metz in the year 1870), he entrusted his wealth, which was very great, to the care of the diligent banker; and the landgrave's confidence in him was such that he would take no note or acknowledgment from Rothschild of the large sums entrusted to his care. The banker, with commendable foresight, concealed several millions in hogshead casks of wine which were standing in his cellar; and thus preserved the money from the rapacious hands of the French soldiery—who, like their successors, the Prussians, when invading France, were noted for their inability to distinguish between the *meum* and the *tuum*—when Bonaparte took possession of Frankfort.

Rothschild's first great financial success was at the commencement of the Spanish contest in 1808, when his bank was the only firm which could efficiently assist the English Government in finding means for carrying on the war. With William's sanction, Rotschild's wine casks were made to disgorge their gold, and thus food for firing the cannon, to carry on the well-known metaphor of men being "food for powder," was found.

Meyer Rothschild died in 1822, leaving by will the sum of £100,000 sterling

to found a refuge for poor Jews of Frankfort; and five sons, viz.: Amschel, of Frankfort; Solomon, of Vienna; Nathan, of London; Charles, of Naples, and James of Paris—as the respective heads of great financial firms in those cities, to carry on the work which their father had so successfully begun.

Innumerable are the anecdotes related of the sons, some of which I propose now to reproduce, in order not only to show that great wealth has its dark as well as its bright side—its penalties and its pains—but also to enforce the truth of the aphorism uttered by another Jew in olden times, viz.: that too great a love of money is the root of all evil, and that godliness with contentment is great gain.

It is related that when Charles Rothschild, of Naples, speaking of his own children to his elder brother, called them "the young Barons," Amschel retorted sharply, "Pshaw; make them men of business. The title of Baron won't gain them a kreutzer."

It was by carrying out this principle to the fullest extent that the Rothschild family may trace the origin of their colossal fortune; and we have a remarkable instance of this in the conduct of the head of the London house at one of the most memorable periods in the history of Europe. Eager to gather the earliest information of events which he felt would settle its fate for many years to come, he did not shrink from the perils of the battle-field. On the morning of June 18, 1815, Nathan Rothschild rode on a hired horse from Brussels in the train of the Duke of Wellington, and in the company of Count Pozzo di Borgo, Baron Vincent, General Alava, Baron Muffling, and several other distinguished personages. Nathan kept close beside the German baron, eagerly inquiring as to the chances of the coming struggle. It was uncertain, and the fate of the English army and of the house of Rothschild hung in the balance together. During the whole of that memorable day Nathan stood on the crest of the hill near Hougoumont, and watched the progress of the great battle. At length "night and the Prussians" arrived, and Nathan saw that Waterloo was won and his house was saved.

Without losing a moment Nathan spurred his horse and galloped off to Brussels. Here a carriage was ready to convey him to Ostend. At break of day on the 19th of June, Nathan Rothschild found himself at the coast opposite England, but separated from the Thames and the Stock Exchange by a furious sea, and waves dashing mountains high. In vain the Jew offered 800 francs to be carried across the Straits from Ostend to Deal or Dover. At last he rose to 2,000 francs, and the bargain was struck, a poor fisherman risking his life to gain £80 for his wife and children. The frail bark which carried Cæsar and his fortunes sped swiftly over the waves, a sudden change of wind to the east accelerating the progress to an unexpected degree. The sun was still on the horizon when Nathan Rothschild landed at Dover, and, without waiting a moment, he engaged the swiftest horses to carry him on to the metropolis. There was gloom in Threadneedle street, and gloom throughout England, but gloomier than any looked Nathan Rothschild when he appeared on the morning of the 20th of June, leaning against his usual pillar at the stock exchange. He whispered to a few of his most intimate friends that Blucher, with his 120,000 Prussians, had been defeated by Napoleon in the great battle of Lingy, fought during the 16th and 17th of June. Heaven alone knew what had become of the handful of men under Wellington! The dismal news spread like wildfire, and there was a tremendous fall in the funds. Nathan's well-known public agents sold with the rest, more anxious than any to get rid of their stock; but Nathan's *unknown* agents bought every scrap of paper that was to be had, and did not cease buying until the evening of the following day. It was only on the afternoon of June 21 (nearly two days after the arrival of Nathan in England) that the news of the great battle and victory of Waterloo, and the complete overthrow of Napoleon, got known. Nathan, radiant with joy, was the first to inform his friends at the Stock Exchange of the happy event, spreading the news a quarter of an hour before it was given to the general public. Needless to say that the funds rose faster than they had fallen, as soon as the official reports were published of the great battle of Waterloo, which enriched the house of Rothschild by about £1,000,000 sterling,

and laid the foundation of a European power in the financial world for the descendants of Meyer, Ben, Moses, Amschel, the poor banker's clerk of Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Another anecdote is recorded of this Nathan which will show the perils attached to the possession of such enormous wealth. On the occasion of his giving a grand banquet to a number of distinguished men, one of his guests observing the lavish display of wealth with which his table was groaning, made use of a very natural expression when exclaiming, "What a happy man, baron, you must be!" "Happy man, did you say?" replied Rothschild. "How is it possible for any one to be happy on receiving such a missive as this just before sitting down to dinner?" And taking from his pocket a letter he showed his astonished guest its contents, which contained the modest request of a loan of £500, with the addition, "If you don't send it at once I'll blow your brains out!"

Money-making was the one pursuit and sole enjoyment of Nathan's life. When Louis Spohr, the great German musician, called on him in the summer of 1820 with a letter of introduction from his brother Amschel of Frankfort, he said to him, "I understand nothing of music. This" —patting his pocket, and rattling the loose coins therein—"this is my music, which we understand on 'change." It was in the scramblings and fightings, the plots and tricks of money-making, not at all in the spending, and not much in the hoarding of it, that his soul delighted. "I hope," said a dinner companion on one occasion, "I hope that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would *not* wish that." "I am sure I *would* wish that," replied Nathan; "I wish them to give up mind and body, heart and soul to business. This is the way to be happy. It requires a deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it." Hence when two eminent clergymen, who took a warm interest in the Jews, called upon him with a view to induce him to aid in their restoration to Palestine, as his great wealth, it was thought, might influence the sultan, Nathan declined, upon the all potent plea that "London was his Palestine, and that he could not further such an object in any way."

On another occasion a German prince visiting London brought letters of credit to the house of Rothschild. He was shown into the private room of the famous counting-house in St. Swithin's Lane, where Nathan sat absorbed with a heap of papers before him. The name being announced, Rothschild nodded, offered his visitor a chair, and then went on with the work before him. For this treatment the prince, who expected that everything should give way to one of his rank and dignity, was not prepared. Standing a minute or two, he exclaimed, "Did you not hear, sir, who I am? I am ——" repeating his titles at full length." "Oh, very well," exclaimed Nathan, with sly humor, "take two chairs then."

At another time two strangers were admitted into the same private room. They were tall foreigners, with beards and moustaches, such as were unknown in the city before the beard mania set in so powerfully as it has done of late; and Nathan was frightened at their appearance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited movements with which they fumbled about in their pockets; and before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his loud cries of "Murder!" The strangers were pinioned, and then, after long questionings and explanations, it appeared that they were wealthy bankers from the Continent who, nervous in the presence of a banker so much more wealthy than themselves, had found some difficulty in producing the letters of introduction with which they were armed!

A terrible anecdote of another sort is recorded of Nathan's son, the present head of the London house, and M. P. for the City. We all recollect the persistent way in which the electors returned him to Parliament for years before the Legislature threw open its doors to the long-despised Jew. At his first election, when on the hustings, he boasted that he stood there *as the free choice of the people.* "So stood *Barabbas*," deliberately exclaimed a deep, stern voice from the crowd—a sarcasm which, for its cruel vin-

dictiveness, perhaps stands without a parallel.

The same intense spirit of money-making appears to have been equally the mania of all the Rothschilds. Of James, the youngest son of Meyer, and head of the Paris house, who once entertained Napoleon III. in such an imperial manner at his Chateau Ferriere, and who died in 1868, leaving, according to public rumor, the colossal fortune of £44,800,000, it is related, as a proof of the strength of the ruling passion within him, that, foreseeing his death would cause a great fall in the shares of the Lombard Company, of which he was the president and chief support, he speculated largely for the fall just before he died; by which means the immense profits accruing therefrom went to the benefit of his heirs!

The Argosy.

THE MUTINY OF THE "KILBLAIN."

I.

It was Christmas day. Not such a one as the the term is apt to suggest to people who have never been out of England. Nothing like the last we had in this country, for instance, with its accompaniments of frost and snow, and biting cold. But Christmas day as at midsummer. Not a breath of wind was stirring. The sky was without a cloud, and its blue looked quite pale—almost gray; for the air was so rarefied that the vaults of heaven seemed to have receded a long, long way. And the sun's rays poured down with an intensity which, one might have fancied, nothing in the tropics could exceed. Nevertheless, there was in the air a certain elasticity which would generally have been missed in those regions. The idea of such weather on Christmas day is difficult to realize to those who have never seen it. Even they who experience it can scarcely persuade themselves, at first, that it is really the chiefest and best of our festivals—the one they have always, in the old country, thought so much of and enjoyed so thoroughly; that joyous season which ever left some pleasant episode to look back to, some tender recollection to cherish. It is only after the lapse of years that exiles get accustomed to the transformation.

Our narrative opens at one of the most charming of our antipodean seaports. The time—well, some years ago.

Seated in the verandah of their house, which commanded a good view of the harbor, was a worthy couple—David and Mrs. Taylor. He was a hale, hearty man, a merchant-commander; though turned fifty years of age, he looked considerably younger. She, some few years less, but carrying her age well also. When young, she had been very handsome, and still retained a certain portion of her good looks. But the chief thing in her which struck a close observer was the settled look of sadness that lay on her features. With one exception her life had been tolerably free from care; but, that one—it had turned her hair gray before its time.

Mrs. Taylor had one child, a son, born about two years after her marriage, when she lived in England and her husband was at sea, chief officer of his ship. Never, as the child grew, was mother more fond than she: the boy was the great treasure of her life; her joy, her solace. For a few years he was, so to say, her only companion, for her husband was almost always away on his long voyages. But, fond though she was of the lad, she did not spoil him. If ever woman in this world strove earnestly to train her child for good, it was she. She was plain and homely in her ideas, and had had but a moderate education; but one thing she did possess—far above all social and other earthly advantages; she had taken God for her guide, and ever sought to live near Him. And it was in humble dependence upon Him that she tried to mould her child. Her efforts seemed not in vain. The boy was naturally quick and clever—tractable, too, and open as the day.

When eight years old, he was put to a good, sound boarding school; where he remained until he was nearly fourteen. Of regular holidays he had none. His father had long since risen to command,

and when young William was placed at school his mother accompanied her husband on his voyages. Whenever they were in England, however, the lad passed most of the time with them. His chief delight at these seasons was to go on board his father's ship, and clamber about the rigging, or dive into all sorts of dark and dusty places below decks.

Captain Taylor prospered well. After a few years of command he had saved sufficient money to purchase—with the help of a small legacy falling to his wife at the time—a vessel of his own. She was a smart little bark of about three hundred tons; and he proceeded to put in practice the idea of many past years. He chartered the "Margaret"—so named in honor of his wife—for one of our Australian colonies; and, embarking all his belongings, set sail, determined to make a home in the new country.

During the voyage, William's taste for the sea fully developed itself. When the "Margaret" arrived out, and entered into the coasting trade, for which her master had destined her, he was regularly taken on as one of the crew.

He was a smart, willing boy, and got on. But his father knew from experience that to command well one "must go through the mill," must first learn to obey; and he felt that, being with him, his son was not in a strict school. The captain thought about this a good deal.

Matters had gone on for some time, when an old chum of Captain Taylor arrived with his ship from England. She was a regular trader to the colony. Here David Taylor saw his chance. His son William was bound apprentice, for three years, to Captain Stewart, her commander.

For a time all went well. The young fellow made two trips to England and back, and started on the third. At his return this third time he was to rejoin his father. It would be a fine opening for him.

The ship reached London in due course, and was nearly ready to sail again, when William Taylor, together with another apprentice, disappeared. Captain Stewart caused all possible inquiries to be made after them, but to no purpose. Some days later he received a letter, stating that the two lads had sailed in a ship bound for the East Indies and China, which places they had always longed to visit. The letter gave no date, neither names nor address, and afforded not the slightest clue by which the runaways could be traced. Indeed it stated that they had changed their names, to avoid detection and pursuit. Nothing remained for Captain Stewart to do but to despatch by mail this unpleasant news to his old friends in Australia. Rarely had a more vexatious task been allotted him; he thought they might blame *him*.

But now, Captain Taylor did not attach very much importance to it. He was sorry that the lad had deserted; but he fully anticipated that a year or two would see him home again—quite willing to settle down. In the meantime he concluded they would hear from him.

With the mother it was very different. When the news was imparted to her, she seemed to feel a strange presentiment that she should never see her boy again. And the feeling never left her. For a long time she was utterly inconsolable. Half her days and nights were passed in tears. She refused to eat; and, in short, ended by so reducing her system, that a bad cold and influenza she caught nearly sent her to her grave.

Gradually she got calmer, and, in some measure, reconciled to William's absence. Time is a great reconciler. She began to take heart from her husband's argument that, after all, it was only a boy's trick; that he, too, had, at the same age, experienced—and given way to—the same longing to visit many countries; that, after a while, William would turn up all right, and none the worse for having roughed it, and acquired a little extra experience.

But, when two years were past, and never a letter had been received from him, then both felt that there was little hope left. Captain Taylor did not acknowledge it in so many words; but his misgivings were perhaps as great as his wife's.

And so the years went on. It was now hard upon seven since their boy last parted from them. They had, in measure, become inured to the loss. The shock had passed long since. But both, although in a different degree, would ever feel the void—aye, and feel it acutely.

Captain Taylor had been most fortu-

nate in business during these years. Everything he touched turned, as it were, into gold. He owned several vessels, and was quite a leading man in his adopted country. Nevertheless, when at rest from work in an evening, a strange yearning would come over him, and he felt that he would willingly give up all his gains, and begin life again as a plain skipper, if he might only have his boy with him. Oh, how bitterly he repented having sent him away, from an idea of getting him properly disciplined! Could not he—he asked himself now—have enforced obedience in all things? And why send him away? He might have foreseen how it would end—a smart, impulsive youth, left to the influence of reckless, spendthrift sailors. And the tears would start from his eyes, and he would long for the morrow to dawn, that he might forget it all in the hurry and turmoil of business.

But with the mother it was far otherwise. She had no business in which to seek oblivion. She had not the thousand-and-one distractions of a man engaged in an extensive trade. Thrown upon herself, she ever nursed her grief in private. For her husband's and the world's sake she appeared cheerful; at times, even gay; but the weight never left her heart. She felt one constant, intense longing for the child she had loved far more than self, and could never (as she believed) meet again on earth. And what of the next world? Ah, there lay one of the chief stings in her grief! She knew what young men, in the heyday of youth, and led by the example of those older than themselves, are. And she ever asked herself, "How had he died?" Had he fallen a prey to one of the many sicknesses which decimate crews in the pestilential climates of the East, but which, nevertheless, do, most of them, afford a brief period for reflection and repentance ere they hurry away their victims? Or had his been the sudden death? She had, once or twice in her voyages, heard the startling cry, "Man overboard!" and watched the boat return to the ship's side with a life-buoy, but, alas, with no cold, and dripping, and rescued seaman. And when she recalled these episodes, and pictured to herself *her* boy so perishing, she would cry aloud in her bitter anguish. And so it ever was with her. She strove to feel resigned, but she could never put her great grief wholly away.

And now to go back to the beginning. It was Christmas day, and some three hours past noon. Captain Taylor and his wife were, as I have said, seated in the vernandah. They had partaken of Christmas fare at dinner as a matter of custom; but the appetite was marred by the thought of the one wanting. David Taylor smoked his pipe in silence. *She* was lost in memories of the past.

"By George, old woman, there's the mail coming in!" The captain had started to his feet with the exclamation, and laid down the pipe. Sure enough, the intercolonial steamer was rounding the point, bringing the outpost's budget. Mrs. Taylor came out of her reverie and gazed abroad with some interest.

"I'll go down and see what news she brings," cried the captain. And, taking his white-covered straw hat and white umbrella, he departed for the beach.

She sat on, listless, watching the steamer get into her berth. The anchor was let go, the steam blown off, and the busy movement of shore boats went on. Mrs. Taylor drifted back to the old thoughts. She was living over again that Christmas day, now seven years past, when her boy had dined with them and in company with his new master—Captain Stewart.

Seated there, alone, on that Christmas day—that day which, above all others, speaks to us so eloquently of God's love to man—she could not keep back the thought—*what* had she done to merit so hard a measure, so terrible an affliction? But the next moment she had got the better of it, and a silent prayer of repentance went up to heaven.

She rose to go in-doors for a book, and returned with it to the verandah. How long she had sat reading she knew not, when she was disturbed by her husband's approaching footsteps. Looking down at him as he crossed the road toward her, she was suddenly struck with the expression of his countenance. There seemed to be an agitation in it that he vainly tried to repress. Instantly a feeling of suspense, of fear almost, dead for some years now, stirred her own heart, and she rose and met him in-doors. For a moment they looked at each other in silence.

"The mail is distributed, and I have a letter for you, Margery," said the captain at length. "One from London. It was addressed to you; but I opened it."

"Yes," she faintly said, in the terrible suspense.

"There's very particular news in it—as I suspected when I saw the handwriting. Now don't you get excited; or——"

"Oh, David! Let me know at once!"

"Well, I will. I wish you'd not tremble so"—and he was trembling himself. "It is good news, wife."

"It is about William," she gasped, from her pale and parted lips. "Is he alive yet—is he well?"

"Yes, thank God, he is both alive and well. There," holding out the back of the letter to her, "do you know that writing?"

Her lips trembled, her eyes had almost a greedy look. Know it! "It is William's," she cried, with the trembling joy of a little child.

"Yes, it is his, the audacious rascal—and never a word of apology in it for the trick he has played us!" returned Captain Taylor, in mock anger, while his eyes were blinded with tears.

Oh, if these careless sons did but know the pain they cost—the love they cannot quench! Would they go their own way as they do to work ill?

It was but a short letter:—

"London, November 2, 18—.

"Dear Mother,—I have at last got a ship for the colonies. Her name is the "Kilblain." She is bound for Auckland. That is the best I could do, but I can soon get from thence to you. I have shipped at a shilling a month, to be discharged out there. I expect to be home in February. I cannot tell how much I long to be with you and my father again. I hope you are both quite well, as I am at present. With best love, I remain, ever,

"Your affectionate Son,
WILLIAM TAYLOR."

Her husband sat apart, watching her critically. She folded the letter in silence, and passed into the next apartment—their bedroom—and shut herself in alone. We may imagine a little of what passed there.

The change wrought in Captain and Mrs. Taylor by these tidings was marvelous. It was as though they had grown young again. The great weight of care was cast away, and their hearts bounded as with the light-heartedness of youth. And they had so short a time to wait now ere their boy would be restored to them. Only till February; and Christmas was already past. Nevertheless, it seemed like an age to the mother. Before the following day was ended, Captain Taylor had told half the town that William, the long-lost, was on his way home.

And what had Master William Taylor been doing with himself all that time? A summary of it may be given at once to the reader, though Captain Taylor did not hear it until later.

He had long ago, as the letter to Captain Stewart stated, sailed for India. There, not liking his ship, he left her, and engaged himself on board an opium clipper—smuggler would be the correct term. After a time he was discharged in China, and joined a vessel trading on the coast. A few months later she sailed for England, and he went in her, determined to make his way home.

On arriving in London, he found himself in possession of a considerable sum of ready money. Careless as a child, he spent it right and left in folly with his late ship-mates, to one of whom he had taken a violent fancy. When their money was all gone, these two agreed to ship again in a vessel going to California.

They arrived at San Francisco, left the ship, and made their way up the country. First they tried the mines. Not having any luck there, they returned to San Francisco, and went on to the Red Woods. There they obtained work, now on one ranch, now on another. Occasionally they got a job in the woods at cutting down timber. Getting tired of this, they went back again to San Francisco, and shipped for China. Here the two friends parted company. From that time William Taylor roved about until, at length, he found himself once more in London. He was sobered a little now; tired, in fact, of going so continually to the bad, and began to think, ungrateful fellow, that by way of change he would go home to Australia. Good times were sure to await him there. So he once more shipped before the mast in a vessel bound for Auckland, called the "Kilblain."

In the meantime his parents restrained

their impatience as best they could. Captain Taylor calculated the probable time of the ship's arrival, and decided upon going to Auckland to await her, and to meet his son. Which he did toward the end of the January.

II.

THE "Kilblain" was a fine ship of eight hundred tons register. Her crew consisted of captain, first and second mates, carpenter, steward, cook, three boys, and fourteen able seamen, William Taylor counting amidst the latter. She was flush-decked, having neither poop nor topgallant forecastle. The crew's place for sleeping, &c., was, therefore, below. It was separated from the hold by a bulkhead of inch and half deals, put up roughly.

About the time of the ship's sailing, cargo was scarce, and when the date fixed for her departure arrived there was a considerable space left in the fore hold. This the owners filled up with casks of bottled beer, which they sent out on speculation, rather than let the ship go away not full and out of trim. The beer was stowed against the bulkhead of the forecastle.

It was early in November when the "Kilblain" sailed. She had on board a general cargo, and a few passengers—all women. The captain was a young man —in command for the first time. The first mate was an excellent seaman, but in disposition easy-going and good-natured. The second was a decent young fellow, son of highly respectable parents, well educated. But he had no experience: and to have that is of more importance than education on board ship. It was his first voyage as second mate. The fore mast hands, on the contrary, were all men of more or less experience, smart fellows, good seamen—men who, under strict and efficient discipline, would have turned out as good a lot as ever sailed together.

For the first few weeks after leaving England matters went smoothly on board. The ship had got nearly across the south-east trades, when one evening the captain and first mate were pacing the deck together.

"How do the men get on, Mr. Mathers?" said the captain, addressing him.

"Capitally, sir," was the mate's reply. "I never sailed with a better lot."

"Yes, they seem to have got through a tidy bit of work. The ship was sent to sea in a shocking condition; but she looks in very good order now."

"Indeed, it's wonderful what they have done. They are, every man-Jack of them, capital hands at the marlinspike; and as for making or shortening sail, they pull like horses."

"Ah! we were very fortunate to get such a crew," continued the captain, who had been privately anxious about this, his first voyage in command. And passing to the companion-door, he called out an order: "Steward, give the men a glass of grog."

Presently the steward went forward, with a couple of bottles and a wine-glass, to where the men were assembled around about the fore mast. One of them had a concertina, which he played really well. So every fine evening, after the ordinary work of the day was done, the men got together and sang songs and danced hornpipes, and the mates and passengers would go forward to see the fun. Altogether things looked as pleasant, and the men seemed as contented, as possible.

Gradually, however, this changed. One or two of the men took to "growling;" they worked unwillingly, and gave "back-answers" to the mates. They could not understand the change; they had, as they said at the time and after, always treated the fellows more like brothers than as men under their authority.

In a short time all the men were equally bad. When called to relieve the watch or shorten sail, they took a long time to come on deck. The wheel would not be relieved, sometimes, for half or three-quarters of an hour. If the officers found fault, in their mild way, they were put off with paltry excuses, and at the same time plainly sneered at; in short, it seemed that they were very little considered. They had treated the men so well and kindly, so *considerately*, and had made free with them to such an extent (a line of conduct unfortunately pursued but too frequently), that they did not know how to recover their lost ground. And this applied especially to the second mate.

These young and, in spite of their having passed the board, generally inexperienced and more or less incompetent officers are very frequently half afraid of the men. This arises from the consciousness that these can detect their incompetency, and see through the uncertainty which they feel, on most occasions, as to whether they are acting in a seamanlike manner when boxhauling the yards about, making or taking in sail, and especially in giving them their different jobs at rigging work. Consequently the young men do not like to appear too strict, for fear the sailors should turn on and covertly ridicule them.

Matters got from bad to worse, and many a treasonable word was spoken openly amid the men. At last they were so long coming out when called, and worked so badly when they did come, that the captain himself interfered and talked to them. They took little notice of this: worse than little; for they simply grinned in his face ironically. After that, whenever they had a long pull on a rope, songs were roared out in which they introduced words of ridicule, which might be taken as applicable to the captain and the officers: worse still, they added ribaldry for the special benefit of the women. Some things the officers overheard the men discussing, and which they reported to the captain, rather frightened him. He loaded his revolver, and carried it about in his pocket wherever he went. And thus affairs went on for a week or two longer.

All this time there was one thing about the crew which the officers could not understand. Some of them often seemed half drunk—not so bad as to be stupid or incapable of working properly, but just sufficiently so to be cheeky and reckless. The steward was questioned; but he declared he had never given any drink except when ordered to do so by the captain. The passengers all affirmed *they* had not once given a single drop since the day of "crossing the line," when they had each given a bottle of grog in payment of Neptune's fee, and to be let off the delights of initiation into his mysteries. It was most unaccountable. The hatches were carefully examined; but they had never been touched, and were fast battened down.

About three weeks before the ship reached Auckland the crisis came. One day the mate went forward to call the watch on deck after dinner. Nobody moved to obey. "Now, men, come; don't let us have any nonsense," said he, trying what a little bluster would do. "If you don't come out pretty quickly, I'll see if I can't make you."

"Will you?" came back the voice of one of them with an oath. "You had better try it on."

The mate looked down the companion-way leading into the forecastle, and saw what he did not feel disposed to encounter. Seated on a chest, one at each side of the ladder, were two men, each with a bottle in his hand, ready to "let the mate have it" as soon as he should go down amongst them.

He went aft to report the state of affairs to the captain; and they held a council on the quarter-deck. The second mate, carpenter, and steward were invited to assist at it—the cook also.

There were six men and three boys aft; and thirteen big, able-bodied half-drunken devils forward. Perhaps the worst among them was William Taylor. In his sober senses he would have been ever well-conducted on board ship, obedient and respectful to his superior officers. Unfortunately, the pernicious example and teaching of his associates had made him as bad as themselves *when in drink*.

What was to be done? How were they to be got up out of the forecastle? The council looked up at their young captain, and he at them. The question was speedily solved by the men themselves. They came on deck, some of them being armed with iron belaying-pins, and commenced their march aft in a body, cursing and shouting as they went. One was seen to step out a pace or two in front of the rest, evidently constituting himself the leader. *It was William Taylor.* Of superior education to the rest, they made him their spokesman.

Onward they marched, the captain standing out a step from his officers to confront them. Mr. William Taylor, his voice unsteady, his eyes inflamed, commenced his harangue on behalf of himself and friends. They had determined to pitch the officers overboard, he said, and kill the captain and his other aids; and all this was expressed in the most dreadful

language. The men were all more or less drunk, and ripe for anything. The unfortunate women were huddled in a group together, shivering in mortal fear.

It was a critical moment: never a one so critical yet in the young captain's life. On pressed the mutineers; William Taylor, mad as a March hare with the drink he had taken, still the fore-leader. A volley of oaths on his lips, he rushed at the captain, and aimed at him a blow with the bludgeon he carried.

How it happened was never exactly known. Hardly *what* happened. In pulling the revolver from his pocket—perhaps the captain's hand trembled—only to point it and frighten them, it went off. It went off, and William Taylor was shot dead. The shot struck through the heart, and he fell without a sign.

Had they been sober and sensible this might not have scattered the rest with a panic; being what they were, it did so, and they fell away, utter, shrinking cowards. Without any trouble they allowed themselves to be put in irons, some in one place, some in another.

Next came the discovery—the key to the mystery of whence the men had got their supplies of that most deadly enemy to mankind—drink. Reconnoitring the forecastle, the captain and mates discovered an opening in its bulkhead, some boards just placed lightly up to hide it. Through this hole the crew had helped themselves to the bottled beer. They had emptied seventy casks.

The next day William Taylor was buried. "I did not intend to shoot him," affirmed the captain again, as he made ready to read the burial service. And that he did not, they all believed. He was visibly affected, and his voice shook a little at the committal of the body unto the deep, until "the sea shall give up her dead."

The captain and officers had now to get the ship to Auckland without a crew. This, under ordinary circumstances, would have been no easy task; and in this case the winds were against them. Soon a strong gale sprang up suddenly from the westward, and they had a hard job to save the sails.

They were some three or four days' sail from Auckland. The wind was southerly, the weather squally, with rain. The ship was under topsails, courses and jib. At midnight the captain went below to rest. Previous to leaving the deck he told the second mate to keep a good look out for squalls, and attend to the topsail halyards. At about two o'clock in the morning, a heavy looking squall was seen rising to windward. "Stand by the topsail halyards!" ordered the second mate; and a hand at each had them ready for letting go. The threatening cloud came steadily and quickly on. As it reached the ship it poured out a heavy shower of rain; but there was no increase in the strength of the wind. The tail of the cloud was just clearing the vessel, the sky had turned brighter, the rain had almost ceased.

"That will do, the halyards!" cried out the second mate, in his inexperience thinking the squall past. "Make all fast again!" Which was done. Two minutes afterward, however, the unfortunate young man heard a rushing, whistling noise. The wind, which had been behind, and driving up the cloud, burst on the ship, laying her right over. Terrified, he roared out to let go the topsail halyards. Alas! they were fast; and, before one could count twenty, the maintopmast went over the side, carrying with it the mizzen topgallant mast.

Here was a pretty pickle. And no hands to clear away the wreck. The captain would not liberate the crew, and so the few working hands did their best. Fortunately, the carpenter was amongst them, and did good work with his axe. They cut away everything, and let the wreck go adrift.

From this time they had no further mishaps, and reached Auckland on the 12th of February.

The "Kilblain" sailed into the harbor with her number up and the "police flag" flying. Long before the police boat got alongside, Captain Taylor stepped on board. He looked around him, and wondered at the very few hands to be seen. Taking this in conjunction with the ship's dilapidated appearance, he jumped to the conclusion that perhaps when the mast went the crew were on it, and had perished. He had yet to learn that the actual facts were far more terrible.

He introduced himself to the captain. The latter took him into his state-room, and gave him an outline of the truth, breaking it to him as gently as possible. He did not go much into detail. He simply said there had been a mutiny, owing to the men getting maddened with drink; and, unfortunately, it was his son's lot to be the only one to fall. The old man was almost stunned by the news. He made no comment. "I suppose you buried my son?" he gently asked.

"Yes, indeed, with all the honors. No one, his parents excepted, can more sincerely regret his death than I do."

The police were now on board, and the captain was summoned on deck to them. They speedily conveyed the prisoners on shore, and took them at once before the resident magistrate. The captain's and officers' evidence was heard, and the men were committed for trial. They got some trumpery pettifogger to take their case in hand; and he actually preferred a counter charge of murder against the captain. It was, of course, absurd. The magistrate, however, committed him for trial, taking bail. The assizes were held next week. The grand jury ignored the bill against the captain, their foreman remarking that, supposing the shooting to have been intentional, and not accidental, as pleaded by the captain, he would have been, under the circumstances, quite justified in shooting any of the mutineers, the safety of his ship and those on board her being in jeopardy. And so the men were cast for punishment, and had leisure to reflect on what their unfortunate drinking had brought them to.

Captain Taylor returned home. The shock to him had been fearfully heavy. He did not suppose he should ever get over it, and he felt utterly dismayed when he thought of the task before him. *How* should he tell the news to his wife? He fully expected that it would kill her. However, as people generally do in such cases, he left it to the instinct or promptings of the moment. It was evening when he landed. He walked quickly away from the wharf toward his house, not caring to meet or speak with any one. Arrived there, he felt his heart sink within him as he turned the handle of the door. He opened it quickly and went in.

But, ah! what a scene did he encounter. Mrs. Taylor knew all. Ill news, it is said, travels apace. The whole history of the "Mutiny of the Kilblain" had already reached the principal ports of the colony. She was in black. Seated on a chair, her head was bent nearly to her knees, her hands were listless on her lap. Starting up at Captain Taylor's entrance, she tottered toward him, her hands lifted, her eyes with a cruel pain in them, her voice raised to a wail. "Oh, Davy, my boy! my boy!"

Hers was indeed a bitter lot. If ever an unfortunate mother's heart was broken —as it is termed—Mrs. Taylor's was, of a surety. During all the years in which she had mourned for the supposed death of her darling son, she had never pictured to herself so terrible a death as this. Shot down, like a wild animal, in a mad-drunken mutiny! Launched into eternity with all his sins upon his head. Not a second allowed for repentance, not one short moment even to call aloud for pardon. God forgotten; Christ set at nought!

Never, whilst she lived—the time might not be long—would that dreadful scene on the "Kilblain's" quarter-deck be out of her imagination. Morning, noon, and night would she ever dwell on it, and wish —few know what it is *so* to wish—that the boy had died in infancy.

That's the true history of the mutiny of the good ship "Kilblain."

Temple Bar.

OUTSIDE.

I.

JUST a gleam thro' the darkness—
  The lift of two eyes from a book—
A glance . . . but some glances are Heaven;
To such eyes 'tis given
  To make Paradise in a look.

II.

Just a face in the lamplight;
  A hand, and some glittering hair:
But hearts have been broken, it's said,
And white steel stained red
  For faces less faultlessly fair.

III.

Just a girl in her beauty,
  Her glory of freshness and youth;
But what has earth better to sigh for,
To live for—to die for—
  Than innocence, beauty and youth?

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

Eastbourne, Sept. 7th.

Temple Bar.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

Part Second.

NOON.

"AND in the eye of noon, my love
Shall lead me from my mother's door,
Sweet boys and girls, all clothed in white,
Strewing flowers before.

"But first the nodding minstrels go,
With music meet for lordly bow'rs;
The children next, in snow-white vests,
Strewing buds and flowers.

"And then my love and I shall pace,
My jet-black hair in pearly braids,
Between our comely bachelors
And blushing bridal maids."

CHAPTER I.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

ARE you of those who hate winter, or of those who love him? Do you shrink from his strong ice-grasp; or do you hold out your right hand to him heartily, saying, "You are welcome?" Do you love the enjoyments that are to be fought for (so to speak) by effort and exertion, with quick blood and high pulses; or those that come lazily and warmly, without your seeking? To whichever class you belong, you must come with me into winter's innermost stronghold. I bid you; and, shiver and shake as you may, you must not say "No." Forget June—forget its hot faint airs and thronged red roses; remember only December, with all his cold, white train. It is Christmas; a season which, if one took one's idea of it from Dickens' books, would seem to be a season of universal jollity, of widely-diffused sausages and mince pies, of great crackling fires and hard, bright frost; when every one is gladder than his wont; when each man greets his neighbor lovingly, and godly charity and pious mirth shine out of each happy eye—a season which, if one judge it by one's own experience, is for the most part mildly drizzling—a season of bills and influenza triumphant; when one reckons up the empty chairs by the fire-side, and, counting over one's losses in love and joy, finds smiling—much more broad laughter—but difficult. Into an English country-house you must come; till to-morrow you must wait to see whether it is Gothic, Tudor, Ionic, Inigo Jones-ish, or a happy medley of these styles; for now the black night-winds are feeling blindly round it, and the harsh rains are lashing its front. It is dressing-time; but who can bear to tear themselves away from this hall-fire—hall that is the liveablest room in the house, with its floor spread with warm beasts' skins, its low wide hearth, its thick-draped windows, its round-table groaning under new novels—novels proper and novels improper; novels ritualistic and novels evangelical; novels that are milk for babes, and novels that are almost too strong meat for men. There are no gone faces to sadden this hearth; the only face that is gone would cause considerable consternation were it to come back again. On the deep, woolly hearthrug Jemima is sitting, with a book in her hand; she is reading a pretty love-story by the fire-light. Opposite to her in a low chair, sits (or rather *lies*) her sister Sylvia, the widowed house-mistress. Her little chin is buried in her chest; the large jet beetles in her ears bob gently to and fro as she nods, nods; on her lap rests a pug dog. His face is blacker than the raven's wing; his nose turns mightily upward; his tail curls tightly twice to the left; his toes turn out, and his tongue protrudes, like a pink rose leaf; if he squinted he would be perfect; but, alas! life is made up of "ifs." A little farther off, two young people are playing at bézique—Lenore and Scrope. Yes, though it is neither Brittany nor June, Scrope is here. Twining round his legs, scaling Jemima's back, playfully trying to poke their fingers into their mother's shut eyes, running heavily on their heels, plunging, wrangling, with all the innocent vivacity of childhood, are two *enfants terribles*—terrible as only the healthy male young of the human species can be—little red-faced scourges to society. If parents, when they give their children smart names, would but reflect on the number of ugly-named men whom they may possibly, nay probably, espouse! Why did not Sylvia's parents? Sylvia Prodgers!

"Is these children's bedtime *never* coming?" cries Lenore, impatiently, as she begins a fresh deal. "It seems to me that that blest epoch moves further and further on every night. Tommy, dear, are you not sleepy? I will give you sixpence if you will say you are."

"Mother said we might stay up to see Uncle Paul—did not she, Bobby?" replies Tommy, triumphantly. He has just succeeded in tying himself in a true-love knot round Mr. Scrope's neck; his feet are beating a playful yet painful tattoo on that young gentleman's ribs.

"*Uncle* Paul, indeed!" cries Scrope, indignantly. "Who taught you to give people brevet rank? I say, young man, fair-play is a jewel. Let *me* get on *your* back, and hammer *your* ribs a bit now."

"Stay up to see Uncle Paul," echoes Bobby, who, not being very rich in ideas himself, draws chiefly on his elder brother's stock.

"How pleased he'll be!" says Scrope, laughing. "I think I see the benignant smile with which he will greet you, when you run at his legs and kick his shins, as you are in the pleasant habit of doing to mine."

"He will not mind," says Lenore, feeling impelled to stand up for her lover's amiability. "I hate children myself, as you know—*loathe* them, in fact. They seem to me to combine all the worst qualities of both sexes, with *no* redeeming points of their own—egotism more than man's, garrulity more than woman's. But I always like a man to be fond of them; there is always some good about a man that is."

"I wish they were not quite so fond of me," says Scrope, groaning, as he takes Tommy by the scruff of the neck, and deposits him in a vociferous heap on the floor.

"Uncle Paul is going to be Aunty Lenore's 'usband—Morris says so" (Morris is the butler), remarks Bobby from the background, with that utter contempt for the letter *h* that one often notices in little children.

"Quite right, Bobby," answers Lenore, gaily; "Morris never said a truer word in all his life."

Scrope makes no comment; he only throws four kings viciously on the table, and announces in a sulky voice the unanswerable proposition that 80 and 70 make 150.

"I wish Aunty Lenore's 'usband would come," says Lenore, laughing, but rather anxiously. "I *feel* as if it were getting very late. Jemima, you can see the clock; what time is it?"

Jemima starts, drops her book, and stretches her neck. "Five minutes past seven."

"He *ought* to be here, ought not he?" says the girl, wistfully, playing a queen of trumps that she had been carefully hoarding for the last ten minutes, and looking inquiringly across at her antagonist.

"Perhaps he has thought better of it," suggests Scrope, in his slow, lazy way. "Perhaps his pretty cousin has persuaded him to stay and eat his plum pudding with her."

"He has *not* a pretty cousin," answers Lenore, quickly, and quite unaware that she has double bézique in her hand.

"He has, though," replies Scrope carelessly, looking doubtfully over his cards, to see which he can best spare. "He may have kept it dark, but he has. I saw her last month, when I went down there for covert-shooting. She had on a gray cloak down to her heels, and a long poke-bonnet, like a tunnel; but I looked down the tunnel and saw a pretty little prim face at the end of it."

"She was a sister of Mercy, no doubt."

"Only a lay one."

"I *wish* he would come," repeats poor Lenore, feverishly. "Children, run to the window, and listen if you can hear a carriage."

"You must remember it is Christmas eve," says Jemima, reassuringly; "the trains are often three hours late."

"Everybody drunk, and collisions imminently probable," remarks Scrope.

Lenore flings down her cards on the table, and, running to the window, disappears behind the heavy red curtains with the children.

"My word, Bobby, is not it raining?"

"He is *not* to get upon the window-seat, is he, Aunty Lenore?"

"Yes, I may; mayn't I?"

"Aunty Lenore, is not he a naughty boy?"

"You *shall not* get up here; I won't have you!"

A sound of hustling—a fall—a howl. Scrope to the rescue.

Unmindful of her nephews, Lenore is standing, with her nose flattened against the pane, staring out into the rough night. The clouds are breaking, and from underneath one heavy black one, the moon is pushing and pouring wet silver; it streams on Lenore's eager face, making it look extra pale. The children tumble back, over one another, again into the warm room: in the dark recess behind the curtain the young man and the young woman stand alone.

"Do you think there has been an *accident?*" asks the girl, in a low voice, turning to him her pretty, tragic face. "Do you think anything has happened to him?"

"I am *certain* nothing has," answers the young fellow, bitterly, turning on his heel.

In ten minutes more doubt as to Mr. Le Mesurier's fate is at an end, and Lenore's nose may recover from the pressure it has suffered against the window pane as soon as it can. Through the bellowing wind and the fighting rain, carriage-wheels are plainly heard, and a bell's sharp "ting, ting" vibrates through the house.

"How about the pretty cousin and the poke-bonnet?" cries the girl, her face all alight, flying triumphantly past Scrope into the outer hall.

"Wait a bit; perhaps he has brought her with him."

But Lenore is out of hearing.

"Why could not she stay here?" says the young man, advancing, grumbling and shivering, to the fire. "It would not have robbed her of two seconds of his precious society. Why do not they come in?" (walking impatiently to and fro). "I suppose they are falling into each other's arms under the chaperonage of Morris. Bah! I hate lovers! Do not you, Miss Herrick?"

"I never had one, so I cannot say."

The bell has awoke both Sylvia and her dog. The latter tumbles down, in a fat, fawn-colored ball, from his mistress's lap. The former stands sleepily up, and mechanically puts her hand to her head to feel for her plaits.

"Is he come?" she says, in a little, plaintive voice. "I wish people would not come so suddenly—they make one's heart beat so. Jemima," (standing on tip-toe, and trying to get a glimpse of her little head, and of the mountainous hair-erection that makes it look top-heavy, in the looking-glass over the high old chimneypiece)—"Jemima, does my *frisette* show? Do I look a great object? What will he think of me?"

"It does show a good deal," answers Jemima, candidly. "But do not be uneasy; he will not *see* you—he never sees anybody when Lenore is by; ten to one he will forget to say 'How do you do?' to you!"

"What—to the mistress of the house!" cries Scrope, with his eyes eagerly fixed on the door.

"I hope he will not expect one to be very affectionate," continues Sylvia, simpering, too entirely taken up with herself to hear or heed Jemima's remark, and carefully patting down the little Gainsborough fringe of hair on her forehead. "I suppose I am peculiar, but I always feel so *reserved* with strangers; if he is hurt by my coldness, you must explain to him that it is *my way*."

"I do not think there will be any need," replies Jemima, drily.

As she speaks the door opens, and the betrothed pair make their triumphal entry. To Lenore, at least, it is such; her two hands are clasped on her lover's arm, and her glad, proud eyes are fixed on his face. It is not much of a face to be proud of, after all; but, such as it is, sisters, nephews, friend, butler, footmen, are quite welcome to see her radiant happiness in again looking upon it. Paul is happy too—inly, heartfeltly happy; but, coming in straight from a long December railway journey, only just delivered from the wind's cuffs and the rain's stings, shivering and shy, it is difficult to look radiant. Paul's shyness, like that of many other men's, takes the form of a peculiar ferocity of aspect. Sylvia has arranged herself in a pretty *pose;* she has disposed all her neat little features symmetrically into a smile of welcome: Bobby and Tommy, awed into momentary silence and stillness by the stranger's advent, are filially grouped around her.

"So happy to make your acquaintance!" she murmurs, extending her hand, and then dropping her eyes bash-

fully. "Darlings, give Mr. Le Mesurier a nice kiss!"

But the darlings—whose *mauvaise honte*, on first introduction, is only to be exceeded by their painful intimacy at a later stage of acquaintance—burrow their coy heads in their mother's skirts, and decline. As kissing is with them a damp and open-mouthed process, perhaps their future uncle has the less reason to deplore their refusal. He shakes hands with them all—unknown sister-in-law, known sister-in-law, nephews-in-law, friend (with the last, perhaps, with less warmth than the rest); and then they stand round the fire, and say clever things about the rain and the wind, and the train and the dog-cart. These do not last long, however, and when they are finished, a rather constrained silence falls.

"So some one has been playing bézique, I see?" remarks Paul, with an effort to break through the silence and his own shyness at the same time.

"Yes," answers Lenore, laconically, not thinking it necessary to explain who the players were.

"It is Mr. Scrope and Aunty Lenore," cries Tommy, officiously; "they play every night, and one night Bobby spilt the cards all over the floor. My word! did not Aunty Lenore smack him!"

"Play *every* night!" echoes Paul, glancing quickly from his love to Mr. Scrope and back again; "I had no idea that you had been here any time, Scrope?"

"About the inside of a week, I suppose," answers Scrope, nonchalantly.

"Why, you *knew* he had!" cries Lenore, reproachfully. "I told you so, ages ago. It shows" (turning to the company, with a rather nervous laugh) "how attentively he reads my letters, does not it?"

"Her hand *is* difficult, is not it?" says Sylvia, sweetly. "We all write illegible hands; I am shockingly scolded about mine."

Mr. Le Mesurier does not seem very much interested as to whether his hostess's hand is decipherable or not; he walks to the card-table, and begins to fiddle with the bézique-markers.

"I do not know what any one else thinks," says Jemima, depositing her novel on the table, "but *I* think that it is quite time to prepare for the great event of the day. Mr. Scrope, will you light my candle?"

They all troop off up the lit stairs—women, children, man; Lenore and Paul are left for the first time alone. In a moment they are together, standing on the hearth-rug: her face is between his two cold hands, and he is looking down on it, with an expression a little troubled, perhaps, but as truly, heartily loving as even she could desire.

"Lenore, have you been a good girl?"

"Paul, have you been a good man?"

"Middling, for that" (sighing), "but I think I have tried."

"And I think *I* have tried to be a good girl, but I am not at all sure that I have succeeded."

"And Scrope?"

"Has *he* been a good man, do you mean? I really cannot say."

"You know I do not mean that, Lenore; but what about him?"

"*Nothing* about him."

"Do you think him as much of a child as you did that day at St. Malo?"

"No, I do not; I think he is rather precocious."

* * * * * *

Soup is apt to make the nose red, but after a long winter journey it is certainly solacing. It does not matter whether Paul has a red nose or no, as he has no beauty to spoil; nor (owing, I suppose, to the deeper-colored-ness of their whole faces) is a red nose as absolutely fatal to men's loveliness as to women's. Sylvia's sherry is good; so is her champagne. Paul does not feel half so shy, or half so cold, as he did an hour go. Why should he be, either, sitting near this kingly Christmas fire, that one sees, without feeling it oppressively, through the glass screen, and among all these kindly smiling faces? Sylvia smiles on principle, because her teeth are white and even. Jemima smiles from habit; in this world it is politer to smile than to look grave. Scrope smiles, because dinner is involuntarily cheering, even when one's heart is sick, and angry to the pitch of longing to knock *anybody* down. And Lenore—neither soup nor sherry have power to add to her perfect well-being. Indeed, she cannot eat. She has had plenty of time to eat and sleep, and go through all the dull necessities of life, during the last

void six months. Lenore is *absolutely* happy! It is something to have been able once to say that; but why do not people know *when* to die? Why does life insist on staying on,

> "Like some poor nigh-related guest
> That may not rudely be dismissed,
> Both hath outstayed his welcome while,
> And tells the jest without the smile?"

"So your father has been having the gout?" says the girl, considerately waiting till her lover has swallowed his last mouthful of soup, and not "starving her man," as the *Saturday*, in the long-gone days when it used to write pleasant articles, once happily worded it.

"Yes."

"Quite *safely* and *long-livedly*, I suppose?"

Paul looks rather shocked; he has not yet had time to get acclimatized to Lenore's startling candors of expression:

"I hope so."

"Is he very cross?"

"Very."

"Gout is apt to sour the sweetest temper, as no one has better reason to know than I," says Sylvia, with a sigh, and a downward glance at her dress.

Sylvia's grief has passed out of the capped and craped stage; it has declined into the more supportable phase of corded silks and white tuckers.

"Would he like me to go and nurse him?" asks Lenore, laughing, yet eagerly awaiting the answer.

"I do not know about that," says Paul, laughing too; "he has already *three* lone spirits for his ministers. I do not think even *he* could find work for a fourth."

"Three!" cries the girl, growing pink, with a faint suspicion. "Why, Paul, I thought you had only *two* sisters!"

"Suppose I have a cousin?"

Lenore involuntarily glances across at Scrope: he is smiling malevolently, and reciting, half under his breath:

> "I have brothers and sisters by the dozen, Tom,
> But a cousin is a different thing."

Nothing has happened: the fire still radiates warmth from its deep red heart. The footmen are carrying round sweetbreads, and frincandeaus, and timbales, and all manner of nice things. Sylvia and Jemima are still smiling, but yet—but yet—Lenore has made one step, a very little step indeed, but still a step, down from her pinnacle of heaven-like bliss.

* * * * * *

"I *quite* like him, Lenore—I do really. I am not joking," says Sylvia that evening, patronizingly, as the three ladies stand round the drawing-room fire: "and you know I am not one to say what I do not mean. If I have a fault in that way, it is being too sincere. I had my misgivings, but he really is *quite* nice; but—but—what an odd way he has of *staring* at one!"

"I never remarked it."

"I thought he looked rather queer when I called Charlie Scrope 'Charlie,' at dinner," continues Sylvia, sinking down upon the fender-stool, and carefully disposing her skirts about her. You must explain to him that poor dear Charlie is one of my *oldest* friends. I hate people to get that sort of idea about one into their heads, don't you know?"

CHAPTER II.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

> "Babe Jesus lay on Mary's lap,
> The sun shone in His hair;
> And so it was she saw, mayhap,
> The crown already there.
>
> "For she sang, 'Sleep on, my little King,
> Bad Herod dares not come;
> Before Thee sleeping, holy thing,
> Wild winds would soon be dumb.
>
> "'I kiss Thy hands, I kiss Thy feet,
> My King, so long desired;
> Thy hands shall never be soiled, my sweet,
> Thy feet shall never be tired.
>
> "'For Thou art the King of men, my Son!
> Thy crown I see it plain;
> And men shall worship Thee, every one,
> And cry Glory! Amen!'
>
> "Babe Jesus opened his eyes so wide,
> At Mary looked her Lord;
> And Mary stinted her song and sighed,
> Babe Jesus said never a word."

NOBODY sings these old carols now-a-days; but to me they have a heartier, truer ring than any of the new-fangled Christmas psalmodies. Yes—it is Christmas day, though there is neither snow, nor frost, nor ice; only stripped trees, a chilly little sun, and mild west wind. Everybody has been to church, has prayed, had crossed his arms, and yawned; has stared at the hollied font and the ivied

pillars, at the blue and red and gold texts, that tell us the old, old news, that "Christ is born;" has thought of his early accounts, and of his account with High God, as the bent of his mind inclines him. Tommy has dropped his mother's smart prayer book into a puddle on his way to church; has been hoisted up on the seat on his arrival there; has made faces at a little girl in the next pew; has broken into audible laughter during the second lesson at something that tickled his fancy in one of the footmen's appearance; has been privately admonished that expulsion from church and deprivation of pudding will be the consequence of continued mirth; has therefore lapsed into tearful gravity, and finally into sleep. Now they are all at home again: Lenore and Paul have succeeded in the object—always a primary one with lovers—of eluding every one else, and are dawdling about in the conservatory till the luncheon-gong shall summon them back into the control of the public eye. The formal camellias—the Roman matrons, Cornelias and Lucretias, of the flower nation—hide no ears under their sleek, dark leaves; the jonquils, whose gold throats are so full of sweets, tell no tales.

"I never saw you in a frock-coat and tall hat before," says Lenore, playfully surveying her lover from head to heel; "turn slowly round that I may judge of the *tout ensemble.*"

"Nor I you in a bonnet."

"You have seen me, however, in a *cap*," returns Lenore, with a mischievous smile. Paul looks a little grave.

"Do not abuse it!" cried the girl, laughing. "With all its misdemeanors, it was a *blessed* cap, and I have a good mind to be married in it."

"Lenore, I *hate* that episode!"

"Do you? Well, then, we will dig a hole and bury it: all the same" (sighing a little), "though I am a great deal *gooder* than I was, I am not yet good enough to regret it."

"*Are* you 'gooder' than you were?" (with a fond but rather incredulous smile).

"Do not you think so?" she asks eagerly. "Have not you remarked it? Do not you think I am improved?"

Paul is a little puzzled; he has not been here four-and-twenty hours yet, but, as far as he sees, she is the very identical Lenore that he left sobbing on the deck of the St. Malo steamer. She is not sobbing now, and, instead of a waterproof, she is clad in a smart winter gown and a bonnet with a feather; but, for the rest, he sees no change.

"Have you heard me say anything fast?" asks Lenore, growing serious.

"No."

"Or slang?"

"No."

"Or seen me get into one of my rages?"

"No," answers Paul, half laughing at the idea of the self-control implied by keeping out of a rage during eighteen hours, of which seven were spent in sleep, and the rest in the company of a favored and adoring lover.

"Have you heard me snub Jemima?"

"No."

"Or seen me box Tommy's ears?"

"No."

"Well, then, I *must* be improved," cries Lenore, triumphantly; "for I can tell you, you could not have spent an hour in my society this time last year without seeing me go through some of those manœuvres."

"Well, then, you *are* improved," answers Paul, smiling, and smoothing her shining hair; "and we all know there was room for it, do not we?"

"Plenty," replies Lenore, briefly.

"All the same, I did not think you needed much mending that last day at St. Malo," says Paul, indulging himself in looking as thoroughly sentimental as even Scrope could have done, now that he is sure that nobody is by.

"You prefer me with my nose swelled and my eyes bunged up, do you?" asks Lenore, gaily. "Good heavens!" (growing quite grave), "how I hated everybody and everything that day—Chateaubriand and his tomb, and the ramparts, and the old houses, and the steamer, and the stoker, and Jemima! Do you know, I cried *all* the way back to Dinan? I do not think I stopped for one minute, and Jemima and Mr. Scrope sat on two campstools opposite to me. They did not look at the view, and they did not look at the other people; they kept staring at me the whole way. What possessed them I cannot think."

"I wish I had been there," said Mr. Le Mesurier, looking rather vicious; "I would have turned Jemima's camp-stool straight round, and kicked Scrope overboard."

"And what would he have been doing meanwhile?" asked Lenore, archly. "Poor Mr. Scrope! *how* bored I was by him those first days after you went!"

"The *first* days!" echoes Paul, suspiciously. "You were not bored by him *afterward*, then?"

"She does not answer immediately, and he has to repeat his question. Then she speaks with perhaps a shade of unwillingness:

"Well, no; I do not think I was. One gets used to things, you know, and he is not a bad boy, after all, and—and—and he was almost as useful as Frederic himself in running errands."

"And expected the same reward, I suppose?" says Paul, with a sneer.

"I have not a notion what he expected," retorts Lenore, beginning to look rather rebellious, and to hum a tune.

"Lenore! Lenore!" (the sneer disappearing as he snatches her hands, and gazes with anxious, grieved love into her face), "what were the *very last words* I said to you at St. Malo?—do you remember?"

"Perfectly; they were, 'God bless you, darling!'" she answers, speaking softly, her lips framing the words lovingly, as if they were dear to them.

"Ay, but the words just before them?"

"They were ugly, stupid, unnecessary, jealous words! I do not remember them," says she, impatiently, snatching away her hands, and not perceiving that the first half of her sentence contradicts the last.

"Ugly, stupid and jealous they may have been, says Paul, with forced calmness, "as many of my words, I dare say, are; but *were* they *unnecessary?*"

"What were they?" (very impatiently.) "Let us hear them, and have done with them!"

"They were, '*Do not flirt with Scrope!*'"

"Well?"

"Whatever else you do, I know you do not tell lies; *did* you flirt with him?"

"Upon my soul, I do not know!" answered Lenore, ingeniously.

"I would have given you *carte blanche* to bully Jemima and maltreat your nephews," says Paul, magnanimously. "What do little flaws in the temper matter compared to —— O Lenore, to lower yourself and me by flirting with *that boy*, my own friend, whom I myself had introduced to you, and after all I had said to you! Why do not you turn your face this way? Good God! is it possible that you are *blushing* about him?"

"I am blushing with *rage* at being put through such a degrading catechism!" answered Lenore, coloring scarlet, and flashing indignantly at her lover.

"*Did* you flirt with him?" repeats Paul, sternly; his lips look thin and sulky, and his eyes also sparkle coldly.

"Is sitting by the hour in a person's company, wondering when he means to go, and yawning until the tears come into your eyes, flirting with him?" asks the girl, excitedly—her mouth beginning to twitch, and the tears to gather in her eyes.

"Certainly not."

"Is thinking a man very good-looking, and wishing that he would fall in love with your elder sister, and being sure that he will not, flirting with him?"

"Certainly not."

"Is going endless expeditions to places that you have not the heart to look at, in a man's company, letting him spread his overcoat on the grass for you to sit upon, and carry your prayer book to church, and forgetting to say 'Thank you,' flirting with him?"

"No–o."

"Is" (this last query comes much less trippingly and more reluctantly from her tongue than the former one) "seeing that a man is going to make a fool of himself about you, and being so shamefully fond of admiration as not to do *everything* in your power to stop him—is *that* flirting with him?"

"Of course it is," replies Paul, roughly, all his brown face turning white in his deep anger.

"Then I *did* flirt with him!" cries Lenore, bursting into a passion of penitent tears, and throwing herself into her lover's arms, which neither expect or are willing to receive her.

"You did, did you?" says Paul, cuttingly, not making any attempt to press her to his heart, or otherwise caress her,

but, on the contrary, endeavoring to restore her to the perpendicular, which she has abandoned in his favor. "And you can stand there smiling, and tell me so?"

"Not much *smiling* about it, I think," replies the girl, ruefully, wiping her eyes; then more tartly: "Why did you go on asking me, if you did not want to be answered? O Paul, Paul!" catching his hand and holding it, "I am not much of a person; long ago I told you that, and you would not believe me. Ah! you see it now, but don't, *don't* be too hard upon me! I have not been, like your sisters, pent all my life in a good, steady, stagnant English home, where never a man dare look over the park-palings. All my life I have been a Bohemian, as I told you almost the first time we met—up and down the world, here, there, and everywhere, and I have always had some man dangling after me. I did not care for them, Heaven knows, and I daresay they did not care for me; but they were useful, and pleasant, and made the time pass ——"

"As Scrope no doubt did! I daresay" (looking very ugly and sardonic, for a sneer deforms the most beautiful face, much more an unhandsome one) "that you did not find the days between June and December so *endless* as you expected; perhaps you did not buy that *popgun* after all?"

"No, I did not," says Lenore, her wrath bursting out into a blaze. "Paul, I warn you that you are going the very best way to hinder me for being sorry for what I did. What am I saying? What *did* I do? I cared too little about his comings and goings to shut the house-door in the face of a boy, who had got into the stupid habit of staring at me, and who—I own to you—would have loved me if I had let him, without my running after him, and persecuting him in the way I did you"—throwing herself into a rustic chair, and sobbing violently at the reopening of the old wound caused by the reluctant origin of Paul's affection.

Paul hates a scene with all his strength. He kneels down beside her, but even then he is too angry to be able to bring himself to say anything fond. "Good God! Lenore, stop crying; they will hear you in the drawing-room."

"If I *had* turned him out of the house," she says, from the depths of her pocket-handkerchief, "I should have met him fifty times a day in the street."

"Why could not you leave Dinan?"

"We had taken the lodgings for six months."

"*Lenore!*" (very impatiently) what are you *going on* crying about? What more have I said? It is five minutes to luncheon-time."

"Hundreds and hundreds of times I have told him, honestly, what a bore I thought him!" continues she, drying her eyes, having successfully stained and disfigured her face almost past recognition.

"It implies a considerable amount of intimacy with a man to be able to tell him, to his face, that you think him a bore," retorts Paul, drily.

"I *was* intimate with him," replies Lenore, boldly. "Who says I was not?—not I, certainly. He was kind and manly, and gentlemanlike, which not one of the half-dozen broken-down Irishmen who form the manhood of Dinan were: he was a sort of tame cat about the house, and so near my own age, and altogether"—

Paul winces; he himself was verging on eighteen, full of a man's impulses and thoughts, when this his betrothed was born.

"When I gave myself to you at Huelgoat," continues the girl, more calmly, but with profound earnestness in her swimming eyes, "and you took me—more, I think, out of compassion and gratitude than anything else, but still you took me—did I keep back one smallest fraction to be able to give it to another man? Not a shred! *Myself*, with all my badness and my goodness—not much of the latter, perhaps—I gave you, and you have it."

"I have—have I?" says Paul, whose harsh face has been gradually softening throughout the last sentence, and at the end looks almost mollified. "Well, then, with your permission, I will keep you, and not hand you over to Mr. Scrope, manly and gentlemanlike as he no doubt is, and also so much more suitable to you in age, as you kindly reminded me just now. Lenore, I have been counting; I was eighteen the day you were born."

"And I am sure you were an ugly gawky hobbledehoy, all arms and legs!

I am very glad I did not know you in those days," says Lenore, laughing; then quite gravely: "Paul, never pretend to be jealous of me again! It is patent to everybody that I love you a hundred times better than you do me; you know it yourself, and I—I am not blind to it."

"Bosh!" says Paul, turning away uneasily, not feeling exactly guilty; for he does love her heartily, yet with an uncomfortable lurking sensation that there is a grain of truth in what she asserts.

"It is the way of the world, I suppose," says the girl, sighing. "One gives and the other takes; it would be superfluous for *both* to give, would not it? Perhaps some day—some far-off day—the balance will be changed, and we shall love each other equally; till then"——

"Till then," says Paul, gaily, mimicking her tone—"till then, Lenore, let us go to luncheon, and eat so many mince pies as to incapacitate us for afternoon church.

Gentleman's Magazine.

PROPOSALS FOR A LIFE OF MACAULAY.

THE years which have elapsed since Lord Macaulay's death, render a calm and impartial judgment of him possible. While he was alive, while his Essays were being published, while each successive instalment of the History was appearing, that was almost out of the question. A constant bone of contention was before the critics and the public. One section dwelt on the light, the picturesqueness, the vigor of Macaulay's style, and could see nothing worse than a little pardonable prejudice in his attacks on some historical characters. Another, while allowing him high literary qualities, considered that his writing was fast becoming vicious in its excesses, while his violent partisanship made him unsafe as an authority. Whatever view was taken, there was the man before us, dogmatic, sometimes dictatorial, given to presuming a little upon his extensive reading and experience, making himself, and feeling himself, unanswerable. You could not help taking sides, either for or against him. You knew that you must either refuse to listen, or submit to be enslaved. Your feeling is very different now, and though immediately upon Macaulay's death regret prevailed, and was apt to be exaggerated, that, too, has subsided, and has given place to sober appreciation.

With the power of forming an unbiassed judgment on the author, there also arises the wish for some memorial of the man. Soon after Macaulay's death, it was rumored that a life was to be written, and Mr. G. O. Trevelyan was even named as the probable author. But there are no signs of the preparation of any such work, and if the intention was ever formed it seems to have been abandoned. Whether difficulties have proved insuperable, or other occupations have interfered—whether the common objections to literary biography have prevailed, or private life has been regarded as sacred—can only be matter of conjecture. Whatever be the cause of silence, the result is to be regretted. I know that many people affect to find poverty of incident, want of emotion, barrenness of sympathy, in the lives of men of letters. Such lives, we are told, contain none of those stirring events which call forth latent energies and seem to lay bare the very roots of character; the men have no intimate connection with the struggles of the time and with the aspirations for conquest or for freedom, that glowed in the breasts of their contemporaries. How can a life passed among books and manuscripts be expected to vie with the life of a general who dictated terms to Europe, or of a minister whose policy sums up the history of a period? An able critic contrasts the life of a poet with Othello's adventures, and pronounces it less likely to rivet the attention of Desdemona. But it appears to me that these views are founded on a misconception of the nature of biography. The craving for mere incident, without regard to its effect on character, means nothing else than a preference for the historical over the biographical element, and the objection made to literary lives would apply equally to lives in general. To the biographer,

the events of his hero's life are chiefly valuable as serving to illustrate his character. It is well that there should be some events to relate, but what is their absence when compared with the want of any character to illustrate? The most stirring incidents may come within the life of a man who in himself is wholly insignificant. Taken as an event, an expulsion from college can hardly be placed by the side of a general engagement; yet Shelley's expulsion from Oxford is far more interesting, in a biographical point of view, than the Duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden.

In the case of Macaulay, however, there is another answer to such objections. The life of Macaulay in itself ought to be one of the most interesting books of the period. A man who occupied such a position, not only as dictator of literature, but representative of literature in society; whose opinions were uttered with such force and carried so much authority with them; who mixed with the greatest contemporary minds both as historian and statesman, and influenced the style of English literature as well as the habits of thought of English politicians; can hardly fail to be accepted as one of the most prominent characters of the time in which he lived. To some extent at once the Johnson and the Gibbon of his day, Macaulay's life has the historical unity, the attachment to one exclusive object, that gives its charm to Gibbon's autobiography, while his conversation seems a more logical repetition of the social absolutism of Johnson. Nor is even the lack of incident to be laid to the charge of his life. Viewing him merely as a public man, we may say that his term of Indian service, his active Parliamentary career, ought to supply more valuable materials than the official memoranda and extracts from despatches which form the sole deposit of so many statesmen. We do not know quite as much about the events of his literary life, but we may form our surmises. The glimpses given us of Macaulay as a young man in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, the stories about the composition of his Essays and his History which are current in society, the sketches contained in the letters, diaries and lives of his contemporaries, all go to make up a most remarkable portrait. The man lived in the world, and his knowledge of the past merely served to connect two different epochs. He was so absorbed in his books as to read in the street, but he was no book-worm. If he treated the characters of past ages as though they were living, and thundered against Charles and James with the zeal of one who had some personal quarrel, the effect of this was to transplant his readers to the England of the Stuarts and create the burning passion of partisanship in a cause which had long since been decided. The famous passage in the Essay on Bacon which describes the pleasure of associating with the mighty dead is significant of Macaulay's power of revivifying the past. Plato, he says, is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. The act of taking down the book from the shelves was equivalent to calling up the spirit of the author; and what to others would rank as reading, was with Macaulay holding converse. Such vivid enjoyment of intellectual effort would make the most secluded study a scene of action. But Macaulay brought the world into his study.

The most interesting feature of a Life of Macaulay would certainly be the history of his mind. Even with the aid of his writings alone it is possible to trace his mental development; and yet without some of those links which private information would supply, this progress would be rather one of critical analysis than of biographical revelation. The plan for a literary Life of Macaulay has not been wholly suggested by Edgar Quinet's "Histoire de mes Idées," nor has the wish to mark his stages of growth arisen out of antagonism to Mr. Bagehot's theory that Macaulay's mind remained unchangeable. If I wanted to argue this question on the ground chosen by Mr. Bagehot, I should say that the particular instance he gives makes against him. He contrasts the speech on India, Macaulay delivered before going to Calcutta, with the speech on the Gates of Somnauth made after his return, and says that the first shows as much knowledge of the country as the second. But if the two speeches are compared throughout, the second will be

found to be much fuller in detail, and to savor of much greater personal experience. The first surprises us by its mastery of the Indian terms, by the learning derived from books, by the theoretical acquaintance with the country. In the second, the learning has become practical, has been checked and extended by contact with real life, has an air of familiarity which leads you to forget that books are still the main source from whence it has sprung. Yet, though the two speeches are significant of Macaulay's susceptibility to new impressions, they do not show the general tendency of his mind. His ordinary course was from the complex to the simple, from an excessive display of learning to an occasional happy allusion, from a labored style to one that was easy. This is not to be found in the two Indian speeches. It is mostly to be seen by comparing the Essays with the History. It seems to coincide with a similar change in Macaulay's own habits, for the character given of him in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* is that of an obtrusive pedant, quoting out-of-the-way passages at unseasonable times; and this description would not be recognized by those who met him in after years at London breakfast tables.

Some critics have said—and with a certain amount of justice—that in Macaulay the historian was spoilt by the essayist. But there is also ground for maintaining that the essayist was spoilt by the historian. It strikes us, in reading the Essays, that the mind of their writer is the most thoroughly historical that ever came into being. We see this chiefly in the illustrations which are employed. Macaulay does not seem able to conceive anything which has not really existed, any fact which has not really occurred. Nor is this all; he must have some means of proving the existence or occurrence. The habit of incessant quotation from books, of reference to historical characters, of accumulation of known events, gives the Essays an air of learning, but makes them stiff and labored. There is much greater freedom in the History, with all its tendency to sameness. Macaulay was too much in his element then to swim ungracefully. But an essayist needs lightness of touch, invention, imagination; and we are apt to miss these in Macaulay's finished rhetorical exercises. I grant that he very skillfully conceals the deficiency. It is so enjoyable to read him that a critic forgets to find fault. Still when we get below the admirable workmanship of the Essays, and analyze their substance, we too often find that what we took for wit is really memory, and what seemed imagination is minute study. Take as an instance of the first the Essay on Robert Montgomery. Most men would say that this is Macaulay's lightest and most amusing essay, the only one in which he aimed almost exclusively at wit. But the only piece of wit in the Essay which is not drawn directly from book-lore, is the comparison of Robert Montgomery's poems to a Turkey carpet. The essay opens with an Eastern fable, an apologue on puffing, and brings us soon after to another Eastern tale to illustrate the fate of plagiarists. The military operations in one poem remind Macaulay of those which reduced the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, to submission, as stated in "The Rovers," and an exploit of peculiarly difficult valor prompts a quotation from Dante. The critic's reason for preferring the omnipresence of the Deity to Satan is conveyed in a speech of Sir Thomas More's, and the dullness of Robert Montgomery's devil leads to a description of "that happy change in his character which Origen anticipated, and of which Tillotson did not despair." We may trace the same characteristics through many of the other Essays. When Macaulay alludes to Southey's changes of opinion, he compares him to Milton's Satan. "He has passed from one extreme of political opinion to another, as Satan in Milton went round the globe, contriving constantly to 'ride with darkness.' Wherever the thickest shadow of the night may at any moment chance to fall, there is Mr. Southey! It is not everybody who could have so dexterously avoided blundering on the daylight in the course of a journey to the antipodes." The continuation of Sir James Mackintosh's History of the Revolution, recalls the threat of the Consul Mummius to make the packers of his marble statues replace any limbs that might be broken. Dr. Nare's Life of Burleigh fills Macaulay with astonishment like that felt by Gulliver when he landed in Brobdingnag. This

comparison leads to a reminiscence of a joke of Sydney Smith's and of the paper in the *Spectator* on the antediluvian loves of Hilpa and Shallum. Lastly we hear of the criminal in Italy who was suffered to make his choice between Ouicciardini and the galleys, and who, after choosing the history, changed his mind at the war of Pisa, and went to the oar.

Great as is the amusement to be derived from reading these passages aloud, it may fairly be asked whether they answer to the definition of wit. Contrast them with any of the writings of Swift or Sydney Smith, and you see the difference between original ideas and reminiscences. Take, again, the case of Macaulay's imagination as reflected in the Essays. The most celebrated picture in the whole collection is the account of the trial of Warren Hastings. With what marvelous completeness the whole scene is brought before our eyes! And yet, when you read the passage carefully, you see that imagination has nothing to do with its production. You ask yourself, "What is the source of its power?" Knowledge, is the answer. The description is made up of the minute accumulation of details which actually took place, which are to be found in books, which were observed by the people present. We have not poetic picturesqueness, but that of miniature painting. Each person in turn is characterized, and the very traits which would have been pointed out to a stranger by one familiar with the great world of the day, are preserved by the chronicler. Who but a man really present at the trial would have arrested such an incident as that of Fox's unusual splendor of attire? "The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox—generally so regardless of his appearance—had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword." May it not be contended, in future ages, that this passage conclusively shows a mistake in the date commonly assigned to Macaulay's birth, as Macaulay himself has proved that Wycherley was in error as to the time when he composed his comedies?

Such being the characteristics of the Essays, it may be interesting to compare them with the History. It is natural that wider range and scope should produce an effect of greater freedom, but it is not only the scale that is extended. A writer of history is necessarily dependent on his authorities for the substantial part of his work; his treatment of the materials supplied him and his views can alone be original. Here, no doubt, the essayist has great advantages. Yet, when Macaulay comes to write history, he takes a much higher position than he occupied in his Essays; he has such a hold of his subject as to render the isolated facts subordinate to the general effect of the narrative; he fuses the various details derived from others into an original and artistic whole, and conveys the impression, not of minute reading and research, but of grasp and mastery. It is not easy to find particular passages which bear out this view, formed as it is from a perusal of the whole History; but there is one very curious contrast between the methods pursued in the earlier and the later writings. Both in the Essay on Addison and in the History, Macaulay describes the poetic faculties of Montague as insufficient to raise their owner above the rank of a versifier, but as able to impart an exceptionally high character to his prose. The simile adopted in the Essay is taken from Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas." We are referred to the philosopher who vainly attempted to fly, but who, on falling into the water, found himself buoyed up in that element by the wings which were useless in the air. In the History we are told of Montague: "His genius may be compared to that pinion which, though it is too weak to lift the ostrich into the air, enables her while she remains on the earth to outrun hound, horse and dromedary." The transition from one class of similes to another may be taken as characteristic of an enlargement of mind, while there is also something easier and more natural about the second order. If it be said that both are equally the offspring of research, the art is more skillfully concealed in the second. And this remark may be made upon other features of the History.

One part of Macaulay's life which will doubtless afford the most interesting materials to his biographer, is that which was spent in making himself personally acquainted with the scenes he had to describe. I do not know what truth there

may have been in in the story told of his making a collection of street ballads for the purpose of illustrating some period of history, and being followed home by an admiring crowd which expected to hear him sing. But it seems certain that the description of the battle of Sedgemoor was the result of several days passed on the spot, and that this is not the only instance in which Macaulay followed the example of Balzac. Goethe's English biographer has commented on the absurdity of writing the life of a modern poet without even visiting the town in which he lived, and has remarked that some of his German predecessors treated Goethe much as they might have treated Cicero. Macaulay, indeed, would have made very much more out of Cicero than could be done by a German author; but the mistake which Mr. Lewes has exposed might, perhaps, have been expected from the bookish writer of some of the Essays. Had it not been for the subsequent work, we might have thought that Macaulay could describe what he had not seen better than what he had seen. This is, to some extent, maintained by Mr. Bagehot. It is noticed as a characteristic of the poet Coleridge in his life by Freiligrath. We are told there that while Coleridge was writing the "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," which picturesque locality he only knew from books, he did not find a word to say about the marvels of semi-Oriental Malta, where he had been living. Yet, if this reproach applies to Macaulay as an essayist, he is clear from all shadow of it as a historian.

While noticing the growth and enlargement of Macaulay's mind, we must make two or three exceptions. One fault clung to him through life, and that was extreme positiveness. He was a great deal too much given to making up his mind, and when it was once made up nothing could turn it. "I wish I was as certain of anything," Lord Lansdowne said, "as Tom Macaulay is of everything." Essays, History and Speeches are all alike in this respect. All that was done by advancing years was to soften down asperities, to impart a humaner tone to assertions which were still as dogmatic as those of infallibility. Macaulay's speeches have the fault of being too unanswerable. They leave no loophole for escape; they never hint at concession or compromise. This might be a satisfactory style for judgments, but it does not suit argument. If you wish to bring others round to your view, you should not begin by slapping them in the face. Yet if Macaulay is too much of a judge in his arguments, he is too much of an advocate in his judgments. He is not only apt to assume that what he says must be conclusive, but he begins by persuading his own mind of the truth of those principles which he wishes to establish. You see that the extremely convincing way in which things are put is the result of art, not nature. The writer has taken up a position, and he means to retain it at all hazards. This sort of predetermination comes out most strongly in Macaulay's estimates of character. From the time when in his Essay on Milton he inveighed against Charles I., with the warmth of an opposition speaker at an undergraduate debating society, down to the last mention of James II., in his History, he could ascribe nothing good to the house of Stuart. Many other antipathies are to be found among his writings, but this is the strongest. The excesses in which it betrays Macaulay must be apparent to every reader. But what we principally notice in Macaulay's treatment, both of the men he dislikes and of those he admires, is the want of analytical power which accompanies his prejudices and predilections. The great clearness and precision which are the most striking characteristics of his mind seem to lead him astray in this matter. He can make no allowance for mixed motives. He cannot except any solution of conduct, save one that is perfectly simple. The complex springs of action are unknown to him. The result is that he is prone to deal with the surface of characters, instead of trying to penetrate to their heart, and that he brings out a mass of contradictions which a deeper study would soon reconcile. In the Essays we have this treatment applied to Dr. Johnson and Byron, and most notably to Bacon. The juridicial method, which consists in balancing the evidence given on two sides, and taking the mean between conflicting statements, has been pursued

to some extent, and both Johnson and Byron are brought before us with antithetical clearness, while Bacon's character is depreciated in order that his philosophy may be exalted. No one can wonder if Macaulay's estimates have given rise to a great deal of controversy. His Essay on Bacon has been attacked on the side of science by Baron Liebig, on the side of character by Mr. Hepworth Dixon; his Essay on Frederick the Great has been very fairly answered by the late Professor Häusser; and it might be difficult to find a single point on which there has not been some expression of dissent. Yet the real charge against Macaulay is not that he has provoked criticism, but that he has failed to appreciate character; that he formed superficial views, and substituted them for an attempt to catch the essence of man's nature, and that in this respect he left off as he began.

Here, indeed, Macaulay fairly represented his country. There is amongst English people a desire for intelligibility, a dislike of vagueness and theory, a passion for what is called the practical. Men who try to understand things, and disdain to utter anything which will not be understood by others, often fall into the mistake of supposing that only what they can take in at a glance is worth taking. Sometimes a stupid man is more patient and has a better chance of coming right in the end than a man of singular acuteness, although it is equally true that acuteness is likely to be right in the first instance, and that when stupidity goes wrong it is generally backed by obstinancy. Macaulay's passion for clearness may be aptly illustrated by a quotation from one of his election speeches. "Some gentleman appears to dissent from what I say. If I knew what his objections are, I would try to remove them. But it is impossible to answer inarticulate noises." Perhaps some of the criticisms to which we have alluded had the same defect in the eyes of the historian, and the dignity with which Macaulay held aloof from his contemporaries, as though standing on a higher pedestal, must give a tone to his biography.—EDWARD WILBERFORCE.

London Society.

OUR JUDGES.

THE character of an English judge is invested with a peculiar degree of sanctity and importance. There is the respect which we all naturally give to unflinching labor and talent, which have won a high reward. Beyond this we naturally regard them as men who have the greatest material interests in their keeping, and who are inflexibly guided by the standard of the most rigorous equity. The bench of judges is encompassed by much the same kind of feeling as the bench of bishops. For our own parts we should be glad if they all had seats in the Upper House, which would be doing honor to the judicature, and prove a strengthening of the House of Lords. Our judges move freely about and enjoy life and society, although we need hardly say that it would be the worst solecism to bring the courts into company. An American writer says that there is much more ease and freedom between bench and bar in England than would be permitted in America. Also, our public writers almost fiercely scrutinize their conduct when they come within the scope of legitimate criticism. This is the way in which the *Saturday Review* permits itself to speak of Lord Penzance, in reference to his support of a bill of which the reviewer disapproved: "The learned judge took up a cause already sufficiently discredited; he conducted it without tact and without dignity, and in its collapse he has dragged it down to the vulgar level of a howling democratic agitation." But there is no need of a Star Chamber to maintain the character of any English judge. They eminently possess tact and dignity, and it has always been a tradition of their office to avoid any gale of popular applause, as the very sirocco poison itself. England, unlike other lands, commands the very highest legal character and ability for its bench, and beneath the freshness and

freedom of its courts there are inexorable lines which no man dares transgress. We shall now gather together some notes on the ways of English judges, which will be made with that free discussion and real reverence, which equally suit the genius of our tradition of English judges. Whatever trickeries and insincerities belong to the bar, they seem wonderfully to vanish when a man attains to the bench.

One day Lord Campbell was sitting next Chief Baron Pollock. At that time they were both members of the House of Commons. "Pollock," quoth Campbell, "we lawyers receive the highest wages of an infamous profession." It is a sad thing for a lawyer—a sad thing for any man—when he does not believe in his own work. They were then barristers, and would hardly speak in this way when judges. Lord Campbell was in many respects a great judge, but he did much to debase and attack the character of English judges. Lord Erskine owned that the most discreditable passage in his life was becoming Lord Chancellor. It must be owned, to the disgrace of the English bench, that there have been judges in equity who have been almost totally ignorant of the law which they professed to administer. The following is Pemberton Leigh's, Lord Kingsdown's, withering language on the subject: "Unfortunately, the claim to those high offices has been supposed to remain when the qualifications for them have ceased. Lord Erskine, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, and Lord Campbell, all undertook the highest judicial office in Chancery, without ever having had the slightest practice there, and without any knowledge of the science, on the exposition of which millions of property were to depend." Lord Thurlow regularly employed an able man to draw up his legal judgments for him. This reproach at the present day is very completely wiped away. The Equity bench is especially strong. The Lord Chancellor was not, as so often has been disastrously the case, a member of the Common Law bar. All the Equity judges are comparatively recent appointments, and their appointments gave the highest satisfaction to the Equity bar. The Lords Justices —James and Mellish—are profoundly learned men. Vice-Chancellor Malins has had before him cases of historical interest and importance, such as the Overend and Gurney case. And his decisions have had paramount authority. Vice-Chancellor Wickens' name was little known to the public; but he is a man who eminently conciliates the confidence of the Chancery bar. Vice-Chancellor Bacon is a judge of whom all men say all good things, who, by sheer force of merit, took his place as a Vice-Chancellor, instead of remaining a mere judge of the Bankruptcy Court. Before the number of Chancery judges was increased, Launcelot Shadwell oddly said that *three angels* could not get through it. We need hardly say that the Lord Chancellor is one of the greatest equity judges that ever lived.

When we look at a numerous bar in any important case, we can generally pick out a few men who are likely to be judges. It sometimes strikes an outsider that there are a supernumerary lot of counsel employed, and that they are put on for the profits of the lawyers, and the respectability of clients. But barristers have their special gifts, and a long involved case brings them all into play. One man has unrivalled powers of statement; another excels in cross-examination; another is sound in law; another in reply; another has the ear of the court, or is all-persuasive with the jury. From men of such rich gifts come the judges. If a barrister goes in for politics as well as law, he has a chance of more speedy promotion, and of promotion to a higher place. Many a good man is kept back, and perhaps a great judge lost from the circumstance that he has no seat in parliament. At one time this political element threatened seriously to lower the character of the British bench. There was a great dearth of lawyers on the part of the Liberals. Great lawyers are generally great Tories, impressed by their whole course and tenor of mind, with a veneration for property, and an adherence to existing institutions. Lawyer after lawyer was made Solicitor-General by Lord Palmerston apparently for little better reason than that he had a safe seat in parliament, and such men grasped a judgeship as being probably their only chance. At last there comes a turn of the tide, in the accession of the Derby-Disraeli ministry, and there was a

perfect avalanche of legal changes, which gave each leading Conservative lawyer a chance. The changes were most marked in the Equity courts, whence Rolt and Selwyn soon vanished, but the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, were political appointments. It is curious that Mr. Bovill was engaged in a case that bore a remarkable resemblance to the Tichborne case, over which he presided. We believe Sir Fitzroy Kelly had almost retired from actual practice at the bar, except chamber-business, when this great piece of promotion came to him, at a time when he was so heavy a loser in the Agra and Masterman's Bank. It will be remembered how strenuously he exerted himself to put things on a satisfactory basis. He was one of the greatest advocates of the British forum. It was long remembered against him how the tears trickled down his innocent nose when he defended Tawell the Quaker—the first time that the electric telegraph was brought into action for the detection of crime, and Sir Fitzroy—if any man—could have helped off a murderer from his doom. The Chief Baron fills his place nobly, and is greatly beloved and esteemed. He has a dry humor of his own, and can amuse his court. The specimens of judicial wit are not very striking, however. A prosecutrix in a criminal case at the Suffolk Assizes, resorted to the expression "I said to myself," so frequently as to excite some merriment. "Mrs. Taylor," said the Chief Baron, "you must not tell us what you said to yourself, unless the prisoner was by." But the fact is, that the monotony and tedium of trials is so very great that the slightest touch of the ludicrous is eagerly caught at and made the very most of. Old Maule was the judge of whom all kinds of stories were told. We have all heard how he brought himself down to the level of the other judges. Here is a curious circumstance which happened to Maule. He tried an old woman at Haverford once, who was acquitted by the perversity of a Welsh jury, in spite of a tolerably clear direction from the judge to the contrary. Going circuit sometime afterward, he stopped at a country town to change horses. An old woman spied him as he was sitting alone in the carriage; it was a former prisoner recognizing the judge. She shook her fist in his face, and gave him a storm of abuse, until the defenseless judge was opportunely rescued. Here is a converse anecdote. Sir Frederick Pollock going to court one day, recognized in a gorgeous gentleman attending the levée, a man who had been convicted of felony before him. He promptly interposed, and had the man sent about his business. Baron Alderson—learned, gentle and good—could make puns, and had much drollery. He interrupted a counsel who was using much barristerial insolence, "Stop, sir, the Almighty wouldn't use such language to a black-beetle." A juryman once said that he was deaf in one ear. "Well, then," said Alderson, "you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should *hear both sides*." Sometimes when two courts are close together, the disagreeable circumstance happens that a counsel thunders so loudly in one court, that he disturbs the business of the other. We have ourselves known this happen in the Old Bailey courts. Once at Buckingham, a Chief Justice addressing the grand jury heard a tremendous row in the Civil court. Asking what the noise was, he was told that Sergeant —— was opening a case. "Very well," said he, "since Brother —— is *opening*, I must *shut-up*," and ordered all the doors to be closed. It is difficult to do justice to legal wit, just as it is hard to reproduce the mathematical wit of Cambridge. For instance, there is a famous old joke (of Tindal, C. J., we think) about a restive horse, demurring when he should go to the country, which requires us to understand the term *demurrer*, and to know that going to the country means having a case tried by jury.

There are hardly any wags on the bench these days. People are terribly in earnest, and we all take serious views. Every now and then there is a joke. A witness was asked in court one day what Baron ——— had said to him when he had made an application at Chambers. Whereupon the witness gave a grunt and a roar as the nearest way of reproducing the learned judge's remark. No judge is spoken of with greater affection than Baron Martin, who, himself, is equally affectionate to animals and men. The

bench has undergone a further change in character, which is not likely to improve its cheerfulness. Some time ago we had a Roman Catholic judge, and we have at least two judges who are dissenters. Mr. Justice Mellor is one of those who have been prevented by his principles from following a university career. He is an admirable lecturer (the present Lord Chancellor used also to lecture), discoursing on Selden and on the Christian church. Mr. Justice Lush is also an earnest-minded religious dissenter. In the north country, with the alteration of a vowel, he got the name of Mr. Justice Lash. The law had added flogging to the punishment of garotting, but the judges had not put the law into execution. Judges sometimes will not put law into motion, and sometimes they labor under the imputation of manufacturing law. Judge-made law is a well-known phrase. Mr. Justice Lush is understood to have declared that he would certainly flog garotters if he had the chance, and he accordingly set a wholesome precedent which has been generally followed.

Then there are immense differences in judges. I have heard of a judge who, when he has to try a capital case, feels very ill and has to go to bed. Another man may feel even a grim sort of pleasure in the black cap. I have heard of a judge who was very fond of his work. When a friend expressed a hope that he was not fatigued by the labors of a very heavy day, he answered, "Oh no, not at all; *I like it.*" Other judges are very fond of their holidays. I have heard of a judge who nearly let the judicial business of the country come to a stand still, rather than forego one of his holidays. Some judges are immensely fond of their work. After Lord Mansfield had retired he delighted to talk over every important case of the day with a certain barrister, and that barrister became a great judge. Lord Mansfield was very kind to the bar. When his court sat very late on one occasion, he addressed the counsel, "Gentlemen, as you have lost your dinners you had better come and dine with me." Judges are very good in asking young barristers of their acquaintance to dinner, but such *bonhommie* as Lord Mansfield's it would be hard to find now.

Some men don't like to be judges. They would prefer to continue advocates. This seems to have been the case with Sir Alexander Cockburn. "As Attorney-General for England, and your Member, I had nothing more to wish," he told the electors of Southampton. Lord Kingsdown says, in his "privately printed" autobiography, "I had always a great distaste for judicial office, which I never hesitated to declare, and I have often since been reminded of it; I have never once regretted having declined the promotion to the bench, which at different periods has been offered to me." Lord Lyndhurst offered him a puisne judgeship, which he declined, and Sir J. T. Coleridge was most happily nominated in his place. Other men there are to whom the bar has been irksome and unattractive, to whom the whole English system of advocacy has been distasteful and objectionable, and who make admirable judges. There was a country clergyman who, for many years, was Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, whose decisions were much respected, and who was an admirable judge. Many Indian civilians turn out capital judges, and fully win the respect of the natives by the way in which they see through conflicting perjuries. The two archbishops and the Bishop of London make capital judges in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Lord Salisbury has been worthily associated with Lord Cairns as arbitrator or judge. In fact, the qualities which make a great judge are often very distinct from those which make a great advocate, and it is, perhaps, to be regretted that the way to the bench lies generally through the avenue of prosperous advocacy. When men comparatively unknown to the public, though not to the profession, have been appointed, they have approved themselves to be great judges. Colin Blackburn wore a stuff gown, and few people heard of him, when he was sagaciously promoted by his countryman, Lord Campbell, and is probably the greatest lawyer in the court which he adorns. Mr. Justice Willes is an example of the same kind. Mr. Justice Hannen is perhaps another, though as Attorney-General's "Devil" he was widely known to the profession. The familiarity of a man's name with the public is no

proof of the true place which he holds in the estimation of the profession. There are men making ten thousand a year who are much less known to the public than men who make only two or three. But the public are not well informed on such matters, and the guides of the public are often blindfold and lead them into a ditch. Thus one of the daily papers gravely assured their readers that Mr. Sergeant Ballantine never undertook a cause of the justice of which he was not convinced. We are afraid that London solicitors would hardly permit the worthy sergeant, or any other learned counsel, to make such an election.

The going circuit is a great expense to a judge, generally exacting a tithe of his income. In these expensive days it ought to be considered whether they might not very properly be relieved of such a burden. The judges have the privilege of appointing their marshals. The marshal gets all his expenses paid, and some fifty guineas, and has his seat in court by the side of the judge. It is a privilege very much sought for, and generally given to some young legal friend of the judge's, but it is not necessary that the marshal should be a lawyer. A judge has generally many friends on the circuit on which he was perhaps for many years the leader. He knows many families and is familiar with many interests. He makes friends whose friendships he desires to retain, and who draw him into this part of the country. There is no more honored or looked-for guest. Any one accustomed to watch the circuits of judges will see how like recurring decimals certain judges have a tendency to certain circuits. Of course, according to the system of choosing circuits, no judge travels the same ground with much constancy, nor is it desirable that he should. The Midland is, we believe, thought the lightest, and the Western Circuit the most expensive. Again, a judge naturally likes to go into a part of the country where his relations live. It is a pleasant thing for the judge's relations, perhaps his sisters or married children, to drive over to the assize court, lunch with the father or brother, and sit near his judicial throne. I think a judge looks very nice when in his high office, he is able to show every token of affection and respect. There was a little stir one day in Lincoln's Inn, when a Vice-Chancellor requested a gentleman who had strolled into the court to come up and take a seat upon the bench. At least he told the registrar to bear the message, who was disgusted at what he considered an unofficial proceeding. The stranger so deservedly honored was Macaulay. In the Tichborne case there were prelates to be seen on the bench. Archbishop Trench, because he had once been vicar of an adjacent parish, and Bishop Wilberforce, we presume, because the disputed property lay in his diocese. The barristers were greatly aggrieved because they were shorn of their full privileges of admission. It is as important for sucking barristers to hear fine speeches and masterly examinations, as for medical students to go the round of the hospitals with the best surgeons of the day.

The judges can tell odd stories of going circuits. The functionaries, and sometimes even the prisoners are much disgusted, if instead of a Westminster judge they have to deal with some counsel whose name has been included in the commission. A prisoner for murder was greatly annoyed because he had to be tried by a "journeyman judge." A sheriff once told a judge that they had been "often jobbed off with sergeants instead of judges in those parts, and was he really a bona fide judge?" Having had his mind satisfied on this point, the sheriff gracefully took his place by the side of the judge on the back seat, but was politely informed by the judge that etiquette required that he should sit opposite. Once a judge complimentarily told a mayor that he presided over an ancient city. "Yes, my lord," was the answer, "it always was an ancient city." We expect it was the same gentleman who expressed a hope that Mrs. Judge, and all the little Judges were well. A sheriff asked a judge at a circuit dinner whether he had gone to see the elephant in the last place. "Why, no, Mr. High Sheriff," he replied, "I cannot say that I did, for a little difficulty occurred; we both came into the town in form, with the trumpet sounding before us, and there was a point of ceremony to be settled which should visit first."

There have been judges who have acquired certain little tricks and peculiarities of manner. This is rather a drawback to a judge. It is always especially necessary that there should be no trick of temper; that he be not a "roarer." A peculiarity which is said to have belonged to several judges, is that of speaking aloud. There are two very awkward habits, against which absent-minded men should guard—soliloquizing aloud when they walk, and walking when they are asleep. I know a man who actually had to pay damages for some very uncomplimentary remarks which he made on a neighbor, when he was quite ignorant that he was really giving voice to his maledictions. He was known to talk aloud, and people dodged him to hear what he said. The other day I missed a friend with whom I had been walking in a country town, and inquired after him. "Was it a man talking to himself, apparently deranged?" asked the honest tradesman to whom I was speaking. Country people generally set down any man who talks to himself as being a harmless lunatic. I remember the *Times*, in the lifetime of Lord Macaulay, alluding to his rolling along the streets, "muttering half aloud those sentences which were destined one day to astonish and delight the world." As for the other thing, walking in one's sleep, a not inconsiderable amount of mortality has been due to this cause. Some absurd stories have been told of judges thinking aloud. The following story is told by one of the registrars of the Court of Chancery, of a great chancellor: "A barrister, whom he had not previously heard, was retained to argue before him. The counsel was a man of ability, but began in a very confused, floundering manner. Lord Chancellor: 'What a fool the man is!' After a while he got more cool and collected. Lord Chancellor: 'Ah! not such a fool as I thought!' Finally, he quite recovered himself and proceeded admirably. Lord Chancellor: 'Egad! It is I that was the fool!'" It is a worse fault of a judge when he is supposed to be too much under the influence of some counsel. Thus Sir Fletcher Norton was notoriously a terror to the bench in his day. Lord Mansfield was thought to favor unduly men who, like himself, had been to Westminster and Christ Church. The great Lord Trenterden was supposed to be fascinated like the juries by Scarlett—the Mr. Subtle of "Ten Thousand a Year"—to whom he had often been a junior. Lord Westbury, when Mr. Bethell of the bar, had an extraordinary influence with some judges, and also awoke some extraordinary antagonisms.

But the worst fault a judge can have, is a short temper. We have in our mind's eye a learned judge and most excellent man, whose court was sometimes no better than a bear garden, through his unfortunate defect of temper and judgment. There was one judge who had a trick of checking witnesses when they got on too fast for his notes by saying, "stay, stay!" He was called the old staymaker. Ofttimes they show admirable temper and discretion. A judge who was summing up a case was greatly disturbed by a young counsel who was talking aloud. With great benignity he said, "Mr. Gray, if you ever arrive here, which some of these days I hope you will do, you will know the inconvenience of counsel talking while you are summing up." A curious story is told illustrating the legal precision of a great judge. He asked a magistrate, on a circuit dinner, whether he would take some venison. The gentleman answered, "Thank you, my lord, I am going to take boiled chicken." Lord Tenterden retorted, "That, sir, is no answer to my question; I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will thank you to answer *yes* or *no*, without further prevarication." The story was originally told in the *Quarterly Review*, but it is challenged by Lord Campbell.

Another unfortunate characteristic of some judges is the extreme promptness with which they make up their minds and take a side on a case. There is a subtle atmosphere which soon tells the advocate whether the court is with him or whether he has to fight the up-hill game of a losing cause. Counsel often watch with extreme anxiety even trivial utterances of the judges which may indicate the direction of their mind. The most upright and impartial judges, who endeavor to keep their judgment perfectly balanced, are liable, human nature

being what it is, certainly and perhaps insensibly, to take a side. I believe they have left it on record that when a case has been fairly opened, and the testimony was given clearly, honestly and in a pleasing way, they had made up their minds on one side before they heard the other. Mr. Grote discusses this subject in one of the admirable notes to his immortal history. Wise judges watch against this tendency, and are able to conquer it. Still, in the case of any protracted trial it is easy to see on which side the judge's opinions rest, and even his sympathies. With some judges the habit of advocacy has grown so inveterate that they have been quite unable to lay it aside. If ever they have seriously tried they have not succeeded in the attempt. The case has even been known of a judge on the bench thundering like an advocate at Nisi Prius. A judge once said that he had only *lost two verdicts* since he had been raised to the bench. What one likes to see in a judge is, a quiet, vigilant watchfulness; the alert eye, the unwearying hand, the thoughtful, composed manner. I have seen cases where, except to the initiated, the judge seemed little more than a passive spectator for a considerable portion of the case—but he would have interfered at any moment—and when his proper time came he showed how complete had been his grasp of the case and how acute his attention to all details. An able judge once said, "Nobody knows how much energy it requires in a judge to hold his tongue." The most conspicuous example of an intellectual failure in fairness was Sir John Leach. He delighted to gallop through his cases. He was so fast that a stage-coach was named after him "The Vice-Chancellor." Almost as soon as a case was opened he decided against a plaintiff or a defendant, and never thoroughly heard it through. It was wondered what he would find to do after he had cleared his list off. "Do! why he will hear the other side," was the acute answer. This was indeed an egregious example—if the facts stated of him are true, and they are stated by Lord Kingsdown; and such a judge himself deserved the penalty of a criminal. Perhaps some of our best living judges have a decided touch of the advocate about them. But it must be said that this never involves any substantial failure of justice. A prepossession must necessarily arise, human nature being what it is, but any opinion is held in solution, to be modified or removed according to the facts which may be elicited. It is always worth while for barristers carefully to attend to the slightest indication of judicial opinion. I remember a case in an Equity court in which the buying and selling of some living was concerned. When the case had made some progress the judge quietly observed, "Does Simon Magus appear at all in the action." The counsel at once told the solicitor that the judge evidently looked upon the transaction as one of simony, and the case was forthwith withdrawn.

But sometimes it is impossible to say in which way the opinion of the judge leans. My own impression is that they have not been at the trouble of forming an opinion. Charles Dickens has hit this off—as he hits off everything—capitally: "Mr. Justice Stoneleigh summed up in the old-established and most approved form. He read as much of his notes to the jury as he could decipher on so short a notice, and made running comments on the evidence as he went along. If Mrs. Bardell were right it was perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick was wrong, and if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence they would believe it, and if they didn't, why they wouldn't." If some judges are anxious to guide the jury, others are most anxious to evade the responsibility. They must save themselves a great deal of wear and tear. Still, in many cases provincial juries are so grossly stupid that they require to be guided unless there should be continual miscarriage of justice. One remedy would be that a large proportion of the cases now tried by juries should be summarily disposed of by judges. Another remedy would be that there should be a large infusion of the grand jury element in the petty jury. Cases are on record in which judges have confessed themselves mistaken. One judge thinking that he had caused an injustice to be done which it was beyond his power to rectify, left the injured person a large sum of money in his will. It is said that the case of Lord Cochrane, afterward Earl of Dundonald, almost broke the heart and hastened the resignation and

death of Lord Ellenborough. That great man and most upright magistrate had conceived a political prejudice against Lord Cochrane, and summed up violently against him. He afterward saw good reason to believe that he had been mistaken in his facts, and had been too harsh in his sentence.

Every now and then we have some neat biographic encomium on a judge, pronounced when he may have retired from office, or perhaps when he has passed away by death from the scene of his labors. Some of these addresses have been truly remarkable, as when Sir Robert Phillimore spoke of the death of Sir Creswell Creswell, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly of the retirement of Sir John Taylor Coleridge. Sir John Coleridge is of course the father of our distinguished Solicitor General—another example of Devonshire being fertile in great lawyers. The retired judge has been an admirable Privy Councilor, and he has completely restored the beautiful church near his residence of Heath's Court. Retiring judges have often set an example which might well be imitated by some who do not care to retire. It is not often that lawyers are visibly moved, but these farewell scenes have showed much genuine feeling and emotion. One great judge turned his face twice to the wall before he could articulate, and even then he could not refrain from tears. That very eloquent and regretted judge, Mr. Justice Shee, had once an opportunity of passing a splendid eulogium on the present Lord Chief Justice of England. "To say of him that he surpasses in the great and highest quality of a Chief Justice the high legal attainments of some of his predecessors, would be flattery of which I would not be guilty; but this I will venture to say, that he possesses qualities which have endeared him to us all, in which none of them have surpassed him . . . . Most of all we like him, we respect him, we love him, for this, because, whenever he has occasion to reprove or rebuke—and no man in his position can be without having some occasion to reprove and rebuke—he takes care always to temper authority with gentleness, and to rebuke without giving pain." Many of our judges have died in harness, their thoughts to the last being busy with their anxious earthly work. The gentle-hearted Talfourd died on the judgment-seat, with his last breath exhorting men to mutual sympathy and loving-kindness. Various similar instances could be given of judges dying in harness, or when just released from the traces. Mr. Justice Wightman, on his last assize, came to York, where he found a very heavy calendar. It so happened that in the usual cathedral service the chaplain omitted the bidding prayer. "There was no one in the ministry," said the aged judge, "who more needed the prayers of the people, than the judge who had this list of prisoners to dispose of." Having tried a complicated case at these assizes he went home to bed, and died next day. The last words of that great chief justice, Lord Tenterden, were, "Gentlemen of the jury, you may now retire and consider your verdict."

London Society.

"HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY."

I HAD not thought of love and Rose;
  Rose walked among the woods with me,
Of this and that we spoke; who knows
  How idle idle words may be?

I seemed as cold as stone; and still
  With boyish, listless step I went;
I spoke of trees, flowers—what you will,
  Her sweet eyes wondered what I meant.

The dew had gifts to give of pearls,
  The chestnut tree had leafy veils;
I listened to the mocking merles,
  Rose listened to the nightingales.

Sixteen was I, with sullen air,
  Twenty was she, with shining eyes;
The nightingales made songs of her—
  Of me the merles made mockeries.

Rose, as an arrow straight was she,
  Her fair arms quivered in the light,
Plucking a blossom from the tree:
  I did not see the flower was white.

A little stream through velvet moss
  A shining silver channel made;
Nature and noontide, amorous,
  Were sleeping in the silent shade.

Rose took her sandal off, and set—
  I see her innocent shy air—
Her fair feet 'mid the mosses wet:
  I did not mark her foot was fair.

I had no word to say the while
  I followed through the woods, but I
Noted her lips a moment smile,
  A moment open to a sigh.

Until we left that quiet place,
  I did not know that she was sweet;
"We'll think no more of it," she says;—
  Ah! now, I always think of it.

Linsley's Magazine.

FAGGING AT SCHOOL.

WHAT is fagging? Fagging is the name given to the "service of power," and is derived from "*fagga onerare*," to grow weary, to work hard, to faint with weariness; but like most other words it has undergone a slight modification in its meaning since its adoption into our language. The term is now almost exclusively applied to the practice, in public and private schools, of younger and weaker boys obeying the commands and performing the duties imposed on them by their stronger comrades, and thus becoming what is commonly called their "fags."

The subject, as we shall attempt to prove, has a vastly wider significance than is usually granted to it. Fagging springs from that desire so strongly implanted in the heart of every boy and man of making the power which he has, or imagines himself to possess, acknowledged by those amongst whom he moves, and of receiving homage or service from those who are not so highly endowed as himself. The cook in the kitchen fags the scullery-maid, who, in her turn, fags the greengrocer and newspaper boys; and one may rise from that humble functionary, step by step, and trace fagdom in every real or imaginary elevation in the social scale, and at last, arriving at the highest in the land, see how she is but an instrument to show forth the glory and power of Him who holds the hearts of kings and princes in His almighty hands.

For, after all, what is fagdom? It is merely the service which power will always command, and power, in one form or other, rules every man, woman and child.

What is it which enables that puny little man to collect all the highest and wisest in the land around him, and to rule and guide them with a sceptre, none the less real because unseen, and possibly unsuspected? God has placed in that poor human setting, so insignificant to the casual observer, a mind so grand in its conceptions, so pure and lofty in its ideas, that like a precious gem, it is eagerly sought after, and when found, dazzles and illumes all around.

"What!" you exclaim, "you do not mean to tell me that those men, who are so eager to be benefited by the society of that gifted being, and are willing to do anything to attain it, are fags?"

"Yes," we reply, "those men are the noblest and grandest of fags; they are intellectual fags."

Then there is a power to which all, save a very few, bow the knee and take the oath of servitude, and thus voluntarily or through necessity become fags to that hardest and most cruel of fag-masters—wealth. How many there are who cringe and pay homage to that most despicable of all monarchs, scarcely daring to have an opinion of their own, much less to express it in the presence of the rich man, who, alas! we so often find is poorer than, and inferior to, his lowest fag, in all but his wealth and the arrogance which accompanies it! There are some people, however, who, not from any love of gold itself, but for the sake of that which it procures for their wives and families, become its fags, and spend their whole lives in its service. These are two very different types of men, although they both serve the same master.

Then there is school-fagging, the subject now under consideration. Of course, there *is* fagging, and ever *will be* fagging, in schools as well as the outer world; for boys have more genuine admiration for those of their school-fellows who distinguish themselves by their physical strength in play hours, than for those who by hard work and diligent study attain the highest honors of the school. For at school physical strength is the power which rules, whose sovereignty the boys of the present day acknowledge and obey in the same spirit as our ancestors acknowledged strength as the one power which governed. Fagging at school is on the same basis as was the rule of the feudal lords, viz., the powerful protecting the weak, and in return for this protection exacting certain duties.

On a young boy entering one of our

public schools, fresh from his home and all its pure influences, the first sensation of which he is aware is one of utter loneliness, and an intense longing after his home and its inmates. Who is there of us who does not remember the misery that took possession of his heart the first day at a public school, and how, on slowly following the boys, when they rushed pell-mell into the playground on the recreation hour arriving, he found himself constantly in the way of those of his school-fellows who were playing hockey or mad-bear, and was told, sometimes in language more expressive than polite, that he must learn to keep out of the way? And then, how those pairs of chums who were walking up and down arm in arm, intently conversing on some subject full of boyish interest, or showing each other—with that confiding and trustful affection so often to be met with in boys, but, alas! so seldom in men—the letter that had just arrived from home, eyed him with suspicion as he passed, and the one boy answered the other's question by saying, "O, it's only a new boy!" and then resumed their conversation, until the "new boy" began to feel himself an intruder, and when night came, after crawling into bed and pulling the clothes over his head, cried himself to sleep! The next morning things generally assume a brighter aspect, and one of the boys begins by asking him how he likes school; and then goes on to tell him of some "awful lark" he has lately had. And so our youngster walks into school feeling happier; but not being aware of his exact position and the restrictions which accompany it, does something that gives offense to one of the boys, who shows his disapproval of the action by cuffing the delinquent's ears, or dealing him a blow with his fist. Then the crisis in the new-comer's school-life is reached. If the assailant is not a great deal older and stronger than the assailed, it is well for the new-comer if he doubles up his fist and lets fly, returning his adversary's blow with interest. If he does so, his position is immediately fixed, and generally after the tussel is over, one of the elder boys, who has been witnessing with admiration the pluck of the "new boy," comes forward and pats his back in a patronizing manner, arising from the superiority which his four or five additional years give him, and tells the lad, who is now trembling all over with the excitement of his first fight, and scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, that he is "a regular brick," or that there is plenty of the "right stuff" in him. Then slipping his arm within that of the young combatant, he leads him out into the playground, and after a little talking it becomes mutually understood that the elder boy will extend his wing over the younger one, and become his protector against the onslaughts of the other big boys; while in return for this condescension the younger one becomes his fag, that is to say, runs his messages, cleans his foils, &c., &c., in fact, does all those little every-day duties that the strong are ever desirous of exacting from the weak. But if the assailant is a great deal too big for the new boy to attack, there generally happens to be one at least in the group of on-lookers whose blood boils at seeing the poor innocent fledgling fall into such cruel hands, and who, stepping forward with flushed brow and proud brave eyes, calls the coward that has attacked the new-comer a bully, and dealing him at the same time a few well-aimed blows, pretty plainly shows him and those around that the "new boy" has found one who will not let him be bullied; which mode of conduct often causes the younger boy to become voluntarily the other's fag out of gratitude.

All those who have ever been at a public school will bear witness that, if they had their school lives to live over again. they would not choose to go to a school where fagging is prohibited; for full well they know that in such an establishment the youngest and weakest boys would be the fags (although not in name) of the elder, without the chance of any one of their many fag-masters ever standing up for them, and taking their part; for each of the elder boys would consider that one of the others might do it, and it would end by no one doing it all.

Fagging, in the true sense of the word, is a good institution, for the following reasons:

It is an ordeal through which all who receive a thorough public-school education must pass in both its states of fag and fag-master; and not a few learn from the

experience it teaches, consideration for those who in after-life serve them, or in other words become their fags.

It imposes certain duties on small boys, which may be anything but agreeable to perform, and it at the same time raises for them acknowledged protectors, who stand between them and those bullies common to every public school, that would not scruple to inflict pain and blows on those too weak to resist them themselves, if they did not know that there was a stronger one they must face if they indulged their brutal instinct.

Through fagging, the boy learns one of the sweetest joys of the possession of power, by having implanted in his heart the generous desire of protecting the weak; and the seed thus sown often bears the most glorious fruit in after-life, by making him politically, scientifically, physically, or in any ways, espouse the cause of his fellow-creatures, by using in their behalf the power of which he is possessed.

But there are always two sides to every question, the good and the bad, and fagging is no exception to this rule.

In a certain light, fagging looks anything but a good institution; on the contrary, it seems the excuse for every species of cruelty and tyranny. This is the case when it degenerates into bullying, and is fagging in name only. In a public school there is not so much fear of this occurring as at a private one, for in this case, as in many others, numbers are a safeguard. For instance, there are at a public school generally a dozen or fifteen boys about the same age, and if one of them is *known* to bully his fag, there is sure to be a rising against him. For boys, as a rule, have the love of fair play developed in them to a greater extent than one sometimes even finds in their elders, and their whole nature revolts against bullying. If it did not, why should not the bully be the most popular boy in the school? Instead of which, everyone knows that such a character is always feared and hated, and has the whole school anxiously watching for an opportunity of paying him back for some of his cowardly acts. But still there is bullying, and a great deal of it, too, in our public schools. Many an unfortunate youngster has his first two or three years of school life made so miserable as to be almost beyond endurance, by the cruelty he has to bear from some cowardly elder. Acts of the most wanton cruelty, arising from the instinct of bullying, have come under the writer's notice, one of which will illustrate the system here referred to. At one school there was a boy so excessively small for his age that he was nicknamed "Tiny." This boy was suspected of being cruelly bullied by one or two, whose inclinations that way were pretty well known; but although he was often found with tears in his eyes at the quiet end of the playground, he would never confess to having been bullied, but always evaded the question by saying he had a very bad headache. Now, in front of the head-master's house there was a cellar, which was used for holding the great quantities of apples gathered yearly from his orchard. By kneeling and looking through the iron bars, which served as a window, these apples could be seen lying in most tempting heaps. There was a story current in the school, of a small boy having once been let down by a cord, after squeezing himself through the bars with the greatest difficulty, and that after he had handed up some of the apples in a basket let down for that purpose by his school-fellows, he had gorged himself to such an extent that upon being drawn up again he could not get through the bars, and consequently the whole affair was discovered, and the chief actors severely punished. By many this story was believed to have been fabricated by the master's wife, and little credit was attached to it, in consequence of the seeming impossibility of any boy ever getting through the bars.

The season had been more prolific than usual, the orchard had yielded an abundant crop, and the head master had not forgotten that boys have appetites; so when his apples were being gathered, he gave them permission to clear for their own special benefit four large trees at the end of the orchard of the rosy-cheeked burden. But all this was past; the ground was covered with snow, and the boys' hearts and thoughts were turning homeward, and picturing to themselves all the joys of Christmas, which was now fast approaching. The first suspicion

that was whispered of anything being on foot, was aroused by the frequent conversations which took place between two of the big boys (one of whom was Tiny's fag-master), and which were carried on with so much outward mystery as to attract, if not to court, attention. One day these two were seen in a very excited state in a basket shop, bargaining for a coil of rope and a small basket. Two days later, when the bell was rung for evening prayers, Tiny's seat was empty. After prayers the master asked if any of the boys knew where their missing schoolmate was. No one replied, although several pairs of eyes were directed to the two boys before mentioned. One of them, noticing this, turned round and asked if they thought that he knew where Tiny was.

"Well," replied a boy, "as Tiny is your fag, I thought you might possibly."

"Then I don't," answered the other.

After much anxiety and searching, Tiny was found the next morning in the cellar containing the apples. He was taken immediately before the head-master, shivering and trembling in every limb, from fright at being detected, it was thought at the time.

"How did you get into the cellar?" asked the head-master.

Tiny gave no answer.

"Do you hear me?" he demanded, getting into a rage at what he considered was setting him at defiance.

"Yes, sir," replied Tiny.

"Well, then, answer me."

Still no response.

"You went there, I suppose, to steal my apples, you greedy boy. Did I not give you enough when they were being gathered? and if you had asked me, you should have had as many more as you could eat. Did you not go there for this reason?"

"If you please, sir, I went to get some apples."

"I know that," replied the master. "Now tell me, how did you get into the cellar?"

No reply.

"Then take a good flogging for your obstinacy. If you had answered my question respectfully, I should only have inflicted a slight punishment on you, for I was a boy myself once, and had a *penchant* for stolen fruit; but you, sir, set my authority at defiance, and that I cannot allow."

Poor Tiny got his thrashing, and on joining the other boys received a box on his ears from one of the two bullies, and was told at the same time that "if he had split on them, they would have half killed him." The other boy did not say a word, feeling heartily ashamed of his cowardly conduct.

Soon after this Tiny went home with a severe cold, and on the school reassembling after the holidays there was no Tiny; for the cold caught in the cellar that night had settled on his lungs, and he had died a martyr to the bullying of his fag-master.

Upon the news of his death reaching the school, the story oozed out of how he had been let down into the cellar by the two boys, and how the cowardly fellows, on finding they could not pull him up again, had left him there, and then had stood by and allowed the brave little man to be punished, because he persisted in shielding them from detection. Many a time does the master, who is now an old man, think of poor Tiny; and he bitterly repents having valued his own dignity so much as to have inflicted a severe thrashing on a boy, who was too proud to shield himself even at the expense of a bullying fag-master and his friend.

But this is bullying, not fagging, although one so often hears it called by the latter name in mistake, and the difference between it and genuine fagging is as great as that between slavery in its worst phase and domestic service.

While it is the exception in public schools for fagging to degenerate into bullying, it is the rule in private schools; and the more select and private they are, the worse the bullying in general becomes. For this simple reason: that in a school of twelve or fourteen, there is almost always one boy whose strength is far greater than that of the rest, and possessing this power he rules the whole school, and compels the boys to do things which he would not dare to do if he was aware of the presence of one of his own equals in strength.

O, mothers and fathers, you whose hearts are so full of love for your boys,

that you dare not send them forth to face the trials and troubles of a public school, but in the tenderness of your hearts search for and find out one of those very select and private schools, where you, with a mind at ease, place your boys, feeling that they will be safe there, and shielded from the temptations and cruelties you so much dreaded in public schools, what a terrible mistake you make, and how little you are aware of what you have done! In the first place, you have sent your boy to a school so select in its numbers, that he has no choice but to know all the boys, who, unless they differ very widely from boys generally, will in all probability include one or more whose whole moral nature is such, that a boy fresh from home would shrink from and steer clear of in a public school by choosing other companions. But here, what choice has he? They all sit at the same desk, dine at the same table, sleep in the same room, are compelled to be in daily intercourse; and the consequence is, what may be easily imagined. Your darling boy begins to think that his school-mate is not such a bad sort of a fellow after all, and, quite unintentionally at first, grows gradually more and more like him. For who does not know the subtle influence which the constant presence of good has on us? but what a far more rapid change that of evil works! There what is passed off as fagging is, alas, too often the most cruel type of bullying.

Often out of sheer love of showing off the power which his strength gives him, the "big boy" in a private school inflicts all sorts of indignities and cruelties on his school-fellows. Sometimes he catches an unfortunate youngster who happens to be passing, and, just to amuse his brutal instinct, holds him by main force in front of the blazing fire, and tells him, "if he dares to cry out, he will give him a sound licking." The poor boy stands with clenched teeth, trying to avoid the threatened licking; but at length the heat overcomes his dread of blows, and he breaks out into a yell of pain; when his tormentor, giving him a cuff on his ear or a kick, relinquishes his hold, and lets his victim depart in a state of agony that none can realize unless they themselves have undergone the process of roasting.

In a private school, fagging in the true sense of the word, with all its advantages and drawbacks, is seldom met with, while in its place is practiced a system of bullying, whereby the big boy of the school becomes the enemy of the little one, instead of his friend and protector. The larger the school, the less fear there will be of this state of things existing. Of course one may sometimes find a school where the master, being fully aware of what small boys have to undergo, keeps his eyes open, and stamps out this love of bullying whenever he discovers it. But he must be a man of patience if he succeeds in keeping it under; for it is firmly rooted in the hearts of some boys, and grows with as much strength in the congenial atmosphere of a private school as a daisy does in the midst of the tender grass of a luxuriant lawn.

Having endeavored to set forth fagging in its true colors, with all its drawbacks and abuses, as well as with its advantages, we shall now attempt to suggest measures by which the good may be increased, and the evil rooted out, or at all events lessened.

Being of opinion that, as long as there are to be found rich and poor, strong and weak, both in body and mind, there will be fagging, we think it a wiser plan to recognize it as an institution, and to endeavor to make it a source of good, rather than to shut our eyes to it, or be content to say that the fagging at schools, both public and private, is disgraceful, and that the masters should put a stop to it.

The proposal we have to make is based upon an opinion formed of human nature. Place implicit reliance either in a boy or man, and by your words and actions show him that you consider him above suspicion, that you trust entirely to his sense of honor not to abuse the confidence you have put in him, and you will seldom have to complain of having that confidence abused. On the other hand, begin by suspecting a man, and for safety's sake trust him no more than you can possibly help, fearing all the time that you are being deceived or defrauded by him; you do all that you can to deaden, if not to extinguish, the sense of honor in his heart, and you will often in time change an honest man into a dishonest one. Trust even a thief, and you call into action all those finer feelings

and inspirations which are to be found in every human heart, only in some they need more cultivation than in others; and you will often, if you have patience, succeed in making even him an honest man. Suspect him, however, and you immediately call into play his strong love of cunning, and he will strive both day and night to fulfil your suspicions and yet not to be discovered by you, notwithstanding all the care you may have taken to prevent such conduct on his part. Trust is a better safeguard than all those modes of protection which suspicion suggests; cultivate the good in a man or boy's heart rather than fear the evil.

Masters of both public and private schools, who have tried the experiment of trusting to the honor of the boys not to infringe rules which have been made in a generous spirit, and who do not consider every little innocent outburst of the love of fun, so strongly developed in all boys, as a crime worthy of punishment, have found it answer beyond their most sanguine expectation.

If masters recognized fagging as a law of human nature, and endeavored to make it subservient to the rooting out of bullying, they would succeed.

If, on a new boy arriving at school, the master selected one of the seniors, and placing the youngster under his charge, said, "Now, my boy, our little friend here is of course perfectly ignorant of school life, and I am going to place him entirely under your charge, trusting to your honor that you will see he is not bullied, and will give him any hints he may need;" then, turning to the newcomer, said, "So-and-so is going to take care of you and help you, and of course you will in your turn do all you can to help him."

If this plan were adopted, we should soon hear less of the cruelty of big boys toward the smaller ones in our schools, and fagging would assume its proper position, and be acknowledged as the safeguard against bullying, rather than the cause of and excuse for that abuse of power.

Belgravia.

THE VALUE OF FICTION.

It is interesting to mark the sudden rush with which the old Puritanical dislike for novels has collapsed, at last, in the present generation. It took a long time to destroy; but then it took a long time to grow. It sprang originally from a very pardonable protest against plays; this itself being due, not so much to the dramatists of the Restoration, as to those of the later years of James I., the decadence of the Elizabethan drama. The suspicious hatred with which all works of imagination alike were regarded, was strengthened by the free-and-easy morals of Smollett and Fielding, and not even lessened by the virtuous Richardson, who was looked upon as the single exception which proved the rule. And it went on spreading, till, like a vast cloud, it shut out altogether the sunshine of fancy and imagination from the dull homes of thousands, whose deadened thoughts turned upon themselves, and ate out their hearts in the gloom of a hopeless Calvinism, and a red-brick-and-stucco civilization. There has been hard work to blow this cloud away, but it is done at last; and now, when not a single voice is lifted up against developing the imaginative faculty in men and women, we may perhaps ask ourselves, what is likely to be the real gain to us from reading or writing works of fiction.

Unquestionably the chief gain is, that it is good at times to get our minds away from ourselves. Life is mostly made up of little cares; in nine cases out of ten, cares arising from want of means; in the tenth case, often enough, from the spectre of some remote probability, conjured up by too much dwelling on contingencies. Little things become great things by being steadily looked at; and when society, change of scene, and lively companionship do not create a diversion, the mind may be, and often is, tortured almost to madness by imaginary horrors, the spectres of a morbid fancy. Consider the lives of most young girls in country towns. They should be painted of a dull

gray color throughout, under a cloudy sky. Their recreations are principally lectures and croquet; they have an occasional dance; one or two of them marry; the rest settle down to a life which is one long repression of desires, till desires are killed outright. Desire of society; desire of change; desire of knowing the world; desire for that strange madness called love; desire of feeling, if only for once, the pulse quicken, and the blood course through the veins: all these have to be met in the face and sternly subdued, until, wearied with defeat, they rise no more. Into these lives comes the novel, like the dream of another world. Leaving the little narrow town with its dreary street and woeful monotony of emptiness, the mind travels far away to share in sorrows and joys alien to its own experiences—to feel the burst of life in action, and to smooth out its withered cheek to meet the kiss of love. Surely, if the novel were invented for no other purpose than to cheer the dull and purposeless lives of our women, it has done good work.

Consider, again, the fagged merchant, the barrister after a long term; worse, the physician when he gets a brief holiday. What is it not worth to him to sit idly and toy with the leaves of a novel, while the shadows shift on the hill-sides, and the clouds chase each other on the sea? He is taken out from himself; while he is in another world, Nature, the restorer, is busily putting him to rights; and Imagination, the mesmeriser, charms him to sleep, to let the healing process go on.

This is fiction considered as an alterative. But it may be considered as a great educational power.

As dealing with different aspects of life, it teaches the nature of the world we live in. Ladies who read *Belgravia* do not often penetrate into the slums of the East-end. Fagin and his tribe are as unknown to them as the Esquimaux. It is not, however, bad for ladies to know that such things exist. A knowledge of evil *quà* evil is not to be desired; but a knowledge of those forms of evil which can be remedied by money or self-denial is surely a good thing; and this the novel gives us. Moreover, if it is a good thing to know the different *kinds* of men and women there are—kinds which have as little affinity with one another as the Gibraltar monkey with the gorilla; men and women who, if brought together, would have no one common topic of talk—these the novel shows us. And if it is a good thing to warn young men of the perils in their way, no sermons ever preached can have half the effect of the novel. Moreover, preachers of sermons have very seldom—certainly never since leaving college—encountered these perils. The novel sets them forth, giving them full dramatic effect. It shows the pitfall; the unwary youth hastening to take the fatal step; the sorrow he brings on those who love him.

The so-called sensational novels generally turn upon some such catastrophe. Most of them show the downward progress of a character only weak at first, reckless at last. We see the man whose desires are beyond his means or his hopes; the struggles he undergoes to place himself in a better position—the temptation which prompts him by unlawful means to rise above his cares—his fall, and the infinitely greater cares that accompany it. In this class of novel we have, it is true, plenty of incident; but we have more—we have, condensed in a short space, and therefore intensified, all the sorrow and suffering that surround the fall of a man from his high estate of self-respect. Is it nothing to show to the world, in the most effective manner possible that sin brings with it its own punishment, and that the most carefully protected secret of crime is liable to discovery by the simplest accident? The problem of suffering and sorrow is that which lies at the root of all novels; it forms the interest and pathos of every life; it is the *fons et origo lacrimarum;* without it there would be no romance, for there would be no doubt; and where the milk-and-water novelist takes infinitesimal pinches, creating imaginary sorrows out of fictitious sins—a heroine laughs in church, or forgets to tell her mamma that Philip kissed her—the "sensational writer" takes his materials from the annals of the world, and narrates stories which, without the dramatic touch, the stroke of genius which makes the actors alive, and not mere puppets, may be read any day in our newspapers. If a novel is but faithful to life, it cannot but be wholesome in its effects, because it will be based on the

great moral laws which govern the issues of life. I contend that a good "sensational" novel—honest and truthful, free from the false sensibility of the French school, the mawkish cant of the pietistic, the rubbish of the young-lady school—can produce, of itself, no harm. It is true that young ladies are more apt to laugh in church than to commit murders; but the novel is not written to warn ladies against murder. It is a record of men and women the actual types of whom *do exist*, who belong to our own class of life, who elbow us in places of resort, and whose stories are sometimes narrated for the edification of the world in the newspapers, without the concomitant circumstances which explain or mitigate the guilt, and which may warn the reader. There never has been a time when the desire for what money will bring has been a more ready prompter to evil, or has called for more clear warning, than the present. Since the theatre has retired from the post of educator, for example, and the young men of the day decline to attend the gratuitous education by precept which is provided regularly every Sunday, it is surely a good thing that the novel should step in. Fiction has, farther, this advantage for the writer: suppose, by dint of contemplating a man's character, as shown in his letters, his writings, his talk, his daily bearing, an intending biographer arrives at the discovery of the kind of man his hero wished to be, or to be thought. This gives him a sort of a key-note to his history. He can, by bringing out all those traits which belong to this side of his character, and suppressing all the rest, produce exactly the effect desired—at the expense of honesty. This is how all biographies, except Boswell's, seem to have been written. The writer describes his man as he thinks he wished to be considered. It does not at all follow that he *was* that kind of man; and presently facts are stated and theories broached, which contradict the biographer from beginning to end.

Not so the novelist. He sees in A. the rudimentary conception of a character which A.—like his fellows, generally a weak sort of creature, who drifts—has not the power or the will to carry on. The novelist takes the character, and puts it into the person of an imaginary man who has the will, and he then follows it up to its legitimate consequences. Thus we get John Halifax (a beautiful life, which no biography could give us), Augustine Caxton, Colonel Newcome, Frank Fairleigh, and a thousand creations which are as real to us as our brothers and sisters, whom we love twice as well, and who teach us ten times as much.

A great deal more might be said, but it suffices. Fiction lessens our anxieties, by preventing that perpetual brooding which magnifies them; it brightens our real world by giving us an ideal one—more happy, more varied, more joyous, richer, and *fuller* than our own; it teaches us tolerance, by showing us the different ways in which our fellows live; and it perpetually, under a thousand new forms, impresses the good old maxim, "that the only way to be happy is by the narrow road." WALTER BESANT.

All the Year Round.

SHE AND I.

WHY do I love my love so well?
  Why is she all in all to me?
I try to tell, I cannot tell,
  It still remains a mystery:
And why to her I am so dear
  I cannot tell although I try,
Unless I find both answers here:
  She is herself and I am I.

Her face is very sweet to me,
  Her eyes beam tenderly on mine;
But can I say I never see
  Face fairer, eyes that brighter shine?
This thing I surely cannot say
  If I speak truth and do not lie;
Yet here I am in love to-day,
  For she's herself and I am I.

It cannot be that I fulfil
  Completely all her girlish dreams,
For far beyond my real still
  Her old ideal surely gleams;
And yet I know her love is mine,
  A flowing spring that cannot dry,
What explanation? This, in fine:
  She is herself and I am I.

She is herself and I am I,
  Now, henceforth, ever more the same,
Till the dark angel draweth nigh
  And calleth her and me by name.
Yea, after death has done his worst,
  Each risen soul will straightway fly
To meet the other. As at first
  She'll be herself, I shall be I.

Macmillan's Magazine.

KHISMET.

ONE evening, between five and six years ago, I was engaged in that very unpalatable occupation called chewing the cud of bitter fancy, and had just come to the conclusion that, if I had not reached the nadir of human misery, I must at least have got pretty near it, when a circumstance occured quite suddenly and unexpectedly, which not only at once infused a certain amount of sweetness into my unpleasant ruminations, but had the effect of tinging and altering the whole course of my after-life as well.

During the three months which immediately preceded the time of which I write, almost every conceivable species of misfortune had befallen me. My losses on the turf had been considerable; my beautiful yacht had been wrecked; my favorite mare had gone dead lame; the girl to whom I was engaged had jilted me, and eloped with that personage popularly known as Another; and, worse than all, I had just made the startling discovery that I was terribly involved, so deeply dipped in that *mare profundum* called debt, that I could see no chance, either proximate or remote, of ever being able to extricate myself from my difficulties. Under these circumstances it will occasion no surprise if I add that I was wont at this period to look at life somewhat darkly; but on the evening in question I felt so peculiarly wretched that I had just begun to think that if I could hit upon any easy, speedy way of making my exit from the stage of existence—I objected to shooting myself, because it made so much noise, and to prussic acid, because it was so painful—I should be a fool if I did not avail myself of the discovery, when the door opened, and my cousin, Mrs. Wynne, entered the room, and thus addressed me:

"Do you know, Charley, thinking of you and your affairs deprived me of several hours of my natural rest last night, and considerably impaired my appetite for breakfast this morning; but to-day, thank goodness, I see my way to helping you out of your difficulties, and I've come down to impart the suggestion to you; you must marry an heiress!"

"Thanks!" I replied; "the suggestion is good, but, I fear, purely chimerical. Unless I were to evolve an heiress out of my inner consciousness, as the Germans say, I really do not see where one is to come from."

"Not so fast, Charley," returned my cousin. "Leslie Foster has come to town; and I saw her to-day, and from what transpired during that interview I *know* that you can have her for the asking."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed, and true to the habits and instincts of my class, notwithstanding the golden vista opened before me, I shrank with a feeling nearly akin to repugnance from the idea of linking myself to a woman who could suffer herself to be won unsought. "It is not to be done, Alice, not even for the money," I went on; "and even if it were, I am sure that either you are mistaken or there must be a screw loose somewhere."

"Wrong in both surmises, Charley. I *know* what I have told you to be the case; and for the rest, Leslie, though not handsome, is one of the best and nicest girls possible. But you know her, do you not?"

"That is to say, I have met her in society, but I am bound to add I never noticed her, and no more did she me, I'll swear."

"There you err again. She admires you particularly, and thinks you so handsome; not as young as you might be, perhaps, and rather too apt to look as though everything bored you, but all the same, a very nice-looking fellow, and she knows from me that you are a very good one."

"Well, it's the strangest thing I ever heard of," I was beginning, but my cousin interrupted me by saying: "Not so strange at all, if you knew the whole story. The fact is, she, like yourself, was going to be married, but at the eleventh hour the match was broken off, and I do believe it is a feeling of *pique* which makes her anxious to marry now. But as she is all I have represented her to be, and you will have full control over her fortune if you take her, I do not see what

there is to prevent its being a very happy *mènage*, after all; for you know you were not touched in the other quarter, and have therefore a free and unoccupied heart to offer her."

"Yes, I replied," "that is quite true; but—"

But at the sound of that disagreeable little conjunction my cousin lost patience, and as she rose to leave the room she said, "Well, Charley, if you choose to be a fool I can't help you. However, Leslie is coming here to-morrow to spend some weeks with me, so you can make up your mind between this and then; and as she is not to arrive until evening, you'll have plenty of time to think the matter over."

Of course I did think the matter over; and as an inevitable logical sequence, I also *of course* came finally to the conclusion that, though I had no vocation for marriage in the abstract, and an especial distaste for it in this particular instance, as beggars cannot be choosers, it would be utter madness for a poor devil in my position to throw away such a chance, and that it was therefore my bounden duty to go in for the heiress, and win her if I could. This was the decision I came to; and in the solitude of my own room, as I was a tolerably cool hand on most occasions, I fancied that I should be able not only to meet her, but also to carry out my intentions with a calm, unblushing front. But when the next evening came, bringing her with it, and I actually found myself in her presence, I felt my heart beating vigorously against my waistcoat as I stood taking stock of her charms and countercharms, and trying to realize that the woman was before me, with whom, as it appeared, I was destined to spend the rest of my natural life. Luckily, however, I was on the whole favorably impressed. She had that indispensable requisite in a nice woman, a very soft, sweet voice; besides which her tongue was an organ which discoursed most excellent music; and when upon dinner being announced she rose like Venus from the foam—of a sea of white muslin—I was obliged to admit, that though not exactly pretty, she was certainly very pleasant to look at, as well as to listen to.

The dinner, during which she sat opposite me—a grace before meat—passed off very well; partly because we were a *partie carrée*, a circumstance which generally makes everything pretty square, but more particularly because the conversation was general, and all contributed their quota to it. But when we returned to the drawing-room, I had a different story to tell; for shortly after we got there, Mr. Wynne having fallen asleep behind his newspaper, and his wife having pointedly left the room, my position became such an awkward one, that I began to feel quite put out and embarrassed; and in my abortive efforts to appear the reverse, I felt painfully conscious that I was both looking and acting like a fool.

Now before I go further, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I was *not* a fool by any means. On the contrary, my advice was constantly and eagerly sought for—so was my money, too, unfortunately—and at school and in college I was considered a regular sap. However, though I might be quite at home in tracing Cæsar through the mazes of an extinct topography—though the unknown quantities of algebra were by no means unknown to me—though I could get "Old Mother Hubbard" to hobble, or rather, I should say, to glide most gracefully into Greek iambics—and though the "calculus" was mere sport to me, I was not at all equal to the emergency of making small talk as became an officer and a gentleman for this one little woman—because I knew that her bright eyes were fixed upon me scrutinizingly, as though she would fain read me through and through, and I felt that in her secret soul she was enjoying my confusion, and laughing at me all the time.

But indeed it was not surprising that she should have felt amused; for as soon as my cousin had taken her departure, this was how we comported ourselves:

After an oppressive silence of several minutes' duration, Miss Foster at length exclaimed, "Do please say *something*, Colonel Blayne!"

"Ahem!" said I.

"Oh, that is nothing!" said she.

I coughed nervously.

"Worse and worse!" she cried.

"It's very hot!" was my next attempt.

"I know it is; but I have heard that said so often to-day that the remark seems now to have quite a weather-beaten aspect.

Cannot you think of something fresher and less meteorological to tell me?"

"Are you fond of gardening?" I asked in despair—for at that moment my unlucky eye chanced to light on some flowers, which suggested the question.

"Uncommonly. But let me remind you that the responsibility of entertaining me has been laid upon you, so I expect you to be very brilliant. Please say something witty or funny; or if you haven't anything of your own, you can tell me some nice little historiette or clever anecdote. I'm so fond of good stories of all kinds."

I saw she was chaffing me to the top of her bent; and I was just about to tell her so; but before I had time to carry out my intention, our host, having burst the chain of slumber by which he had been bound, suddenly roused up and petitioned for some music, adding, that he hoped she would give him a great deal, as it was a long time since he had heard her sing. Of course she was obliged to comply with his request; and once he got her to the piano, not being in league with his wife, he kept her there—asking for song after song, until it was time to retire. So the evening ended sweetly, if not harmoniously, after all; and while listening to the music, which was really exquisite of its kind, my temporary irritation passed away, and I almost forgot that, instead of being amusing, I must have appeared to her a very heavy dragoon indeed.

The next afternoon we went out to ride, and for many succeeding days we did the same thing. But my cousin always accompanied us, and never again absented herself in the evening either, which was a much better arrangement, seeing that we had not a word to say to each other which the whole world might not hear, and her presence prevented the awkwardness of a *tête-à-tête*. This state of things lasted for ten days, but at the expiration of that time Miss Foster got a telegram one morning, to say that an aunt of hers, to whom she was very much attached, was dangerously ill; and as she had consequently to hasten off at once, any chance that might have existed of my getting smitten with her was thus nipped in the bud. But the worst feature in the case was, that she did not come back. Days passed away and merged into weeks, but still she said nothing about returning. And, meanwhile, the state of my affairs was becoming more desperate each day; *so* desperate, indeed, that I was at last obliged to speak seriously to my cousin, and beg of her to try and discover at once whether the heiress would honor me with her hand or not. To my no small relief, however, the young lady wrote by return of post to accept my proposal, and furthermore signified her willingness to be married the following month! But she added that she did not like lovemaking; and as her aunt still required her care, she would not return until the day before the wedding, which she wished should take place at the Wynnes.

Now, I will not deny that this strange mode of procedure astonished me so much that my fears about the loose screw returned in full force; and had my position been less critical, I do believe I should have been inclined to draw back, even at the eleventh hour. As it was, however, I was obliged to let matters take their course. But when the day drew near on which to sign the death-warrant of my freedom, my spirits were by no means exuberant, and I was filled with that sort of pity for myself which all men feel—except, of course, those who are desperately in love—at the thought of bidding adieu to their bachelor days forever, and making that terrible promise to forsake all others and keep only unto one as long as they shall live. All I can say of my marriage is that it duly came off on the day appointed, and that immediately after the ceremony, we started for Foster Hall, where I found Leslie's invalid aunt installed, and was informed that she was not only to spend the honeymoon with us—just fancy a honeymoon with a third party—but was to live with us altogether. This was startling, and not particularly agreeable; but what struck me as more strange than anything else was the change which had taken place in my bride. The mocking light had left her eyes, she no longer chaffed me, and the gaiety and brightness of her manner, had given place to a sort of grave earnestness for which I was quite at a loss to account. I fancied, too, several times during the day, that she was anxious to speak to me on some important subject, but could not pluck up courage to do so; and that my

surmise was correct events abundantly proved, for about an hour after we reached our destination, I was sitting alone in the drawing-room, gazing out on the fair domain, now all my own, when she entered the room very softly, and coming up quite close to where I was seated, she said, "I have been wishing to speak to you all day, and now I *must* do so. I know, of course, that you married me merely to extricate yourself from your embarrassments; but as you broke no troth, and did not deceive me, and as you knew I was not an objectionable person in any way, I think you were perfectly justifiable in doing so. I had my own reasons for marrying you, too; but, as you are aware, affection had nothing to do with my motives any more than it had with yours. However, we will let that pass; what I want to say to you now is that my fortune, being for the most part at your disposal, I hope you will at once pay all your debts with it, and make yourself as happy as possible in every respect. But under the circumstances, though we can be the best of friends, we must both go our separate ways in life. I have my own pursuits, you have yours; and we can follow them without interfering with each other in any way, and that is what I wish should be the case."

She held down her head as she ceased speaking, and I did not answer at first, because for some moments I did not exactly know what she meant. But when her meaning did dawn upon me, it was in the very coldest of tones that I replied. "Of course it shall be just as you please!" And before I had time to add another word, she had quitted the room. Well, time passed on, and I am bound to say the chariot-wheels did not drive heavily either. Once my debts were all paid, I felt as light as a bird; and having always believed that if wealth does not bring happiness, it at least brings an exceedingly good imitation of it, I had no reason to change my opinion then, when I found myself the possessor of a charming house in town, ditto in the country, with as many horses as I liked to keep, and, above all, the power of having my friends with me whenever and wherever I wished. Meanwhile my little wife remained just the same as she had been at the commencement of our married life, and was ever kind, but ever cold. She seemed anxious to please me in all things, and not only consulted my wishes, but on every possible occasion apparently tried hard to anticipate them. We never had even a word of dissension either; for whenever our tastes and opinions differed on any subject, she invariably insisted on yielding in my favor, and obliged me to have my own way. But further than this we never got. I never saw her eye brighten at my approach, or heard her voice take a tender tone when she addressed me; there was no caress in her manner toward me, and she seemed perfectly indifferent as to whether I was with her or not. Like two parallel lines we moved along, ever together, but ever apart—always near, but never approximating; and, beyond knowing that she had the sweetest and most amiable disposition in the world, I knew no more of the inner life of thought and feeling of my own wife than if she had been a thousand miles away from me.

"Strangers yet" we indeed were, even after having been a year together; but how completely so the relation of a little incident, which occurred at this period, will best show. I had occasion to go up to town on business, for a week, one time; and on the day of my departure, after having shaken hands with the old lady and Mrs. Wynne, who was then staying with us, I was just taking my wife's hand also, when Alice called out:

"Oh, Charley, I'm really ashamed of you! to think of bidding your wife good-bye for a whole week in that cold fashion! Give her a parting kiss, sir, or I shall never think well of you again as long as I live."

I must confess that I felt myself growing most uncomfortably red when my cousin said this; but I at once bent my head to act upon her suggestion, and would have given the kiss, had not my wife divined my intention and coldly turned her cheek to me. Now I am sure that, had she known what it would cost me, she would not have given me this rebuff, for she was kindness itself; but as it was, so deeply was I hurt and wounded by it, that I swear I never felt a keener or sharper pang, even when the Russians amused themselves by peppering me in the Crimea.

"Dans l'amour il y a toujours l'un qui baise et l'un qui tend la joue," says a French writer, and he is quite right; no two people are ever equally fond of each other—there must always be an excess of affection on one side or the other. But I think the remark might be supplemented by saying that no two *married* people ever continued very long equally indifferent to each other either—the feeling being certain, in one of the parties, eventually to change into love or hatred. As a case in point: for some time I used to think that our indifference was perfectly well matched; but after a while, when the gloss of novelty wore off, the feeling of delight with which I entered on my fair possessions, I used to wonder, though by no means of an introspective habit, or given to self-analysis, why it was that I was not happier, why I experienced such a feeling of dissatisfaction at everything, and why I felt as though I were hungry and thirsty, nay, starving in the midst of plenty, and when I had apparently all that heart could desire. But as time wore on, and I found myself trembling at the sound of a certain light footfall, and blushing like a school-boy if by chance my hand came in contact with a certain small white one, say in assisting its owner in or out of the carriage, &c., I at last awoke to the startling and painful conviction that I was deeply, irrevocably, *passionately* in love with my own wife. I have used the words "startling and painful," because I had never previously experienced a stronger affection for anything feminine than that with which my favorite mare had inspired me, and because I was so bitterly conscious of my wife's indifference. Indeed, as I was thus fully persuaded of her coldness, and too proud to beg for her love, this state of things might have gone on forever, had not an event at length occurred which not only interrupted the even tenor of our way, but at once changed the whole aspect of affairs; and it happened in this wise: One day, while out riding, I was thrown from my horse, and so severely hurt that my recovery was very slow indeed; *so* slow, that, as I had not been in good health previously, the doctors began to fear the worst, and at last informed me that if I wished my days to be long in the land, I must go to a milder climate before the winter set in. I shall never forget my sensations when these tidings were communicated to me. Like Hezekiah of old, I turned my face to the wall, and mourned sore; for I knew, of course, there was no chance of my wife accompanying me, and the thought of leaving her was worse than death to me. You see I was under no misconception regarding my feelings then; by that time I was only too fully aware that for me the world was but divided into two parts: where she was, and that dreary waste where she was not.

For some time after the fiat had gone forth for me I lay on the couch in my sanctum, as it were, stunned and speechless from grief; but I was at last aroused from the painful reverie into which I had fallen by hearing some one enter the room, and on turning round and looking up, I saw my wife bending over me.

"Good heavens, Leslie!" I exclaimed, involuntarily, "you here! Do you know, for a moment I fancied I must have been dreaming."

She looked at me searchingly for a few seconds, and then said softly—

"I am so sorry to hear you are not getting better, and the doctor says you must go abroad!"

"Yes; it appears I have only the alternative of going away for a time or forever."

"And whom should you like to go with you?" she asked.

"Oh, I shall take Johnson, of course," I replied.

"But you will be lonely, will you not?"

"Perhaps; but I am accustomed to being lonely. There's such a thing as being alone in a crowd, you know, Leslie," I added, sadly, "and I've felt what that is."

She hesitated a second, and then said, timidly—

"If you think you'd be lonely with no one but Johnson, and would like me to go with you, I will do so."

It was the old story; I knew it quite well. She was as willing to practice self-denial in great things as in small; but I was determined to be firm on this occasion, and resist the sweet temptation of letting her come with me against her will. So I answered promptly and decidedly—

"Not for the world."

And before I had time to explain my reasons, as I had intended doing, she had quitted the room, and I was once more left alone with my sad thoughts.

Well, the day came round only too quickly on which I was to bid adieu to my home and all that was dearest to me on earth; and when I saw the carriage drive up in which I was to go to Southampton—I was too ill to travel by rail—I felt almost broken-hearted; for a terrible presentiment had seized me that I was about to look upon my wife for the last time. She was alone in the library when I went to bid her good-bye, and I remarked that she looked paler than usual, and as if she had been weeping: I therefore ventured to draw her toward me, and as I bent over her I said, earnestly—

"Leslie, my wife, I may never see you again; have some pity, and do not turn away *this* time."

She did *not* turn away; and, for the first time in my life I pressed my lips to hers. But directly afterward, being afraid to trust myself to say more lest I should break down altogether, I left the room, and in a few minutes more I was driving down the avenue, weak and ill in body, and with such despair in my heart that I did not care what became of me.

It was a singularly sweet day; the sky was blue and smiling, all nature seemed to rejoice, and the scenes through which I passed were beautiful exceedingly. But what did it matter to me? For me the world was fair in vain. I could not divest myself of the idea that my end was approaching, and, in the bitterness of my soul, I asked myself why I was not suffered to die in peace at home, instead of being sent forth to perish, alone and deserted, in a foreign land? Meanwhile, on I went, until, after a very tedious journey, I at length arrived at Southampton. When I got there I was obliged to go to a hotel, as the vessel was not to start for some hours; but directly I entered the room which had been engaged for me, I started back, thinking I had made some mistake, for I saw that it was already occupied by a lady, who was standing in the window. She turned round, however, as soon as she heard me coming in, and, in doing so, disclosed to my almost unbelieving gaze, the features of—my wife!

"I could not let you go alone!" she said, as she advanced to meet me; "so you must let me go with you. I waited to the last, thinking you might retract and ask me; but as you did not do so, I came down by rail, and arrived half an hour ago; and now my place is taken, and my maid is here, and everything is ready, and—and—it's too late to demur now, for I'm determined to go, even though you may not like it."

"*Like* it!" I exclaimed, fervently; "oh, Leslie!" but then, fearing if I said too much I might frighten her back into her former coldness, I checked myself abruptly, and proceeded to tell her that I really could not accept such a sacrifice at her hands; that I knew she was coming against her will, and that that thought would make me miserable, &c., &c. But she combated all my arguments, and overruled all my objections, and in the end she had her way. When I sailed I did not go forth alone; my wife was with me.

That evening I was too much overcome by the combined effects of fatigue and excitement to leave my berth; but the next morning as I lay on the deck, with Leslie seated close beside me, and felt the vessel bounding over the glad bright waters, the sensations I experienced were pleasant beyond description. The ozone in the air was so exhilarating that I felt better with every breath I drew; and besides that, there was such a glory of sunshine abroad that it fell on the blue waves with a sort of dazzling sheen—lighting up both sea and sky with an intensity of radiance that I never saw equalled, and rendering the elastic atmosphere so sparkling and brilliant that the mere fact of existence under such circumstances, was a pleasure in itself. Then, too, there was the charm of being alone with *her;* at home she always seemed in a crowd, but now we two were isolated, so to speak, from the rest of the world, sailing over the wide ocean together, away and away, and she was so constantly by my side that I could gaze all day long into that sweet face, which had for many months past become the one face in all the world for me.

Hence at this period, if I was not altogether happy, I at least enjoyed tranquility and peace. But I did not get well. On the contrary, I grew gradually

so much weaker, that at last I was unable to walk without help, and I could see that others beside myself were of the opinion that my race was nearly run. Thus time went on, until we had nearly reached our destination; but the very night before our expected arrival I was suddenly awoke from my sleep, by hearing a terrible commotion on deck, and a few moments afterward Leslie rushed into my cabin, exclaiming breathlessly, "Oh, Charley" (it was the first time she had ever called me so), "the ship has sprung a leak, and is sinking fast, and they are all making for the boats! For God's sake get up as fast as you can, or we shall be too late!"

Alas! she might as well have asked a blind man to see as me to hasten. I tried to do so, of course, but it was all in vain. My servant was not to be seen anywhere, and there was no one at hand to help me, *sauve qui peut* being the order of the night; and having only the very small assistance which poor Leslie could render me, so many precious moments were wasted, that by the time I had succeeded in crawling up on deck, all the boats had put off except one, which they said was too full to admit of their taking any more in her. However, as Leslie was a woman, and a very light weight, I knew they would not refuse her, if she persisted and consented to go alone; so I implored her to go and leave me to my fate, and try and save herself; but instead of complying she turned to me with a look in her white face which I shall never forget to my dying day, and said, "No, *nothing* could induce me. If you must die, I will die with you. You are my husband—in life or in death I will never leave you again!"

O strange union of two hearts so long divided! O strange destiny, only to lift the veil from those hearts when life was over, and the surging sea yawning to engulf them!

These were the thoughts which passed through my mind as she spoke, for there was that in her voice and manner which even in those dread moments filled me with wild, unutterable rapture. And when I put my arm round her and drew her closer to me—I had sunk exhausted on my sofa, which still remained on deck, and she was kneeling beside me—and looked into her face, dim as the light was, I read such a revelation there, that for an instant I felt as if heaven had been suddenly opened to me, and I gasped rather than said, "Oh, Leslie, my love, my dearest! is it—oh, is it true? have you at last learnt to care for me?"

"Care for you!" she repeated; "that is not the word. I—I—but I need not mind telling you all now. My husband, I *love* you—have long loved you with my whole heart; but because I knew knew you did not care for me I was too proud to let you see it, or——"

"Oh, my darling!" I cried in despair; "why did you not tell me this before? and how could you be so blind as not to see that it is love for you, or rather the fear of never being able to win yours, which has been killing me! And now it is all too late—too late!"

I folded her to my heart as I spoke; and so absorbed in each other had we become, that for some time we did not perceive that we were now quite alone on the deserted wreck, round which an ominous silence reigned, for the last boat had departed, and the fog was so thick that it was out of sight as well as hearing. Indeed, it was owing to the denseness of the fog, and the fact that the helmsman could not see where he was going, that by a strange coincidence, almost simultaneously with the accident, the vessel ran upon a sort of sandbank, where the bow stuck fast and remained immovable, while the rest filled and sank. To the bow we climbed, and though there was very little of it out of the water, there was yet sufficient for us to cling to, and thus enable us to keep our heads and shoulders above it. But it was both a painful and awful position, for every nerve was strained, and we expected that each moment would be our last; nevertheless we were obliged to remain in it during all the long hours of that never-to-be-forgotten night—a night apparently so interminable that ages of time seemed to have passed over us ere it ended.

However, when the morning dawned, a joyful surprise awaited us. By some miscalculation—a most fortunate one for us—we had been much nearer land when the accident occurred than was thought; so near, indeed, that the people on shore could distinctly see the submerged wreck

with their glasses; and as they did so as soon as it was daylight, and immediately sent over a boat for us, it thus came to pass that after all our pains and perils we got safe to land at last.

Once we got there, all was well; and before long, the danger through which we had passed, and the night of terror we had spent, seemed only like a frightful dream, from which we awoke to a delicious sense of peace and repose. *I* soon begun to feel better too. The secret sorrow which had been eating my heart away having been removed, my bodily health improved rapidly, and *in time* I became quite myself again. Meanwhile, my wife's delight at my recovery was literally boundless; and as she had also the discovery of my love for her to rejoice over, the joy-bells rang out such constant and merry peals in both our hearts at this period, that for some time I do believe neither of us had a wish ungratified.

Oh! what pleasant days we spent together then, and what a bright world we lived in! What long walks we had, too, when I became equal to so much exertion; and what endless *talks* about the birth and growth of that feeling which had sprung up so mysteriously in the breast of each, unknown to the other, and which was now shedding such sweet influence over our lives that earth appeared suddenly transformed into a fairer place, and no element seemed wanting to render our happiness perfect!

Never was there a more prosaic or less romantic fellow than I had been previously; but every man has his day—that day which comes no more than once to any of us—and this was mine, wherein I was enabled to enjoy life and its pleasures with such a keen and superadded zest, that it appeared as though I had all at once acquired a new sense by means of which the others were quickened and intensified. But then, in addition to our new-found treasure, there was much in our position and surroundings to make us feel uncommonly jolly at this juncture also. For as I always maintain that love in a large handsome house is a far pleasanter sort of thing than love in a cottage, so am I likewise of opinion that happiness is doubly happiness when experienced beneath cloudless skies, and in such rich and glowing scenes as those amid which we then found ourselves. We had ample means; we were comparatively young; life extended in a long vista far and fair before us; we had pitched our tent in a most lovely spot; and above all, we were enjoying such a perfect climate that I have really seen days there when, so to speak, abstractions seemed to become sensuous, and thoughts so palpable and tangible, as it were, that I almost fancied I could see into the very heart of things, and hear the voice of Nature as she chanted her low, soft hymn. And when the beauty of surrounding objects, from being seen with such marvelous clearness and distinctness, affected me so powerfully, and all around, above, and beneath, was pervaded by such a subtle charm, I felt as if I had only existed before, and was now *living* for the first time and in the fullest acceptation of that word.

But such a state of things did not last, of course. Long before my cure was perfected, I one day received a letter from England, which contained such disastrous tidings that for some time I could hardly realize the extent of the misfortune which had befallen us. It was from my man of business, who informed me that we not only had been living too fast, but that the Australian firm, in which most of my wife's money was invested, having failed, we were consequently reduced from affluence to comparative poverty! This was a sad blow to me, I must confess; but, indeed, it was chiefly on Leslie's account that I felt it to be so. I could not bear to think that she should be deprived of the comforts and luxuries to which she was accustomed; and what added poignancy to my distress of mind was, that I had at least been partly instrumental in bringing about her ruin. But when she looked up smiling into my face, and assured me both with tongue and eyes that so long as we were left together nothing could seem an evil to her, I took comfort; and, though I still suffered horribly from the thought that this calamity might have been averted had I been at the trouble of investigating into the state of affairs for her sake, I hid my trouble far away out of sight, and, with every appearance of cheerfulness, set about making plans for the future, and regarding the very differ-

ent life we should have to lead when we returned home.

I need hardly add that this crash obliged us at once to hasten back to England. And it also almost goes without saying, that when we got there I took care to chaff my cousin about having inveigled me into marrying for a fortune which, like fairy money, had crumbled into nothingness in my grasp. *She* said it was very strange, and admitted that it was most provoking—but *I* knew it was all "khismet." I had married for dross and lost it; but I found in its stead the pure gold of affection, and in the unspeakable happiness which it brought me I was enabled to look upon my loss as a gain, and to bless the fate which had given me my little wife, even though she was not an heiress.

St. Paul's.

NURSING AS A PROFESSION FOR LADIES.

THE want of remunerative occupations suitable for gentlewomen is, in these days, painfully felt and universally acknowledged; and fresh schemes are continually being started to remedy the evil. It has been proposed to throw open the learned professions to the competition of women, and to remove the various disabilities which keep the sex in a position of inferiority. But it appears that there is one department of activity peculiarly their own, which they have hitherto failed to make the vantage ground it might become. We refer to nursing.

Much has been written and said about nursing as a department of Christian benevolence, and all honor is due to those noble and compassionate women who have proved that love can dignify and consecrate the most repulsive tasks, and who have made the scourge of cholera and typhus the opportunity of carrying, elevating and purifying influences into some of the foulest spots of our great cities. But their efforts do not meet the necessities of the particular case we are considering.

There is no reason why the rich should not obtain for money services which are freely bestowed upon the poor. Ladies will now take fees as doctors, but they will nurse only for charity. Why is this? It is because nursing is considered menial. But it is not; it is essentially a profession, and waits only for the right persons to practice it, in order to take its proper rank. Surgery was counted menial a hundred and fifty years ago, and then the surgeons were servants to the physicians. But it was made a profession by a few men who saw what it was capable of becoming, and brought scientific knowledge to bear upon their practice. It needs now only a few qualified women to elevate nursing to the same rank.

If ladies would devote two or three years to thorough study, coupled with practical training, they might at the end of that time be equipped with a knowledge and experience which are not now to be had from nurses, but which are very much desired by medical men. Doctors, especially those whose large practice obliges their visits to be limited in time and infrequent, do feel the want of efficient and intelligent help in the sick room; indeed physicians say that the science of medicine will not be perfected until accurate and constant observations of all the stages of a disease are made and reported by some qualified individual. Who could do this so well as a trained nurse, whose general culture and education had quickened her powers of accurate observation and correct description?

Invalids of the upper classes would soon feel the advantage of being tended by a lady of refinement and scientific training, and would be willing to remunerate her services at such a rate as would, in time, repay the expenses of her preparatory study. It is not, of course, to be supposed that many such nurses would command their two and three guineas a day (though some undoubtedly would, and deservedly); but the mere fact that such remuneration is being obtained by a few ladies at the head of the profession will raise the position of all.

In proof of this, witness the doctors practicing at a shilling a visit. For the sake of the prizes to be obtained by those

who reach the top of the ladder, they are willing patiently to work their way upward; or even where no such ambition exists, they profit by the rank which the intellectual superiority of the first physicians secures to all.

The question here arises—What is to be included in this special training? and is there, at the present moment, any possibility of obtaining the requisite instruction, both theoretic ane practical? To the first question we may broadly answer that the training should consist in teaching people to know what they see. In order to make intelligent and useful observation, it is not enough that a nurse be gifted with quick perception; she must be furnished with a knowledge of physiology, and kindred branches of medical science. Habits of accuracy are so essential to a nurse of the class referred to, that the pursuit of other collateral studies which shall tend to the cultivation of such habits may be desirable. But while a portion of her time is devoted to the acquisition of theoretic knowledge, the student's work will be mainly in the sick-room. It is while working in the hospital wards, under the instruction of physicians and the head-nurses, that she will acquire her most valuable knowledge.

In answer to the second question suggested, we must state that no system of theoretic instruction has yet been organized; but there is no doubt that if the right people came forward, they would soon be provided with the necessary instruction. There are many places where ladies can acquire efficiency in actual nursing; arrangements have been made in the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond street, and in the Middlesex Hospital, for the training of a certain number of lady probationers; and the British Nursing Association in Cambridge Place, Paddington (which undertakes the entire nursing of two London hospitals), and Miss Merryweather's Training School for Nurses in Dover Street, Liverpool, have been founded for this purpose.

A lady may be received into either of these establishments as boarder, on the payment of from half a guinea to a guinea a week: she is expected to spend the day in nursing, but the evenings are her own.

If there existed a class of nurses such as we have described, the fitting remuneration would soon be forthcoming. What will not men give for a little chance of lengthening out life? If once it were known to be worth while to secure such a skilled nurse, no money would be grudged her. Only ladies must make their services valuable before they can have the right to command their own terms.

Even the charitable aspect of the case is best met in this way: as medical charity is better now than it would be if doctors acted only from charity, so will nursing become more efficient than if it were practiced only by amateurs. The things that are worst done are always those that are supposed to require no special training. Witness teaching, of which all are supposed to be capable, but which so few can do well.

We are often hearing of ladies who have ruined their health by trying, untrained, to nurse their friends. Many a wife and mother has continued night and day to watch by the sick-bed, who would gladly have taken proper rest had she been able to trust the nurse; and yet, with all her care, she has not succeeded in her conflict with disease as a more experienced person might have done. The crises of domestic sickness are those in which it is most necessary to guard against the undue encroachment of the feelings upon the judgment, and a stranger can often nurse really better than the fondest relative. Besides, there is often no occasion for the alabaster box of a delicate frame to be *broken* in order that the generous ointment of loving care may be poured out.

One objection has been raised to this scheme—namely, that such lady-nurses would not be willing to do all that is required in a sick room, and yet few would be disposed to employ two people to do the work which usually falls to the lot of one. To this we reply, that the higher class of nurses would not be called in for a slight illness, while in severe cases, the nurse's time and attention are so constantly required by the invalid, that it is impossible for her to dispense with help. Besides, a nurse ought never to be overtired; it would, therefore, be undesirable for her to expend her valuable strength in doing work which could as well be left to

the servants in the house. A lady who is a good nurse will never consider herself above rendering any service in the sick-room, any more than a medical man does in times of emergency, but, from the nature of the case, her work will usually be of the higher kind.

The demand for good nurses is already so great that the influence of this movement on the general condition of women would be immense, infinitely greater than having women doctors, who would always be few and require wealth. Doctors, even after having passed through a long medical training, have very long to wait before their practice begins in any sense to pay, whereas nurses would very soon meet with employment. Their term of training, extending perhaps to two or three years, need not involve the expenditure of more than two hundred pounds—probably not so much—and as soon as ever they were ready for work, they would find the work ready for them, and they would speedily be indemnified for the original outlay.

Were this scheme realized, its effects would be felt all through society; a legitimate ambition would be open to all, for nurses might well become rich; we should then have women drafted off from all manner of unsuitable occupations and brought to devote themselves to the one most congenial to them. Especially would the advantage be felt among educators; some of those who now become governesses, because they know of no other means of earning a livelihood befitting their station, will gladly devote themselves to the work for which nature or home experience may have fitted them, and in it may rise to a higher rank than any to which they would have attained as teachers. The demand for good nurses is really very great already; they now command what would by governesses be considered as good salaries, and are far oftener sought for than found.

Then, too, the general standard of nursing would be raised; the lower class of nurses, through working under such trained superiors, would become more efficient, and would always have before them the prospect of rising.

A collateral advantage of the practice of nursing as a profession would undoubtedly be felt, in that it would develop in one typical example the relation of men and women's work to each other. Waiving the question whether woman might or might not be made capable, with man's advantages, of doing man's work, it surely will not be denied that a sphere of action would be preferable in which she would not have to compete with him, but in which her own peculiar endowments would give her a special advantage. And here is an opportunity for showing how a woman's work may complement man's in the true order of nature. Where does the character of the "help-meet" come out so strikingly as in the sick-room, where the quick eye, the soft hand, the light step, and the ready ear, second the wisdom of the physician, and execute his behests better than he himself could have imagined?

Besides these obvious advantages, it will, no doubt, be found, in the course of their scientific training, that women discover special aptitudes for particular branches of professional knowledge and practice, and the science of medicine itself will in time be benefited by the fruitful coöperation of the two orders of workers.

It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that if this experiment of mutual help succeeds, it may stimulate attempts in other departments of labor, which have hitherto been monopolized by the stronger sex, or which have been the objects of a rivalry tending to lower both the quality and the remuneration of the work done.

CHARLOTTE HADDON.

Chambers' Journal.

WINTER.

THE rain and cold are now begun;
  The late-dawned light is darkened soon;
Through mists the dimmed inglorious sun
  Can scarcely pierce at height of noon.
And even when the earth is bound
  With frost, and frozen skies are clear,
Dark sights and sorrowful surround
  The death-bed of the year.

So dark, so drear, so dead is all,
  I see decay in every thing,
Scarce realizing how the fall
  Is closely followed by the spring;
Or how, from this apparent state
  Of hopeless, torpid quietude,
This seeming death, shall germinate
  The seeds of life renewed.

Temple Bar.

THROUGH THE PARKS.

It cannot be said that we are a very grateful people to our kings—to such of them, that is, as have claims on our gratitude. Richard the Third, when he was yet but a young prince, flying his hawks over his manor at what is now called Notting Hill (an estate which fell to him on the attainder of its old possessor, De Vere, Earl of Oxford), had a great love for the drama. He was the first prince of the blood royal of England that ever formed a company of comedians in his pay, and we all know in what sort of light this Richard is represented on the stage of which he was such a noble patron. Again, take Charles the First. Before his time, Hyde Park was a royal enclosure. It was a sacred possession of the crown, into which no man dared venture who cared to continue to wear his ears. By special permission of sacred majesty an English nobleman or a foreign ambassador might be allowed to kill a buck there, but if a commmoner man only ventured to look over the wall, he ran great risk of paying for it in Newgate. Charles the First, one bright May day threw open Hyde Park to the people. The people cut off his head, and made May day a Hyde Park festival on many recurring anniversaries. They who were present, enjoyed the glory of it; all who were absent envied them, and few had a thought to spend upon the king.

The popular history of Hyde Park really dates from the time when unlucky Charles made a gift of the place to his people. Previous to that circumstance, the locality belongs to history of another sort. Druids once sang "Derry Down" —a phrase said to be druidical—in its groves, and nightingales once made its evening foliage melodious. It would be impossible for the one or for the other to exist there now. For our own parts, we would rather hear the nightingales than see the Druids, but it would not be for long. London boys would soon silence the birds; and the Metropolitan police would probably take the Druids by the beard, and "run 'em in." Then, does it ever occur to the equestrians in the Row, or to those who charioteer it around the drive, or to the modest pedestrian who looks on at both as a part of the London Summer Exhibition, that through the parks once ran that ancient British or Roman road which began at Chester and ended at Dover? We all knew till lately where it crossed the Thames, namely at Stangate, opposite Horseferry Road. We can only fancy what the wayfarers looked like. We may be sure that they did not in the least resemble any of the groups or individuals who now lounge in or hurry through the parks in these later days. The land passed from Briton to Saxon, from Saxon to Norman. William the "Conquistor" gave much of it, in which the present parks were included, to the Abbey of Westminster. The ecclesiastical lords made the most of that part of the gift which comprised the manor of Eia (thence, Hythe and Hyde); they enclosed it, but did not keep it solely for purposes of venison, although on questions of game they were excessively jealous. They recognized the salubrity of the place, and sent not only sick and convalescent monks but nobles and rich merchants to recover their digestions, by drinking the waters of springs which flow now as copiously as ever. The leper house, on the site of which stands Knightsbridge Chapel, abutting on Hyde Park, was a sanatorium for patients so dreadfully afflicted. In other respects, the place was strictly private. There were no steel traps or spring guns, but intruders were kept off by equally efficacious means. It was a preserve, to break into which was almost a capital crime. Ultimately the Reformation dispossessed the ecclesiastics, and the land passed into the hands of the crown. Henry the Eighth had no scruples. From St. James' up to Highgate and Hampstead, all (saving a few paths) was made hunting-ground for the king and his friends, native and foreign. The enclosed places were as sacred as the king's private chamber, and no man, without special permission, or in course of rendering some duty to the king, could

pass through the gate of the park any more than he dared step over the threshold of the royal sleeping-chamber, without warrant. Gradually, however, the exclusive sacredness of the place passed away. St. James' was yet, for the most part a palace garden, when Hyde Park was the convenient stage on which hot-headed young gallants and love-stricken court pages privately fought for nothing or their mistresses. People began to murmur at not being allowed to even look into that for the maintenance of which they paid pretty dearly. Then permissions were given to persons of quality to shoot a buck or take the air. Men of lesser note subsequently gained admission, and at last, Charles the First opened the park, and invited the citizens to enter. From this point begins, as we have said, the popular history of Hyde Park.

Let us turn, for a moment, to the other Park of St. James, including the Greene, or Little St. James' Park. All this was enclosed by Henry the Eighth. Queen Elizabeth loved to walk in it. One of her appearances there is little known, but it is worth the telling, as it also illustrates her love for art. In 1561, one Vergetius was commissioned by the queen to procure objects of art for her abroad, which Throckmorton, her envoy in Paris, forwarded to her. In the above year the envoy sent by the hands of a Mr. Sommers "the images of the twelve emperors." These were alleged to be medals of great antiquity. Throckmorton, however, informed Elizabeth that he had employed expert Italians to look into this matter, and they suspected the medals "to be counterfeit." Such as they were, their price was "six hundred crowns of the sun"—to be delivered in good condition within two months. By the same messenger, Throckmorton informed Cecil that an experienced person had assured him that the medals were made of common copper and cunningly gilt.

Sommers, having delivered his despatches to Cecil, exhibited the images of the Cæsars. Cautious Cecil merely observed that "he liked them very well, but was not skillful of their antiquity;" he would refer the question, he said, "to some cunning body," but "would not yet believe that it was *aes Corinthium*." He had seen such works of ancient art, in gold, silver, and brass, but not in such metal as this. He thought, moreover, that 600 crowns would be far too high a price to expect the queen to disburse for them.

The loyal Sommers, anxious that Elizabeth should not be suspected of meanness, suggested that Cecil should invent any excuse for returning them rather than let Vergetius suppose "that the queen would stick for 600 crowns to have such a thing of price."

Thereupon Cecil took Sommers to the Park at St. James', where he knew the queen was walking; and there the messenger, with the box of "images" under his cloak, was presented to Elizabeth, who gave him her hand to kiss, asked how Lady Throckmorton "could away with France?" glanced at his despatches, said she would read them in her chamber; and then, perceiving that Sommers had something under his coat, ended with a "What have you there?"

Sommers informed her; but when he named the price she protested with a "Marry!" that she had the same set already in silver, but she bade him, as it was growing late, to bring them for inspection on the morrow. Accordingly, Sommers attended on her at the palace, and she laughed at seeing them so daintily handled, all curiously arranged in a gilt box, "in the holes made for that purpose," and covered over with a piece of crimson velvet. Then she told over the names as she looked at each portrait, and scanned as many of the devices as she, with Sommers' aid, could decipher. She would come to no terms, however. He must leave them with Cecil for a while. She would consider of it.

Cecil kept the medallion portraits, waiting in vain for a chemist or artificer with skill enough "to touch" them and tell him of what metal they were fashioned. Chaloner looked at them, and did not bring the matter nearer to a solution by remarking, "If I were rich, I would give a hundred crowns for them myself."

The queen wrote with her own hand to Throckmorton. She has seen, she says, "the twelve medallions of the emperors, whereof she does not make such estimation as the price assigned. She returns them, and wills him to thank

Vergetius for the same, telling him that she has caused certain closets and cabinets of her father to be searched, wherein a great number of such monuments in gold, silver and copper have been found, and amongst them very fair monuments of the said emperors." And so ends this picturesque episode of the imperial "images." The park scene might suggest a picture to Frith or Ward, if either should ever happen to be in want of a subject.

And now, let us return to Hyde Park, and mark its progress to the end of the seventeenth century. Many a letter has been printed to show how speedily Hyde Park became the sacred ground of fashion, We will add to these illustrations one that has never been quoted.

In January, 1639, the fashionable world was looking out with pleasurable anticipation to the park season; so early in the year Madame Anne Merrick wrote to fair Mrs. Lyddall (both ladies were in the country) to entreat her ladyship to come up to town "in Hyde Park time." Madame Merrick adds: "The fear of a war with the Scots doth not a little trouble me, lest all the young gallants should go for soldiers, and the ladies should want servants to accompany them to that place of pleasure which both of us so zealously affect. I long to see those French ladies, Mme. Mornay and Mme. Darcy, and the new stars of the English court, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Vaughan." The lady inquires whether sleeves are still worn down to the wrist—the mode brought in by the Duchess de Chevreuse. "Do they wear their necks up?" she asks, meaning covered, not as Herrick says, with "a lawn about the shoulders, thrown into a sweet distraction." Miss Merrick does not love the fashion of the gown coming up to the throat, and boldly says, "I do not hold any one worthy of a fair neck, or any other good part, that is not free to show it." How she looked, head upon pillow, and afterward saucily erect in the park, may be seen in the modest lady's request to fair Mrs. Lyddall to buy her "half a dozen white night coifs which tie under the chin, and as many white hoods to wear over them a-days." Thus the park beauties of Charles' time clapt their hoods over their night coifs, and exhibited in the park

"The sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul."

Charles the First, in opening the parks for free ingress and egress, reserved the the crown rights over them as crown lands. Thirteen years after Mrs. Merrick wrote so fondly about it, that is to say, in 1652, the Parliament ordered Hyde Park to be sold for ready money. More than 600 acres fetched a little over £17,000. The Protectorate did not exclude the people, but every one who was aristocratic enough to appear in a carriage or on horseback was compelled to pay, each horseman a shilling, a coach half-a-crown, for admission. The fee was roughly levied by fellows armed with sticks, who were the agents of the purchasers of the land, and therefore were empowered by the state to levy the toll. One would like to know if Oliver, when he drove his own coach so awkwardly through the gate, had to pull up, and fumble under his doublet for a shilling. The higher classes grumbled. They could formerly take the air *gratis*, while Charles and his queen walked on the grass, looked on at the races, or affected to taste the milk offered them by the daintiest of maids. The nightingales and cuckoos never visited the Park after it became "common." Cromwell and his friends, however, made a pretty show in the park, and were "mobbed," as our manner is. Not every man who stood near and shouted loudest was a Commonwealth man. Assassins watched their opportunity when he rode, or drove, or witnessed military pageants, or was a spectator of the horse-racing or of the hurling by Cornish gentlemen. They never had heart to draw trigger. Even when Cromwell tumbled from his own coach-box, no pistol was discharged save the one which he carried, and that went off by accident. The scene was entirely changed when, after the tap of Monk's drums was heard coming up then rural and sweet-savored Gray's Inn Lane, the troops by whom monarchy was to be restored encamped in Hyde Park, and all the world went thither to welcome them. Charles the Second resumed the possession of the parks, reserving as before the crown rights. He bought the meadows which skirted the Reading Road (Piccadilly) and out of them made what is now called the Green Park. It was added to the land which

Henry the Eighth, when he lived in Whitehall, honestly acquired. It was marshy land, with a hospital for female lepers upon it. Henry removed the leprous ladies, built a palace, and enclosed the park, to which Charles the Second added the Upper St. James' or Green Park, a portion of which was built over at a later period. Hyde Park felt the Restoration. It had become a field: Charles made it a pleasaunce. Fashion went to it rather than to the Mall. There was enjoyment within it all the year through, with high festival on May day. When it became formal, the gayer pedestrians took possession of St. James' and the Mall. But formality was not to be seen in the ride or the drive. Coach as well as horse-racing drew crowds of delighted spectators; but this was nothing to the joyous excitement which stirred the hearts and voices of the gazers when saucy Miss Stewart swept into the Park in that wonderful vehicle belonging to the king, the newly-invented "calash." The other royal mistress had wept and sworn in vain, in order to have this triumph. The King's wife, Queen Catherine, had mildly expressed a wish that she might be the first to enter the park in her husband's novel carriage; but, poor woman! what was she that she should be heeded when two of the king's concubines had expressed the same wish? And the gratification was accorded to the saucier of the two—if it can be said that the Stewart *could* be saucier than the Castlemaine. After Charles' brother had taken refuge in France there was a recognized Jacobite walk in Hyde Park. The police would sometimes fling their net into the stream of plotters and promenaders with more or less success. The Jacobites were truculent in their joy as the news spread among them, as they walked, that Mons had fallen (A. D. 1691). Queen Mary happened to be walking, not far from them, on that Broad Walk which is now included within Kensington Gardens. Most of the Tory gentlemen paid her the courtesy due to a lady and a queen; but Sir John Fenwick assumed an insulting air, and cocked his hat rudely instead of raising it like a gentleman. Six years after, King William caught Sir John on the hip. The Jacobite was convicted of treason, and William had the greatest pleasure in courteously having him beheaded by act of attainder, as if the man who had insulted his wife had been a peer of the realm.

It is a singular circumstance that, after Hyde Park—the park which had been opened to the people by King Charles—had been sold and divided under Cromwell, "James' Park" was preserved. The latter was open only to the members of Cromwell's court, and to a few other privileged persons who lived in Petty France, on the south-east side of the park. Milton was one of these. Later on a wider permission was given. Commonwealth ladies ruffled it there, and Cromwell himself paced it in serious converse with serious men. His wife kept her cows there, and talked of them with mild congenial spirits. With Charles the Second came courtiers, swains, nymphs, lovers. Some took the Mall, and practiced gallantry openly; others—*chacun avec sa chacune*—resorted to the welcome shades round Rosamond's Pond, in the south-west corner of the park. Under the elms in what is now Pall Mall, or under the limes which skirted the Mall in the park, all that was gay, and light, and frivolous, frisked and frollicked; but thoughful men threaded their way among them too, and shook their heads at much which some people would have shut their eyes at. Charles, standing under the park wall to exchange light talk with Nell Gwynne, who looked down and laughed upon him from her garden on the other side, was a sight which made Evelyn groan aloud. It was a type of the general naughtiness which prevailed. Half the graceless fops and hussies of the comedy of the period play out their impudent drama in St. James' Park. In the comedies of that time the manners of people of quality are reflected. As has been remarked, how they dressed, talked and thought; what they did, and how they did it; what they hoped for, and how they pursued it; all may be learnt from contemporary comedy. We fully agree with the judgment which says of the personages, that the fine gentlemen are such unmitigated rascals, and the women, girls and matrons are such unlovely hussies—in rascality and unseemliness quite a match for the men—that

one escapes from their wretched society, and a knowledge of their one object, and the confidences of the abominable creatures engaged therein, with a feeling of a strong want of purification and of that ounce of civet by which the imagination may be sweetened.

With all this there was a leaven of what was respectable or harmless. Charles himself may not seem heroic, but he is at least harmless as we see him, playing with his dogs, feeding his various birds, large and small, in Birdcage Walk, or walking to Whitehall, looking fresh from the dip we are told he had just taken in the canal. Occasionally a thief who admired the king's breed of puppies would steal a favorite as it trotted at the very heels of majesty. "Will they never leave robbing His Majesty?" is the query at the close of an advertisement, the opening of which implies how often the king was despoiled: "We must call upon you again for a black dog," &c.

When we remember that Charles often walked alone in both the parks, and that plotters were abroad, we may wonder that he was never molested by any one worse than an enthusiast. It was a time when promenading ladies in the park took no offense at being accosted by gentlemen who were strangers. On the other hand, ladies saw nothing wrong in taking with them in their drives in Hyde Park, some handsome boy who acted as girl on the stage, or walking with him in the Mall in his histrionic costume. The great glory of St. James' was during Charles the Second's reign. His figure always has the park for a background. When he passed away the park was seldom visited by a sovereign; but William occasionally shut himself up on Duck Island, and smoked his pipe as he sat amid the all but stagnant waters. When the seventeenth century closed St. James' belonged to the public, the lower classes of which went thither to contemplate the leaders of fashion and the gaudiest flowers of husseydom.

In the last century it was "the thing" for promenaders in Hyde Park to gaze through the railings, and watch Queen Anne and her ladies airing their nobility within Kensington Gardens. The most important park incident of that queen's reign was the murderous duel between the Tory Duke of Hamilton and the Whig Lord Mohun. Their quarrel was personal and political, and it was embittered by a question as to right of property. On a gloomy November morning of 1712 they fought with swords, before it was quite daylight, and with such ferocity—hacking and rolling over each other on the ground—that, when Mohun dealt the duke a mortal stab he himself fell dead on the grass. All the world went in crowds to the spot, to moralize, eat cakes, drink ale, and cut poor jokes on the scene of the butchery. No other park duel of the last century was so sanguinary. It was there that Martin, M. P. for Camelford, nearly killed Wilkes by shooting him through and through. "It would have been all over with me," said Wilkes, "only that Martin used government powder." It was in Hyde Park that George Garrick and Baddeley went out to pistol one another at the instigation of a Jewish lover of Mrs. Baddeley, who hoped that George would kill the lady's husband; but the affair ended by the parties dining together. A later fight was more serious; it occurred in December, 1773. One Hugh Williamson managed to steal the despatches sent by the governors of the American colonies to Whately, one of the under-secretaries in England. Dr. Franklin received the stolen property, and sent the documents to America, where their publication caused the greatest indignation. Whately's brother, a banker, expressed his suspicion of an American, one Temple, being the thief. Temple called Whately out, and the two pelted each other with shot, and then hacked and thrust at each other with swords, till Whately was removed in an almost dying state. At that time neither the thief nor the receiver was known. It was not till after the fight that Franklin acknowledged that he was the receiver, and it was not till much later that Hugh Williams was discovered to be the thief. In 1780 the popular Lord Shelburne was hit in the groin in a duel with Colonel Fullarton, with whom, as an attaché to the English Embassy in Paris, the minister had spoken with great contempt. The City of London sent every day a "How d'ye do?" to the leader of the Opposition. Subsequently parsons were not ashamed to do

their bit of murder here, or run the risk of being murdered by another. Parson Bate fought his co-proprietor of the *Morning Post* without much harm to either; and Parson Allen stretched his man, Dulany, dead on the turf. For this feat he suffered half-a-year's imprisonment in Newgate. But this penalty did not prevent the Hon. Cosmo Gordon from killing Colonel Thomas on the same spot, nor weaken the arm of General Stewart in running his sword into Lord Macartney. When people of quality thought butchering one another a salve for wounded honor, fools of lower degree soon followed the example. In June, 1792, one Frizell, weary of a night's debauch with other Irish law students, was sarcastically rebuked for his comparative sobriety by his friend Clarke. The whole party resorted to Hyde Park, in the beautiful summer dawn, to settle the question with pistols. In five minutes poor Frizell was lying stark dead among the buttercups and daisies. His tipsy companions tumbled the body into a hackney-coach, which was afterward found standing in Piccadilly, without coachman or any passenger except the dead law student, who was beyond giving any account of himself. In August, 1796, Mr. Pride, an American, killed his countryman, Mr. Carpenter in the park. In 1797 Colonel King exchanged six shots ineffectually with Colonel Fitzgerald, a married man, from whom King had only recently recovered his sister, whom Fitzgerald had seduced from her home. Some time after this duel in the park Fitzgerald went over to Kilworth, Ireland, in order to gain possession again of the unhappy young lady. Her brother, who had become Lord Kingsborough, broke into Fitzgerald's room for the purpose of chastising him. He would probably have been slain by the stalwart ruffian but for the timely arrival of his father, the Earl of Kingston, who, seeing his son's danger, fired at Fitzgerald, and killed the rascal on the spot.

But people found life in Hyde Park as well as death. Frost could not keep them from it in February, nor dust and heat in June. Fashion rode round and round the Ring, as equestrians do in a circus, to attract the admiration of spectators. Since hackney-coaches had been forbidden to enter the park, at the close of William's reign, because their crowded inmates used to indulge in loud and rude comments on such public characters as passed them, the place had become more delightful to exclusive fashionables. Rogues and hussies, however, had the most dashing equipages. Camps and reviews—particularly in the Jacobite period—varied the grand spectacle; and there were crowds who went, as to a festival, to see a soldier nearly flogged to death or shot outright. The fine people, with less curiosity, walked meanwhile, with well-bred indifference, beneath the five rows of walnut trees which flourished there till 1814, when, by the exigencies of war, they were all cut down to be converted into gunstocks. After the West Bourn was converted into the "Serpentine River," by order of Queen Caroline, there was boating on it, as now, but the yachts were "for the diversion of the royal family." That good queen, having taken 300 acres of the park, added them to Kensington Gardens. The good lady would fain have undone the gracious acts of Charles the First, and would have made the parks private; but she changed her mind on hearing the probable cost: Walpole estimated it at *three crowns*. The roads at this time were a disgrace to the authorities; and when ducal carriages broke down in the ruts, and commonplace chariots drove through the panels behind which royalty was seated, the public were comforted, for they thought that improvement must ensue. Gallantry, meanwhile, did not care for roads. The sight of Molly Nisbett's ankle, as she walked by the Serpentine, so moved Lord Macclesfield's heart that he "fell in love" with her, as the phrase goes; but happening to meet her sister Dorothy when he expected to meet Molly, he fell still more in love with *her*, and at last married her. Walpole epigrammatically says that the Countess Dolly was my lord's mistress—or at least other people's.

Just a hundred and eleven years ago, George the Second reviewed, in the park, Colonel Burgoyne's troop of light horse; and the Colonel's son, Sir John Burgoyne, died in his ninetieth year, only in October of the present year. The

review was as nothing compared with a spectacle afforded at a later period by the Ranger of the park, Lord Orford, who drove a four-in-hand of reindeer instead of horses. Deer hunting in the park by the royal family and privileged persons was not uncommon as late as the latter half of the last century. There, too, might be seen, on his little Welsh pony, great Chatham—he who first called the parks the "lungs of London." Ugly Wilkes there found willing listeners among the handsomest of women. The beaux about to make the *grand tour* took leave of home by a display in the park, and probably dined with the Scavoir-vivre Club, partaking of their favorite dish, from which beaux generally acquired the name of "macaronies." The head dresses of the latter were something like those of women of the present day, and were almost as nasty. The women of that day sailed through the park in head-gear that made them look top-heavy, and long skirts which might be described in the words which Scripture applies to the skirts of Jerusalem. Thieves of every degree were busy among the thoughtless crowd; but gentlemanly young fellows would gallantly protect strange young ladies across the park when it grew dusk, and strip them of everything valuable before they were half across it. A detected thief, however, might think himself lucky if he escaped undrowned from the Serpentine water, and unsuffocated from the Serpentine mud. Other dangers came from the park. Rifle practice went on there very actively—so actively that at last the landlord of the King's Arms, Paddington, naturally complained at a ball, intended for the target, having crashed through his windows, and lodged in the wood of one of the boxes in his tap-room. At this exercise, and at the reviews, the belles of the day used to muster in Amazonian uniforms, corresponding with those of the regiment they wished to compliment. Blind Lord Derehurst used to ride through the old grass-road full gallop, but with a friend at his side, whereby he once came into collision with a furious rider, who *could* see his way. Both were half killed by the shock, but when the blind lord recovered the use of his limbs, he terrified everybody by galloping about tne park more furiously than ever. When the men took to four-in-hand driving, it was done with a perfection which may be still equaled, but also with a splendor of appointments which is not followed. The ladies, too, took up the reins, and condescended even "to whistle sweet their diuretic strains." The lady drivers had above a fifty years' reign, from the days of Young's Delia, who, in 1728, smacked the silken thong, "graceful as Jehu," to the period when Lady Archer "tooled" her four white horses through the park, and Mrs. Gordon, in 1783, drove her phaeton and bays almost as rashly as Phaeton himself drove his father's chariot, and broke down before he got to the end of his course.

In the last century, while the charioteers exhibited themselves in Hyde Park, the promenaders took possession of that part of St. James' known as the Mall. Along a portion of the road, Charles the First had walked his dolorous way to the scaffold, at Whitehall; but he walked it like a true gentleman. The gay throng that succeeded remembered little of that king, in connection with the park. They had lighter things to think of. At one time the scene was as animated as that of Venice in the old Carnival time, especially as long as visor-masks were in fashion. The Mall was the first place in which a newly-appointed chaplain to a lord fluttered his new black silk scarf, the sign and symbol of his dignity. His quality was known by the flag he hung out. The scarf had just been handed to him by my lord's butler, who kept one or two samples of the article by him, ready to be delivered to any new chaplain named by my lord, in return for which the reverend gentleman was expected to drop into the butler's hand at least a half-guinea. Even young officers in the Mall had little, if any, advantage of the young chaplain, as long as the scarf bore his new lustre, and his address had the necessary audacity. Old and young men of pleasure lounged in the Mall, and idled in the chocolate houses. The ladies were there in beautiful, patched, painted, and scented crowds, the soft evening hours being their particular season. They criticised each other, and each admired herself. There Prior took the air to make himself fat, and Swift to make himself thin.

There were walks to suit all tastes. That by Rosamond's Pond for lovers, sentimental persons, and elegiac poets. The Green Walk had its scandal-mongers and beaux with their hats, not on their heads, but under their arms. Now and then a French or a Frenchified fop was to be seen, as Tom Brown has etched him, with both his hands in his pocket, carrying all his plaited coat before to show his silk breeches. Other figures grouped in the park picture, included senators talking, or seeming to talk of state affairs; milk-people crying "A can of milk, ladies! a can of red cow's milk, sir!" St. James' Park had also its Close Walk, at the head of Rosamond's Pond, in the south-west corner of the park. This got the name of the Jacobite's Walk, before there was one in Hyde Park. It was the resort of Tories, in the latter years of William's reign, whereas the Jacobite Walk in Hyde Park was the favorite conversing ground of the friends of the old and young Pretenders. The park was manifestly losing its fashionable aspect, when Warburton ridiculed, while pretending to praise it. What could be more pastoral, than the cows and milk-women near Spring Gardens? Comedy, farce, satire, were in all the walks. Rosamond's Pond was the resource of hearts ill at ease. Madrigals and sonnets might best be composed in Birdcage Walk. Georgics and didactic poetry would find inspiration on Duck Island, for which, however, Warburton gives the very poor reason, that "the governor of it, Stephen Duck, can both instruct our friend (Mason) in the breed of the wild fowl, and lend him of his genius to sing their generations."

St. James' has grown common, without lacking any people of the high quality that used to gather there in animated groups. King Charles loitered there for hours amid his birds, to the great delight of the crowds who watched him, killing time. Queen Caroline, George the Second's queen, would fain have had the park to herself, as Elizabeth had, but failing that, she only visited it in her sedan. But where those great personages tarried, for pleasure, personages equally great only hurry along, bent on business. A sovereign drives in the center of the Mall, to open or close Parliament, or passes along the side of it on her way to hold a levee. But even this is a rare sight now. As for peers and senators of less degree, whichever way they go, they seem bent upon getting out of the Park in the quickest way possible.

On the other hand, it is and almost always has been, the business of pleasure-seekers to linger in Hyde Park. They go thither with alacrity; tarry, with delight; wend their way homeward with regret, and return to the park with renewed zest. It has ever been so. The last century ended a long season of park joys; the present century added to them. People of the highest rank took the dust there, and seemed to enjoy it. The park had not been desecrated in their eyes by footman fighting duels in it, like their masters. Ladies, indeed, not nicer than jockeys, were lauded for nothing but their riding. One Amazon of the Row was complimented by being likened to Diana, in everything but chastity. The greatest beau of the park at the end of the last century was also the greatest, among a hundred eccentrics, long after the beginning of this: namely, Beau Brummell. He is more familiar to us than Colonel Hanger, who spent £900 a year on his dress—if he really paid his tailor. Republican France influenced Hyde Park to this extent, that ladies were nearest the French fashion who wore the least amount of dress. They needed only to show their faces to be the most attractive, as was often told them, but they heeded it not, except when they mounted the box to drive four in hand, and even then they looked as much like young coachmen as dress could make them. For years, on succeeding Sundays, Martin Von Butchell, the eccentric doctor, was there, beard and all, on his painted pony, a very good advertisement for the doctor. When death overtook the old man, who had an idea he was immortal, he was more missed than Romeo Coates, with his lofty phaeton, in shape and color of a sea-shell, and his crest of a cock, with its motto, "While I live I'll crow." The park, without Von Butchell and his variously painted pony, may be compared to the Haymarket stage without Compton.

All sorts of oddities were to be seen there, on the old-fashioned Sundays. A Polish countess proved to be a Drury Lane ballet-girl; a magnificent lady turn-

ed out to be a lady's maid; and real ladies stooped to copy the fashions set by the counterfeits. But space fails to permit us to do more than refer to the dainty Petersham, the curled Geramb, the Four-in-hand and the Tandem clubs, the dandies who ruled when the men were at the wars, and the men who came back with the Don Cossacks and the allied sovereigns, and showed themselves in Hyde Park, as a proof that heroes were again upon the throne of fashion. The throne still exists and a full and splendid gathering is around it, on court days. In its way, Hyde Park is one of the most attractive of sights, when the season is at its brightest, and the Somebodies are there, with their kinsfolk eager to admire and imitate them. From royalty downward, indeed, every class is to be seen in that moving panorama. Princes and mechanics, princesses and flower girls, every grade is there, and not the least remarkable are those Anonymas, who dress with such exquisite propriety lest they should be mistaken for modest women.

Dark Blue.

A BILLET AT CLOONBAWN.

CAPTAIN JACK had retired, on half-pay, before some of us were born. He and our colonel had seen service together, many a long day ago.

Last year we happened to be quartered in the neighborhood; and recalling the colonel's suggestion that we should hunt the captain up, and draw him out about Ireland, we took care to do both.

He was a man who made himself at home everywhere, and with everybody, by dint of not seeming to feel that he ever was, or could be, a stranger. With us he was thoroughly at his ease, and evidently enjoyed himself vastly. It did him good, he said, "to see a red coat again."

But, after dinner, he was growing just a shade melancholy, as he ran over the names of those with whom he had served and fought, and began to count up how few remained of the old corps. I rallied him.

"The colonel remembers you well," I said; "I have frequently heard him speak of you."

"Ah! Tom Wilkins, by Jove! as good-hearted a fellow as ever wore uniform, and as brave. We were in many a brush together, I can tell you. He was low down on the list, though, when I retired."

"Only an ensign, I believe," said I.

Captain Jack nodded, and was evidently preparing to lapse into silence. This would never do.

"He served under you in Ireland, did he not?" I asked, coming very close to the point.

"He served under me in Ireland," nodded the captain again.

"You had to rough it a bit in those times, if report be true," I continued. "Ireland wasn't a soldier's paradise, according to the colonel's account, some years ago."

"No!" said he, bringing a fist down heavily upon the table, and making the glass jingle and dance upon the smooth mahogany (for the cloth had been removed according to the good old fashion). "No, gentlemen—anything but; and what made it worse was that we were deucedly badly treated by the authorities. Wilkins and I were there during old election times, when party spirit ran not only high, but mad. They took no steps toward providing for either officers or men; and by Jove! we were several times within an ace of being starved."

We had him fairly started now. Solemnly lifting his glass to the light, he gazed at its contents for a second or two, and then as solemnly drained it.

"We were just simply turned adrift," he went on; "let loose in the wilds, to shift for ourselves, like a flock of mountain sheep. We had to go, by forced marches, right through Clare and Galway into Mayo—the most wretched country, by the by, that ever a poor devil had the misfortune to be sent into. Only for my servant Tim, I don't think I should ever have got out of the infernal place

alive. He was a native I picked up somewhere in Kerry—from that time he stuck to me, poor devil, till a cowardly Chinaman put a bullet through his back, years ago. He was worth his weight in gold. I never saw his equal for readiness of resource. Put him into any difficulty and he'd contrive to get out of it. He could turn his hand or his head to anything. Not the least of his recommendations was that he was a born cook; for, certainly, he could not have learnt much about cookery from practical experience in his father's mud cabin. He had a very good smattering of Latin, picked up at a hedge school. He could speak Irish, too, which was of the greatest service to us, in some places through which we went, because the mountaineers couldn't speak or even understand English—or pretended they couldn't, which came to pretty much the same thing, as far as our comfort was concerned.

"The men had been for nearly three weeks half starved, fagged out, perished, and soaked through. We were going over a hostile country. The little we *did* get to eat we had great difficulty in obtaining; for—most unfortunately—we killed one of the mob at Ennis, and our bad name had gone before us with amazing rapidity.

"The people were against giving us anything, either for love or money; and, I verily believe, were fully persuaded that our silver and gold would burn holes in their pockets, and that they must, of a certainty, go to the devil for helping to keep a soldier alive.

"Fortunately, we succeeded in getting the start of our bad name, after we passed through Galway. To make up for this slight advantage, however, it began to rain, and it poured incessantly from the time we entered Mayo till we left it. It is a wonder to me if it has rained a drop there since. No human contrivance in the shape of oil-skins could possibly keep it out. I never saw rain, properly so called, before or afterward.

"We started early one morning, in the midst of this downpour, to march from the village of Doondarrig to Cloonbawn. They were ten miles apart—that is, Irish miles, which may mean any number of English ones up to, say, twenty.

"Our route lay for the most part, over a dreary bog. Not a cabin, not a living creature could be seen, save, here and there, a dispirited-looking crow, hungry and crestfallen. There was literally nothing to break the monotony of the landscape, or to lend interest or variety to our march.

"Night came upon us, and still there was no sign of house or villa. The men were weary, footsore, and sullen. We calculated that we must have gone over at least fifteen miles of ground, and began to suspect that we had been fooled by the inhabitants of Doondarrig, and would have to spend the entire night without shelter and without food.

"At last, just as we began to despair, lights broke out here and there through the darkness, and glistened in the rain, winking at us through the dim darkness, like feeble and disconsolate stars. The haven of refuge—the village of Cloonbawn—was near at hand. The men's spirits rose. They got up songs, with jolly choruses to them, and quickened their pace, going at a 'double' for fully a mile.

"Judge of our dismay when we discovered that the road led up to the brink of a foaming, angry river, swollen, probably, to twice its usual depth by the heavy rains. Our hearts sank within us. The spirit at 'the double' was all very well while it lasted; but now the reaction of body and soul was terrible. Of course we turned for help to Tim. If he proved unequal to the occasion, there was no hope, nothing for it but to resign ourselves to our fate, and wait for morning.

"The wind had risen as the day declined, and the blinding rain drove full in our faces, seeming to cut its way through to the very bone. There was but little chance, under the circumstances, of making our voices heard by shouting for aid. Wilkins suggested that we should fire a shot or two to attract attention.

"'If you do that,'' said Tim, 'divil a wan in the place but'll run like so many hares, and take to the mountains—every man-Jack of 'em.'

"He concluded that the river must be fordable somewhere, as there appeared to be 'no other short cut,' as he said, 'to Cloonbawn.' He volunteered to cross; and before anyone could remonstrate, he

was off up the stream, and out of sight.

"We waited anxiously for some time, watching and listening for some indication that he had succeeded in crossing safely; and at last his stentorian voice was borne back to us upon the breeze, from the opposite bank higher up.

"'Howld hard boys, where you are. Don't stir till I come back.' And off he set at full speed, his voice dying away in snatches of an Irish song, as he increased the distance between us. We had not long to wait.

"In twenty minutes or so, strange, mysterious lights began to move about and cluster in the distance. There was a rush as of many blazing comets, with long tails of fire in their wake; and soon we had every able-bodied native of Cloonbawn down on the oppisite brink of the river, with Tim at their head, each with a burning sod of turf stuck on the end of a stick, blazing and sputtering in the high wind, and throwing out showers of sparks. On the crowd rushed, shouting and yelling, and tumbling and splashing, some even falling on face and hands, over slippery stones, right into the middle of the water. Such a Babel of voices, and such a din I never heard. Poor Denis laughed, in spite of his misery and bad cough, till I'm sure the tears must have run down his cheeks.

"'This way, your honor!' 'Howld hard there, soger!' 'Pat, you divil, mind the hole beyant!' 'Be gor an aigers he's into it!' 'This way, Mick—there's good bottom.' 'Have a care, Darby, you schoundrel—where are you shovin' to?' 'Don't burn the soger, Tadey.' 'Blood an ounkers! there's a live coal in your pocket, Shawn!'

"With the assistance of our guides we got safely over, after considerable difficulty and danger, and started for Cloonbawn, at a double again, to warm ourselves, and get our blood into circulation, looking forward, with something like hope, to a comfortable night's rest.

"But our troubles were only half over. The wretched place wasn't big enough to hold half of us. How it held all the natives I never could discover, unless they slept in layers, ever so many deep, packed together like herrings in a cask. There were only about a dozen miserable cabins in it, and one slated house—half shop, half sheebeen—two stories high. This the officers got, as a matter of course.

"I was in despair about quarters for the men, when Tim, in a short time, came again to my aid. He discovered that there was an empty, half-ruined church on the side of the hill, a few hundred yards beyond the village. On inquiry, he learned that there had been no 'sarvice' in it for over seven years—in fact, since the only 'souper' died.

"Here I may as well explain to you that a 'souper' originally meant a pervert from the national faith, who had been won over to the enemy by gratuitous distribution of Protestant soup, under the pressure of famine in what was called 'the bad times.'

"The history of the last of the soupers in Cloonbawn, as I learned it next day, was simply this: His name was Owneen Connor. His father and mother died of starvation, leaving him an orphan, deaf and dumb. Father Malone was away on a conference 'wid the clargy' for several days, and the neighboring parson 'stepped in wid the soup.' Owneen yielded to the temptation, and went to church. There was a feud between the priest and the parson as to Owneen's religious persuasions till his dying day; but on his death-bed, Owneen settled the question to the complete satisfaction of Father Malone—as my informant assured me—'by makin' the *sign of the crass*.' So they laid Owneen by the side of his father and mother, in the chapel-yard; and the parson never had a day's luck or grace since, and his daughter ran away with the 'gauger.'

"It wasn't difficult to force the ricketty old door. We found a fire-place in one corner, probably where the parson's pew had been; and there were several old forms and benches lying about. In a very short space of time we had a good fire burning, and a large supply of turf laid in, for replenishing it during the night. Turf was about the only thing to be had in plenty at Cloonbawn. There was no such luxury as straw to be got for beds, so we had to purchase what the people called hay, at famine price. There wasn't as much potheen in the place, fortunately, as would make the men drunk, or the consequence might have been serious, considering the temper they were

in. Bacon, eggs, potatoes and milk, were forthcoming in fair quantities; and we left the unfortunate fellows in the old church, cooking, smoking, cursing and drying themselves, turned in for the night to our own quarters—Wilkins, poor Denis and myself.

"A bare-footed girl, with a guttering broken-backed dip in her fingers, opened the door for us, and ushered us into a big, square desolate-looking apartment, smelling horribly of must and damp—enough to give Denis his death, after the day's fatigue. Two more dips were standing in huge old-fashioned brass candlesticks on a tottering table. The floor had sunk away from the skirting all round about six inches, and surged about under our footsteps like the deck of a ship in a stiff breeze. An old black tray blocked up half the windows—for there was no shutters, and nearly all the glass was broken. There was no carpet, of course; but the walls were covered with a large cabbage-leaf pattern paper, which hung in great festoons and bags, loose from damp: in some places flapping about like old rags hung up to dry; in other parts it had fallen off altogether, leaving the crumbling plaster exposed. A wooden stool with three legs, two old-fashioned mahogany chairs, and an older horsehair sofa—which had all evidently seen better days—made up the furniture. There was a huge fire burning, which looked warm and comfortable; but it caused such a fearful draught of cold air from the broken window, and from the openings in the floor, that the halfpenny dips had each a horizontal blaze to it several inches long, and they were half guttered away before we were well seated. We drew the old high-backed sofa in front of the fire, to protect our backs from the wind; but it had only three legs, and required some ingenuity to steady it, which we succeeded in doing at last by building up sods of turf under one corner.

"Tim was busy, meanwhile, getting something to eat for us. He discovered part of a loaf and a capital salmon-trout. The latter he served up in first rate style—done to a turn, with eggs, potatoes and bacon. We set to with a will, you may be sure, and soon made short work of the repast. The accommodation up-stairs was better than we expected; and we sent Denis up to bed as soon as his regimental cloak was dry enough to lie in with safety.

"Wilkins and I sat up to smoke, and to have a chat with the dispensary doctor, to whom we were indebted for the bread and the salmon-trout. He was the only respectable person in the place; and as we were to remain next day, we thought it as well to get what local information we could, about the best means of providing food and what not for ourselves and the men. The prospects which he disclosed to us were not encouraging. We suggested the advisability of scouring the mountains for sheep; but he doubted whether any human teeth could find a way through the flesh of Cloonbawn mutton. The animals were not given to lamb bearing, were ten to fifteen years old, and were kept for the sake of their wool. All the live pigs had been sold a week before, at the last quarterly fair, to pay the rint; and, as for beef, it was likely to be as bad as the mutton, for the natives only kept an odd cow or two, for the sake of the milk. He expected another loaf of bread in by the mail car, in the morning, which we were welcome to, for breakfast—we had already deprived him of his dinner by demolishing his salmon-trout. 'It was a fast day', he said, 'and he didn't mind whether he dined on eggs or fish.' Generous fellow! Only an Irishman could part with his dinner with a good grace.

"We were each of us men who liked to dine, in the proper acceptation of that term.

"After the doctor left for the night, we rose, silently and sadly, and went up the tottering stairs to bed. Denis was sleeping like a top. Tim was replenishing the fire. I suppose he saw sorrow and despair depicted in my countenance.

"'Tim,' said I, answering to his questioning look, 'we're done, my boy, at last;' and I made a clean breast of it—told him all the doctor had said.

"'Divil a done, sir,' he replied, putting his face close to mine; 'be gor we'll have a *fine fat bird* for the gintlemen, anyhow, come what will.'

"'A bird!' said I. 'How? Who has it?'

"'Be gor it's meself has it,' said Tim, 'safe and sound.'

"My curiosity was roused. 'What

sort of a bird is it,' I enquired, 'and where did you get it?'

"'Well,' said Tim—whispering again, and guiding the words to my ear with the palm of his hand—'it's *a blessed bird—spake aisy*.'

"'A what?" said I, uncertain whether to laugh or not.

"'A blessed bird, and no mistake—a thundering fat goose."

"'I never saw a blessed goose,' said I.

"'*Sure she belonged to the priest*,' he explained; 'divil a lie I'm telling your honor. Father Malone's goose—no less. Don't be asking any more questions till I go to confession to-morrow. Maybe I'll tell you all about it when—when she's *ate*. Let the doctor get the breakfast, and I'll go bail I'll have the dinner.'

"When the time came, Tim redeemed his promise nobly. We sat down, next day, to dinner, before a magnificent roast goose, of the most savory and appetizing description.

"'I suppose, Tim, we have to thank you for this piece of good luck?' said Denis.

"'Only for *ketching*, *plucking*, and *cooking*—Providence done the rest,' replied Tim, modestly, as he tilted up the dish for me to get at the gravy. 'Providence, wid the help of the clargy. But you're overlooking the *consalement*, your honor.' 'The what?' said I.

"'The *consalement*, to be sure,' he repeated, pointing with the first finger of his disengaged hand to the region of the parson's nose (as it is called). At last it was explained that Tim meant *stuffing*; and, by Jove! most excellent stuffing it was.

"Of course, we insisted on getting the whole story of the 'blessed bird' from him. I give it in his own words—Latin and all—as nearly as possible.

"It appeared that he had succeeded in making the acquaintance of the priest's boy, soon after our arrival at Cloonbawn, and learned from him that his reverence had to be off in the morning to make a 'big speech' at a distant town, about the election. Tim walked home with the boy that evening; and when he saw him well in, and the door shut, he paid a visit to the fowl-house, and helped himself to the fattest of the sleeping geese, twisting its neck as he did so.

"Before we were out of bed he was in the priest's kitchen, waiting patiently for his reverence to rise, and chatting to the 'sarvice-maid,' as he called her, who was greatly interested in the 'sogers.' After breakfast he was introduced to Father Malone, in the parlor.

"'What's the matter? I'm in a hurry,' said Father Malone, wiping his mouth with the corner of the table-cloth, and whisking the crumbs from his lap.

"'Be gor, your reverince, matter enough,' said Tim; 'and regarding the hurry, there's a pair of us so.'

"'Be smart with it then, like a dasint man,' said the priest, 'for I want to be off.'

"''Tisn't the likes of me that would be after keeping your reverince,' replied Tim.

"'You belong to the soldiers that came last night?'

"'No,' said Tim; 'axin' your reverince's pardon, I don't. I belong to the officers.'

"'I knew you weren't one of my flock, at all events.'

"'Divil a lie in it, your reverince; and more's the pity.'

"'Well, but what do you want?' inquired the priest, lifting his great coat off the back of a chair in front of the fire.

"'Why, thin,' said Tim, politely helping him to put it on, 'only a small matter of—of——.'

"'Of what, man? Speak out!' said the priest.

"'Of confession, your reverince.'

"'I'll not hear it out of the chapel,' replied Father Malone, looking about for his umbrella.

"'It's a case of necessity, your reverince,' pleaded Tim.

"'At all events, I can't wait now. You must come to me when I get back, and we'll talk about it,' continued the priest, putting on his hat.

"'When you come back is it?' said Tim; 'who knows where the divil I'll be then—the Lord between us and harm! It's only a small thing that's troubling me, your reverince; it would be aisy settling it.'

"'What's it about?' said Father Malone.

"'Only a bird, thin—a goose, your reverince.'

"'One you stole, I suppose?'

"'One I stole last night, surely,' said Tim, looking very penitent; 'what will I do?—and God bless you.'

"'Make restitution *in identitie*. Do you know the owner of it?'

"'Well,' said Tim, hesitating, 'I just partly guess, your reverince.'

"'Go at once, and return the bird to the man it belongs to.'

"'Well, he's laving home to attind the meeting for a member of Parliament, and——,' Tim fell to scratching his head.

"'Never mind that. You must give it back I tell you.'

"'Might I just be so bowld as to *lave it with your reverince*, in consideration of my being a stranger in these parts, and not wishing to get into disgrace, till I'd be out of sight?'

"'Leave it with ME! Certainly not! I'll have nothing to say to it. *Give it to the owner*, and let there be an end of it.'

"'Well thin, to tell your reverince the plain truth, I'm *after offering it to him* this very morning, and—and—*divil a bit of him would take it!*'

"'May be the man didn't understand that you *stole it*,' said Father Malone.

"'Be gor he did, your reverince—I'm sartin sure, for I told him plain enough; and be dad I'll be gone from Cloonbawn before he's back from the meeting.'

"'Perhaps it's money he wants,' suggested the priest; 'you must, in that case, make restitution *secundum æquale*—pay for the goose.'

"'I'll lave the price to your reverince this minit,' said Tim, putting his hands into his trousers pocket; 'take the money'.

"'I won't have it. Go and offer it to the *man that owned the goose*.'

"'And sure I *did that, too*, your reverince. First he refused to take back the goose, and then he refused paymint. That's how I'm hobbled entirely to clear myself.'

"'Make restitution *secundum possibile*: you had better just let the goose go on the road—say *whisch!* and peg a stone after her, and I'll be bound she'll go home,' said the priest.

"'Sure she couldn't—the Lord save us! She hasn't the head, nor the wings, nor naither the feet; she's kilt your reverince, stone dead.'

"'Well, I suppose there's no help for it now,' said Father Malone; 'we must just make the best of it. You'll have to do penance anyhow.'

"'It's me that'll do that same with a heart and a half,' said Tim; 'only don't be too hard on me. I'm a stranger, your reverince; and she was a green goose—divil a grain of anything but grass ever she ate since the day she was born.'

"What punishment Father Malone inflicted on Tim we never inquired," concluded Captain Jack.

"'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

"Suffice it to say that we enjoyed our dinner without any scruples of conscience as to the means by which it had been obtained. If Tim didn't mind, why should we? Why should the receivers take it to heart more deeply than the thief? We left Cloonbawn before Father Malone had time to return. The consequences might have been serious when he discovered the joke and the loss of his goose.

"Probably Father Malone would have inflicted a penance severe enough to last for a long time, if Tim had only remained another day; but Tim didn't: he went out of the town with a heart as light as his head, and singing his favorite song:

Praeties will grow,
As we all of us know,
And everything else—in saison.
The slip of a pig
Will soon grow big—
It's only since and raison.
Be always merry, men—
Like the Kerry men,
The wide world over.
When times are bad,
If your heart is glad,
You'll tide it over—
My lad!

Take things nice and aisy!
There's lashins of time;
To be the laste bit lazy;
It isn't a crime,
But the height of sinse,
And little expinse,
To be a merry man,
Like the Kerry man,
The wide world over,
Be dad!
And that's his nayture;
Barrin' the rint,
He'd be contint,
The crayture!

The divil the thing can taise him!
A thrifle itself will plaise him!
His owld gray goose is a swan;
His hins are faymale paycocks;
His wan pound note is a *wan pound wan*,
And all his grass is clover—
Be dad!
In thundering fine big haycocks.
When times are bad,
He's no way sad;
He takes what comes and his heart is glad—
This merry man;
The rover,
From Kerry, man,
This wide world over.

Hip! Hip!
Hurroo!
Hurroo! Hip, Hip!
It's a pity we aren't a nation!
Owld Clare is true,
And Limerick too,
And likewise gallant Tip;
I'll back one man from Corkshire
To bate six more from Yorkshire;
Kerry men
Agin Derry men,
Or Munster agin creation!
Wirristrue!
It's a pity we aren't a nation!

The captain sang admirably. We drank his health in a full bumper.

"What became of Denis?" I asked.

"Ah!" said Captain Jack, solemnly, lowering the hand which held the yet untasted wine, "Poor Denis! He's gone—years ago; went out as Secretary to Lord Pinchbeck, when he became Governor of Lumbago, and that finished him off."

Temple Bar.

NEPTUNE'S TOWER.

"How much longer are you going to stand there, Janet?"

Richard Limber lay on the turf some minutes, looking at the slender figure on the very verge of the cliff.

"She won't answer," he muttered, and he got up and went toward his cousin.

He was a fine, handsome fellow—a good specimen of our English yeoman—with a broad chest, a broad forehead, over which crisp brown hair lay in bright rings, as if the sunshine had got so burned into it that it lingered yet; blue eyes, clear enough, but with a peculiar angular expression that took from their simplicity, and a mouth and a nose that any one might have been proud of. Richard was just four and twenty; a manly active man, who could hold his own for field sports against any one in the county, and it seemed wonderful that Janet Neale should pay so little heed to him.

He was close beside her now, and, afraid of startling her on that dangerous verge, he took firm hold of her arm.

She turned round sharply. She did not seem startled, only annoyed.

"I came up here for a little peace—a little freedom, Richard. Oh, don't follow me about like a dog, or I shall hate you!" There was an intensity of earnestness in the last words, but either Richard Limber was dull of perception, or he was accustomed to his cousin's moods.

"It's not safe, Janet, your standing on that crumbling ledge; besides, there's no object in it; you can see just as well a few feet inland, and I suppose it's distance you're continually spying after."

There was sullenness, almost defiance, in his last words, and the girl noticed it.

Hitherto she had spoken to him over her shoulder without turning round, she faced him suddenly as she answered.

Her well-formed figure and graceful movement had led one to expect a prettier face. Janet Neale had the beauty of a delicate skin and a well-cut mouth, but her face was thin and worn, and her far-reaching blue eyes were almost painful in their earnestness.

"Richard, don't speak to me in that way. Can't you see that I come here for a little rest from all my daily torment?" She pointed inland, where, far off, but still within sight, a snug-looking farmstead nestled on the side of a hill half hidden by trees. "I wonder why I don't go back to Uncle Edward's."

The young man was subdued by this appeal.

"I beg your pardon, Janet. I was a fool, and worse, to speak as I did; only you know what it is gets the better of me. Oh, Janet! don't be angry with

me, darling; but if you could give up all this hope of seeing Stephen come back, you'd be so much happier. Everybody says so. It isn't from selfishness I say it." His cousin's hard, unmoved looks made his tone less confident. "It is chiefly for you—you've grown so pale and altered. You'll be ill, I know you will, my dear girl, and then what ever will become of me?"

"How can you expect me to take your advice, if you won't take mine," she said, and her face softened to a smile.

"But I will. I'll do anything you say, if you'll only put this idea out of your head. Why, haven't you read it as plain as plain could be, in all the papers, that the merchant-ship *Atlanta* was lost, with all on board? It's not in reason to go on persisting forever, as you do, Janet. You are only killing yourself by inches."

The girl looked very grave, but her voice had lost the harsh tone of her first words.

"I shall not persist forever; that would be wicked. It would be like the girl in the old ballad we used to read when we were young, Dick." How sweet her eyes grew now! Richard writhed and turned away his head as she looked at him. "Don't you recollect the girl who complained to Heaven till she drew down punishment on her sin? No; I mean to go on expecting till Christmas. I can't say what I'll do after that, Dick." This was in answer to the eager question in his eyes. "Perhaps I mayn't be here. Who knows what may happen before Christmas?" Then with a sudden change from plaintive softness to cheerful raillery, "Come—come, Dick, be a man; don't listen to your stepmother. She always makes mischief between us, though she does not mean it. You go and see Lucy Gray. She's worth fifty of me, and she'd make you such a fond, faithful little wife, I know she would."

Richard's eyes blazed with anger.

"Lucy be hanged! What right have you to suppose I want a fond wife—a fond idiot—a girl who doesn't know how to say a word for herself?—a girl who would say 'Yes' to-morrow if I asked her to have me, let me treat her ever so ill? No, thank you, Janet; when I take a wife she shall be harder to win than Lucy Gray."

"Richard, I never said Lucy loved you. I mean that she loves no one else; you are not robbing another if you try to win Lucy. If I were a man, Richard, I would have a love of my own; she should not belong to some one else."

Before he could stop her, the girl sprang past him and hurried along the road which wound like a white ribbon across the green downs to the farmstead under the hill.

About half way along this road the farmstead shows better than it does from a nearer point. From the edge of the cliff the ground has a downward slope, but from this middle point it takes an upward direction, and the house seems gradually to sink behind the tall, stiff yew hedge that surrounds its garden. A broad highroad crosses the path Janet has been following, and between this road and the yew hedge lies a turnip field, bordered on three sides by a low stone wall; on the right hand, a lane runs beside this wall to a side entrance in the yew hedge, a little gate with an arched top cut in the greenery, and beyond this the lane leads to a wide black gate, and then goes on to Blackwater.

No one, surely, but a farm laborer can summon courage to plunge into the mass of sodden straw behind the black gate—on this, scores of black pigs disport themselves, while various grunts and squeaks announce the presence of a large and invisible chorus within the styes themselves. Facing the gate is a noble range of cow and calf houses; then come the pig-styes, and on the left between the yard and the farm-house, is a range of open sheds and stables. The open sheds have a thatched roof, many colored, with an overgrowth of moss; the sheds themselves are full of color, and strong bits of effect in the way of light and shade. Between them and the stables a white five-barred gate gives access to the chicken-yard; this is behind the house, and the dairy is on one side of it.

The back of the farmhouse still looks gay with crimson china roses in clusters against the lattice window.

A woman stands on the flat flagstone outside the kitchen door; she is pretty, but she is not in keeping with her surroundings. There is not a trace of country breeding in her dark, regular face;

not a trace of country fashion in the set of her stuff gown and its plain linen collar.

She shades her keen, black eyes with one hand, while she gazes in the direction of the lane.

Her lips twitch when she sees Janet.

"Where's Richard? Haven't you seen him?"

"He's up by Neptune's Tower," said Janet, coldly.

"Oh, dear, and I want him now, this minute. Couldn't you go and tell him so, Janet? It wouldn't take you long," she said, coaxingly; but the girl passed by her and went into the kitchen.

The woman sneered.

"What a fool Dick is; where's the use of my making chances for him if he won't take them when they come to him?"

Janet had gone to her own bed-room. The kitchen, as it was called, was really the living room of the family; the parlor in front of the house was much too uncomfortable and stately to sit in, and was only used when the parish priest, or the squire's family called on Mrs. Limber. The kitchen was free to all comers, and lately Janet had often been glad of taking refuge in her own bed-chamber, from the constant and uncongenial society that found its way to Hillside.

The staircase led straight from the kitchen; going up it, you found yourself at the end of a long gallery with wainscot walls, and from either side of which a number of bed-rooms opened; some with huge beams across the ceiling.

Janet opened the door of a good-sized room—dark from its oak-paneled walls and small lattice window—dark, too, from the heavy red moreen hangings of the huge four-post bed, and the black chairs and cheval glass, the old dark mahogany chest of drawers had gloomy looking bronze handles; the floor even was stained to imitate the wainscot, and the rugs before the fire-place and toilet-table were as sombre as all else.

Janet sat down in one of the funereal looking chairs.

"Why don't I go back to Uncle Edward's?" she said; her face looked sadly wan and withered: "why do I go on staying here in this daily torment? Just because I fancy ship news must reach us here on the coast sooner than in that buried-alive village; and if no news comes"——

She got up from her seat, and began to pace the room; it seemed to her that her lot was the hardest that had ever been sent to living woman.

PART II.

JANET NEALE had been left an orphan early; left to the care of a wealthy bachelor uncle, her mother's brother, Edward Martin.

Richard Limber's mother had also been a sister of Mr. Martin, and her widowed husband, Mr. Limber, felt himself defrauded, when some years after he had taken charge of her the old lawyer announced his intention of leaving all he possessed to his orphan niece Janet.

But Mr. Limber took a second wife, far sharper witted than himself, and as soon as the state of matters was explained to her she laughed in her husband's face.

"What fools men are!" she said, with a half sneer that made her husband uncomfortable in spite of his admiration for his bride, "Why, instead of looking on this Janet as a rival to your Dick, you should have her here and let the young folks grow fond of one another."

Mr. Limber stood in open-mouthed wonder at his wife's cleverness; but dull-witted as he was, he had sense enough to see that he had better turn this vexed question over to her management.

A very prettily worded invitation was dispatched to Wortham, and accepted. Mr. Martin was pleased with his brother-in-law's willingness to forgive the slight shown to his son Richard.

Janet was a pretty girl of sixteen, a few years younger than Richard when first she came to Hillside. The cousins walked and flirted in true cousinly fashion; but when Janet's visit came to an end, they were still only friends.

Mrs. Limber was angry; her husband had dared to laugh at her: she railed at Richard for a dull, insensible fool; but he only flung out of the house and swore.

Two years passed before Janet came again to Hillside, and this time she was prettier than ever. There was a subdued gentleness about her; a softened light in her sweet blue eyes, that first aroused her cousin's powers of teazing and next

made him fall distractedly in love with her; it must be confessed that this last result was hastened by the taunts of his stepmother.

"See what you've lost, Dick, by your shilly-shallying ways; your cousin Janet's been and lost her heart to some young spark at Wortham. Girls don't look lackadaisical as she does for nothing."

Richard Limber was just one of the easy-going people who think life is long enough for the fulfillment of all their wants and wishes; there is no need that they should take care or exert themselves; all will come right as surely as fruit comes in autumn; but like other lazy people, directly he suspected that some one else had come between himself and the result he expected, it seemed to him that Janet must be his wife. Why, now that he fairly roused up and came to think about it, he had never seen a girl he liked half so well as he liked his pretty cousin; he would speak to her at once. He went into the kitchen after listening to his stepmother's reproaches, and found Janet sitting there, dreamily stroking the sleeping kitten on her knee.

"By Jove, she is pretty!—the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life!" And then his father came in and spoiled his opportunity.

But Richard's awakening had come too late. That very afternoon, as the family sat drinking tea at one end of the long deal table, and as Richard, in the intense longing he had to find himself alone with his cousin, had not made half such a meal as usual, there came a knock at the front door.

Janet had been in a fitful, excited mood all day, but now she started up, blushing and trembling.

"Don't look scared, my dear," said Mr. Limber, "its only Harry Jones come to tell me how his new chaff-cutting machine goes on. I'm sure I hope it's all right, for he's a terrible crusty fellow, is Harry, and I persuaded him to try this machine."

Richard went to the door. Mrs. Limber's sharp eyes were fixed on Janet. She had been struck by the girl's sudden blush, and as she watched the nervous movement of her hands—her head bent as if striving to hide her face from scrutiny—Mrs. Limber drew a deep breath; it was no surprise to her to see the door thrown wide open and to hear Richard announce, "A visitor for you Janet."

But when the visitor came in—a man about thirty years of age, of middle height, with a face in which decision and power were far more to be remarked than any beauty of feature, Mrs. Limber looked nervous too, and her color changed rapidly.

No one noticed her—the stranger announced himself as Stephen Brent; he gave a sort of impulsive glance at Mrs. Limber—a glance which might have been either recognition or admiration—and then he went up to Janet; his manner, and the girl's downcast blushing gladness, so riveted the attention of both father and son, that they had no observation for any one besides. And people like Richard Limber and his father usually find one idea as much as they can manage at once.

After tea, the three men went out into the garden and smoked their pipes in a green summer-house at the end overlooking the turnip field. You could see Neptune's Tower from here just breaking the vast sea-line that stretched as far as eye could reach round the outlying point on which the old ruin stood; it was November, so there was little of color in the garden except the scarlet berries between the French windows of the drawing-room and some lingering torch-lily blossoms among the laurels, but the herb garden was near the summer-house, and kept it fragrant all the year round.

As soon as the men left the kitchen, Mrs. Limber had stepped into her husband's business-room, on the right of the entrance-passage, to take counsel with herself.

Till now she had always felt kindly toward Janet Neale, partly because the girl's bright, sweet nature had a way of winning those she lived with, partly because Mrs. Limber looked on Janet's future wealth as a means of increasing the position of the family—and position was Harriet Limber's idol. She did not know how firmly her heart was set on this world's goods, but, in reality, she would have given up all she held dear to be the equal of the wife of the Squire of Trant.

Every day of her life when she looked at her still pretty face in the glass, Mrs.

Limber cursed the foolish haste she had shown in accepting the offer of her farmer husband. But she forgot that "the horizon mounts with the climber," and that the position she now despised had seemed a great rise in the world of Harriet Gray, the poor teacher at a London boarding-school in St. John's Wood.

Into that boarding-school life had come one episode. A pupil, facinated by Miss Gray's bright face, had asked her home for the holidays—a very pleasant home in a quiet little north-country rectory. To that home had come a cousin, a young sailor, and being told Miss Gray's story, he did his best to be kind to the friendless girl, in a frank, manly way, spite of a decided prejudice which he had taken at first sight against her. But with all his kindness, the prejudice so mastered him, that on the last day of his visit he said to his uncle:

"Don't encourage a friendship between Peggy and Miss Gray. I don't say there's any harm in her, but there's no simplicity, and I don't want to see my fresh little cousin spoiled."

Either Harriet wilfully deceived herself, or she let vanity blind her. She managed to lend Peggy's cousin a book, and this led to a correspondence; he only wrote her one note, but on this she traded, and when Peggy's father fell ill and her cousin came to take her home, Miss Gray managed to see him, and also to let him see that he had won her affections. After this she wrote a self-upbraiding letter, deploring the impulsive nature which had led her to forget the restraint which her wretched position should have taught her. To this she got an answer, a kind, manly note, in which the writer begged her to forget anything which might pain her to remember, and of which he assured her that should they ever meet again, no word or look of his should ever remind her.

Harriet Gray crushed the letter up in her hand furiously, and five minutes after smoothed it out and kissed it. She made Mr. Limber's acquaintance soon afterward, and married him as soon as he asked her; but she always kept hidden away, in an old pocket-book, the letter which was at once so cruel and so dear. This letter was signed, Stephen Brent, and Mrs. Limber's kindly feelings for Janet Neale underwent a strange revulsion when her practiced eyes had told her that this same Stephen Brent was the orphan girl's accepted lover.

"He shan't marry her, that's settled!" And then she stood by her husband's desk, drumming her slender fingers on the worm-eaten leather cover of his great account book, pausing between each angry sentence. "If Dick were not such a slow-witted fool, it would be easier; and yet he is obstinate, so if I can only put him on the right track, there will be less fear of her influence—yes, I think it may be managed—may? it must be!"

She stayed some minutes longer, and then she went back to the kitchen.

Janet sat at the table, her elbows rested on it, and her clasped hands hid her face between them.

Mrs. Limber felt she hated her.

"Why should Janet marry the man she loves? She has no depth of feeling." This was an answer to a qualm of conscience. "She is just the girl to be happy with Richard. Why how contented she is with this boorish life! She knows no better."

And then she spoke to Janet in such tender, winning words, and put her arm so fondly round her, that the girl reproached herself for the judgment she had till now passed on Mrs. Limber—she had thought her kind and hospitable, but thoroughly selfish.

Since her old nurse died, two years ago, Janet had kept her confidences to herself, and this unexpected affection, coming when her heart was so full of pent-up joy, disarmed all prudent reserve.

She turned round, hid her face on Mrs. Limber's shoulder, and cried quietly.

"Poor dear child—I am so glad—so very glad! And does Uncle Edward approve of this attachment?"

Janet looked up and wiped her eyes.

"I should like to trust you," she said, and the confiding, simple words made the wordly woman's heart wince with pain; "only, can you keep it from uncle and Dick? I do love Uncle Edward so that I can't bear other people to know before he does. He knows Stephen, but he does not know that we care about each other. I don't think," she blushed, "I quite knew it till I came here."

"Ah!" Mrs. Limber tried to suppress

the deep-drawn breath that came with the discovery; "then all those letters your uncle's housekeeper has been forwarding to you here were from Stephen? How will you manage when your uncle gets back to Wortham? Mrs. Carter may not ask questions about your correspondent, but your uncle will notice after a bit."

"It is chiefly about uncle that Stephen has come now," said Janet, eagerly; "we don't wont to do anything underhand—but uncle has such a prejudice against sailors; he says no one belonging to him shall ever marry a sailor; and Stephen is to sail again almost directly—will be away a year and a half, he expects—after that he means to give up the sea and settle as a landsman. And he thought he would not speak to Uncle Edward till he came back, lest I might be vexed in his absence; then he says, too, when he is a landsman it will not be asking Uncle Edward to break his word."

"I see," said Mrs. Limber, and her lips pinched themselves together.

"But I can't bear the deceit," said Janet, earnestly, "and I shall try to persuade Stephen to tell him when he comes back from Scotland."

"I think you will be most unwise, then."

Janet looked up surprised at the change in Mrs. Limber's petting voice; but her uncle's wife was looking out of the window, and she could not see her face.

"Why do you think so?"

Just then, Molly, the dairy-maid, came to speak to her mistress, and before her aunt returned to the kitchen, Stephen Brent had found his way there, and had asked Janet to go with him along the cliffs.

She came home alone; sad enough, poor girl; her lover had to sail from Liverpool next day, and had only found his way to Hillside, to say good-bye.

"Keep up heart, my darling," he had said; "a year and a-half, and, please God, we'll never part again."

It was just two years since Stephen Brent had sailed when we first saw Richard Limber and his cousin Janet beside Neptune's Tower.

Two years full of events for Janet. Her Uncle Edward, instead of returning from Scotland, had been persuaded to join some friends on a visit to New York; he had gone thence to Mexico, and, from various causes, his return had been delayed six months. Janet lingered on at Hillside; the Limbers were anxious to keep her there, and the sea-coast had now an attraction which she made no effort to resist.

"But I will go back to Wortham directly, Uncle Edward is expected, and then I will tell him everything as soon as Stephen gives me leave."

Poor Janet! the next news she got of her uncle was that he had been seized with apoplexy soon after he landed; before she could reach Liverpool he was dead. It was a sore trial; Janet had known her uncle better than either of her parents, and she mourned him with a deep, quiet sorrow.

She was to come into possession of all her uncle's property at twenty-one years of age. Mr. Limber was appointed her guardian, and the will advised that, in the event of her Uncle Edward's death while she was a minor, she should live at Hillside. Mrs. Limber smiled when she heard of this clause.

At first Janet made herself happy enough at the farm. She got letters from Stephen, and she could stand on the cliff for hours, picturing to herself the unknown seas her lover's ship was traversing. Suddenly the letters ceased; then came a rumor, and then a terrible certainty, that the merchant ship *Atalanta* had perished—foundered in a gale, so it was supposed, with every hand on board. Wives and children and sweethearts accepted the fact. Janet only would not accept it. She would not show any outward sorrow; she would not wear mourning. "Stephen will come still," she said; but daily she grew thinner and paler, and daily she stayed longer and longer on the verge of the cliff by Neptune's Tower.

But for this irresistible attraction the sea had over her, she would, have gone back to Uncle Edward's, as she still called Wortham; but she knew that if Stephen wrote he would write to Hillside; a fresh torment had come to her in this misery of suspense. a doubt of Mrs. Limber's good faith.

"She is so anxious that I should marry Dick, that I sometimes think she hopes

the news true," the pale, heavy-eyed girl said to herself.

Latterly Mrs. Limber had persecuted her—in a kind way, certainly—but with a perseverance that was hard to bear. She felt sure Stephen would never be heard of, and she said to Richard, that in Janet's weak, ailing state, she might be more easily worked on.

PART III.

WHEN the girl came down-stairs from her gloomy bed-room, she found Mrs. Limber and Richard talking together. They started when she came in, and then Richard sauntered slowly away.

"Poor fellow!" his stepmother said. She had gone to the door, and was watching him as he crossed the chicken-yard, muddy and damp-looking now. "I never saw a young fellow so altered—so heart-broken. You have much to answer for, Janet Neale."

Janet looked up wearily. Little by little—by such subtle gradations that it was hard to say how the petting tone had changed to one of reproof—Mrs. Limber had contrived to make herself feared by her husband's niece. Janet would often stand watching for more than an hour, lest the postman should give up the letter she still hoped for into Mrs. Limber's unfriendly hands.

"*You* have much to answer for," she said. "I believe but for you Richard would be content to marry Lucy Gray. Why do you persist in giving him false hopes about me?"

"I give him no false hopes." Mrs. Limber spoke more gently; it was not a part of her plan to quarrel with Janet. "But I have always considered you a good, religious girl, and I ask you how long you mean to persist in disbelieving what all the rest of us know to be true? You are going against Providence, Janet."

Such a wan smile came on the girl's face!

"I hope I am not wicked. I do not mean to go on expecting all my life. If we have no news by the end of the year, then I give up hope."

Mrs. Limber was rejoiced. She bent over Janet, and kissed her, and called her by an infinitude of petting names; but the girl did not listen; her heart felt dried up—emptied of all power of human love.

Mrs. Limber said no more about Richard; but when her stepson came in she advised him to leave his cousin in peace.

"If you're wise, now, you'll let her be till New Year's day. When this fancy is over she will come to her senses again. She is crazy now, and she must be humored. Hush! here's your father. Don't you tell him I said Janet was crazy; he grows besotted about her."

It had not helped Mrs. Limber's jealousy that her husband had lately taken Janet's part in all things. The farmer said Janet should not be teased, she should do just as she pleased.

"I'd like her for a daughter," he went on; "but I will not have her worried into marrying Richard."

"I will," was such a very unusual expression in Mr. Limber's mouth that his wife shrugged her shoulders and raised her eyebrows in scornful surprise. She was too clever to let her husband guess at her unfriendly feelings.

"It is all for poor dear Dick's sake," she whimpered; and Mr. Limber patted her shoulder, and said she was a first-rate stepmother.

When Janet went to bed that night it seemed to her that she must have been crazy to give such a promise to Richard Limber and his mother. "I may still go on expecting," she thought, "and yet be quite resigned." But she knew this was not true—that her will would not be yielded to suffer this trial that had been laid on her till she gave up this cherished hope.

She lay awake, debating with herself. She had drawn up her blinds, as she always did, to get a last glimpse of the sea before she went to sleep. To-night the moon made a long silver path, which seemed to lead straight to Neptune's Tower, and then across the cliffs to the farmhouse. It was not easy, even when Janet lay in her gloomy bed, to fall asleep in the full light that streamed into the room. Sleep came at last, however, and with it came the strange, troubled visions that are apt to visit those on whose slumber the moonlight falls.

It seemed to Janet that she wakened—wakened to find a cold clasp on her left wrist. Looking at this in what seemed to her full daylight, she found it encircled by a broad silver cord; while she

looked the cord broadened, and drew her with it so easily and yet so irresistibly that she could not have told whether her will had any voice in the movement. The cord lay now at her feet, a broad and shining path, and she followed it to the base of Neptune's Tower, though it seemed as if there had been scarcely time to traverse the farmhouse garden. Something kept her standing beneath the tower, but the path went on, on, over the edge of the cliff, far away to sea. Janet stood still, gazing in breathless expectation. Toward her, along the line of rippling silver, came, first a mist—it darkened into a shadow, and then, as it reached the edge of the cliff, it took the form of her lover, Stephen Brent. She pressed forward to reach him, but he pointed to the rocks beneath the edge of the steep cliff, and then he signed to her to listen.

Indistinct at first, but swelling cheerily through the frosty air, came the sound of distant church-bells ringing the joyous peal that only sounds to herald peace on earth, good will toward men—the peal that ushers in the birthday of the Lord. She looked up as she listened. The moon had sunk much lower, and the stars were shining overhead, as if they too rang joy-bells in the clear, cold air.

Again she looked toward Stephen. He was not there; but mingling with the Christmas bells, it seemed to her she heard these words distinctly: "On Christmas Eve."

PART IV.

"WHAT has come to Janet? She grows more cheerful every day. I believe she's getting over her trouble, after all."

Mr. Limber stood in the chicken-yard, talking to his wife, about a week before Christmas. He said this by way of diverting Mrs. Limber's attention from the massacre he was contemplating. Mr. Limber was fond of sending Christmas hampers to his London friends, and his wife was not disposed to second his liberality.

"Never mind Janet. Then you only want two turkeys, dear? Quite enough, too, I'm sure; and the geese, I know, we shall be wanting ourselves, further on."

But Mrs. Limber had seen the change in Janet before her husband saw it, and had been sorely puzzled to account for it. The farmer's words set her thinking. "Can she have heard from Stephen? He was a strong, powerful fellow. He may have been saved after all—saved for her, just as my poor Dick is feeling happy about her. No, she shall never marry Stephen Brent; if there were no other reason, the money shan't go away to a stranger."

If Mrs. Limber had known the cause of Janet's brightened eyes and complexion she would not have been disturbed. She abhorred what she was pleased to call superstition, and the idea of building expectation on a dream would have been to her a confirming proof that Janet's wits had gone astray. But Janet believed that the dreams had been sent in answer to her prayer for resignation; it would have been to her simple nature a sin to doubt her lover's return; and as each day brought Christmas nearer and nearer, her joy grew almost painful. She was so restless she could not settle to any occupation; even at her favorite haunt she paced up down along the cliffs so rapidly that Richard grew frightened lest the treacherous, crumbling edge should yield beneath her feet.

Christmas Eve at last. At breakfast time Richard could not take his eyes from his cousin. A soft rosy color was on her cheeks, there was the full liquid depth which happiness only can give in her sweet blue eyes. He noticed too that her fair, silken hair, which for months she had trained tightly from her face, waved now in the graceful, careless fashion in which she had worn it two years ago.

Love stirred strongly in Richard's heart; to other women he was a coxcomb, but he really loved his cousin Janet. What could this change mean? His father and Mrs. Limber were right, and his constant devotion had touched his cousin's heart at last. Janet meant to be his wife.

His father seemed unusually long over his paper this morning; but at last his stepmother, to whom Richard managed to hint his wishes, called her husband away, and the cousins were left alone together.

Richard went up to Janet as she sat still at the table. There was a flush on his handsome face, and his hand trembled nervously.

"Janet,"—he spoke very softly, but she started and looked up at him. The frank, kind glance took away his confidence; if she had blushed or seemed confused he would have felt happier. "Janet," he said, in an agitated voice, "won't you try to love me—just a little? —more will come after if you only try"—

She smiled at him brightly.

"But I do love you, Dick. I always mean to love you. Why you are the only cousin I have in the world"——

"Ah, but I don't want that sort of love, Janet. I want you to be my wife."

"Look here, Dick,"—she took his hand in hers and spoke so very earnestly that the young man stood as if under a spell—"I will tell you what I would not tell to any one else. I know—not by any letter or anything that you would call real knowledge—but I know surely that Stephen will come back—he is coming back to-night."

Richard looked quickly at her. Was his stepmother right in saying that Janet was crazy?

"Ah, you don't believe me," she went on in a bright, excited way, that puzzled her listener; "but I am so sure—so very sure. Come, Dick, if he does not come I will forfeit anything you like."

He grasped the hand that held his tightly.

"Will you forfeit yourself, Janet? If Brent doesn't come, will you marry me in a fortnight?"

She grew pale for a moment, and then she laughed.

"Ah, you don't believe, Dick. Yes, I will marry you in a fortnight if Stephen does not come to-night. Will you believe now?"

"Well said, lass." Mr. Limber had come in from the chicken-yard while she spoke. "That's the best news I have heard this many a day."

Janet snatched her hand away from her cousin, and hurried up-stairs to her bedroom. She could not explain her words to her uncle; she felt frightened; it seemed to her now that she had better not have spoken them.

"But they meant nothing. Dick knew that when I said them; he knows I would rather die than marry any one but Stephen."

She repeated the loved name softly, in a fonder, more and more caressing tone, and then hid her eyes in her hands, trembling at the tumult of passionate joy. It seemed to her that she was quite different to the timid, shrinking Janet, who had watched Stephen take his way along the cliff last November two years. Latterly she had felt hardened against the world; but now her whole nature kindled. She could incur any risk—brave any danger, only to be safe in Stephen's arms once, and see his dear face again.

The day wore on; to Janet the hours dragged slowly. She strayed here and there, now in the garden, now in her own room. She had resolved not to go to Neptune's Tower till dark—at any rate, till after the second post arrived, and it came late in the afternoon to Hillside.

She saw the postman coming fast up the road, but he had no letter for Miss Neale. For a moment her heart sank.

"But I had no warning to expect a letter—my warning showed that he would come to Neptune's Tower."

In reality she did not expect to see Stephen till midnight, for she knew the Christmas bells would not ring till then; but she was too impatient to wait any longer; she turned back to the house, got a large cloak to wrap herself in, and then went with throbbing heart and steps so light and bounding that she seemed scarcely to touch the grass, to Neptune's Tower.

PART V.

MRS. LIMBER sat beside the kitchen fire. Events were going the way she wished, and yet there was a look of dissatisfaction on her dark, scheming countenance. There was more expression in her face than there had been when she married Mr. Limber, but the face itself was less pleasant to look at; her lips closed more firmly, and so looked thinner, and lines of anxiety and unrestrained temper were tracing themselves on her forehead and round her mouth, outlining the furrows time would plow there.

"I've been a fool, after all," she murmured. "Janet's delicate, and she might have died if I had let her go back to that damp, unhealthy Wortham, and then her money must have come to Richard as heir-at-law, for she is safe not to have made a will. I want the money

in the family, and I want Dick to have it; but I don't want a younger, prettier Mrs. Limber here. The old man dotes on her now; how will it be when she really is his daughter? And as to Dick, I don't know what to make of him—ungrateful lout of a fellow. What did he mean by sulking when I asked him the truth of what his father heard Janet say this morning—in a fortnight? I must make up my mind soon whether I really mean this marriage to take place or not."

The opening door startled her. She was conscious of the evil feelings in her face, and she tried to make it wear a different expression before she turned round and faced her visitor.

But when she turned round she started. It was Richard; he looked as white and scared as though he had seen a ghost.

"Richard, why" —— then flying into anger at his dumb awe-struck face. "Don't stand there with your mouth open. What is it?"

"Who do you think I saw coming down the lane from Trant as I stood in the pig-yard? Him—him—himself, Brent!"

Mrs. Limber made no answer. She had grown very pale, and she stood there with parted lips, showing her teeth tight set between them.

"He's coming here," Richard said. "You've only a minute. Oh, it is too hard to give her up when she's all but mine!"

He wrung his hands with a weak, despairing movement, and her contempt brought back Mrs. Limber's courage.

"Give her up! If you are such a fool as even to dream of it, I won't help you, Dick. Don't you show at all; just leave him to me. Go to one of the upper windows and make sure she doesn't come in from the Tower."

As soon as his last heavy footstep had ceased overhead, Mrs. Limber jumped up and went quickly into the entrance of the yard, where we saw the black pigs disporting themselves on the sodden straw.

She had scarcely stood there a minute, when she saw some one coming down the lane from the little village.

Quick as lightning she ran round through the side-gate, and was standing under the arch cut in the yew hedge, in full view of the road, before the wayfarer had reached it.

Yes, it was Stephen, but not the pale, half-drowned wretch she had often pictured him. He looked healthy and prosperous, and the bright, joyous sparkle in his eyes stung her jealousy. In a minute he had come up to her, and was grasping both her slender hands in his strong, brown fingers.

"Won't you say 'Welcome home,' Mrs. Limber, to a poor castaway sailor?"

He smiled so winningly that the wretched woman felt all her old love for him stir in her heart. She could hardly keep from throwing her arms round his neck.

She forgot her husband, and Janet too, in the joy of seeing him safe:

"I'll tell you everything," he said; "but first, where's Janet?"

Mrs. Limber could not check the anger that flamed in her eyes:

"Janet! You don't suppose that Janet has waited all these years for you? She would have been my daughter-in-law if you had come a few days later. Never mind Janet, Stephen."

All the love she felt shone out in her dark eyes, but Stephen was too full of her words to care for her feelings, although he remembered her glance afterward.

"What do you mean," he said, sternly. "Where is Janet? Let her tell me herself that she has given me up. I won't believe it, except from her!"

"Janet is not here," said Mrs. Limber. A minute ago she had shivered from head to foot with terror, lest all her scheme should be defeated; for she had seen her husband crossing the field on the further side of the lane; but a sudden light came to her. "If you will not believe me, you will believe my husband. Richard!" she called out shrilly. The farmer came out into the lane, and stood looking at Stephen in silent wonder. "Before you speak to Mr. Brent, will you be good enough to tell him who your niece Janet is going to marry?"

"Why, Dick, of course," said the farmer; then recovering himself, he held out his hand to Stephen.

"I'm heartily glad to see you back," he said. "It seems hard on you that Janet should have changed her mind, but such things will happen, you know, Mr. Brent, and she did fret after you a good bit; but she's as happy now as the day's long; and I do think," he added,

with most unusual energy, "that it would be mortal cruel to trouble her happiness; they're to be married in a fortnight, sure and certain."

Mrs. Limber stands watching Stephen's face; there has been a fierce struggle in it; and even now she cannot guess what the end will be. She feels desperate—capable of anything that will bring about the issue on which she is resolved.

"Well, but Richard," she says, gently, watching Stephen furtively while she speaks. "Perhaps, for old friendship's sake, Janet might like to see Mr. Brent. You need not think it would trouble her happiness; only the other day she said to me, 'If I could only know poor Stephen was safe, I should be so happy.' And I think Mr. Brent could hardly expect so young and unformed a girl to withstand her cousin's love—they are such a well-matched pair. But yet," she sighs and whispers, so that her husband cannot hear, "I wish she had kept true to you."

Ever since Mr. Limber spoke, Brent has stood as if stunned; only the working of his strongly-marked face tells his suffering. He seems insensible to the wife's words, but he felt their sting; and at this last thrust he turns abruptly away.

"True!" he says, scoffingly; "there never was a true woman!" And without any leave-taking he strides sullenly back by the way he came.

PART VI.

JANET has been pacing up and down the cliff's edge—not thinking; her mind is too full of tumult for any one thought to rest there. It seems to her as if this whirl will not cease till she sees her lover; but at last fatigue conquers, and she sits down at the foot of the old tower, wrapped in her cloak.

It has grown quite dark, and the stars have come out one after another, glowing with yet more silvery brightness. High above her head is the lovely star Stephen pointed out to her, on that last evening, when they stood together where she now stands—beside Neptune's Tower; and as she looks up at it, the excitement fades from her spirits, tears spring to her eyes, and for a moment she doubts whether she has been right in persisting in her belief that he has not perished. It is a mark of her simple, childlike nature, that she never has doubted Stephen—never feared that, though he might have escaped the perils of shipwreck, he might be dead to her love. She reproaches herself that on this holy night her thoughts have all been turned on self—she has forgotten the coming festival.

Still, as hour after hour passes, her heart grows heavier. Suddenly, in the midst of the devout thoughts she has evoked, there comes back to her her rash promise to her cousin. She springs up from the ground, and goes to the extreme edge of the cliff; the stars give so bright a light, that there is no fear of her losing her footing in the darkness.

"I must have been mad to say it! Marry Dick!" she murmurs. "I would rather fall on those rocks and be carried out to sea, where perhaps my Stephen lies!"

The plash plash of the advancing water seems to applaud her words—the plash grows louder—the wind rises and towers the waves into angry, foaming crests—the spray dashes higher and higher, and, as each wave breaks on the face of the cliffs, there comes a sullen, hoarse murmur, as if the creaming monsters long to clasp the human prey above.

Janet stands gazing down on them so spelled and intent that she does not hear advancing footsteps.

A firm arm clasps her waist:

"Come, come, Janet!—it is late. Father is worrying his life out to know what's come of you!"

"I can't help it—I mean to stay here till the Christmas bells ring out from Blackwater."

"That won't be for another hour. I guessed what you were at, and I put father off as long as I could; but he's in a real fidget now. Come, come, Janet!—you are almost my wife now."

"Your wife, Richard? Do you know what I was thinking just as you came?" She has drawn herself away, and she speaks almost haughtily. "I would rather drown on those rocks, Dick, than be the wife of any one but Stephen Brent"——

"Amen!" Stephen's deep, strong voice, seemed to come from the leaping, foaming waves—but it scarcely startles

Janet. There is help, protection and love, all joined in that one word. His arms are round her, and she clasps hers tightly round his neck, as if she fears he may yet be taken from her.

"What do you mean?" Richard Limber knows that his hope is over, but still he will not yield Janet.

"I mean"—Stephen raises his head to look at his rival, but he holds Janet closer than ever—"that you had better go back to Hillside. You can tell Mrs. Limber that, though I went away like a jealous fool some hours ago, I came to my senses in time. Just now I learned what I might have learned before, if I had seen the maid instead of the mistress—I learned where I should find your cousin, and I came to know the truth from herself"——

* * * * * *

Richard sulked and swaggered for some weeks after his cousin's marriage to Stephen Brent, but by next Christmas Eve he was quite consoled. Having taken to himself the "fond idiot," Lucy Gray, he has dicovered that she is, after all, a prettier woman than Janet.

Mrs. Limber still lives with her husband at Hillside. Her health has given way, folks say; it is certain that she is never well enough to accompany the farmer when he visits Mr. and Mrs. Brent at Wortham.

Cornhill Magazine.

PEOPLE I HAVE HATED.

I CONFESS I do not now hold the lofty sentiments about hatred which I once held, or at least subscribed. To the best of my recollection, the first time I had occasion to bring my mind to bear on the subject, I uncompromisingly pronounced hatred to be "the vilest passion which can agitate the human breast," and expressed a very decided opinion (fortified by examples from ancient and modern history) that it was invariably injurious to society, and degrading to the individual character. I would not, perhaps, have gone to the stake for these views, but I never dreamed of questioning their soundness, or contemplated the possibility of holding others, for I had them (in rough draft) from the highest possible source, the Addison of our school, its most eminent hand at moral essay and theme-writing: that gifted being who had the miraculous faculty of producing, besides his own masterpiece, any number of compositions for his less prolific comrades, no two exactly alike, though all on the same subject, and whose reflections, as just and profound as his grammar and spelling were unimpeachable, no master had ever been hardy enough to criticise. But that fine outfit of dogmatic morality with which we are furnished, as we start on the pilgrimage of this world, does not long stand the wear and tear of the journey, any more than its concomitant, the marvelous school-boy digestion, which makes light of viands the mind shudders at in after years. Dear! dear! what beautiful, virtuous lives we should all of us lead, if we were only to act up to the headings of our old copy-books. Alas! those noble round-hand resolutions and rules of conduct seem to have no more effetcu pon the formation of character than the firm determination to improve in penmanship I have so many times engrossed, has had upon the handwriting which I observe upon the paper now before me. In the one case, as in the other, the standard of excellence is pitched too high for ordinary mortals. It may be attained by writing-masters and moral philosophers, but for us others it is impossible to get along with all that paraphernalia of virtue, or to carry on our correspondence with all that nicety of hair-stroke, loop and flourish. There is hatred aforesaid. *We* know that we can no more help hating than we can help sneezing. Life being what it is, we *must* hate a good round number of people. It is all very well for the philosopher, as he sits tranquilly meditating in his cell, with his feet on the fender, to denounce the weakness from that high moral altitude. But let him come down and mix with the crowd, and have his toes trodden on a little. Depend upon it, when he does,

his language will be very much the same as ours, and, for all his fine maxims, he will not love the neighbor who bruises his corns a bit better than we do. Some go through life in broughams and some in 'busses, and the former are by far the more favorable vehicles for what Dr. Johnson called "the general cultivation of benevolence." At the same time it must be admitted that hatred now-a-days is not quite the deadly feeling the moralist has in his eye when he lectures on the terrible consequences of giving way to it. In the first place, all sorts of diseases, moral as well as physical, have a tendency to become in time less virulent in their action; and then, as society grows more and more complex, we have more collisions with our fellow-creatures, and consequently more hatreds, which must be, therefore, individually less substantial than one which absorbed our whole hating power, just as trees in a thick plantation have less substance than those growing in the open. If anybody turns the matter over quietly with himself, he will be astonished to find what a number of people he hates (unless he is exceptionally amiable, pachydermatous, or philosophical), not exactly to the death, or "perfectly," as Izaak Walton hated others; but, nevertheless, very positively and decidedly. Also he will be struck with the endless variety of form which hatred is capable of assuming, and, finally, the conviction will be forced upon him that, as he hates so many people who are quite unaware of the fact, it is extremely probable that he himself is an object of detestation to several persons whom he never dreamt of offending.

To take my own case as an illustration —I hate, and for some time have hated, Major Macpherson, and calmly considering the case, I cannot avoid the conclusion that what the major is to me I must be to divers other people. I have never met Major Macpherson. And yet, stay; how do I know that? He may have been, for aught I know to the contrary, that very agreeable military man whose conversation lightened the journey by the "limited mail" a month ago, or that fiery gentleman who had so much to say the other day at Jones' about the rascally behavior of the Government in the matter of forage allowances to field-officers. Still, in spite of the apparent inconsistency of it, I hate Major Macpherson, the reason being that I only know him as (and I feel as if I were alluding to a three-volume novel, where I describe his relation to me) Major Macpherson, the former lodger. In fact, the rooms I now occupy were formerly tenanted by the major, and all his tastes, ways, and habits appear, from the statements of Mrs. Sharkey, the landlady, to have been diametrically opposed to mine in every particular. Now, when people are acquainted a difference of this sort often tends to strengthen friendship; as in chemistry, combination takes place when positive and negative are brought together. This is the moral which the poet seeks to point in the ballad of "Jack Sprat." The tastes of Jack and his wife were opposed to one another, and the consequences were, we are given to understand, an harmonious married life and an economical household. But if all you know of a man is the base fact his likes and dislikes, his customs and opinions, are all the reverse of your own, and if it is always tacitly assumed that his are the right ones, and, indeed, in some sort the standards by which rectitude is to be measured, "how possible to love him?" as Mesty says in *Midshipman Easy;* or rather, how possible not to hate him with an abiding and bitter hatred? This, then, is my position with respect to Major Macpherson. On all questions of tea, sugar, spirits, boots, or breakfast-bacon, I have only to express a wish or deliver an opinion, to be told that it is very odd, for Major Macpherson was always most particular to have his quite different. No question of domestic economy can be broached but it raises the ghost of the major to comfort and condemn me, nor does it at all lighten the grievance that I am forced to observe in all the major's ways a remarkable consideration for Mrs. Sharkey's convenience. When I compare the inflexibility of his rule about dining from home on Sunday with my own laxity on the same point, I cannot but feel that I must suffer by the comparison; nor can I help seeing that his marked partiality for easily cooked dishes tends to exhibit me in the disagreeable light of an incorrigible gourmand. In

fact, the memory of the major is a daily humiliation to me, and consequently I hate him with a hatred which I maintain to be perfectly natural. The perpetual obtrusion of another person's virtue on your notice must ere long produce a weariness which, in the end, ripens into hatred. For this reason I have always had a sympathetic feeling for that much abused Athenian, who was for ostracizing Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." Granted that he was just, was that any reason why his justness should be continually thrust down the throats of his neighbors, as if he were the only licensed dealer in the article? The earliest hatred I can remember, the first dawn of hate in in my nature, was of this sort. Chronologically arranged, a list of the people I have hated would be headed by my Uncle George.

In my early days it was the mission of this relative to manufacture aphorisms and moral sentiments for family use, and the frequent application of these to our conduct was a sore burden to us youngsters. Being sententious, he was fully believed in by the womenkind of our family, who considered that there was no more conclusive way of pointing out our shortcomings than quoting some scrap of his wisdom germane to the matter. How weary we were of the preamble, "Your Uncle George used always to say," or "Remember what your Uncle George says." His fecundity in maxims and precepts was as great as that of Mr. Samuel Maunder, of the *Treasury of Knowledge*. He could produce a sentiment suitable to any occasion at a moment's notice. The effect of the severe battery to which we were thus exposed was not merely confined to hatred of the author of our sufferings. I cannot honestly say that our eagerness to walk in the paths of virtue was very great, but such as it was, it was checked by the mitraille of morality with which Uncle George swept all the approaches. We felt it was no use to try to be good; that we must fall; and then followed a terrible "sour-grape" feeling about rectitude, amounting to positive skepticism. Was there such a thing at all, or was it metely a figment, an invention of our elders for the purpose of more readily keeping us in subjection? In fact, there was developed within us a rudimentary rationalism. Of course a very slight knowledge of the world would have kept us right. It was said that no man could posssbly be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked, and similarly it ought to have been obvious to us that no man could possibly be so virtuous as Uncle George's talk made him out to be. And in the fullness of time it was made manifest that his life did not always square with the rules of conduct he so liberally offered to society. If he was richer in one department of moral philosophy than another, it was in that which dealt with industry, perseverance, steadiness of application, method, &c., on all which subjects he poured forth aphorisms so numerous and so weighty that he made existence a burden to us. But he himself was not industrious, he was not persevering, he applied himself steadily to nothing, and was methodical only in dogmatizing. He had struck out so many different openings in life leading to nothing, that he had had made a perfect sieve of it. He had been in as many berths as there are in a P. and O. steamer. He was always going abroad to try some new line of business, and always coming back unsuccessful, but charged with fresh precepts about success in life—picked up probably from Brahmins and Sachems he had met in the course of his travels. Even now there is a sort of family "whip" on foot to to bring him home from New Zealand, where he has been attempting to set up something which it appears would not stay up, and no doubt we shall soon learn something of the moral philosophy of the Maories. The species of hatred which this case serves to illustrate is very common. Let me take another example differing in kind. I hate Captain Boreas, and I do so under the following circumstances:

It has long been a practice or a custom of mine, when London becomes odious, as it frequently does at various seasons, to retreat to a pleasant watering-place which I shall call Dipscombe-supermare. Whene'er I took my walks abroad there, on pier, esplanade, cliff or downs, I was always encountering a certain gentleman who speedily inspired me with the deepest aversion. He was a stout man, and a tightly-buttoned-up, wearing,

in all seasons and weathers, a frock-coat which disclosed no waistcoat, but only stock and shirt-collar. He was a man of a warm, uniform complexion, something between brick and plum color, and of an irritated texture of skin, as though it was his habit to wash with oil of vitriol and dry himself with a nutmeg-grater. He walked quickly but stiffly, as if he had no knees; he was constantly slapping his chest with his fist, and he carried a thick bamboo cane. My feelings as regards this gentleman being those I have described, I need not say I became in time acquainted with him. When science is farther advanced we shall, perhaps, know why it is, what are the laws governing the mysterious attraction through which you inevitably come to know a person who happens to be an object of vague aversion. The means by which the junction is brought about are various. An officious friend with a mania for introducing people will do it as often as anything else, or a railway-guard may put you into the same carriage with the object for a run of sixty miles without stopping; or you may be shut in with him in a dentist's waiting-parlor, or it may be your hard fate to take his umbrella in mistake for your own and to have to return it with an apology. Be the process what it may, in one way or another, an acquaintance is sure to come about. I soon discovered what instinct meant when it warned me against Captain Boreas. The way in which that man crowed over all creation on the score of his own exceptional robustness of constitution, made him the enemy of his species. The great pleasure of his life seemed to be to insult his fellow-creatures by invidious comparisons of his strength with their weakness, for it was a favorite article of belief with him, and he triumphed in it, that everybody except himself was more or less feeble and rickety. He was always slapping that abominable chest of his, and telling you how well he felt—as if you cared. He had a gift, too, for finding out the things that disagreed with you and glorying in them. If the wind was from the east—Dipscombe is a particularly east-windy place—and if, as many people do, I strongly resented its blowing from that quarter, finding its invariable effects to be acerbity of temper and a prickly feeling of the skin, suggesting that in the evolution theory of the descent of man the hedgehog has been overlooked as one of his ancestors—if these were the circumstances under which I was abroad, Captain Boreas was sure to heave in sight, marching in his wooden-legged way, and carrying his great cane over his shoulder like a musket. Seeing me, he bears down upon me at once. "Hah!" he shouts (he always speaks in a shout). "Here's a fine bracing day, sir!" Slaps himself. "Here's a glorious breeze!" And then, to show his relish of the breeze, he inflates himself and thrusts his odious thorax almost into my face. As I am not at all in the mood to agree with him, I express my sentiments freely about the day and breeze, and he exhibits great delight. In his most boisterous manner he describes the exhilarating effects of such weather on himself, and points in the inevitable conclusion that, as he is "all right," I must be "all wrong." A topic which he specially enjoys enlarging upon is an assumed laxity on your part in the use of cold water. He is slow to believe that there is any one who takes the same manly view of that element that he does himself. He is fond of introducing his tub into conversation and dating anecdotes or personal reminiscences from it, as "when I was in my tub this morning," or "as I was getting out of my tub;" and when the thermometer falls below freezing-point he derives great satisfaction from describing how he had to break the ice. I don't think he is one of those seven gentlemen whom we read of every winter in the paragraph headed "The weather and the parks," who have a spot in the Serpentine kept clear of ice for them, and bathe every morning at seven o'clock; because if he were he would brag about it so noisily that no one enjoying his society for ten minutes could fail to have the fact impressed upon his memory. But if the police regulations permitted afternoon bathing in the Serpentine in winter, I think it is very likely he would avail himself of the privilege, that he might walk up and down afterward flourishing his damp towel, and telling society his sensations. Cold, sir! he should think it *was* cold. So much the better. There was a variety of the Boreas breed that became a public nuisance at the time

when the Turkish bath was first introduced. This Boreas was profound in all the details and theories of the new process, and had by heart all the pamphlets and articles written on the subject, with which he perpetually harassed mankind. As the captain above named bullied you with his chest, *he* bullied you with his pores. He had got hold of the fact (if there is such a fact), that there are eight—or, stay, is it eight thousand?—miles of pores distributed over the human body. That all this vast extent of tubing was in your case what he pleasantly termed "clogged," was a theory, the maintaining of which gave him infinite satisfaction. Clogged you were, and clogged you must remain, until you become, like him, a Turkish-bathist of the strictest sect. Everything that you complained of, from your inability to digest curried skate, to your incapacity for reading the debates in the House, was referable to one great cause —your cloggedness. The idea, too, of your laying claim to the possession of a skin, inspired him with the deepest scorn. "Horn, my dear sir, all horn," he would say, passing his thumb contemptuously over the back of your hand. He alone had a skin, and all his miles of pores were one great thoroughfare. Even becoming a convert did very little good. He had the process at his fingers' ends; he would cross-examine you strictly as to what you had undergone, and woe betide you if you had omitted or shirked any part of the ceremony. He would not bate you one single douche or dislocation. You must perform the rite according to his programme, else you were in a parlous state, from which your only escape lay in conforming with all possible haste with the instructions he gave you. A certain sort of Boreas, I have observed, is often found in great force on the continent. As some people travel to "do" sights and places, others to gormandize, others to grumble, this Boreas appears to travel to wash. He goes abroad to testify to British cleanliness in the face of an unwashing generation, under which head he includes all manner of foreigners, whose personal habits he denounces at table-d'hôtes and in railway-carriages with all the boisterous raillery of his family. Everywhere he goes he leaves behind him in the traveler's book scathing invectives against the deficiencies of the house in the matter of tubs and water-supply. His greatest delight is to turn a little primitive mountain inn topsy-turvy at five o'clock in the morning to furnish him with the means of sousing himself, and, under the sobriquet of "Der Kaltwasser Herr," he is dreaded by the toiling chambermaids of half the tall hotels from Cologne to Vienna. Cleanliness is akin to godliness, but he is so outrageously obtrusive that it suggests an affinity to the godliness of Chadband.

A much more humane creature, but, if possible, a greater bore, is Hilarius, the man who is always in high spirits. High spirits are a very charming and enviable possession in the abstract: that is to say surveyed from a distance favorable to calm philosophical contemplation; but like a great many things very charming in the abstract, they lose much of their charm when tried by the severe test of personal experience. To put the same truth in another form, a good thing ceases to be a good thing when you get too much of it, and this is the case with the high spirits of a man who is always in them. People who have lived much on Mediterranean shores say that in time you weary of the eternal blue sky with which new comers are always so enraptured; and that on a return to this villified climate there is nothing you enjoy more than the variety of our clouded canopy. Traveling in the South, after a hot journey, you come, perhaps to an inn where they give you a room looking out on a little courtyard festooned with creeping plants, in the middle of which a lively fountain plays day and night with a merry patter. How you revel in that courtyard, and especially in that fountain, as you lean out of your window in that happy, dreamy, contented, after-dinner lounge which only the traveler knows. How the look, and scents, and sounds of the spot haunt you afterward; the dancing water that caught the sunlight streaming in over the red-tiled roof, the tinkling plash, the rhythm of which was your last sensation as you dropped asleep! You talk about that fountain afterward to your friends as one of your most delicious recollections, and perhaps

you succeed even in persuading yourself that if fortune were to assign that chamber to you in permanence, you would make unprecedented progress with your great work, your epic, or tragedy, or essay on the extinction of pauperism, or treatise on the probable duration of the glacial period. In such a room, and with such a fountain making music in your ears, your ideas, you fancy, would flow unwontedly free and felicitous. But the chances are ten to one, that had you been fated to spend three days instead of ten hours in the same quarters, you would have found yourself, before that period had elapsed, ejaculating, "Confound that fountain!" or—for I don't pledge myself to the exact phrase—whatever form of execration your sex, temperament, or habits prompt you to use under the pressure of impatience and discontent. The man who is always in high spirits is like that Italian sky, and like that fountain, a little of him exhilarates, perhaps, but a full dose clogs. He is all unvaried ether. He is always in full play. There is no shade, no repose, in him. He is a dead-level of liveliness, without any depressions, and like all dead-levels, monotonous. He has but one state of existence, and therefore can have no sympathy with beings whose mood is liable to change. It is this want of sympathy that makes him a nuisance. As it is always high water with him, he cannot understand why you should be sometimes on the ebb; he cannot conceive the possibility of your not being always up to *his* mark. For the same reason he regards neither time, place, nor circumstance. All such ideas are swallowed up in his light-heartedness. If he writes to you, he puts burlesque titles and facetious descriptions of you on the envelope, thereby perplexing the postman, and ultimately lowering you in the eyes of that officer as a correspondent of lunatics, and therefore little better yourself. If he calls upon you, he knocks facetious knocks at your door, at one time imitating "rates and taxes;" at another simulating the manner of an insane footman from Belgravia. If you are far from home he leaves messages so elaborately obscure that you utterly fail to make out who was the visitor, and what was the object of the visit, for in all his actions the ostensible end is ever subordinate to the great purpose of his life, that of finding a vent for his spirits. If you happen to be in your garden he sends word to say the Archbishop of Canterbury desires a few minutes conversation with you. You hasten in much puzzled, and only able to surmise that his Grace, having heard of your charitable disposition, has called to solicit your coöperation in some philanthropic project. You find neither the archbishop nor anybody to represent him; but, just as you are proceeding to inquire what this may mean, Hilarius rises suddenly like a pantomime demon, from under the table, and greets you with a comic war-whoop. In all this complicated performance, he clearly gives you to understand that he considers he has laid you under an obligation by taking such pains to give you a pleasant surprise. This is one of the most aggravating features in his philosophy. He delights in surprises, and he assumes that you, the surprised, as a matter of course, equally delight in them. In his eyes an unexpected thwack between the shoulders, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes; and acting on this philanthropic motive, he never misses an opportunity of inflicting that blessing. If he spies you in the street he will stalk you as though you were a stag that he may come upon you unawares. To us who are not always in high spirits it is difficult to see the humor of knocking all the wind out of a fellow-creature's body by a hearty slap or punch. We cannot deny the force, but we fail to see the point of the joke. Its extreme antiquity, we think, might by this time have removed it from the category of facetiæ. But to him there is nothing stale or obsolete in it: time writes no wrinkle on its brow, and he will take away your breath with as keen a sense of original fun, as that pre-historic humorist who first dug his stone-age brother in the stomach. A crowd always brings out his quality. You are, say, at the Royal Academy, looking up at the picture of your poor friend Skyhigh, and trying to invent something consolatory about "a good light" against the next time you meet him, when your meditations are broken by a sounding tap on the crown of your hat. You turn around hastily in quest of the assailant, and find that you

choice lies among the Dean of Barchester, General Smoothbore, and Professor Jawstone, who all look somewhat embarrassed. Following the direction of the general's eye, however, you perceive at hand a figure, gazing at Holman's Hunt's "Girlhood of St. Ursula," with an expression of rapt and almost religious concentration. This proves to be Hilarius, who, finding himself detected, immediately seizes you by the elbows (his way of shaking hands), and goes through some evolutions which appear to be rather inconvenient to the people about you, who have merely come to look at pictures. Any one looking on would suppose that this was an unexpected meeting after a separation of years, whereas it is not four and twenty hours since he greeted you last. But this is only his hearty manner. This over, he drags you off to room No. 9, to show you "something that will make you die with laughing." In so jovial a creature it is strange to observe such a desire for the destruction of life: he is always proposing to tell or show something that will make you die with laughing: He plants you at last before Ansdell's picture of "Goats in the Sierra Nevada," and asks if "that isn't the dead image of him?" What, and the image of whom, you ask. "Why, that," he says, appealing directly to your perceptivity (which, it seems, lies in the region of the ribs) and indicating the senior goat of the group, which he avers to be "the very picture of old Joe Mumbles." The position is a very difficult one. If, in the vain hope of quieting him, you agree that the resemblance is very striking, and that every friend of Mumbles must be immensely tickled by it, you only put him into better spirits. If, on the other hand, you yield to a not unnatural testiness and declare the pretended similarity to be all stuff, you make him violently demonstrative. You *must* reconsider your verdict. He forces you into a crouching attitude the better to catch the likeness, and hauls you, now this side, now that, to point out how it is exactly Mumbles' eye and Mumbles' beard, and how the artist has unintentionally caught the Mumbles' expression, to refresh your memory on which branch of the subject he gives imitations of Mumbles under different circumstances, until he has riveted the attention of the whole room. He likes this. He says it is "such fun." Travel, too, stimulates him wonderfully, especially foreign travel. Any shreds of decorum he preserved at home he discards the moment he sets foot on the continent. Life there he considers to be invariably conducted on the broadest farce principles. He avails himself unstintingly of all the facilities for burlesque afforded by the language, manners, and customs of the country. He loves to deliver, *vivâ voce*, extravagant renderings of inscriptions on walls or in shop windows, and, if you are so unfortunate as to have him for a traveling companion, to address you in public in a dialect of his own construction, the principle of which is that it is a wild caricature of the tongue of the people about you. He refuses to contemplate the possibility of any one not an Englishman, understanding a word of English, so that his criticisms and jokes are free from all restraint, and he has a way of recommending himself to officials, from whom you wish to obtain some information or favor, by cutting into the conversation, and investing them with fanciful titles, such as "Old Stick-in-the-mud," "Old Collywobbles;" in consequnce of which, perhaps, it is that the concierge curtly tells you that this is not the day for seeing the Museum, and the Chef-de-Gare refuses to mark your through-ticket so as to enable you to dine and go on by the next train. Take him anywhere, at home or abroad, in public or in private, on the top of Mont Blanc, or on the top of an omnibus, he is—a very good fellow it may be, but—a most intolerable nuisance. In fact, I can only conceive of two situations in which he can possibly be of any use, comfort, or advantage to his fellow-creatures—at a pic-nic, or at a wedding, those being occasions on which, owing to the operation of a natural law, liveliness is apt to be deficient because it is expected. Here he might be valuable as a natural reservoir of spontaneous vivacity; but elsewhere he is, I repeat, a nuisance.

There is a man whom I have been hating for some time to whom I can give no title but that of "the man with the voice." He is always associated in my mind with a certain church in the neigh-

borhood of which I have the misfortune to reside. That church, or rather its steeple, contains, to the perpetual discomfort of the vicinity, what I believe is considered a remarkably fine peal of bells, of which it is apparently very proud. Consequently it never misses an opportunity of airing its chimes. It is scrupulous in acknowledging anniversaries of all sorts with full and noisy honors. No ceremonial of any kind can come off within a radius of three miles, no foundation stone can be laid, building inaugurated, or new street opened, without that belfry bursting out into an insane hymn of thanksgiving. If the smallest princelet from the Danubian principalities happens to cross the boundaries of the parish the ringers will immediately rush up to the steeple and give vent to the parochial joy in a peal of at least an hour's duration; and when public occasion fail, any local event, such as the vicar having got a new surplice, or the beadle's child being successfully vaccinated, is, I suspect, made to serve as an excuse. There is besides a regular weekly jingle (a parishioner of the last century, an old lady, whose memory can hardly be sufficiently detested, having, I believe, left by will a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings to be rung for every Friday evening), which is, I think, as exasperating and idiotic a performance as ever tortured mortal tympanum, and which always winds up with something that sounds as if the steeple were seized with a gigantic sneezing fit. What with all this, and the occasional favors of stray amateur ringers, who are afterward commended in the sporting papers for having rung a complete set of grandsire triples, whatever they may be, in two hours and forty minutes, we of the parish might as well be in the "Ringing Island" of Rabelais. The person I have spoken of as "the man with the voice" is very like that church, and for a similar reason is a plague to all who are unlucky enough to be within earshot of him. Nature has unkindly endowed him with a fine organ, of which he is so proud, and of the sound of which he is so enamored, that he is scarcely ever silent. It is a rich, sonorous bass organ of such a pervading quality that it completely fills a room, and comes rolling and tolling round you, absorbing, as it were, all other sounds. Like the lady's voice in Marmion, it is ever in your ear, and you cannot hear the very friend who is at the same table with you. There is something in the tone of it that reminds one of that great being who stands behind the chairman's chair at a public dinner, and enjoins upon gentlemen silence for a toast, and to charge their glasses. Indeed, I am rapidly coming to believe as history, what I once in a moment of irritation struck out as a mere theory, that the individual in question is a retired toast-master, who, having saved money, has become a speaking director in some city company. He is exactly the man to talk of "an enterprise worthy of this great commercial metropolis" in a tone that would carry conviction to all who have ears and are led by them. The adroitness with which, for the purpose of bringing out his voice, he avails himself of all the most pompous and sonoriferous words of the language is something marvelous. Not only does he use three words where another would use one, but where an ordinary person would employ a word of one syllable he contrives to get in one of three. Catch him missing an opening for a sesquipedalian term. The mere ceaseless sound of his voice would be aggravation enough, but unfortunately it is impossible to avoid hearing what he says, and of course when a man talks continually his talk must be mainly twaddle. In this particular case it is not too harsh to say that the talk *is* twaddle. Slightly to parody the words of the poet, he holds it true, whate'er befall, that

> 'Tis better to have talked rank bosh
> Than never to have talked at all.

If he can get nobody else to talk to he will engage one of the club waiters in conversation, quite regardless of the fact that he is depriving other members of their proper share of attendance, and he takes about a quarter of an hour to order his dinner. He is evidently not a person of a very high order of intellect, but it is impossible to suppose him such a fool as to believe that the continuous sound of his voice can be the same pleasure to others that it is to himself. Therefore he must belong to one or other of two classes of people—the purely selfish who

never allow the comfort or convenience of others to weigh a grain in the balance against their own gratification; or else the equally objectionable class of those who simply ignore the existence of their fellow-creatures, and in all their doings evince a stolid disregard of the fact that they themselves are not the only beings in creation; the sort of people, in short, who never think of shutting doors behind them, or of making way or room for anybody. But there is an additional reason for hating the man with the voice. A man who is *always* doing a particular thing, even though that thing be a perfectly innocent, innocuous thing, is, I maintain, a legitimate object for hatred. Nature has implanted in us an instinctive love of variety and abhorrence of monotony, and any one running counter to this instinct excites a natural animosity. This is the moral underlying the well-known story of the gentleman coming out of Crockford's, and kicking the man who was tying his shoe on the doorstep. We have nothing to do with the truth of the allegation that the person kicked was "always tying his shoe:" we have only to consider it as a justification of the kicking, and as such it is complete. Kicking is, perhaps, in a case of the sort, an extreme measure, but that is merely a matter of detail, and does not affect the principle, which is that monotony of behavior justifies the feeling of hatred. The particular expression of that feeling will, of course, always depend upon individual temperament. There is a man, for instance, opposite to whom I have very often the discomfort of sitting, and who is always smiling. Smiling in the abstract, or even a habit of smiling, is not a reasonable ground for enmity. But this man's smile is a fixed and perpetual smile that never waxes or wanes, but at all times, and under all circumstances, conditions, and weathers remains the same, as if it had been painted on his face by a country sign-board painter. It is also a vague and indefinite smile, which, apparently, has no reference to anything in particular, but is, I suppose, in some way connected with the contemplation of life in general. At first I thought it indicated merely a sort of stolid content with life, but there is a certain perplexity of expression joined with it which is inconsistent with that view. It is the kind of smile a person is apt to put on when told a story, the point of which is given in some language of which he is ignorant; and I incline to the notion that having long puzzled over the problem of life he has at last arrived at the suspicion that there is a joke of some sort at the bottom of it, and that he wears this perpetual smile as a good provisional expression of countenance, which will not commit him too far in case it should turn out to be no joke. At any rate there it is, an eternal, fatuous, and exasperating smile. But I have never felt myself called upon to kick that man because he is always smiling. Kicking is not in my line. At the same time I am bound to say I doubt if I could withhold my sympathy from any gentleman, who, suffering as I do, was impelled to go the length of kicking him.

Stodgemore is another man I hate, because he is always doing something, and also, because that something is of itself disagreeable. Stodgemore's self-imposed mission is to promote the spread of general information in society. I am not aware that society is tortured by a thirst for general information, but he evidently thinks it is, and that he, Stodgmore, is the one man who can satisfy that thirst. He is what is called "a well-informed man." He reminds me of that ogre who used to be introduced in juvenile books. Of course, I don't mean the good old-fashioned ogre who lived in a castle, and had a hearty appetite for children, but that dreadful being who pervades the more modern fiction offered to youth, the instructive uncle of the Peter Parley school, who takes William and James out for a walk, and is able to account for everything in nature up to the milk in cocoa-nut; who knows everything, and answers questions such as no William or James yet born ever put, and is diffuse in describing the ingenious structure of a bird's nest when any real William or James would very much rather be robbing it. What he is to young people—or would be if he were not as unreal a creation as ever came from romancer's brain—Stodgemore is to adult society. Conversation ceases to be conversation when he joins in it: it becomes a lecture. He has a strange love for the dry side of

every subject, and instead of helping to lubricate the wheels of social talk, as is the duty of a good citizen and companion, he is ingenious only in introducing grit. We have, all of us, I suppose, felt some curiosity as to that wonderful man who writes those articles in the papers commencing with "It is not generally known," and have rashly fancied, perhaps, that a person with such vast and varied stores of information must be a delightful companion; but a slight acquaintance with Stodgemore will speedily dispel any such curiosity or fancy. Information is a very good thing, and a knowledge of things not generally known is, with certain limitations, desirable; but there are few of us, I imagine, who wish to be always acquiring information and always imbibing knowledge. Most of us require intervals for digestion, certain periods of unbending, when we are content to leave facts and fallacies alone. This is what Stodgemore will not see. He believes that at all times and seasons it is your duty to learn and his to teach, and so, whether you are in a recipient mood or not, he is always at his post pumping into you. There is nothing you can say or do that he does not seize upon as an opportunity to be improved. If he catches you looking lovingly at the tint of your host's Marcobrunner, he is down upon you with a query as to whether you know the reason why colored glasses are used for hock, and on your giving some unscientific answer about its being the fashion, or color always being pleasant to the eye, he is in great spirits, and for the next half hour he drills it into you that there are certain rays in the solar spectrum which have the property of decomposing the pyroxylate of balderdash upon which the bouquet of all wines of the hock class depends. Perhaps you foolishly think to stop him by a joke, and in your frivolous way you institute some desperate comparison between a hock-glass and a hic-cup. You might as well think to stop Niagara with a bulrush. You merely afford him new matter, for he at once falls upon you and your wretched joke, and shows that the latter is no joke at all, but simply the offspring of your ignorance, the word being really hic-cough, which, in obedience to Grimm's law, has come to be pronounced as you give it. He is a perfect upas-tree, for all things of the nature of jokes, metaphors, playful exaggerations, or jocose similitudes. They cannot live within the range of his breath. Dreadful at all times, he is especially terrible when some exploration of Livingstone, or speculation of Darwin, or new theory about the Gulf-stream, or fresh discovery of kitchen-middens, is running its course as a table-talk topic. Under his didactic treatment you began to loathe Livingstone, and almost wish Darwin dead.

To be bored is bad enough. But to be bored and to be held bound to feel gratitude for being bored, is a burden too grievous to be borne with patience by any but a highly philosophical temperament, and this it is which intensifies the irritation produced by Stodgemore and his school. They always make it so obvious that they regard you in the light of a person deeply beholden to them. For the same reason, to some extent, I hate another person, the man who takes an interest in me. Of course to a properly constituted mind this would be no just cause for hatred. By the way, there are certain phrases which I hate as much as I do any human being, and this is one of them.—"A properly constituted mind" is one of those unmeaning, pompous phrases that have obtained a position beyond their merits because they have an imposing look, and come in well at the end of a sentence. Who ever met a person of a properly constituted mind? I have every possible respect for the present reader, but I am just as certain that he or she is not a person of a properly constituted mind as I am that he or she is not an Apollo Belvedere or a Venus de' Medici. There has never yet been a properly constituted mind, any more than there has been a living representative of the artist's ideal of corporeal beauty; and I have no doubt perfection in the one case would prove as disagreeable as it has been argued it would prove in the other. Be this as it may, not having a properly constituted mind, I hate the man who takes an interest in me, because, while I don't in the least want his interest, he shows me very plainly that he considers it lays me under an obligation. Theoretically, of

course, one ought to be obliged to people who take an interest in one. It is so kind and benevolent of them: besides, what earthly good can they get by it, if it isn't the mere pleasure springing from benevolence? But there are people who take an interest in you because taking an interest in people is their main occupation in life; who seem to have nothing else to do but to go about the world taking an interest in people; who take an interest in you as others take an interest in ferns or polyps; to whom you furnish a study and a pursuit. Now I submit it is rather hard to be expected to feel thankful for an interest of this sort. The man who takes an interest in you in this way, shows it in making himself acquainted with the minutest details concerning you, and you are painfully conscious in his company of being what I may call pigeonholed, of being methodically entered in his mental register as a person of such and such ways and habits, and such and such ideas. From time to time he takes stock of you, to use a commercial phrase, to see whether you have changed at all, and whether it may be necessary to make any alterations in the estimate he has made of you. He is quick in detecting any variation. "Why, how is this?" he says. "You say you like A, and yet you used to like B, you know." He seems rather aggrieved that you did not send him notice of the change, and, in fact, treats you very much as the Registrar-General treats the birth and death rate of the kingdom. Like that functionary he is, he conceives, necessary to your welfare; he firmly believes you could not get on without him. When he pays you a visit of inspection he does not call it a visit. He "looks in on you," as if he were a sort of sun, but for whose countenance your life must be an Arctic winter, devoid of light or warmth; and he has a happy knack of looking in on you at moments when your occupation is in some way specially calculated to afford him new material for a note about you. He finds you, let us say, conning the almanac of the year before last, which you have just taken up to see when the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race of that year came off, and at once pounces upon your employment as a characteristic eccentricity. Naturally you don't care to explain or apologize in such a case, least of all to him, and down you go forthwith as a person whose habitual oddity is reading old almanacs. While your life and his last he never forgets this circumstance, for his is usually one of those minds which, without a great capacity for a variety of ideas, are remarkable for the tenacity with which they hold any idea they have once taken in. From that time forth when you meet him his greeting is: "Been reading any old almanacs lately; eh?" or (should his interest in you take a less jocular and more earnest note) if he hears you confess to not having yet had leisure to do something, he gently reminds you of the discovery by remarking that "if you didn't waste your time reading old almanacs you would have plenty of leisure for for useful pursuits." It is this air of inquisitive superiority that makes him especially odious. He is always on the look-out for instances of deviation on your part from the line he has chalked out as the only one to be followed. He is always at you with questions of "Why do you do this?" "Why don't you do that?" He is, in short, one of those wearisome people of whom you ask only one favor—that they will leave you alone; which happens to be, of all others, just the favor they cannot bring themselves to grant you.

As I said at the beginning, a little honest self-examination will prove to the satisfaction of any one that he hates a great many more people than he at first supposed. The above are all specimens of definite hatreds, the causes of which are obvious, and which can be explained without invoking the aid of metaphysics. But besides these there is a class of hatreds which cannot be traced to any definite cause. Your dislike of Doctor Fell will sometimes ripen and deepen into the more positive form of antipathy; and in the latter stage, as in the former, the reason why you cannot tell. Or, if you can tell the reason, you cannot persuade yourself that it is a fair and a just reason. Let me give an example to wind up with. You hate—or, at least, if you don't, I do—the man who is everywhere. Arguing the matter with yourself dispassionately, you must admit there is nothing in ubiquity to justify the feeling of hatred, and

yet, unless you are a philosopher, it is next to impossible not to hate the man who, wherever you go, is there likewise; against whom you run at every turn; from whom you seem to have no escape; who is, in fact, as far as you are concerned, everywhere. It may be that the animosity is reciprocal, and that he, when *you* make your appearance, also mutters, "Confound that fellow, he's everywhere!" but this, of course, only strengthens the proposition that the feeling is natural, though no doubt irrational. But the most interesting problem is whether the man who is everywhere is absolutely so, or is merely linked by fate with you in particular; whether, when other people get, let us say, a special invitation card requesting the honor of your presence at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Stoke Pogis Athenæum they also invariably find the man who is everywhere in one of the best seats, on the best possible terms with the authorities, which is your unfailing experience of him; or is he simply a being whose walk in life is in some mysterious way connected with yours, so that where he goes you are constrained to go, and where you go, there destiny compels him to turn up? As far as the aggravation goes, it matters very little which hypothesis you adopt. Whether or not there are others who are similarly affected, it is sufficient for you that you cannot present yourself at fête or flower-show, private view or morning concert, without encountering the man who is everywhere. It is on the more private occasions that you especially resent his ubiquity. In some nook in the Bavarian highlands, perhaps, you have contracted that sort of acquaintance, which ripens so rapidly under the roof of a mountain inn, with a very pleasant man in knickerbockers, whose spécialité seems to be the political complications in Central Europe, but who, when the period for exchanging cards arrives, turns out to be Richard Tinto, R. A., an artist whose works have delighted you many a year. One result is a friendly note, when April comes round, asking you to look in at his studio to see his Academy pictures before the crush comes. You are flattered. It is clear that you have made an impression on Tinto, since he doesn't treat you as one of the common herd, but as a judicious connoisseur, and a person whose friendship is worth cultivating. You go, and the first thing you see is the man who is everywhere sitting critically in front of the "Awakening of Babarossa" and making a telescope of his hands. He calls Tinto "Dick." Or, say, while taking the waters at Vichy you become rather intimate with Lord Lumbago, who is also going through the course, and his lordship is kind enough to express a hope about meeting in town next season. Strange to say, you do meet, and not only that, but you go to dine at Lumbago House, not a little elated (if you will confess it to yourself) at being on such friendly terms with such a distinguished member of the peerage. But your conceit is soon checked. There, on the hearthrug, stands the man who is everywhere, flapping his handkerchief in an easy quite-at-home sort of fashion. "You know Ubique?" your host remarks, and Ubique "rather thinks you do," and the chances are that the general impression about you is that you are there as Ubique's friend. That he should be everywhere you go is bad enough, but that he should be everywhere a thousand times more at home than you are, this it is which makes him so odious. If you are a guest at one of the princely banquets of the worshipful company of pincushion-makers, not only is he a guest also, but he is intimate with the prime warden, and all the magnates, while you only know one common-councilman; and if you travel, not only does he contrive to be on board the same steamboat, but he knows the captain. If this is not a man to be hated, all I can say is, I know nothing about hatred when considered as a natural feeling.

It is related that as some friends of Campbell, the author of *Hohenlinden*, were leaving his room after a late supper, one had the misfortune to fall down a long flight of stairs. The poet, alarmed by the noise, opened the door, and inquired, "What's that?" "'Tis *I, sir*, rolling rapidly!" was the prompt reply of his fallen friend.

Belgravia Annual.

IN SIR RUPERT'S ROOM.

BY MARK HARDCASTLE, AUTHOR OF "THE ARRANDEL MOTTO," ETC.

I.

I FELT so young and inexperienced to enter on an engagement of trust and responsibility, such as I knew that of a governess to be, that when I drove to my first situation I saw nothing of the beauty which surrounded me. I went through the wide-spreading park, and saw nothing of the rich vast extent of green, of its silvery gleaming waters, of its giant spring-clad trees. I could only sit quite still in the corner of the long luxurious carriage, and clasp my hands, and cry in my heart that I would try with all my might to make my pupil love me, and to do well whatever I should have to do. And when Crayden Abbey came in sight at last, I looked upon its thick, red walls and heavy stacks of chimneys, thinking, in a vague and dreamy way, that it was a very grand old place; but still wondering above all, would my pupil love me? Could I do all that I ought to do?

In a long oak-wainscoted room, with four narrow, stone-mullioned windows down one side, I sat, after my solitary tea, waiting for the promised visit from my pupil. I had waited for a considerable time, when Lady Hurst brought her in to me.

And such a winsome child she was! Ah, little Dolly, 'tis twenty long, long years since you came in to me that night, and, leaving your mother's side, threw two little arms about my neck, and pressed two warm, red lips upon my own; but from that moment, I, who had been feeling so inexpressibly lonely in the big strange house until you came, took your little image into the inmost depths of my heart; and through those twenty years it has lain there undisturbed, loved and cherished always, with a more sacred, if a sadder love, dear, than could have been if you were now a happy and a beautiful young mother in your turn.

"This is Dolly, Miss May," said Lady Hurst, laying her white ringed hand with ineffable tenderness on the child's bright hair, which fell to her waist in rich, wide natural waves—"this is Dolly; and I would not let her come before, because I knew you would have no rest after her coming, and therefore your only chance was to take it before."

She left Dolly with me then, and went to dinner; but later, when the child was gone to bed, she came in again, and sat down before the fire, telling me all I should be expected to do in my new position, and speaking kind and encouraging words to me. We talked a long time of my little pupil; and the mother's voice, naturally rather chill and haughty, thrilled with unutterable pride and tenderness. And while I watched the firelight play upon her rich dress and gleaming jewels, I wondered many things about this mother's life, so wrapt and folded was it round her youngest child.

"Perhaps Dolly may be a little too much indulged among us all," she ended, smiling a contradiction of her words; "but I hope not; though being our only little girl, and several years younger than her brothers, and the only one always at home with us, she is perhaps more thought of. Besides which, she is such a little winning thing, and such a pet with us all. I fear that her father is really inclined to spoil her. His loving indulgence would be dangerous for another child; but I hope it will do Dolly no harm."

The voice was so very content, so very confident, that I could not help smiling too.

"My reason for wishing for so young a governess," resumed Lady Hurst, "was this: I want you sometimes kindly to join in the child's play, as there are few children near us of her age and position. I am sure that you will sometimes amuse as well as instruct your little pupil; and I hope we shall be able to make you happy in your new home."

Need I tell how gladly I promised to do so, or how grateful I felt that night, as I stood at one of my narrow deep-set windows, looking over the wide fair moonlit park, and thinking how kind had been

my reception, and how truly and dearly I could love my little pupil?

"I will take you over the house now, Miss May, if you would like," said Dolly, after breakfast next morning, in her quaint little half-shy, half-patronizing way. "Would you?"

I told her I should like it very much; and we went together, sometimes walking, sometimes running along the intricate, endless-seeming passages, and in and out of the high, richly furnished rooms; and Dolly told me what they were called, and who occupied them, and the history of many a rare and valuable curiosity. What a grand old house it was! I felt as if I should never be able to venture alone about it. I knew that if Dolly had not been with me then, I should have lost myself irrecoverably. Even when she only darted on before me into one of the rooms, or up one of the staircases, I felt so bewildered, that I hastened after her lest I should lose sight of my little guide.

"Shall we go on to the unused part, Miss May?" she asked, her light feet dancing at my side; "or shall you be frightened?"

"I don't think I shall be frightened in this very clear daylight, Dolly," I said, with great apparent deliberation. "Are there ghosts about then?"

"O, plenty of ghosts," she laughed softly, "plenty. But we'll go on, as you say so. We'll go into Sir Rupert's room, Miss May—shall we?"

"O yes," I said readily; "which is Sir Rupert's room?"

"I'll show you," rejoined Dolly, a little gravely; "we shall come to it presently."

We turned into a long arched corridor, lighted by small, high windows, round which the ivy grew so thick that, though it was carefully cut, its depth, shadowing the narrow windows, made the noonday light in there a rather heavy and oppressive gloom.

"There are no inhabited rooms down here," Dolly said; "and no one comes here except Sir Rupert's ghost, as the boys say. But, of course, we don't believe that sort of thing, do we?"

"Only as the boys' joke," I answered promptly, having a firm conviction that governesses ought not to allow their pupils to encourage a belief in ghosts.

"No; of course, there are no ghosts really," said Dolly, with a little bit of awe in her lustrous eyes. "Yet, do you know that none of the servants will pass the end of this corridor after dark?"

"Very silly of them," I put in conclusively.

"Yes, it is silly," replied Dolly, thoughtfully; "and yet, do you know, Miss May, I was frightened too, a good while ago?"

"Were you really?" I inquired, gazing with feigned astonishment into the beautiful little upturned face.

"Yes, I was indeed. I never liked to come anywhere near here except in broad daylight, and with somebody. But Hugh and Harry laughed at me, so I left it off. But I can never leave off believing one thing. Sometimes, Miss May, I've heard noises in Sir Rupert's room; and though the boys laugh more than ever at that, and say it is my fancy, I know it isn't. I couldn't fancy odd noises such as I never heard before, could I, Miss May?"

"You might change natural and innocent sounds, by your fancy, into mysterious ones, dear," I said, dropping the subject. "Is this Sir Rupert's room, then?"

"Yes."

We were entering a large, very dimly-lighted chamber, with a high, dark wainscot, from the rich carving of which hung heavy cobwebs, stretching from group to group of fruit and leaves and flowers; while the delicate moulding between was lost and buried in the undisturbed dust of many years. A grand old oaken bed stood opposite us; but the hangings were moth eaten and colorless, like the soft dust-laden carpet, over which the child stepped lightly and unwillingly, holding my hand all the time, and pulling me on when I wanted to stop and look at the curious and beautiful workmanship around me.

"Come," she whispered; "don't stand just here among the stains."

"Let us sit down, then, I said, "in this deep window-seat, and you will tell me why this is called Sir Rupert's room."

"This is the worst place of all to sit in. But never mind, if you like it," said Dolly, with an odd little attempt at fearlessness. "Are we to sit on this great cushion? The moths are eating it quickly, aren't they? O, I haven't been in here

before for such a time; and—and I think we won't mind going into the inner room to-day, will we?"

"I think we have seen quite enough for one day," I answered, seeing she was anxious for that reply. "Which is the inner room? Is that great door the entrance to it?"

"Yes. In there is a kind of dark closet, and when you are inside you can pull a handle, and the wainscot on this side slides over the door and hides it entirely. But papa says the machinery is all rusty now, and will not move. That's the key of the door hanging up beside it; but papa goes in sometimes, so that isn't rusty. I don't think there's anything inside except all the big old pictures out of this room piled against the wall there."

"I see, dear; and who was Sir Rupert?"

"O, I'll tell you all the story if you like," said Dolly, in a low, serious voice, as she nestled beside me on the deep window-seat in the gloomy room. "This house, you know, Miss May, was quite old in those times when King Charles was fighting against his people, and his people fighting against him; and my great-great-great-grandfather was one of those people who"—here the little lips grew rather tight and stern—"went against his king. He ought not to have been living in this house really, because Sir Rupert was the oldest brother; but Sir Rupert hadn't any wife or children, and didn't care to live anywhere particularly, but liked to go about with the king and the soldiers—of course he fought on the right side—so he sold this Abbey to his brother, who had it full of servants and people that were all Puritans. Then there was that terrible battle, you know, when King Charles was beaten, and all the cavaliers had to hide away wherever they could. And late that night my great-great-great-grandfather opened the window, and let poor Sir Rupert creep into the house to find a shelter. They were on different sides, you see, about Oliver Cromwell and King Charles, but of course they loved each other because they were brothers—though papa says all brothers didn't love each other in those days—and Mr. Hurst brought Sir Rupert up here, and brought him nice things to eat and drink, and never told any one. He locked that outer door upon him, and felt he was quite safe here; but if he heard any alarm, he was to keep in the little room, and slide back the panel. Of course poor Sir Rupert felt himself safe in his brother's house, and used to come out of his closet a good deal, and walk about here. But one evening, just as he was coming out to breathe a little fresh air, he saw a man, a horrible Puritan servant with short hair, jump in softly from the window-sill, and stand there, and tell him Cromwell's soldiers were behind. Sir Rupert knew that the man who had betrayed him was one of his brother's servants; he knew his brother couldn't fight against his own side, even for him; and he knew that he couldn't kill a whole troop. So he—he just raised his pistol, Miss May, and shot the man dead on—on that very spot at our feet where the stain is; for he had never ventured to go farther in, after he had seen Sir Rupert's figure in the doorway. Do you know that these rooms are so far away from the cheerful part of the house, and the walls are so thick, that nobody heard the shot, and Sir Rupert was standing quite still there, and the dead man was lying quite still here, when Mr. Hurst came in on one of his visits. They had not said one word to each other; but one brother was holding out his hand sorrowfully, and the other was holding his forgivingly—and both were very, very sad—when a crowd of soldiers followed their guide through this window. O, Miss May, musn't it have been a dreadful, dreadful sight, especially to Mr. Hurst, who knew he couldn't prevent them taking his brother? But they did *not* take him, Miss May, after all. There was a terrible fight here—here on this very floor—and they left Sir Rupert dead in the doorway, just where he had been all the time. Certainly it was his own fault that he was killed, as he wouldn't let them take him alive, and he had fired the first shot, too: but it was a shameful thing for so many to fight against one. Before he died he had killed two of them, Miss May—two more besides his brother's servant. Now you know why the carpet is so stained. O, isn't it a terrible story? And it is that very fight that I can sometimes hear—scuffling and struggling—and, O, all so distinct. Let us go; shall we?"

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I saw that the child had wrought herself into a painful state of excitement in telling the story; and so, while I soothed and quieted her, we left the room.

II.

THE months passed so smoothly, pleasantly, and uneventfully in my new home, that Christmas seemed to come upon me almost unawares. I was very happy, in spite of that lonely-heartedness, which is always, I think, inseparable from a governess's life; and I loved my little pupil so dearly, that, even if I had had a happy home to go to for that happy time, I could hardly have borne to leave her. Hugh and Harry were at the Abbey now for their Christmas vacation, and they and Dolly and I had grown to be very firm and merry friends together. They were bold, daring boys, pleasant and good-natured; but I never wondered that the gentle, brilliant, beautiful child, my little one, should be the idol of the house. Day by day she seemed to grow deeper and deeper into all our hearts—if she possibly could grow deeper into her mother's than she must have been from her birth. I used to notice, even with a trembling fear, how that mother's calm face would brighten with a wonderful warm light at only the distant sound of the light step or gleeful voice, and how Sir Hugh's rapid, impetuous tones would soften tenderly, and his quick eyes fill with a deep and quiet love, at touch of the tiny caressing fingers.

Great days there were at Crayden Abbey through that Christmas time, and at all the other great houses within reach of us, where there were children to come home and to be entertained. And at all these parties I was proud and glad to see how my little one, in her radiant childish beauty, reigned a fairy queen among other children. What her mother felt, seeing this, I could often guess—guess sometimes with a pang of bitter pain.

Of course there were many nights that winter-time when Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst went out alone, and the boys and Dolly and I had the big old house to ourselves. A merry, noisy, echoing place we made of it then, you may be sure.

On this night that I am going to tell of, Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst were to dine at a distance—so far off that they started quite early in the afternoon. Dolly stood in the hall, talking to her father and me, while we waited for Lady Hurst to come down stairs.

"Take care of your little sister, my lads," said Sir Hugh, as the boys dashed in and pulled up suddenly, for they still stood in a little wholesome awe of their father; "and take care of Miss May too; and enjoy yourselves as much as you can; and don't expect us till you see us, for our coming home appears to me extremely uncertain. Here's mamma; another kiss, my beauty."

This was to Dolly, who sprang into his arms, and laid her little bright head upon his shoulder.

"Good-bye, papa; I'll take care of them all."

This was one of Dolly's favorite jokes, and we always laughed at it, just as if we had never heard it before.

"That's right, dear. Now I shall know they are all safe," said Sir Hugh, his eyes full of a smile that was good to see, as he felt the warm little cheek against his own! "Good-bye my treasure! good-bye, my best little treasure!"

Lady Hurst sailed down the broad oak stairs, holding up her white velvet skirt in one hand, and a rare and brilliant bouquet in the other. Dolly had taken her fur cloak from the maid, and now came forward with it. But when she held it up, daintily and demurely, her mother dropped the frail flowers and the rich, white dress, and kneeling down upon it on the marble pavement, to bring her face on a level with the child's, clasped her closely to her.

"Dolly darling, the little arms are too short yet; put them round mother's neck instead."

As she knelt so, the child fast in her embrace, the flowers crushed and unheeded at her feet, the father looking down upon them both with a curious, glad pride and tenderness, a strange incomprehensible fear stole over me, a fear of their leaving me alone with the care of their darling, and for a minute the responsibility seemed greater than I could bear. Only for that minute did I feel it, though. When we all stood together to watch the carriage out of sight, we were the gayest little party possible.

"Miss May, will you consent to hide-and-seek?" asked Hugh, beginning at once to follow his father's advice, and enjoy himself.

"Yes, willingly; if Dolly and Harry like it."

"O, yes, we like it!" they both cried at once; and I said we would begin at once, as it would not be light very long, and then we could play firelight games in the school-room.

They answered delightfully, and we raced each other along the passages, while the echo of our rapid footsteps and our laughter went before.

It was a grand house for hide-and-seek; and I enjoyed the game as thoroughly as the children did.

"Just one more find, just one more, please, Miss May," pleaded Dolly, when I, feeling the short winter afternoon was drawing in, proposed to change the game. "I have a plan, and I want just one more hide, please," she went on, her little feet dancing, as they always did when she was in earnest and excited. "I have a plan; just one more hide, please. Hugh, it's your turn to seek."

She watched Hugh out of sight with impatient eyes, then she whispered her plan:

"Miss May, you and I will hide in Sir Rupert's room. Hugh will never, never guess it; because—because he knows I'm a little bit frightened of being there—at least that I used to be. So he will never look there, and never find us—never, and our side will win. Would you mind, though?"

I mind, if she did not.

"Then come now, quick. Harry will lock us in, won't you, Harry; and hang the key up again where it is now; then hide yourself so newhere, as far away as possible. O, what a good thought it is! Hugh *never* will guess."

The light feet ran down the gloomy, darkening corridor, I following closely, for Dolly had fast hold of my dress all the time. We went gaily together into the great high room, walking heedlessly over those faded stains on the colorless carpet. When Harry took down the key, and I saw how large and massive it was, an odd little shudder crept over me; but before I could speak, he had opened the door, and Dolly, half curiously, half timidly, stepped in, still holding me so, that I could not but follow immediately. Harry hung the key upon its hook again, and then ran off.

Dolly still held me in the darkness, and I was very glad. I felt almost afraid of her passing from my touch, as well as from my sight. Presently we grew accustomed to the blackness; and Dolly even whispered, laughing softly, that it would be greater fun still, if we could slide the panel back, so that neither Hugh nor Harry could find us. For my own part, I felt relieved that we could not; and I said I fancied Hugh would hardly be able to find us as it was.

"I don't really think he will," cried Dolly, in her gleeful voice. "I don't seem a bit afraid now, do you?"

"No; but I want to feel what the place is like. Let me go a moment, pet."

But when I moved my hand along the walls, I felt nothing but dust and cobwebs, until it came against the pile of old pictures propped there. Dolly's groping fingers had just seized mine again, when we could hear the noisy opening of the door at the other end of the long outer room, and we guessed rightly that Harry was found, and that Hugh had a good idea of our hiding-place.

"Stop, stop a moment!" exclaimed Dolly, in an excited whisper; "I'll go behind the big pictures. I won't mind the dirt."

Before I had time to stop her or help her, she was, I suppose, safely hidden under the boards and canvas, for her voice had a half-muffled sound when she told me she was "all right now."

At that instant I heard the key put into the lock, and through the open doorway came a little light at last.

"Miss May, I declare!" shouted Hugh, pulling me triumphantly from the narrow room. "Now, where's Dolly? Not far off, I'll be bound."

He was just going back to seek Dolly, when Harry, guessing her stratagem, and pleased to delay his brother's triumph, pulled him back, turned the key upon his sister, and, with it in his hand, ran off, shouting that our side was not beaten yet.

This of course assured Hugh that Dolly was hidden in the closet; and he turned and followed, crying that this was unfair,

as it certainly was. But Harry had had a good start, and was the better runner, too.

"Dolly, my darling," I cried, wishing with all my heart that I was locked into the darkness with her, "come close to the door and talk to me. You will not mind being by yourself a very little time. Hugh is gone for the key; he will be back in a few minutes."

I heard a movement of the boards, and I waited.

"Come close to me; with only the door between us, Dolly."

"I cannot," answered a distant, muffled voice; "the things have slipped, and I cannot get out now till you come and move them. I don't mind, Miss May, dear. I'm not afraid—don't you mind."

I ran to the other door, and called and listened, but I heard no sign of the boys' return.

"Do you hear them coming now?" questioned Dolly's distant voice, when I had regained my old position.

"Not yet, dear; but they must come in a few minutes."

And again I ran and shouted; but the dismal corridor only echoed my own frightened tones, and gave me back no answer.

"Dolly dear," I cried again, through the key-hole, only wanting to hear her speak, "Dolly, I am here."

Then the little weak voice answered me:

"Miss May, dear, I feel so strange, just as if I couldn't breathe. And I hear odd sounds—do you?"

"No, darling, nothing. Perhaps you hear the boys."

"N–no. Will they come soon?"

"I think so, pet; I am going to hasten them now. I shall only be a minute or two away."

"Don't go yet," the child pleaded; "wait a little minute. Hugh is sure to come. It is *so* dark."

Then I put my mouth to the key-hole, and spoke to my little one again.

"Do you hear me, darling?"

"Yes."

"Then, Dolly dear, if I sing your favorite hymn, will you sing it with me? We shall be more companions so; and it would do us good and cheer us."

She began the hymn at once, without waiting to answer me; and I joined her, singing as loudly as I could, glad that my plan had succeeded so well. But presently I missed the little smothered voice, and I stopped, calling out to ask her why it was.

"I can't, Miss May"—the answer seemed more faint and distant now, though my ear was at the key-hole; "I feel as if I could do nothing. Don't go."

"I must, my darling," I cried in untold fear; "I must go for Harry."

I fled along the passages, calling at every step, stopping at every door and window, with the same cry, "Hugh! Harry! boys!"

At last, through one of the staircase windows, I saw them, and I darted from the house and followed. I was just in sight of them, when I saw Hugh seize Harry, who laughingly held the key up at arms' length, out of his brother's reach. As Hugh sprang to grasp it, Harry flung it from him heedlessly—flung it, in one moment, over the stone wall of the kitchen-garden; but none but myself could see that it fell into the old, deep, unused well. I saw the key drop, though I did not hear it; and I looked for one helpless moment down the shaft, while Harry's cry was half laughter, and Hugh's angry exclamation pierced me where I stood. Then I ran wildly back to the house, seeing nothing and hearing nothing by the way. I sped in through one of the servants' entrances, shouting, as I ran, to tell them to send men to Sir Rupert's room with tools to break the door. I knew they heard and understood me, though I never stopped to say it; and I fled on breathlessly up the stairs and along the corridor, crying now, in my passionate, eager fear, that I was coming to rescue my darling. But this I knew I cried below my breath, in the deathlike, muffled fear, which was clinging round my heart.

"Here I am, my pet," I whispered, bending to the key-hole; "you shall be let out in a moment now."

But no answer came from my imprisoned child.

"Speak to me, Dolly dear," I cried, my voice shrill and tremulous; "just one word."

And I listened with beating heart for

the distant voice. But no answer, not even a faint, faint word, came back to me.

"I am so lonely here without you, pet."

No answer still.

Then I beat at the door wildly, crying—literally shrieking—for help. I heard footsteps hurrying up the distant stairs, and I called to the servants to make haste, breaking off in that cry to plead again with my little one for just one word.

"Dolly! darling! Dolly! Dolly, answer me one word, my dearest."

The steps came on through the passage and into the room, and a crowd of curious or troubled faces gathered round me. Some one took my hands from the door, and I started back, uttering brokenly my thanks and gratitude.

One heavy blow upon the door broke it a little, but did not open it. My glad, exultant cry pierced the thick panels.

"*Now* we are coming, Dolly dear, *now* we are coming;" and while they tried a second time in vain, I wrung my hands, still crying with all my useless strength, "Now, darling! *now* you are to come to me."

The door burst open; then I felt suddenly blinded and bewildered by looking into the darkness beyond, and I crept back a little way. The men clustered into the narrow closet. Hugh and Harry, foremost of them all, were groping in the dark as they called their little sister's name.

With a new and sudden strength I pushed the crowding forms aside, took the heavy pictures easily in my shaking hands, and moved them away as if they had been of feather's weight. Then, even in the deep gloom, I could see her—I often see her so, even now, in my troubled dreams.

With the little white figure in my arms, the long, bright hair hanging against me—one tangled, clotted mass touching my hand with a touch that wrung my heart with a sharp and shuddering agony—I came out from the darkness.

I think they all drew back from me as I bore her through them; but the crowd of horror-stricken faces followed me afar off, as I tottered from that gloomy room with my darling.

My darling! Ah, it was too hard just yet to think that this little, bleeding form, in its soiled and stained white dress, was not my little one, but that she lived already another life than ours, far, far away from us all, in a white robe that never should be stained nor spotted more.

I laid her on her own little bed in the softened lamplight; I washed the little, white shoulder that had been so cruelly bitten; I washed and brushed the soft, rippling hair; and then I sat beside her, and my eyes were aching, aching, as they were fixed upon the little, white, still face.

I know not who came or went; I know not if any one stayed with me. I know not how many hours I sat so; but at last, late—very late—in the winter night, whose chill I could not feel, I knew that the door had opened for the mother to come in. I heard each footstep, as if it fell upon my own heart, while she came up to the side of the little bed opposite me.

I slowly lifted my heavy eyes, in which all life and light seemed to have died forever, from my little one's face to the one that bent above it—a face I could hardly have recognized. My lips moved; I was trying to tell the mother how I had killed her child; but no sound came. I fancied I was speaking fast and loud, but though the words were framed by my tight, stiff lips, no sound followed. Looking across the bed, the mother strangely, coldly signed to some one to take me away. They raised me, and led me toward the door, while the figures all melted slowly and mistily from around me, leaving nothing distinct but that wild, cold look with which I had been sent from my darling's side. My feet tottered, my head swam. I suppose I drew back as they forced me on; I suppose I would not let them take me away. I know I fancied I was dying too, and wanted to die there beside the child whom I had killed; but at that instant Sir Hugh, his face fierce and cruel in its anguish, shut the door with his own hand against me. Then, through the closed door, there followed me one thrilling, agonized cry—a cry like which I have never have heard cry since, like which I hope I may die before I hear a cry again; and then all the dreary world was blotted from me in a sudden, heavy, lasting darkness.

Many and many a winter day I spent in my own room, apart from all sound in the great, silent Abbey, too ill and weak to move, after the terrible blindness had left me. Sometimes a pitying face would look in upon me, sometimes a pitying word be said, but never a loving one, never a tender one. I did not wonder that only the servants came to see me. I knew how hard it would be for any one who had loved Dolly to bear to look upon my face. So, one early, early morning, as soon as I was able to walk, I crept away to my darling's grave, and from there, when the sun had risen, I crept farther out into the wide, cold world, which seemed to me just then only a vaster, lonelier grave than the one on which my burning, fevered cheek had rested.

I did not know, until long afterward, that I had been alone at Crayden Abbey, with the servants through all those weeks; that Lady Hurst and Sir Hugh had left it after the funeral; for the mother's heart was broken, and they feared her life or reason going, if she stayed in the memory-haunted place. That is twenty years ago, as I said; and Sir Hugh and Lady Hurst have never returned to England. Mr. Hugh and his wife and children live at the old place now; but the long, gloomy passage has been built up, and there is no entrance now to Sir Rupert's room. Sir Hugh's grandchildren have not even heard of its existence, nor do they ever hear the "scuffling, struggling sounds," which must have frightened my darling to death in that rat-haunted darkness, even before the savage bite was given—the sounds that she used to say she heard in that past time, when she fancied Sir Rupert's ghost fought still at times with his betrayer.

Twenty years! and I have never told this tale before. I do it simply now, without preface or appendix. It matters not where I lived before those few months which I have told of, and which seem to hold my entire life; it matters not where I have lived since. The name I have given here is not my own; yet is my little story true—most sadly, pitifully true.

Cassell's Magazine.

GLOBE-LIGHTNING.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S., AUTHOR OF "OTHER WORLDS," "THE SUN," ETC.

EVERY one is familiar with the appearance of "sheet-lightning," and there are few who have not seen "zig-zag" or "forked" lightning, shining like a line or furrow—vivid, narrow, sharply defined, and abruptly indented—athwart the dark bosom of the storm-cloud. But there is a third form of lightning, very different from either of the others as respects appearance and duration, and much less commonly seen. The lightnings of this class assume a globular figure, and move from the earth to the clouds with sufficient slowness to enable the eye to watch their progress and take cognizance of their figure.

These globe-lightnings present many remarkable phenomena, and meteorologists are still unable to account for their production, motion, or effects in a satisfactory manner. We shall cite a few well-authenticated instances of globular lightnings, and of the destructive effects produced by their explosion.

In the spring of 1718, there occurred a very remarkable thunderstorm in Brittany, and the Academy of Paris deputed M. Deslandes to collect accounts of all the circumstances observed during the progress of the storm. A church near Brest had been entirely destroyed, and several witnesses declared that the catastrophe had been caused by three fiery globes, each of which was three or four feet in diameter. These united and then traveled rapidly toward the church, which was destroyed by their explosion.

In 1720, during a violent thunderstorm near Horn, a fire-ball was seen to fall and, *rebounding from the earth*, to strike the dome of a tower and set it on fire.

On the 3d of July, 1725, the Rev. Joseph Wasse, of Aynho, near Northampton, saw a fire-ball almost as large (in ap-

pearance) as the moon, and heard the hissing sound of its flight through the air. During the same storm a tradesman saw a fire-ball as large as a man's head, burst into four pieces over the church.

In all these cases the globes were seen to strike objects, exploding as they did so. Sometimes, however, the globes disappear silently. In the Isle of France, in 1770, there occurred a thunderstorm in which, "instead of the lightnings being of the ordinary form," says Le Gentil, "they consisted of very large globes of fire, which appeared suddenly, and disappeared in the same manner, without any explosion."

In a violent thunder-storm which occurred near Wakefield in 1774, Mr. Nicholson, a well-known and trusted observer, saw *meteors* resembling shooting stars, but descending continually from a cloud high up in the air to another at a lower elevation.

In September, 1780, Mr. Adair, of Eastbourne, in Sussex, was thrown to the ground by ordinary lightning, which at the same stroke killed two of his servants. Just before, he had seen several balls of fire fall from a large black cloud into the sea.

These globular lightnings are not unfrequently met with in thunderstorms which occur at sea.

On the 14th of February, 1809, the line-of-battle ship *Warren Hastings*, which had been launched but a few days before, was struck no less than three times in quick succession by lightning, which approached the masts in the form of a ball of fire.

On the 13th of July, 1798, the East India Company's ship, the *Good Hope*, was struck by lightning of a globular form, which exploded violently, killing one sailor and wounding others.

Again, on the 4th of November, 1749, as the English ship *Montague* was sailing past Cape Finisterre, the weather being serene and calm, a ball of bluish flame about as large as a mill-stone was seen rolling on the surface of the sea, and advancing rapidly toward the ship. When not very far off, the ball rose almost perpendicularly, and exploded about forty or fifty yards from the main chains. The maintopmast was shattered to fragments, and the mainmast rent down to the very keel. Five sailors were stunned, and one of them severely hurt. The noise of the explosion is described as "equal to that of several hundred cannons fired at once." We might feel doubtful as to the nature of this phenomenon, were it not that there appears to be good evidence of its electrical character. We read that the whole ship was filled with a sulphurous smell (a well-known concomitant of lightning strokes); and further, that "some of the spikes which nailed the 'fish' of the mainmast were drawn so violently from the mast that they sunk fast into the main deck, and the carpenter was obliged to use an iron crow to get them out."

It may be remarked here in passing, that the well-known appearances called the "Fires of St. Elmo" are quite distinct in character from globular lightning. They have not in a single instance, so far as we know, caused any injury whatever, and in fact they are hailed by seamen with joys, as tokens that the dangers of a tempest are certainly past. The singular notion prevails that St. Elmo's fires are tangible objects, and Arago quotes an amusing account from the "Mémoires de Forbin," in which this strange view is presented in all its *naive* simplicity. It was in 1696, and the ship approaching the Balearic Isles, when "during the night," says Forbin, "the weather became suddenly dark, accompanied with dreadful thunder and lightning. Fearing the violence of an impending tempestuous wind, I had all the sails furled. We saw about the ship more than thirty fires of St. Elmo. One in particular, at the mainmast-head, was more than a foot and a half high. *I sent a sailor up to fetch it down.* When the man was aloft he called out that the flame made a noise like gunpowder fired after it has been wetted. I bade him take off the vane and come down; but he had hardly detached it from its place when the flame left it, and placed itself on the end of the mast, from whence it could not be got off. It stayed there for some time, until it had gradually burnt out."

But while it is abundantly evident that the fires of St. Elmo are distinct in their character from globe-lightnings, there are other phenomena respecting which it is less easy to decide. Globes have been

seen, apparently of fire, hundreds of feet in diameter, and traveling with tremendous velocity in the upper regions of the air. Sir John Herschel is of opinion that this class of meteors cannot be associated with aerolites and meteoroids which occasionally traverse the air. These, it is well known, are cosmical bodies, penetrating into our atmosphere from outer regions of space, and either reaching the earth's surface in the form of fragments resulting from explosion, or in a more dispersed state resulting from dissipation in the upper regions of air. But, in Herschel's opinion, we cannot consider that the large fire-globes are solid, since they are of fluctuating and continually varying form. Nor are their paths such as we could assign to true meteors. The great one which appeared on August 18th, 1783, was a remarkable example. It traversed the whole of Europe from the North Sea to Rome, at a height of about fifty miles above the ground, and at a rate from twenty to forty miles per second. Its diameter could not have been less than four thousand feet. It was evidently a body of small density, "*having made a sudden flexure in its course at a certain point of its progress.*" Sir John obviously views these globes as of electrical origin, since he points out their tendency to travel in the direction of the magnetic meridian, as that of 1783 certainly did. In fact, in a later edition of the work in which he first discussed these objects, he remarks that "the most plausible theory of their origin is that which assimilates them (as well as the slow-moving globes of fire mariners are in the habit of talking about, as seen to approach and sometimes strike their ships in violent thunderstorms) to the glow-discharge of a very enormous electric reservoir of low tension, venting itself through an imperfect conductor."

With all deference to the opinion of the distinguished philosopher whose loss science has had so lately to deplore, we prefer, for reasons which we shall briefly state, to look upon the fire-globes that travel high in air—bolides, as they are termed—as true members of the family of aerolites. Their velocity, in the first place, falls within the limits in which aerolites are observed to travel. Secondly, the bolide of 1783 traversed a distance corresponding to that due to a body grazing our atmosphere at a mean height of about fifty miles. The flexure in the bolide's path seems a difficulty, but such a phenomenon is by no means uncommon with meteors, and would occur to a body of extremely small density (through intense heat) suddenly encountering a stratum of air somewhat denser than that through which it had before been travelling. On the whole, we see little in the phenomena presented, either by the bolide of 1783, or by others whose appearance has been recorded, to remove these objects from the class of aerolites. We believe that Sir John Herschel would have viewed them as such had he known, when he wrote the above passage, what has since been demonstrated by Adams and Leverrier, namely, that some meteors travel in very eccentric paths (so that the great velocity of bolides is explicable)—one well-known family coming from distances far beyond the orbits even of the distant planets Saturn and Uranus.

We return, therefore, to our electric fire-balls, recognizing them as objects which, so far as our present knowledge extends, belong to the immediate neighborhood of the earth.

All the destructive effects produced by an ordinary lightning-stroke, seem within the power of these globe-lightnings. In September, 1823, M. Cusarens saw a globular thunderbolt strike a tree, with effects not differing in the slightest degree, so far as could be perceived, from those which would have followed an ordinary stroke of forked lightning. Even the peculiar odor usually accompanying an ordinary explosion was observed on this occasion.

The places, also, which are dangerous when an ordinary thunderstorm is in progress, are those chiefly visited by globe-lightnings. In Kaemtz's Meteorology, there is an interesting extract from Buchwalder's account of the trigonometrical survey of Switzerland. This gentleman, a Swiss engineer, had established a signal connected with the survey on the top of the Senlis, in the canton of Appenzell, about two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level. A heavy thunder-storm drove him and his assistant to seek the shelter of their tent. "The assistant," says Buchwalder,

"could not free himself from a sense of danger. I removed his fears by relating to him that, when MM. Biot and Arago were making their geodesical experiments in Spain, the lightning had fallen on their tent, yet had only fallen on the roof without touching them. At this moment a globe of fire appeared at the feet of my companion, and I felt my right leg struck with a violent commotion, which was an electric shock. He uttered a doleful cry, 'Ah! mon Dieu!' I turned round to him. I saw on his face the effect of the lightning-stroke. The left side of his face was covered with brown or reddish spots. His hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were frizzled and burned; his lips and nostrils were of a brownish violet; his chest seemed still to heave at intervals, but soon the sound of respiration ceased." After vain attempts to restore animation, Buchwalder was compelled by bodily pain to consider his own injury. "My left leg was paralyzed; I felt a shuddering, extraordinary movement. I felt, besides, a general trembling, and oppression, and disordered beatings of the heart." He presently recovered, however, and gained with some difficulty a neighboring village. The instruments had all been destroyed by the lightning.

Hitherto we have followed well-authenticated records. If we admit other accounts, the phenomena we meet with are found to savor of the marvelous. Madame d'Espert, for instance, sent a letter to Arago, wherein she gave an account of a thunderstorm which took place in June, 1849, and during the course of which she saw a globe resembling a large balloon, descending slowly and perpendicularly from the sky. While she was seeking to guess what it could be, she saw the lower part of the globe flame out like paper, burning gently with sparks and small flames. When an opening had been formed about as large as a plate, the globe burst, and sent forth forked lightnings. "Paris," Madame d'Espert adds, "resounded with this terrible thunder-stroke; but perhaps I am the only person who happened actually to see the display of the phenomenon." It may be ungallant to doubt the accuracy of Madame d'Espert's narrative, but it is necessary to point out that, if we accept the narrative as true in all particulars, the globe-lightning exhibited in this case appearances quite different from those which have been usually observed.

But perhaps the most marvelous story ever recorded of globular lightnings, is that gathered by M. Babinet from a workman in Paris, whose dwelling had been struck by lightning. M. Babinet was deputed by the Academy of Sciences to investigate and authenticate this case of globular lightning. So far as those phenomena were concerned which were witnessed by *more than one observer*, there was nothing particularly noteworthy. A globe of fire had been seen near the chimney of the house, had burst, and thrown the fragments of the chimney upon the roofs of smaller buildings. But the workman, a tailor, who lived in the upper story of the house, had a very circumstantial account to give M. Babinet of the course followed by the globe; and as M. Babinet (a well-known scientific man) communicated the account in full to the Academy of Sciences, we presume that he accepted it as trustworthy:

The tailor was seated by a table, finishing his meal, when the chimney-board fell down as if a slight wind had blown it over. Looking up, he saw a globe of fire about the size of a child's head come quietly from the chimney and disport itself about the room, at a small height above the tiles of his floor. He describes it as resembling a kitten rolled up in a ball and playing about without showing its paws. It appeared bright and shining, but he could feel no heat from it. It came near his feet "like a young cat that wishes to play and rub itself against its master's legs." But the tailor was not willing to suffer this—a fortunate circumstance, perhaps, if we consider the effects produced when the globe eventually burst. He moved his feet aside, and by various movements, all performed very gently, he avoided the dangerous object. It would seem that it played some time around the tailor, who continued seated, bending down to look at it and examining it attentively. At last it rose vertically to the height of his head, so that he had to throw himself back in his chair to avoid contact with it. Rising then to a height of a few feet from the mantel-shelf, it directed its path toward a hole pierced

in the chimney. This hole had been made to admit a stove-pipe used by the workman in winter, and was covered by a paper which had been pasted over it; so that, to use the tailor's expression, "the thunder could not see the hole." However, the fire-ball went straight to the opening, unpasted the paper, and passed into the chimney. Then, when it had time to reach the top of the chimney, he heard a dreadful explosion, and the fragments of the chimney falling upon the house.

But although we have no evidence which would lead us to look on the above account as wholly trustworthy—that is, no evidence showing that globes of fire once seen within a building could pass out through a partially obstructed passage without exploding—there are many well-authenticated instances of thunderbolts which have presented the globe-form within the interior of buildings.

In October, 1711, a large globe of fire fell during a thunderstorm, in the midst of several persons who were standing in the church-porch of Samford Courtney, in Devonshire. At the same instant four smaller globes exploded within the church, filling it with flame and smoke.

It is well known that during the volcanic eruptions lightning is a phenomenon very frequently, perhaps always, observed. And it would seem that the luminous globes are somewhat more common, proportionately, in volcanic eruptions than in ordinary lightning storms. Sir William Hamilton and other observers saw many such globes issue from the heavy cloud of ashes which overhung Vesuvius, in the eruptions of 1779 and 1794. The fire-balls were very large and burst in the air.

The electrician can reproduce all the phenomena presented by lightning, except those exhibited by globe-lightning. We have seen, in Sir John Herschel's explanation of the bolides, an attempt to show that globe-lightnings are *similar* to a phenomenon which is produced under certain circumstances. But the resemblance is not very close, nor are we aware of any experiment in which anything really resembling globe-lightning is exhibited. But it is not *quite* certain that globe-lightnings have not been artificially called down from the sky, though the evidence we have is not satisfactory.

On the 6th of August, 1753, the physicist Richmann was arranging the apparatus by which he tested the electricity of clouds passing above his house. Suddenly a tongue of blue flame was seen by an engraver, Solykoff, who stood by Richmann's side, to detach itself from the extremity of a chain which formed part of the instrument. The flame darted straight at the professor's face, and he fell dead on the spot. Solykoff was struck down, but revived after being insensible for a few minutes. Now, Solykoff declares that the flame had a globular form. The difficulty is to decide whether an observation thus made, on a rapidly moving flame, which struck down the observer himself and killed his friend, is likely to be wholly trustworthy.

The observation is, however, interesting, to say the least, and it may be worth while to consider briefly what the instrument was by which the mischief was effected. A bottle was fixed in the roof of Richmann's house. Through the bottom of the bottle an iron rod passed to a height of five feet above the roof, and downward into the room immediately under the roof. To the lower end of the rod a chain was attached, which was carried down through suitable insulators to the physicist's study. Here the chain hung down from the middle of the ceiling. The arrangement was meant to produce a concentration of the electric matter in the chain. Richmann, in experimenting, drew *sparks* from the chain, these sparks resembling zigzag lightning, as is always the case with sparks drawn from any considerable distance. It appears that the physicist's death was caused thus: The fulminating matter had been drawn, not suddenly, but by little and little, from clouds above the roof. Through want of attention this process had been allowed to continue until the quantity of electricity drawn from the clouds sufficed to project a flash to Richmann, who was standing a foot from the chain.

There is one point in the evidence of Solykoff which is worth noticing. He was himself struck down by the lightning. Now Arago states that persons who are struck by lightning of the ordinary kind *never see the flash.* A man who was re-

pairing Salisbury Cathedral in June, 1829, was struck senseless by lightning When he recovered he asserted that he had not seen the flash. Again, the Rev. Anthony Williams, rector of St. Kevern, Cornwall, was struck by a thunderbolt (which damaged his church). On his recovery he declared that "he had neither seen lightning nor heard thunder." And many similar instances might be cited. The fact, therefore, that Solykoff saw the flash at all goes far to corroborate his account; since persons struck by globe-lightnings have on recovery been able to describe the appearance and movements of the fire-ball.

We seem, therefore, to have evidence that globe-lightnings result when, in some way or other, the electric fluid has become very much concentrated, and there is no path along which it can escape freely. But the whole subject of globe-lightnings still remains one of the mysteries of science. In the words of the distinguished physicist, Arago, who did so much to extend, and at the same time to simplify, our views of electric phenomena: "These globes of fire seem to be agglomerations of substances strongly impregnated with electricity. But how are such agglomerations formed? In what regions are they produced? Whence are derived the substances of which they are composed? What is their nature? Why do they sometimes pause in their course, and presently hasten on with great rapidity? To these and other questions science as yet returns no answer. Globe-lightnings continue among the most inexplicable phenomena within the range of physics."

Cassell's Magazine.

FAIR WOMEN.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

The tall, dark, formidable-looking woman of fiction, who is equal to any crime you like to name, and whose very presence inspires all beholders with fear or repulsion, has had her day.. A generation ago virtue and blue eyes were as inseparable as vice and black ones; angelhood and golden locks went together, and demonism and raven tresses, as surely as sweetness accompanies sugar and bitterness follows after gall; a pink and white complexion was held to include all the feminine graces, just as a dark one was eloquent of all possible human sinfulness; and, giving a commanding presence, you might be sure of high treason or homicide, while a paucity of inches betokened a suffering martyr chastised for crimes not her own, and bearing like a saint the evils laid on her by sinners. We have changed that all now. When we open one of the books wherein our youths and maidens learn their first lessons of life—as it is not—and we come upon a heroine with yellow hair, marvelous eyes of a greenish hue, small waist, shapely hands, and stunted if symmetrical growth, we may settle ourselves comfortably to an after-narrative of horrors; to a case or two of secret poisoning; or a bolder murder, with the chances of exposure by a full-grown witness hidden where only an owl could hide; while bigamy will be thrown in to give the right flavor of impropriety, or perhaps, for a diversion, a marriage of the kind known to the French as "of the thirteenth arrondissement." The fair-haired heroines of modern novels have now the monopoly of all the vices, crimes—and diamonds involved; the former typical brigandess is shelved; while the chestnut-headed girls are relegated to virtue and patience, and mildness and despair, and the loss of their lovers through the machinations of the too fascinating and immoral blondes. It is all the difference, say the analytical novel-writers, between iron and carbon, electricity and brute matter; and they give the preference to the former for that queer manifestation of character they call force.

Well, perhaps there is something in the theory; though it may be carried too far. Given a fair woman with dark, or even light hazel eyes, aquiline features, a narrow forehead and great width between her ears, all enhanced by a nervous tem-

perament—which is a different thing from nervousness—and we have the type of the Borgia; whence we may reasonably expect something more than would be possible to the lymphatic conventional British matron, whose worst sins are peevish humors, and whose wildest pleasure is a box at the theatre at Christmas time, with all her little ones about her. Society goes pretty smoothly between its ordained banks so far as we can see; but we are all aware of the difference between reality and appearance, and if we do not know the precise strength of the under-current, we all know that there *is* an under-current, and that many lives, which look quite calm and respectable on the outside, are turbulent and unrestrained enough below. So it is with your fair women of a certain type; creatures who might have sat to Guido for his angels, but whose souls are as the soul of Lilith and of Mélusine; the Borgias and the Brinvilliers of historic crimes, the "modern Messalinas" of present life. Who does not know these women?—whose secret doings are whispered about from friend to friend—for all there is no Asmodeus, happily for them, to render roofs transparent—who go about well-lighted drawing-rooms looking much like other people, save that they are perhaps more careful of observances and, when they give utterance to their opinions, express an edifying strictness of morality which puts the very matron herself on the list of the careless encouragers of vice? Weak as their rootlets are, they still keep their place among the honest and honorable; perhaps because of their father's name, perhaps because of their husband's place; people all silently combining to so much kindly hypocrisy as includes their formal acceptance; though none of the better sort care for more than this. In society, as it is called, these frail fair women are always surrounded by men, and by men only. They are both disliked and dreaded by other women; and they return the feeling. Between them and the rest, in that dreadful hour of up-stairs retirement from the last glass of claret to the first cup of tea, there is a visible but unspoken enmity. They are left alone in their blonde beauty to practice glances and gestures till the men come up; or if any one goes over to speak to them, it is a woman of like nature but of less daring than themselves, or an innocent who does not know the goats of the drawing-room from its sheep. Sometimes they make a friend of one of these innocents, whose eyes they blind and whose imagination they dazzle and whose time and talents they use to fetch and carry, as monkeys are said to use poor pussy's paws for the safe gathering-in of roasted chestnuts. Keener-sighted women shrink from the fair siren; but then these are poor spiritless dowdies; that object of ridicule, the British matron; so what does it matter to the brave and untrammeled free dame what they say?

There are times in almost all lives when we have to come to a stand-up fight. Not necessarily with fists—that is brutal, and among gentlewomen impossible; nor with words—that is vulgar; but with acts, with deeds, with foresight and circumvention, which is a keener and a more difficult kind of thing. But take a dark-haired woman with red fleshy lips, broad eyebrows, a blunt nose, and a formidable look generally, let her be as tall as a grenadier and as strong as a man, pit her against a keen fair-haired, thin-lipped and high-nosed little woman; and your black-browed giantess will be nowhere in the fight. She will be overcome, however unscrupulous she may be and however violent, as certainly as a thin line of steel can pin an elephant to the ground. The most resolute woman I know is a fair-haired woman, of easy-going temperament, feminine build and charming manner; her good temper is imperturbable, her will unyielding, her moral courage dauntless, her resources—in a fight—inexhaustible, her devices for baffling her opponents and gaining important positions of the most marvelous fertility. She has not her match in any of the qualities which ensure success in a mortal combat of wits and will; yet she has not a feature that betrays her nature, save a certain unusual steadiness of eye; and we might also accept her hands, which are of fair size, shapely and with taper fingers, but with the palm of a strong man.

Again, the most cruel woman I know is a fair woman, with hazel eyes, a soft but not sweet-toned voice, a caressing manner, a good shape; but her hands are

large and broad, and her fingers thick and spatulous. Given the opportunity, and this woman would have been a Borgia; she would have smiled while she poured the poison in the cup, she would have caressed her victim in his dying agonies, she would have shed tears with the widow of the man she had just executed, and with the blood on her hand still wet, she would have maintained her fond affection for, and denied that she had ever harbored an evil thought against, those she had sacrificed to her hate or to her fears.

And the most audacious woman I know is a fair woman; a woman whose every look has a hidden meaning, whose every word is capable of two interpretations, a woman whom nothing can abash and to whom no one can teach reverence. But if you were to speak of her with her pearly skin, her flaxen silky hair, her long, light fringe of eyelash and her scarcely defined line of eyebrow, you would say she was emphatically a human lily, and you would expect from her only the sweetest and most gracious tenderness and modesty. As it is—!

Talk of the courage of your masculinely-moulded women, with their breadth of shoulder and their development of muscle! Nothing on earth equals the courage of a small, wiry and intense blonde! She is irrepressible; and the chains that can bind her have yet to be forged. In a public place the women whom you see quietly setting at defiance every rule of the police are the two opposite poles—the dense and heavy British matron, and the pert small blonde. The first takes her place and keeps it, and nothing but main force can put her out: and as it would take a great deal of main force she is generally allowed to stay; the last leaps over barriers, dives under ropes, pounces on places that do not belong to her, slips by the check-taker, and laughs in the face of those who come to dislodge her. Or if she does not laugh, she tightens her lips and says, "I sha'n't move!" and leaves you to find your remedy. What can you do? You may have conquered an Indian fort, and have marched up to the cannon's mouth with as quiet a pulse as if you had been going to the mess dinner; but the fair-haired little woman, who has your seat and who refuses to give it up, is beyond you, and even your Victoria cross cannot inspire you to her removal. In the end she triumphs, as she knew she should; and you retire discomfited, shut out from what you had paid your two guineas to see, while the audacious little blonde enjoys for five shillings the full worth of your outlay.

To be sure, all fair women are not of this intense kind, and there are the doves of old-time romance yet extant; blue-eyed, tender, timid, virginal; who blush much, hold the creed of "shocking," and who would be as incapable of the sins to which their more "electrical" sisters are prone as a child would be incapable of carrying the weight of a man. But we are bound to say that these doves are comparatively rare, while the hawks with golden wings are more abounding, and blondes "without salt" less numerous than blondes with too much.

The painted wheel of fashion will take a turn before long. After having flooded our *salons*—and saloons—with every shade of fairness, from pure flaxen to fiery red, with all the intermediate shades of gold, both pale and ruddy—after having caused many a once luxuriantly tressed girl to weep in secret over her faded handful of broken hairs, and to grow furious at the horrid falsehoods her hairdresser told when he sold her that golden fluid, and swore by all his gods (of the curling tongs) that it would do no harm—after having made brunettes blondes and born blondes insupportable in their self-complacency—we shall come round again to the passionate and flashing brunette; unless, indeed, we give the "strong blondes" a turn, the brown-haired women of the true English type. But they are too numerous to be particularized; wherefore the choice must still be between the true blonde and the brunette—the face of an angel and a soul as of Lilith, with the look of a brigandess and the heart of a Una; or the brunette with passions and crimes as dark as her skin, and the blonde once more the human Dove and Lily.

We often omit the good we might do in consequence of thinking about that which is out of our power to do.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROTHER, 306 Chestnut street, we have received the following:

KATE O'DONOGHUE.—By CHARLES LEVER.

This is the tenth volume of the new, cheap and popular edition of the works of Charles Lever, now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, which are having a very large sale, for Charles Lever has no rival in that free, manly, dashing style of sketching life, manners, and humorous incidents, to which he has devoted himself. His reputation is world-wide. The popularity of his novels, "Kate O'Donoghue," "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "Harry Lorrequer," "Con Cregan," "Davenport Dunn," "Arthur O'Leary," "The Knight of Gwynne," "Tom Burke of Ours," "Horace Templeton," and "A Rent in a Cloud," have never been exceeded. His works are full of genial humor, brilliant wit, and striking characters. "Kate O'Donoghue" is issued in a large octavo volume, with a portrait of the author on the cover. Price seventy-five cents, and is for sale by all booksellers, or copies will be sent to any place, post-paid, by the publishers, on receipt of price by them.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW, AND OTHER POEMS. New and enlarged edition. By J. W. WATSON. Complete in one large volume, printed on the finest tinted plate paper, and bound in morocco cloth with gilt top and side, and in beveled boards. Price $2. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

A NOBLE WOMAN—

Is the name of a new novel by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, now in press, and to be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Its pages are replete with incidents of absorbing interest, and her admirers will read it with avidity. The leading characters are carried through a series of exciting adventures, all of which are narrated and drawn out with such ingenuity that the reader's attention is kept on a tension of interest from the opening page to the close of the volume. This is the great secret of Mrs. Stephen's success—her readers cannot get out of her influence. She gives you a thrilling story, pure and simple, sensational if you please, and she leaves the whole affair in the hands of her readers, feeling quite secure of a favorable verdict on every new emanation from her pen. "A Noble Woman" will prove to be the most popular novel that she has ever written. It will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, and sold by all booksellers at the low price of $1.75 in cloth; or $1.50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail, to any place, post-paid, by the publishers, on receipt of the price of the work in a letter to them.

DR. HOLBROOK'S valuable little book, "Parturition Without Pain," has sold so extensively that a new edition is about ready, with forty additional pages, and with an essay on the care of children, prepared by the well known Dr. Clemence Lozier, of the Women's Medical College. One woman has bought 10,000 copies, to be distributed among the women of New York State.

THE library of the Penn family, in England, will be sold in January next. There are many works on America, voyages and travel, and general literature, some of which have the book-plate and autograph of Wm. Penn, Proprietor of Pennsylvania."

THE

TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

Gentleman's Magazine.

THE STORY OF THE HOSTAGES.

FAITHFULLY RELATED FROM THE TESTIMONY OF EYE-WITNESSES.

THE "Story of the Hostages," of their sufferings and death, is a chapter in the history of the Commune that has not yet been told. In England we have had only a few glimpses of the terrible scenes that attended the end of these noble and resigned men. The story is besides intensely dramatic; and if it shows that a picture of the Commune and its doings would not be unworthy of Mr. Carlyle's Salvator Rosa-like pencil, the same reason proves abundantly that the Commune movement is barbarous and brutal enough to form a chapter in the old French Revolution of 1793. All the blood-thirsty and fiendish incidents have been faithfully reproduced, and, happily, also the heroic virtues of patience and courage by which those atrocities were encountered.

In many a window along the Boulevards are to be seen little terra cotta busts, done with singular spirit and skill; and the print shop windows exhibit whole lines of ecclesiastical portraits, an unaccustomed spectacle in Paris, where they usurp the place of notorious demireps. These are likenesses of those who are rather melodramatically labeled "*victimes;*" in short, are dismal reminders of that piteous story of the innocent hostages, whose mournful fate, from the number of surrounding atrocities, has scarcely excited the sympathy and horror it merits. In the grotesque and hideous pantomime of the Commune, this episode alone has a pathetic dignity, and the figures of the innocent stand out against the flaming background of burning Paris. Their story has not yet been told consecutively, and we shall now attempt to follow it out.

It is only by turning over the newspapers, pamphlets, caricatures, and photographs of this strange era, that we can get even a conception of the extraordinary state of things that prevailed during those nine weeks from March the 18th to May the 24th. The members of the Commune themselves, with their theatrical dignities of generals, colonels, delegates, ministers of finance, installed at the great Government offices—where they held orgies—together with their wild, half-dressed, half-drilled soldiers, seem to be figures out of Callot's or Goya's pictures. Some, during these days of whirl and delirium, could not resist being photographed in their green-room finery, in comic military dresses, and girt about with sashes. Their faces, too, corresponded. Some had a perfect circus air, others a shaggy, *sans culotte* bearing, while others, again, were of a bearded, burly type, such as we sometimes find among French physicians. But there

were two who had a special and direct connection with the tragedy we are about to describe—namely, Ferré and Raoul Rigault. Both these men were, curious to say, of the same type; each with a dark beard and moustache, and each wearing those French "pinch-nose" glasses, which imparted a "mince" and dandified air, in grotesque contrast to the ferocious character of their creed.

Both were very young. Ferré was but five-and-twenty, and Raoul Rigault only a little older. Again the behavior of these men—their taste for blood, their cruelty, their cold mercilessness—calls up, in quite a vivid way, that no description could have realized, the figures of the demons who figured in the great Revolution. It helps us to understand the "sea-green incorruptible" and his quiet, refined manner; while his eye quested blood. Indeed, all the antics of these men of 1871—their decrees, burnings, leveling of columns, and the rest of their awful deeds, all crowded into a few weeks—reproduced by instinct, and without any purpose of imitation, the former era. But where the likeness was carried out only too faithfully, was in the thirst for PRIEST'S BLOOD. This, indeed, seems to be a motto of all revolution; the first attack is made on the clergy; the Jesuits and curés are driven out or slaughtered. And this is not a mere devouring of the shepherds before beginning with the sheep; but a sort of morbid fury, a grudge of years' standing. For these unhappy victims are helpless to interfere with their purposes. But this rabid phobia should surely be considered a compliment to these good men, though one paid at the expense of life itself.

Rigault was "Delegate of Public Safety," as it was called in the pompous jargon of the Commune, and he soon contrived to be appointed to the office of *Procureur* or Prosecutor for the Commune, and later to that of Chief of Police. With such powers, this man took a fiendish pleasure in denouncing and arresting, not those who might be opposed to his party, but those to whom he had an instinct of dislike. In his friend Ferré he found an associate of a congenial turn of mind. These two men must be held responsible for the cold-blooded murders that followed. The eyes of both turned eagerly to the "cassocks" then walking about Paris, with plenty to do.

On the 7th of April, "the Hostage law" was voted, which was to the effect that every one suspected of holding relations with Versailles should he brought before a jury, and, if found guilty, detained in prison as a hostage; so that if any prisoner were put to death by the Versaillists, three of these hostages should be executed in reprisal. Fortified by this decree, they could set to work with effect; for every person who did not sympathize with them might, *ex officio*, be suspected of holding relations with Versailles.

Mr. Leighton passed by the Rue St. Honoré about three or four o'clock one morning, when he noticed a group of the ill-fed and grotesquely dressed Federals standing as if waiting for some one. In a moment a door opened in another street, and a man issuing forth hurried away in a very alarmed fashion. Presently the door was opened again, and two soldiers burst out in pursuit, the man was caught, dragged in, and the door shut again. This was the Abbé Deguerry, the well-known Vicar of the Madeleine, who was immensely popular and loved by both rich and poor. His very air was engaging; a fine, tall, handsome old man, full of activity and vigor, with a singularly open and honest face and a quick and lively expression—a fresh color, and a cloud of wiry silver hair on each side of his head. He was eloquent and witty, was *recherchê* in the salons of the "swell" congregation who attended his fashionable church, but was far more at home in the squalid quarters of St. Eustache, where he had formerly been vicar. His charity was unbounded; he kept nothing for himself. Finally, he had several times declined a bishopric. Once he had been persuaded to accept that of Marseilles, but a few hours later he repented. "No," he said; "I belong to the Madeleine. I shall stay there, and die there." To have selected such a man for a victim shows not merely a fiendish hatred of such goodness, but a dull stupidity and ignorance that would make their cause forever odious.

With this good man was also arrested the Archbishop of Paris; President Bon-

jean; the archbishop's second vicar, the Abbé Allard, who was also a member of the International Society for the Relief of the Wounded; Father Ducoudray, Rector of the Seminary of St. Geneviève; and Father Clerc, a Jesuit. These names are familiar to us from their unhappy notoriety; but many more—priests, monks, bankers, lawyers—were seized and thrown into prison. The archbishop had received friendly warnings; but he refused to depart or conceal himself, saying that the post of the shepherd was with his flock. The Delegate Regère, whom the writer saw at the Versailles trial defending himself with great coolness and fluency, and who affected to carry out the *rôle* of a pious man, sending his children to religious schools, actually paid him a visit with this view. This strange official followed the offices of the Church with regularity, though once in the sacristy he denounced the archbishop as a traitor, and said he would "vote against him." The archbishop was considered a clever man, of strong convictions. He had a fine ecclesiastical head. The hostages were all consigned to the cells of the common prisoners and treated with extraordinary rigor—the leading hostages being confined chiefly at the Mazas Prison.

Weeks passed by, and the Versailles troops were gradually drawing the circle closer and yet closer. As they found the end drawing nearer, the Communist leaders felt the necessity of committing their followers to the cause by some desperate acts which should make them fight the more savagely. Ferré succeeded Raoul Rigault in his office of Chief of Police, the former wishing to have wider and more general scope for his work, and on this change a fresh impulse was given. The appetite for blood was yet more whetted: indeed, there can be no question but that if the Commune had had a longer respite, the old "Reign of Terror" would have fairly set in. The crusade against the "cassocks" can be followed chronologically. Their property had been systematically plundered. The Jesuits, the Missionaries of the Holy Ghost, the Dominicans, the Church of St. Sulpice and its Seminary, the "Birds" Convent, and even that church of tender and sacred memories, Notre Dame des Victoires, were all invaded and pillaged. On the 10th of April, a notice posted on the Church of Montmatre spoke significantly of the rising hostility to things sacred. It described the priests as "bandits," their churches as lairs where the people were "morally assassinated." As yet no priest's blood had been shed. But the warnings and menaces were so significant, and the silent apprehension of some cruel work to come so strong, that the writer well remembers an attempt being made in London by some English ecclesiastics, to get Lord Granville to interfere; but, naturally, without result. Nothing could be done. But when on the 21st of May the gate of St. Cloud was forced by the Versaillists, and their artillery was ranged along the Trocadero heights, the last bloody act of this nightmare began, almost at once. Then the desperate men that led the Communists seemed to turn at bay, or coolly to make their preparations for turning at bay.

An unfortunate young journalist named Chaudey had been carried off, it was said, to gratify the hatred of Raoul Rigault. M. Louis Enault was sitting by him in the *Siècle* office, when a gigantic masquerader with a vast plume of feathers, and attended by half a dozen comic guards, arrested him. He had been carried to Ste. Pelagie, and on the evening of the 23d of May, close upon midnight, Raoul hurried to his cell, attended by two followers, armed to the teeth. He told Chaudey he must get ready for death, and on the wretched prisoner remonstrating that he had no trial, that it was an assassination, the Communist prosecutor burst into a gross and violent attack upon his victim, accusing him of having "fired upon the people in his paper." A squad of Federals had been sent for. There was no help at hand; for, either by accident or design, all the regular prison officials were absent that night. Thus the victim was surrounded by spies and enemies. Even a prisoner was allowed to look on and insult him. He was led round to a retired avenue of the prison, close to the chapel. A lantern fixed at a corner of the wall shed a dim light; while another was carried by one Berthier. Rigault, finding his men hesitate, drew his sword, and assailed them

with coarse reproaches; then gave the word. The journalist was only hit in the arm, but, with undaunted courage, cried, "Vive la République." Then one of the warders with two shots stretched him on the ground; while a Brigadier Gentil, with a coarse oath, fired his revolver at him. The prisoner came last, and discharged his pistol into the skull of the unfortunate man. The savage execration of the victim, with the bystanders taking a share in his execution, was a fair imitation of the procedure of the old revolutions. Rigault was heard to say, "We ought to have begun all this long ago!"

These were the last days of the Commune, and into them were crowded all sorts of dramatic horrors. On the 24th of May, Ferré arrived at the Prefecture, accompanied by Wurtz and another of his familiars. He sent for the registers, and gave out that all who had served the Empire of Versailles were to be shot. He selected three by name; but when they were brought out, one was found to be mad, and was actually wearing a straight-waistcoat. He was put aside. The second, when called for, had wit enough to conceal himself. The third was one Veysset, a gendarme officer. He was hurried out, and was heard to make a faint remonstrance—"You promised to spare my life." The answer he received was, "All right, all right; these men have no time to lose; so get along." All through the scene that followed many bystanders recalled the figure of the prefect of police, hurrying and bustling about, conspicuous by "a light-colored paletôt with a velvet collar," a little cane in his hand, and the gaudy Commune scarf about his waist. Many who did not know him at all identified him by this bizarre dress. A squad of men were waiting who called themselves the "Avengers of Flourens" (*Vengeurs de Flourens*), to whom he distributed money—a process, it seems, always gone through before bloody work began. And then the party set out for the quai, which was close by. Travelers will recall the strange mass of buildings which formed the Prefecture—all caked together, the houses overlooking the water, as in Holland, the tottering edifice centuries old. The writer was lately looking at the spot to which they dragged their victim, and where Ferré gave the word, saying, "There's your man!" A volley was discharged, and he was then flung into the water. That atrocity was followed by an orgie at the Prefecture, when the prefect and his band were said to have remained twenty-six hours at table, which they concluded by setting fire to the place, without releasing a number of malefactors who were confined, and who would have been burnt, but for the courageous behavior of one of the warders.

While these things were going on, the Communists found a sort of amusement in announcing to the hostages confined in the Mazas Prison that each day was to be their last. A former police officer, named Rabut—a class of men whom the Communists regarded with an almost demoniacal hatred—had been told on the morning of the 22d, by a friendly warder, that the Versailles troops were in the town, and that he would soon be free. The other answered, sadly, "Provided we are not assassinated in the meantime." But about eight o'clock that evening, just as he was getting into bed, the warder came to tell him that he must dress himself, and get ready to be brought to another prison—La Roquette. At this news his heart sank, for he knew that La Roquette was the one always associated with condemned prisoners. He was brought to a dark cell and detained there an hour, when he was brought to the office and confronted with two delegates, who asked if his name was Rabut. On being told that it was, they turned to each other with sparkling eyes, and said that "It was all right." He was then brought down to the court, where a large furniture wagon, covered with canvas, and open at both ends, was waiting.

Other hostages had also been summoned, and were crowded into the wagon, to the number of about a dozen. They were driven through the streets, while a crowd, half-drunk, thirsty for blood, pursued them with revilings and cries of "Death! death!" A venerable missionary, with a long white beard—the Abbé Perni—was among them, and his name was called third on the list. He described the shocking and coarse insults they received from the crowd of wretches about them, and declared that

"during his five-and-twenty years' life spent among savages, he had never seen anything so horrible as the faces of the infuriated women and men who were howling for their blood." Later events show that it was only motives of policy that prevented their conductors allowing them to be torn in pieces—like the deer flung to the hounds at Fontainebleau. They arrived, however, safely at the grim prison, which closed its gates on them. One of the gaolers standing by witnessed their arrival, and heard the officer in charge say, "We are going to shoot them." The gaoler made a sort of remonstrance, but was violently threatened by the officer, and warned to look to himself. They spent that most gloomy night in their cells. The danger was coming terribly near, though they might have a little hope from the news that the troops were making way.

This was on Tuesday, the twenty-third. During the greater part of the next day there was a sort of unnatural calm. The police officer in the morning asked for water, but received the rather ominous reply, "You won't want it, as you will be out of this to-morrow, or perhaps this evening." But the prison officials were secretly indulgent, as far as they dared to be so. They were allowed to see and speak to each other. The archbishop was suffering a great deal from the long confinement, and had been put into a wretched cell. An honest doctor, also detained at La Roquette, tried hard to get him placed in a cell close to him, where he himself could be at hand to attend him. And he pressed the archbishop to get this change made. The latter, thanking him heartily, said he did not wish to be separated from his friends. A young priest, De Marsay, also confined in the prison, got him to accept his cell, which was No. 21, and in the 4th division, having a chair and a table, and a glimpse of a little garden. The same good ecclesiastic had previously exchanged cells with President Bonjean, who found the glare of the sun too oppressive. The archbishop was very ill indeed. M. De Marsay had some talk with both. The archbishop repeated how he had refused to fly, believing it was his duty to remain. The president spoke tenderly of his wife. He said he had been offered forty-eight hours to go and see her, giving his parole that he would return before the hour fixed; but that, considering the difficulties of commnnication, and the possibility of his being prevented carrying out what he had given his honor to undertake, he thought better to decline.

More probably this upright man and judge felt that he dared not trust himself to his family and friends, and feared lest there should be a speck on the ermine he so adorned.

There was something simple and noble in this judge's character. A senator and dean of the Court of Cassation, he had felt it his duty to return to the city when the moment of danger came. He was actually leaving the bench when he was seized and dragged away to prison. One of the priests who was confined bore testimony to his noble demeanor under this awful trial. "This magistrate, good Christian, and honest man, was actually the one among us all who feared death the least. He it was who cheered and encouraged us, and strengthened us." A letter of his, addressed to a young friend, has been preserved, which shows a state of mind worthy of a philosopher. "My dear child," he said, "what I have done I would do again. However painful have been the consequences to my dear family, in the simple fact of doing one's duty there is an inward satisfaction which helps us to support with patience, and even with calmness, the bitterest trials. I have never before now so well understood the passage in the Sermon on the Mount: 'Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake.' My dear friend, let us do our duty and remain cheerful, up to the foot of the scaffold." This was no platitude. All his fellow-prisoners were inexpressibly comforted by his never-failing cheerfulness, and even gaiety, to the last moment. But he had always been a religious man—and as he lived, so he died.

That day passed over slowly. But at night, about eight o'clock, the missionary heard the clatter of arms and footsteps in the passage of the prison; and, looking out, saw a band of Communist soldiers. He presently heard one of them say, "We must finish off these Versailles bandits;" and one of the fellows an-

swered him, "We'll floor them, you'll see!" He knew what this meant, and began to prepare himself for death. In a moment he heard some one open the door of the next cell, and ask the occupant, "Was he the citizen Darboy?" This was a young priest named Guersand, who answered "No." The missionary then heard a voice answer gently, "Here!" It was the unfortunate archbishop. They next passed to M. Bonjean's cell. The prisoner was beginning to undress. He was told to come as he was, and make haste. He had time to press the hand of Abbé De Marsay, whose cell was next his, and gave him this pathetic message: "Tell my wife that I die with her memory at my heart."

The Communists had been mustered in the court of the prison. They were a band of some forty or fifty, selected from the "Avengers of the Republic," the "Forlorn Hope of the Commune," the "Lascars," and the "Zouaves of the Column of July," and other fantastically named corps. Some were dressed up grotesquely in hats with red plumes, and long cloaks. All seemed to be half-drunk. Most were very young. At their head were two men; one in a workman's blouse, with a long beard; the other a member of the Commune, wearing his scarf over a light paletôt, and a red bow edged with gold. It was not very clearly established whether this was Ferré, as the more careful and trustworthy of the witnesses would not swear to him; though, at the close of the Communist trial, a witness swore to his presence in rather too wholesale a fashion. But as Ferré directed the executions of a day or two before, and those of a day or two later, it seems almost certain that he was present on this occasion.

While they were in the court, various prisoners were taking hurried glances from the windows, and listening with strained ears; indeed, all this account can only be put together, literally from dramatic snatches of words, and glimpses caught up here and there from a window or a doorway. But this was checked, as soon as observed, with a ferocious menace. The band in the court were heard talking together, "We are to have our fifty francs apiece"—and began trying their locks. But there were some symptoms of hanging back from the office of actual execution; some shifting it on to others, with a "You do it," "No; you do it." But at last it was arranged, and they proceeded to load. Then Ferré, or whoever was the Communist delegate, was heard to address them, "Citizens, you know that six of our men are wanting. Well, we must have six of *these!*" and out of the list in his hand, selected six names. Then Le Français, Governor of the Prison (who had been six years at the galleys), led the way up to the prisoners' corridor. The Communists followed, and were drawn up in the gallery; and the hostages, as we have seen, were called out.

What dictated the selection of these six is not known, save that five were ecclesiastics of high position. As the archbishop passed into the corridor, he was heard to say, "The justice of the oppressor is slow in coming!" As each came out, they had to pass through the double file of Federals, who poured out on them a foul torrent of execration. When they got to the foot of the stairs leading to the court-yard, they all met and embraced affectionately. They were allowed to exchange a few last words. Then they were loaded with insults; and some one reproached the archbishop with having done nothing for the Commune. He answered that he had written to Versailles, and it was not his fault if they had not answered him. If he was to die, he added, he hoped he should die like an honorable man. Fresh abuse was heaped upon him. But a man in a blouse stepped forward, and said roughly that it was a cowardly thing to insult men who were going to be shot; and they should be let alone. This had some effect. Then they moved forward in a sort of little procession. The archbishop went first, the judge leaning on his arm—then the Abbé Allard, his hands joined in an attitude of prayer; and then the brave and charitable old Abbé Deguerry, attended by the Jesuit Clerc, and Père Ducoudray.

They were in the open avenue, walking toward a sort of *grille* or iron gate to the circular avenue, which had been opened, and the archbishop, as he passed, rested his hand on it, and turned to speak. The Abbé De Marsay, who was

at one of the windows, tried hard to catch what he said; but the Federals closed up and drowned his words, one saying, "Get on! This is no time for talk. Tyrants don't give us such indulgences." They passed by, and Father Ducoudray, glancing up at the window where his friend was, opened his soutane, and significantly pointed to his heart. All were calm, gentle, resigned, and met their end with true dignity.

An avenue ran round the prison between two high walls. The night was dark, and the sky was even more darkened by clouds of black smoke, for Paris had already begun to burn. Some of the Federals carried flaming torches; the rest walked in loose order round about the prisoners. They arrived at a spot where the wall makes a bend; there they halted. It must have been a strange procession. As it tramped by, a prisoner in his cell heard one of the priests utter, "O, my God! my God!" while the Abbé Allard exhorted his companions to be firm. The six were placed against the wall in a line. The archbishop then advanced and addressed the assassins in a few words, saying that he heartily forgave them, which seems to have produced a strange scene; for two of the men advanced, and, dropping on their knees, begged for his blessing. Their comrades rushed at them and loaded them with abuse. A cruel, meagre-looking man, about thirty-five years old, dressed in a blouse, advanced to give the word. His name was Virigg. Two discharges immediately followed, and the victims fell. Some were cruelly wounded, and the prisoners far off in the cells counted with sinking hearts the dropping shots that succeeded. Virigg advanced, and with his pistol gave the *coup de grace* to the archbishop. The president, writhing on the ground, strove to raise himself, and was shot down. One of the assassins was heard joking on it as they went away. "You saw how the old fellow tried to get up! It was time to finish him off." They suffered cruelly. The skull of Father Ducoudray was literally broken in, and M. Bonjean's legs were broken in many places.

At eleven o'clock that night, Lamotte, one of the warders, was told to go on duty in place of one of the Communists, who was drunk, and to fetch a cart. The bodies were then searched, the articles found on them were brought to the director; then they were driven off to Père la Chaise. When they were disinterred a few days later, they were found placed in simple shells. The violet cassock of the archbishop was all tattered with balls; his gold cross, chain, &c., were gone—even the gold cord on his hat. Such is the history of their sufferings; and, however calamitous the story, their ostentatious dignity and courage furnish a welcome contribution to the nobility of human nature.

Then followed the massacre of some poor Dominicans, who had been carried off about a week before from their convent and schools. They were not classed as hostages, though the title made no difference in their fate. The fathers, professors, servants, all were taken away *en masse*. On the morning after the archbishop's execution, about eight o'clock, an officer entered and announced to them they were free. "But we can't leave you in the hands of the Versaillists, so you must follow us to the Gobelins; from thence you can go wherever you please." This would seem one of the cruel "jests" of which the Revolutionists were fond, for the ecclesiastics were led through an infuriated mob, all threatening them with death. When they got to the Gobelins they were told they could not be allowed to go, as they would be torn to pieces in the streets. The shells were falling on the buildings, and they were purposely thrust out into the open court. They were then taken to a new prison in the Rue d'Italie. As they waited the door was often thrown open, and a sort of Garibaldian announced to them: "Cassocks! get up. We are going to put you on the barricades." They were accordingly conducted into a perfect rain of balls, but escaped being struck. When the insurgents were driven from the barricades they took their prisoners with them, and sent them back to the prison. There they prepared for death, confessed each other, and received their prior's exhortation. At half-past four came Colonel Cerisier with a new order; they were all to set out—fathers, professors, and domestics. When they got to the gate of the prison the command was

given; "Pass out, one by one, into the street." They obeyed. The prior said, "Let us go my friends, in the name of our good God." As each came out a terrible fire was directed on them by the mob waiting for them. Twelve were shot down; one miraculously escaped to tell the story, his coat pierced with bullets. He was able to slip unobserved into an open doorway, where a good woman hurried him into her husband's clothes, and sheltered him till all danger was over. Yet these were all good and holy men, whose lives were devoted to attending to the poor, educating children and serving in the church. It is fatal to the cause of the Revolution that such should be made the objects of its fury.

We now return to the hostages remaining in La Roquette. Among them were three Jesuits—Olivain, de Beugy, and Caubert; the director of a charitable orphan-house; Père Planchat, a young seminarist; the good Abbé Sabbatier, of Notre Dame de Lorette, whose life, like that of Abbé Deguerry, was given up to the poor—and more especially to teaching poor children—of his parish, who worshiped him. There were fourteen priests in all, and thirty-six gendarmes who were specially obnoxious to the people. On the twenty-sixth, two days after the first massacre, the Versailles troops were in possession of a large portion of Paris; yet terrible scenes were going on. Ferré came in the morning to the prison, and held a sort of court for the trial of the soldiers. Some were hurriedly dealt with: a raging mob waiting at the gate for their prey. A member of the court would appear at the door with a prisoner, hand out a scrap of paper with his condemnation written on it. The victim would be thrust out, under the pretext of being conducted to execution, but in reality to be dispatched by the mob. In their despair some would try and run for their lives, only to be shot down, as a witness described it, "like wild animals." The priests were dealt with after the same fashion.

On Thursday, about four o'clock, when the shells were falling on the prison, a Brigadier Romain arrived, and with a joyful air announced to them that they were to be set free. "We want fifteen," said the brigadier; "so answer to your names." They were not deceived by this pretense, and knew that their hour was come. When he came to one of the names which was written illegibly, a religious stepped forward and calmly said it was his. Another asked might he take his hat, but the brigadier said it was not worth while, as they were only going to the office. In the court below was waiting a band of armed men, some of whom seemed to be the same who had assisted at the archbishop's execution. The leader was a Garibaldian, with very red hair, a huge sabre, and a revolver, which he flourished. An apothecary was watching all this from the window of his cell, and heard snatches of an angry conversation between this man and the governor of the prison, the *ci-devant* convict Le Français. The Garibaldian said, roughly, "Twenty minutes won't do. I must have them at once."

They were then taken away on one of those dreadful progresses through the streets to the notorious quarter of Belleville. How they got there, or where they passed that night or the following morning, is not known; but on Friday evening, at about six o'clock, they were seen walking in a terrible procession through the Rue de Paris.

It was composed of the Federals chiefly belonging to battalions of the 5th and 11th quarters, some men of a body called "Bergeret's Forlorn Hope," and a band of vile and unsexed women, who are admitted to have been the most ferocious of the whole. After these came some of the unfortunate gendarmes; then the fourteen priests; and then the remaining soldiers. There were fifty prisoners in all. Drums and trumpets played a sort of furious march; while the yells and execrations of the crowd that rushed on either side must have made the whole seem something infernal. They turned into the Rue Haxo, a little behind which was an open space, which had been cleared just before the war broke out in order to build a ball-room. The ground had been dug out at one side for the foundations, so that the whole presented the appearance of a sort of circus with a deep trench at one end. Here, and in all the streets that gave upon this place, was waiting a surging, roaring crowd, which eddied still in unclean waves as the head of the

procession passed in. A man was riding among this mass, who was greeted with shouts of approbation, and when the prisoners approached he called out, "Here's a good take, my men! Now, let me see you finish them!"

A young man, fair, pale, handsomely dressed, and evidently of superior station, was also seen with them, and was heard to say: "Shoot them down, my friends; shoot them down!"

The whole place where the future ballroom was to be erected was now one mass of human beings. The fifty unfortunate men were dragged forward and thrust into the trench. The priests were already wounded, but were perfectly resigned and patient. Then commenced a slaughter with revolvers that could only be compared to a battue. Shot after shot was poured into the fatal trench until it became a mass of lifeless, bleeding remains. For a time all was like an orgie, from the mixed sounds of yells, imprecations and shots. Then came a sudden stillness. A man in a gray hat and blouse, with a gun slung on his back, came out of the trench, and was received with delight and congratulations—young and pretty women patting him on the back, and saying, "Well done; bravo, my friend!" The unfortunate Abbé Sabbatier was pierced with eight balls, his brain blown out, his jaw shot away.

We go back again to La Roquette, where there were still left a few hostages, among whom were a half a dozen priests. It was evident the Commune were economizing their victims, using them in batches to stimulate the already whetted appetites of their followers. The old Chinese missionary had somehow been passed over, though he often thought his last moment had come. There were also Fathers Surat, Chaulieu, and about sixty laymen.

It was now Saturday, the 27th. The end was at hand, and it was to be the last day of the Commune. About evening news spread through the prison that the terrible Ferré had arrived. He had come to carry off a fresh batch to execution. A brave superintendent or brigadier of the prison, named Binet, was shocked at this fresh demand, and came down to Ferré, whom he found flourishing a revolver, and surrounded by half a dozen of his men, their guns slung on their backs. The brigadier began to plot with a companion how he was to save them, and for a moment thought of snatching Ferré's pistol and shooting him, but that was found too risky. He was forced to bring them down. There were of course in the prison the regular malefactors, and as he went up stairs it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to release and arm these men, on condition of their fighting in defense of the place. Accordingly all sorts of rude weapons, hammers, bars, &c., were furnished to them, and according to other accounts the Communists handed in arms through the gratings. Binet presently saw one of the criminals, who was under sentence of death, aiming at him with a musket. Cries of "Hurrah for the Commune!" echoed through the building. But the courageous officer went and warned the hostages not to be seduced down by any cries that the gates were open, and then barricaded himself and them. He was seen at a window, and an infuriated Communist called upon him to come down. The whole place was now in confusion. All the cells were thrown open, and every one was told he might go where and when he pleased. No doubt this was owing to the general confusion now prevailing, for the soldiers were closing in. The hostages—the priests especially—so often deluded by such invitations, were at a loss what to do. Four of the priests, including Fathers Surat and Chaulieu, timorously found their way to the gate. They had got as far as the Place Prince Eugène, when they were stopped and searched. The Federals were about to shoot them on the spot, when some women interposed and begged that they should not be executed there. They were taken back to the prison, when M. Surat made an attempt to escape. He was caught and dragged along under the prison wall. At this moment a woman burst out of the crowd, and, flinging herself on him, tried to stab him. With one hand he tried to ward off her blows, and with the other made the sign of the cross. Shrieking, "Let me have the priest. I must have him!" she levelled her revolver, and as the unfortunate priest said, "Mercy, mademoiselle; have mercy!" shot him

through the head. A mere child then shot him in the chest. The other three perished in the same way.

The Chinese missionary, who had been ready for death, took things very quietly. At the general *sauve qui peut*, the warder, who behaved admirably all through, gave them lay dresses. The old missionary went out, and, wandering about the streets for more than an hour trying to obtain shelter, at last came to the resolution of returning to his prison—where he found the servants with some gendarmes, who had done precisely the same thing. The Abbé De Marsay was more fortunate. He found a Federal who threatened him with his gun. The abbé waited till he saw the man's attention engaged by some unfortunate soldiers who were being hurried by, and fled. The fellow fired after him, but missed him. No romance of the late Dumas could be more full of exciting scenes, succeeding each other like a dreadful series of dissolving views. Even this last incident is a little picture. But everywhere, through the smoke and crowd, the dark cassock of the baited priest is in the centre.

It seems the prison was divided into several quarters, and in two of these the hostages had successfully barricaded themselves. One of the hostages bade the priests to keep out of the way, saying "that their gown did not oblige them to fight." A priest answered them, "But we can at least give you our blessing," which they did. The Federals came again and again, threatening and cursing, and at last tried to set the place on fire. They then attempted their old *ruse*, announcing that the prisoners were free and the doors open, and that the place was about to be burnt. But they were not to be taken in.

The missionary and his friends were too few to think of defense, and a clever warder took them to the infirmary, and put them in bed in the sick wards, dressing them in the hospital clothes. This idea was the suggestion of a convict who was employed in the prison. His name, which should be preserved, was Cieszanski. Again the Federals came, and were told that the hostages had all gone away.

By this time, however, the Versailles troops had made great head, and the insurgents were falling back in all directions. Two of the leaders came to take refuge that evening at the prison, with some horses and a mysterious chest, of which they took great care, and which was supposed to contain money. They brought a supply of wigs and chignons, and a hair-dresser, who spent some time in shaving and dressing them as women. One of these was believed in the prison to have been Ferré. Both fled before night.

At last Sunday morning came round, and the missionary and his companions in the infirmary heard fresh confusion below. There was a tramping on the stairs, and the doors flew open. An officer in the uniform of the French army, his sword raised in the air, stode in and called out:

"Who cries, 'France for ever!"

A shout, says the old Chinese missionary, echoed him back his challenge of deliverance. His next question was, "Where is the archbishop?" It was Colonel Desplat. Rescue had come at last, and the true soldiers of France were below and filling the building. The Reign of Terror was at an end. It must have seemed like some horrid nightmare to these survivors as they looked back.

There had been another act of the tragedy at the Mazas Prison. When the soldiers were drawing near, the rebels had opened the doors, and bidding them go, the inmates rushed out. But all around the prison were the barricades lined with the insurgents, and as the wretched prisoners scattered and hurried by, they were shot down nearly to a man.

Such is the "Story of the Hostages." It is to be lamented that many of the wretches who perpetrated these hideous atrocities should be at large; ready, perhaps, to repeat them should the occasion offer. The blood of those murdered men, who met their sufferings and death so nobly, cries to Heaven for vengeance.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

TRUE it is most painful not to meet the kindness and affection you feel you have deserved, and have a right to expect from others; but it is a mistake to complain of it; for it is of no use; you cannot extort friendship with a cocked pistol.

Macmillan's Magazine.

A DAY AT COMO.

BY HONOR BROOKE.

"NOTHING becomes ugly through age in Italy," remarked A——, as he leaned dreamily against the stem of a cypress tree. "Nothing but the women," replied his companion; and his eyes followed mechanically an old woman who, a few yards off, was wearily raking together a bundle of withered leaves.

It was a brilliant day in the autumn of 1869, and we (a happy party of four) had gained an upland over the blue waters of the Lake Como, not far from the little town of Bellagio. The spot where we were seated was a delightful piece of grassy ground, approached by several tiers of marble steps, and bordered on each side by a line of stately cypress trees, which ran from the bottom to the top of the slope, each rising with its close-wrapped foliage into a spear-like point against the profound blue of the sky. As we looked down from the height we could see the lake below gleaming through the serrated foliage of the chestnut trees, and on the opposite side the green slopes of the hills rose rich in olive, vine, and fig. The intense silence was the silence of an Italian afternoon; not a sound of insect hum or of bird broke the warm stillness of the air. The only living creature was the old woman, who moved with languid steps toward a green mound half-way down, on which stood a ruined Romanesque tower, embowered in a group of fig-trees; the severe outline of its gray belfry turret showed clear through the sombre green of the cypresses, and one saw with delight through its shattered openings bars of glimmering water, and glimpses of the blue mountains beyond. The whole scene was so full of varied beauty, and so rich in color, appealing in a sort of way to all sympathy and tenderness of feeling, that A——, whose passion was the sentiment of landscape, started up, and gathering together his drawing materials walked down the slope in a state of mute enthusiasm.

"Shall we follow him?" I suggested. "There are some clouds mounting up the sky, which look like rain, and we might find a more sheltered spot."

"And probably some ripe figs," remarked D——, whose predilections for that fruit every one knew.

"As that interesting old woman has disappeared we may as well go," said X——, slowly rising; "I daresay we shall find A—— reading the Inferno to her in the ruin." I laughed at the idea, for it reminded me, as a hundred other nothings had done before, of the very varied characteristics of our small party, and of the spirit of amusing opposition in which each found themselves toward the other. D——, for example, was full of light sarcasm, which she delighted to vent on X——; his snatches of sentiment she took to pieces and presented him with the fragments, and her slight figure and pleasant laugh kept time with her bright sallies of repartee and raillery. X—— was an historian of the new school; accuracy was his irritating excellence, and republicanism his passion. He pretended to have no enthusiasm, and said that he did not understand poetry. No one believed him, for he was subject to wild fits of delight at the sight of any new beauty, and to sudden discoveries of new charms in old poems.

When we entered the broken walls of the ruined church we found the space they enclosed almost filled with piles of withered boughs, over which a temporary shed had been erected; tall fig-trees spread their broad leaves over the broken masonry, with that tender pity which nature shows for the outworn. Deep in the shelter of the tower we stood, and listened to the rush of rain overhead. X—— seemed lost in thought, probably endeavoring to construct the edifice again in its ancient form. A—— had drawn out a volume of poems, and was employed (as was his wont) in finding some lines suitable to the occasion. Suddenly X—— broke out, "This lake scenery may be very charming for poets and artists, but I cannot stand it long. I require something more substantial to satisfy me."

A—— looked up, dreamily repeating, "And the big rain comes dancing to the

earth;" and said with indignation, "We have only been here about two days; surely you have sufficient enthusiasm for natural scenery to tide you over so short a time?"

"I have no enthusiasm—none whatever," persisted X——.

His companion smiled; possibly he was thinking of a day spent on the St. Gothard, when X—— had been in a state of wild excitement about the liberty of the free people of Uri; about their mountains which had fostered it, and their own efforts which had won it: an enthusiasm which had subsided into a sort of plaintive wail when the confines of that canton had been passed. However, he merely said, "Shall we go to Como? I have a great wish to see it."

"By all means," said X——, much relieved; "it is a most interesting town; all these Italian towns are worthy of a visit; and although Como has not much individual history, it played a considerable part in the Middle Ages."

"Just look," said A——, interrupting, "how those fig trees sway in the wind, and into what bold chasms their leaves are rent; leave the Middle Ages to themselves, and learn something from what you see. You cannot study fig-leaves well in Venice, and you won't enjoy Tintoret's mighty drawing of them, unless you have used your eyes here."

But X—— did not heed him in the least—and the way in which they both pursued their own thoughts with total independence of each other, was exquisitely amusing at times—and he ran on, "Italy has a glorious past, and she ought to have a noble future; I see the dawn of her prosperity."

"The first step taken toward any prosperity must be to seize all that Venetian tribe of artists, picture-cleaners, and restorers, and to hang them up in the Piazza of St. Mark," interposed A——, almost fiercely.

"Till life be extinct," rejoined his companion, laughing; but A—— felt too keenly on the subject even to smile. His eyes darted gleams, indignation glowed in every feature, and he solemnly added, "Until their very last gasp."

I had listened to this conversation hitherto in silence, but the awful solemnity of the last speech was too much for me, so I darted out into the rain, and springing on a heap of stones, grasped the bough of a fig-tree, and, after a liberal shower of rain-drops, succeeded in gathering some green figs, which I carried to the prisoners in the tower. On my way thither, there was the old woman again, utterly regardless of the rain which beat upon her unprotected head, and I wondered at the apathy in her worn countenance. But she was not too apathetic or too slow for kindness. Noticing that I had no seat, she swept with the help of her apron the rubbish from a large stone, and bade me sit down. I was beginning to moralize on the kindness laid up in the human heart, when I heard a voice behind me say in a mocking tone—

> "The lake, the bay, the waterfall,
> And thee the spirit of them all;"

and I saw X—— with a malicious smile surveying the old woman.

"Beauty is made up of contrasts," I said; "her whole appearance contrasts well with the fresh loveliness of this spot, and she seems so much a part of this ruined church, that I feel this place was made for her."

"It is certainly not made for us," rejoined X——, moving away; "the rain is nearly over."

We left the shelter of the ruin, and wound our way through the long wet grass to the shore of the lake. A boat lay waiting for us, and we were soon tossed back to Bellagio on the tiny wavelets which a sudden wind had caused.

Next day we started for Como in the steamboat: a number of people accompanied us, including some English tourists, carryingt he inevitable water-proof, which one may call the typical costume of our nation abroad, uniting as is fondly believed both the useful and the beautiful. A—— was enraptured with the lake. "See!" he cried, "how it lies like a precious treasure beneath the hills, so delicately wrought; every waft of wind and every passing cloud is mirrored on its transparent surface. We have lost all that sternness which belongs to parts of Swiss scenery; the hills rise steeply but softly from the level of the lake, clothed with a forest of trees to their very crests. It is the olive which gives a peculiar

charm to this scenery; look how it becomes a gray mist of foliage on the distant hill-side! while, on a near approach, every silver-shafted leaf glistens in the sunshine, and upturns in the light breeze its underlining of soft and silver gray."

"The first sight of the olive is a moment not to be forgotten," said X——, looking wickedly at A——, "not only on account of its grace of form, but because it reminds us that we have left those miserable Alpine snows behind, and have come to a land of warmth and sunshine." Our leaving Switzerland after but a few weeks' stay was a sore point with A——, and after this joyous allusion to it on his companion's part he retired to a corner of the boat, and took refuge in a small book which he held in his hand; it received his happiest thoughts and most poetic flashes; if we ever lost sight of him, we knew that he had gone to be alone with this treasure, and that we should be sure to find him in some hole or corner of the earth writing placidly and studiously. After a short pause, he turned to me and said, "You need not strain your eyes to catch a glimpse of the Alps, we shall not see them again until we arrive at Verona: there from the Campanile of San Zeno, you will see on the right hand Alpine peaks, and on the left the sweep of the plain of Lombardy."

"The battle-field of the world," interposed the voice of X——, who had followed us to our retreat, "where one might expect to meet the ghosts of Hun, and Goth, and Roman, stalking about amongst the mulberry trees."

"I don't know what Hun or Goth has to do with such a sunny scene as this," said A——; "your historical tendency is lapsing into a sort of monomania. You will soon be little short of a vast storehouse of forgotten facts; as to art, there is not a corner left for it."

"What an accusation!" said X—— to me; "but he is going to have a specimen of native art now, and I hope he will like it. I believe you did not know that we had a party of musicians on board." At this moment, three men disentangled themselves from the crowd, and striking their guitars commenced to drown the noise of the paddle-wheel, which accompanied them with successive and impetuous plunges: but it was fascinating to gaze down into the luminous valley which every stroke it made revealed, and to see the globe-like bubbles darting upward in the pale green light, and vanishing as they reached the surface, whilst others crossed and whirled and disappeared with a beautiful impetuosity amongst the rays of gleaming green which shone below; it was like a dream of flashing color, gone in a moment before thought could fix or memory retain it. Meanwhile, the music continued, and we wandered from one end of the boat to the other, talking as we went, amused by the passengers, and enjoying what X—— called "the gay and festive throng."

We were now approaching Como. It seemed a town of considerable size, stretching far into the wide plain which spreads beneath the hills, and lingering into two suburbs along the shores of the lake. Long rows of white buildings and red-roofed houses glistened in the sunshine. Over them rose the great dome of the cathedral, and beside it a tall but graceful bell-turret: beyond I could see a clear line of massive wall, a church sheltering at the hill-side, and towering over all a steep and conical hill, which rose abruptly from the plain and terminated in a ruined tower. Pretty villas nestling among their olives and vines, gleamed upon us as we approached the landing-place, where amongst a crowd of market-boats and smaller vessels, we glided to the shore. A rush amongst the passengers impelled us forward, and we were borne tumultuously across the narrow plank which united us to land. We took breath, and racing through a broad and monotonous street emerged by a narrow opening in the Piazza, in which stands the cathedral, and by its side the town-hall or Broletto. Taken as a whole, they form a noble line of buildings. The cathedral—rich in ornament and fanciful sculptures, its lofty marble walls traced with delicate vine-wreaths, lilies, and flowing foliage, interspersed with statues and relievos—is a fine type of the architecture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The cupola which overshadows it is due to a later period. But one turned with greater pleasure to the less ornamented building whose walls abut against those of the cathedral. The Broletto is

a beautiful specimen of the Italian Gothic of the thirteenth century; combining the most precious material with the greatest strength of building and grace of form. The mid-day sun burnt on the red and white marble of its walls, which, lifted high off the ground, were supported on massive pointed arches of a deep red color. The open space, or Loggia below, formed by the arcade, was busy with the noise of buying and selling; flowers and fruits were strewn on the pavement, and the stone roof rang with the most inharmonious cries of the sellers. It was a pleasant sight, full of life and clamor.

The rapture of X——, for the first time in contact with a town-hall, was a sight to see. We had missed him from our party, and, searching for him amongst the crowd who crossed and gathered into knots in the Piazza, we at length descried him standing on the pavement opposite the Broletto, lost in thought.

"Let us go to him," said A——; "his republicanism has taken fire; I see it blazing in his eyes, and in his excited attitude; it reminds me of that scene in Altdorf churchyard, when he went off about the three Cantons."

"Oh, this will be a historical torrent impossible to stem," said D——.

As we approached X—— he turned sharply to us, and said, "Hush! don't you hear the hum of the free people, and the voice of the magistrate from the balcony? This is the thirteenth century." Then dragging us into the middle of the street, he began as if we were in a lecture-room.

"Look," he said; "the place where you stand was once sacred to liberty. The architecture of Italy was altogether republican during the thirteenth century; and this spirit is seen in the numerous civic buildings undertaken at that time. Every Lombard town of Italy possesses a Broletto, or the ruins of such a one as you see standing here, at once the memorial and the connecting link of that far past political freedom and independence which each city enjoyed. The rude belfry-tower which rises at one side recalls the constant warfare of those uncertain times; when at the sound of the great bell the citizens hurriedly gathered together to consult for their mutual safely, and for the defense of their town. But it did not ring in time of danger only; at its call the townspeople crowded to the Piazza for a different purpose, and, surging beneath that light balcony which projects from the central window, listened to the address of the municipality given to them from thence. The magistrates who had thus the right of addressing them, had been elected by the universal suffrage of the people, and it was to the people that they submitted their decisions, for the purpose of gaining their approbation and consent. In fact, the citizens of the town formed its parliament; consequently every inhabitant was filled with an ardent loyalty, not to the kingdom of Italy or to the empire, but to his own independent state, beyond whose walls were to be found only its enemies or its allies: the former inspired no terror, for, from the beginning of the tenth century, the citizens of the northern towns had commenced to surround themselves with walls of immense strength and thickness, with deep ditches and towers. And afterward, as their liberty was secured to them on a firmer basis, municipal halls, churches, prisons, and palaces rose to attest the industry, as well as the zeal, of the republic."

He ceased; his voice rang fainter and fainter, overcome by his emotions, and when he saw the amused smile of A—— he smiled in return and whispered, "These are *my* Alps, you rascal!"

We left the sunny Piazza and wandered through the cathedral, and afterward through the town. San Fedele saw us delighted with its balconied apse and weird-like sculptures. When we passed out of the great gate, and beyond the massive wall, we found ourselves on the site of the old Roman town, and after a short walk over the bridge, close to the mother church of San Abbondio, which rises near the foot of the Baradello mount. To this church we gave an hour's severe study; but I cannot give here all the erudite arguments of A—— and X—— on its ancient architecture. It is enough to say, that there was much difference of opinion, much triumphant certainty on the part of A——, at once crushed by X—— producing an array of dates and facts: every objection was met by another of greater force, until A—— fell into a a state of pathetic silence, and wandered

solitary through the sombre aisles of the the building. Fearing for the harmony of the day, D—— and I led them away to climb the Baradello. About a mile from the town, and conspicuous from every part of it, the Baradello rises, a steep, conical hill, forming the last link in that chain of mountains which had followed us from Switzerland; the summit is crowned by the lofty ruins of the Baradello tower, the walls of which clasp the abrupt sides of the steep down which they run in broken fragments. As we mounted, the clear transparent air blew round us so deliciously, that I could not help repeating to myself all the way up those two lines of a Greek poet, who represents the Athenians as

> "Ever delicately marching
> Through the most pellucid air."

We climbed the hill by a broad green pathway, shaded by acacia trees. Now and then the foliage opened, and we gazed down on the "waveless plain of Lombardy," its long sweep of outstretched land dark with lines of mulberry trees, and made bright by sunny breadths of pasture-land and gleaming sheets of water. As we neared the summit, the ascent became steeper, and the pine-trees—those children of the mountain heights—sprang around our footpath, and only ceased as we reached the top. There we found a multitude of school-girls making holiday, dashing in and out of the broken fissures and shattered masonry of the old walls, the air ringing with their joyous voices. We left them undisturbed, and retraced our steps down to a level plateau of mossy grass, sprinkled with fir-trees. Here, seated beneath the shade, we had a charming view of the town below, and of the silvery expanse of water, which stretched as far as the eye could see, flanked by the mountain barriers, and deepening in the distance into a grave, shadowy light.

We were very quiet, for the peaceful scene fell like music into the heart, and charmed us into silent sympathy. At last A—— spoke: "Do you remember in one of Wordsworth's sonnets how perfectly he expresses this sort of religious evening calm?"

And A——, taking up a book which lay beside him, turned over the leaves, and read in a clear, impassioned voice, those lovely lines, commencing with

> "It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
> The holy time is quiet as a nun," &c.

When he had finished, he relapsed into a satisfied silence, from which we did not disturb him.

Now X—— had looked hitherto in that uncomfortable condition of wanting to say something and being unable to say it, but the silence which followed this poetic outburst gave him an opening, and he seized it.

"That is beautiful, I grant you; but here, surrounded by the memories of a past struggle for freedom, I like better that sonnet of your poet, where he sings of the influence which the mountains and sea exercise in the cause of liberty:

> "Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
> One of the mountains: each a mighty voice."

"What is the struggle you mention?" said A——, who was in the humor for listening. "Was it one of those endless quarrels between Guelph and Ghibelline, the dreary recital of which wearies the reader to this day?"

On the contrary," replied X——, "the war between Como and Milan stands out from the mere squabbles between one town and the other, by its great significances; an ancient poet relates how that for ten years this little town at our feet defied the united armies of Lombardy."

"We are to have the narration in the words of a modern poet, I perceive," interrupted D——, mischievously; but A—— interposed, and said heartily, "Let us have it by all means." And X——, delighted, started off at once.

"Its position on the border-land between Italy and Germany determined the fortunes of Como. The gloomy walls which surround it, the deep fosse where the wild gourd flings itself over the grass, still preserve the memory of the great struggle between the German chivalry of Frederick Barbarossa and the free citizens of the Italian towns, in which democracy won its first and most decisive victory over mediæval feudalism. The struggle itself was a new act, as it were, in the long contest between the pope and the empire. Frederick had inherited

the tradition of universal rule from Otto and Charles the First; it was his right as German king to claim the crown of Italy, and to receive the greater crown of the empire itself in his destined capital of Rome. The one obstacle in the way of imperial ambition had hitherto been the papacy, and the papacy seemed little inclined to plunge into a struggle with Frederick. It was to complete his realm, therefore, that Frederick marched into Italy, but it was the cry of Como which actually called him over the Alps. Unperceived by kings or emperors, a new force was springing up in Italy itself; city after city found freedom and self-government in the choice of its own magistrates, the deliberations of its own citizens, in a rule of reason and equality which replaced the brute force and subordination of feudalism. Had the cities been as united as they were free, Italy would have "made itself" in the twelfth century instead of the nineteenth. But local jealousies followed local independence; and the greater cities had hardly won liberty when they strove to wrest liberty from the lesser towns around them.

"The acquisition of Como, through which the trade of central Italy passed on its way to the north, was of the highest importance to Milan, and religious as well as political differences fanned the strife between them. For ten years Como defied the arms of its great rival in a struggle which a native poet, whose verses commemorate it, likens to the ten years' struggle around Troy.

"The opening of the conflict had, at any rate, something of the fire and energy of Homeric story. The see of Como was disputed between Guido, whose cause was espoused by the citizens themselves, and a certain Landolf, whose cause was supported by Milan. Guido took the matter into his own hands one night, and, sallying forth, stormed the Castle of St. George, where Landolf had been installed, took him prisoner, and slew many of his relatives and friends. The rest fled so Milan, where they exposed to view on the public place the bloody garments of the slain; they stood by in silence, whilst the widows and orphans with tears and lamentations implored the passers-by to avenge their wrong. During this scene the church-bells sounded, and the people flocked to worship; but they were prevented from entering the temple by the appearance of the archbishop at the head of his clergy, who gave orders that the doors should be closed; he then declared that they should only be opened to those who would take up arms for their country and for their church. Amongst a people so easily excited to war, this spectacle took instant effect. A herald was despatched to defy the town of Como, and the Milanese put themselves in readiness for the fight.

"The Comaschi, quitting their town, stationed themselves at the foot of this mount, and awaited the onslaught of the enemy. They soon perceived the forces of the Milanese advancing along the plain, with banners flying, and dragging in their midst the *carroccio*, or war-chariot, around whose floating standard their chosen men of valor clustered. The fight was long and fierce, night only separating the combatants, without either party knowing to whom the victory belonged. At morning light the Comaschi observed with wonder that the enemy had disappeared. Hurriedly ascending the mountain, they saw (perhaps from the spot on which we are now seated) the city below covered with a dense volume of smoke, from which the flames escaped in lurid gleams. The enemy had, under cover of the darkness, followed the dry bed of a winter torrent, and reached the town, which they set on fire. They were absorbed in the pillage when the Comaschi burst upon them, overpowered them completely, and put them to flight. Then, masters again of their city, they raised the ruined walls, quenched the fire, and awaited a new call to duty and to arms."

"Vive la République!" cried A——, as he threw his hat into the air with a half-feigned enthusiasm.

"The two suburbs," continued X——, "Vico and Coloniola, which we see extended along the shores of the lake, sustained next a vigorous attack; but the enemy was repulsed with great loss, and retired, proclaiming (according to the custom of the day) that they would return in the following August and lay siege to the town. They kept their word, and during the eight years that followed the Milanese renewed their attacks every summer, but the conflict was chiefly kept

up along the shores of the lakes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, where a number of small townships which belonged to the Comaschi had revolted against them. The dash and vigor of the warriors of Como was wonderful. They had constructed a fleet upon the Lake Lugano, and reduced its people to submission; but they had no fleet on the Lake Maggiore, and the enemy were there in force. Guess what they did! They transported the whole fleet on wheels from the one lake to the other, the distance being eight miles! To the astonishment of the enemy a new array of vessels sailed up the lake in the bright morning air, encouraging by its presence those allies who were still faithful to the fortunes of the republic.

"The year 1127 found them suffering from all the horrors of a prolonged and harassing struggle. Their harvests were burnt, their subjects revolted, and their bravest warriors dead. The Milanese prepared for a desperate effort: assembling a vast army, gathered from the surrounding republics, they encamped beneath the walls of Como. The towns of Pisa, Lecco, and Genoa, had furnished engineers, and with their help they constructed great towers, battering-rams, and huge machines for hurling stones into the town. When these preparations were completed, they commenced the siege with shouts of joy. In spite of a gallant resistance on the part of the Comaschi, and two desperate sorties, the battering-rams made so large a breach that the enemy only waited the morning to enter with their cavalry and take possession of the town."

Here D—— broke in, for the prolonged resistance of the Comaschi had exhausted her. "I hope they were beaten at last," she said, "for unless they were, we shall be late for the boat. We lost our dinner at Brunnen owing to X——'s interminable recital of the rise of the Swiss Confederacy; and if we lose our dinner again for the sake of the freedom of Como, I shall become an Imperialist."

"Never, while I live," said X——; "the story is worth a hundred dinners, for the Comaschi, sooner than surrender to the enemy, abandoned the town, chose the Castle of Vico from whence to defend their liberty, and sending off the old men and children, gathered around the breach and rushed upon the besiegers with such impetuosity as to spread dismay throughout their camp. The Comaschi availed themselves of the confusion, regained their ships, and fled to Vico before morning dawned. Next day the astonished Milanese found the town silent and abandoned, and saw from afar the Castle of Vico furnished with soldiers and war machines, ready to undergo another siege, perhaps longer than that of Como, for the rocks on which the fortress was built were inaccessible. Wearied out, they offered favorable terms to the Comaschi, which were accepted, and the war terminated."

"I rejoice to hear it," said D——, glancing at X——. "It has been a weary business, and now I suppose we may go."

"What!" replied X——, "and leave Frederick Barbarsoso behind, and how, hearing the cry of the townships of Como, Cremona and Lodi, as they groaned under the tyranny of Milan, he swept down upon the Milanese in 1158, besieged and destroyed their town, enfranchised Como, rebuilt her walls, and granted to the city the ruined fortress which crowns this hill, and imperial rights——,,

"Yes," said D——; "what is Barbarossa to me, or I to Barbarossa?"

"You won't say that," said A——, laughing, "when he wakes from his long sleep in the rock at Thuringia, shakes his monstrous red beard, and calls for vengeance on the enemies of Germany."

Just then a lovely strain of music came floating down to us from the ruins of the tower. Looking upward through the green trees, we saw the singer. It was one of the joyous girls whom we had seen at the tower, who had separated herself from her companions, and wandered, singing as she went. The sound rose and fell in lovely cadence as we left our pleasant resting-place, and struck down through the green acacias, and went rapidly toward the town. In spite of renewed attempts on the part of A—— and X—— to have "just one more look at San Abbondio," and to reknit their discussion—for A——, who had a knack of forgetting defeat, was again sure he was right—we were soon in sight of the shore, and of

the little packet, which was fast approaching, its long pennons of smoke flying in the heavenly azure of the air.

The evening was closing in as we embarked, and heavy clouds rose from the north, slowly overshadowing the tender sky, still serene with the remembrance of sunlight. A mist of rain came on, and we saw, as through a veil, each mountain barrier lifting its head against the darkened heavens; whilst the surface of the lake was all alive with wavelets tossing their foam against the vessel's side. The scene wore a changed aspect since the morning, but one which I enjoyed. I liked this angry mood of Nature; and, seated on the deck, I watched every impulsive burst of rain, and every half-repentant lifting of the veil — shadowy woodland and pine-clad ridge glancing through the mist, white-walled villas and church towers gleaming in broken shafts of sunlight as we went along. I was a little sorry when we approached Bellagio, and thought that Como, its republic, its brave citizens, its poetry and its beauty must henceforth be but a thing of the past —one of those memories which "flash across the inward eye," and form the "bliss of solitude;" which, while they bring regret for vanished pleasure, still have strength to throw a tender coloring over the landscape of life we leave behind.

My thoughts and my regrets were broken in upon by the boat stopping at the little quay, and the consequent tumult of the passengers, amongst whom I heard the cheerful voice of A—— saying, "Here we are, amongst the olives and vines again, far from the noise of towns and the rattle of vehicles. I feel like an enfranchised spirit."

"Ah, but we have seen Como," said X——, triumphantly, "and I have had a good historic talk, and the Broletto has warmed my heart, and D—— will never forget the wars of Como."

Tinsley's Magazine.

SYMPOSIAC JOTTINGS.

SOMEBODY said, "Man is a dining animal." Whoever he was, he deserves well of his country for his deep research in natural history; and we have never heard his assertion disputed. The *genus homo* has also another attribute—

"No meaner creature—scan 'em all—
By fire their food prepare;
Man is the cooking animal,
And need be nothing *mair*;"

so that in the "new educational science books," man, no doubt, will be termed, "a dining and cooking animal." Byron had a deep insight into human nature when he wrote,

"Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner!—
Since Eve eat apples, much depends on dinner."

"The seasoning does it," as Sam Weller observed of the meat-pies. And Byron continues:

"Who would suppose from Adam's simple ration
That cookery could have called forth such resources
As form a science and a nomenclature
From out the commonest demands of Nature?"

Cooking, indeed, *is* a science, and *savans* have written volumes about what Alexis Soyer called "the noble art of the *cuisine*." According to Milton, "Mother Eve" could put as good "a little dinner" on the table as Thackeray's Mrs. Raymond Gray did when she invited Mr. Snob, and treated him to one of her famous "roly-poly puddings." The dinner given in Paradise to the angel Raphael, as one would imagine at that period, was entirely vegetarian, and

"Eve within, due at her home prepared
For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please
True appetites, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectareous draughts between . . . .
With despatchful looks, in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change.
. . . . . .
She tempers dulcet creams, ...
. . . . then strews the ground
With rose and odors."

Shortly after expulsion from the Garden

of Eden, cookery must have been discovered. History does not say *how;* but one can easily infer it must have been by some such happy accident as that by which Charles Lamb asserted "roast pig" was invented. Esau sold his birthright for a *potage*, Isaac sighed for "venison pastry," and Abraham entertained his strange visitors hospitably and with many viands. It remained for the Greeks and Romans to bring the art of cooking to a high state of perfection. Philoxemes, an eminent Greek epicure, made a reputation for himself by inuring his palate to the touch of hot water, so as to be able to swallow soups "hot from the pot." As may be readily inferred, such a *gourmand* would require a Greek "Soyer" to direct culinary operations; and that such men were not wanting in those days we learn from Athenaus, where the cook speaking, says:

"I never enter in my kitchen; I
But sit apart, and in the cool direct,
Observant of whate'er may pass within,
The scullions' toil. I guide the mighty whole:
Leave, leave that ponderous ham;
Keep up the fire, and lively play the flames
Beneath the lobster-patties; patient here,
Fixed as a statue, skim, incessant skim;
Steep well this small glociscus in its sauce,
And boil that sea-dog in a cullender."

A Greek symposium was a grand event, and, owing to the numerous divinities worshiped, a *dies festis* was of frequent occurrence, and was celebrated with *éclat.* When we come to think, too, that births, deaths, and marriages were also celebrated by a feast, the number of dinner-parties must have been enormous. No wonder, indeed, that luxury undermined the state; no constitutions, even if framed of iron, could have withstood such a repeated onslaught on their digestive functions. They became dyspeptic and their views of life were jaundiced; hardly anything, no matter how delicate, could tempt them; and we read of an epicurean gentleman named Apicius, who, having heard that shrimps were larger and finer in Africa than anywhere else, made a voyage there in order that he might test the truth of the report.

"God sends good meat," says Garrick, "and the devil sends cooks." Doubtless he would not venture to make such an assertion unless he had good reason for it, and he spent a deal of his time in London too, which speaks volumes. We are inclined to think that when cooks come to the metropolis, they learn the mysteries of their art after the manner of the leeches in the Pontine marshes, who "practice on their masters," as we are *told* in a well-known guide-book to the Continent. Not that we "hold," as Mrs. Brown would say, altogether with "furrineering" cooks; still it is a great relief to a man who is not blessed with the digestion of an ostrich or a python to know that he *can*

"post to Paris go,
Merely to taste their soups, and mushrooms know."

Brillat Savarin, a French lawyer, more eminent, however, as a gastronomist and authority on cooking, does "a tale unfold" concerning a Croat captain, who asserted "that when on campaign duty he used to kill the first animal he met, cut off a steak, powder it over with salt, put it under the saddle, gallop over it for half a mile, and then eat it. Lord Bacon says, "Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider." Upon consideration we are inclined to think that the Croat captain's story must be taken *cum grano salis*, but have no doubt the "steak" was just as palatable as the "leathery substance" known by that name, and eaten daily to sustain a precarious existence by *habitués* of certain luncheon bars situated between Temple-bar and the Land's End. Every nation has its peculiarities in its choice of comestibles. The writer of this article was a guest at a Chinese dinner-party, where young and tender pups, frogs, kittens, and eggs that had been buried ten years, shone conspicuously on the "bill of fare." Indeed, any one who has had the felicity of seeing these delicacies in Hong-Kong market-place for the first time, may possibly recall, upon reading these lines, the horror and disgust he felt at this exhibition of the kind of gastronomy practiced by the Celestials.

The Tartars have a *penchant* for horse-flesh, and so had the Parisians within the memory of this generation; and many a *ragoût* and *fricassee* of succulent and pampered pets formed the chief ornaments of the tables of the wealthy during the famous siege. Parisians in those

days were wont to exclaim, "O, how short are human schemes!" and were determined to eat, drink, and be merry. If the viands were not *comme il faut*, the wine was good, and conversation brilliant, even under most depressing circumstances; in fact, they possessed, as they always did, Burns' eminent qualifications for *bons vivants*—

"Wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man."

Some of the "bills of fare" served up in the "good old time" are still extant; for instance, Justice Shallow, when he invites Fallstaff to dinner, says, "Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook."

As Swift has it, "those geniuses of ancient days" knew *how* to live, though they were not so particular about what to "eat, drink and avoid," and so hypochondriacal as people are now-a-days. At Christmas time, as Thomas says,

"Loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth."

And lords of the manor were wont to make their stout oak tables groan beneath the weight of such a bill of fare as the following:

"Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine,
Herons, and bitterns, peacocks, swans, and bustards,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and, in fine,
Plum-puddings, pan-cakes, apple-pies, and custards,
And withal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead and ale and cider of our own,
For porter, punch, and negus were not known."

This kind of dinner, though profuse, was rudely put on. It was not till later that "artists" were employed

"to make the concert play,
No useless dishes might the table crowd:
Harmonious ranged, and constantly just,
As in a concert instruments resound,
The ordered dishes in their course might chime."

A man's dinner-table is a good criterion of the state of his pocket. An Englishman is preëminently a "dining animal," and never from choice permits his table to display a lack of viands; indeed, as he goes up in the social scale, his bill of fare improves. Pope gives an apt illustration of this in his description of Sir Balaam:

"Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth,
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the Lord."

This meagre and abstemious kind of dinner did not apparently give sufficient employment to the *protégés* of his Satanic Majesty, and bears out in some measure Garrick's oft-repeated saying, as we are told,

"The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And longed to tempt him like good Job of old."

And accordingly

"Two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore."

of which, as a Cornish knight, Sir Balaam, as a matter of course, availed himself—or, we mean, "salvaged"—after the peculiar manner of his county. The effect on his *ménage* was magical; he commenced to "turn over a new leaf," or, as our American cousins have it, take a "new departure," and in a short time

"lives like other folks.
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes—
'Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word—
And, lo! *two puddings* smoked upon the board!"

All Pope's heroes were not so content with plain living as Sir Balaam, as he thus alludes to Oldfield, an eminent glutton of former days, who gormandized away a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year:

"Oldfield, with more than happy throat endued,
Cries, 'Send me, O gods, a whole hog barbecued!'"

The poet himself, however, was a foe to gluttony, and says,

"Now hear what blessings temperance can bring
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing:)
First health; the stomach (crammed with every dish)
A tomb of boiled and roast, and flesh and fish."

We do not altogether like to think too highly of

"the school-boy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air,"

about which Pope writes. Squeers' victims at Dotheboys hall found their diet "too light" altogether, and from our own reminiscences we are inclined to think that "school-boy's simple fare" is not sufficient in quantity. Sir Henry Grey, who lived in London in 1770, was a remarkable *gourmand* and had a pie sent him from Howick, his country seat,

which was nine feet in circumference, weighed twelve stone, and was pushed about the dining-room on a kind of platform on four wheels. Mrs. Dorothy Patterson was the name of his cook, and employed in making this *chef-d'œuvre* 2 bushels of flour, 20 pounds of butter, 4 geese, 2 turkeys, 2 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 2 woodcocks, 6 snipes, 4 partridges, 2 neats' tongues, 2 curlews, 7 blackbirds, and 6 pigeons.

Leland mentions a feast given by the Archbishop of York, at his installation in the reign of Edward IV., at which was eaten and drunk 300 quarters of wheat, 300 tuns of ale, 100 tuns of wine, 1,000 sheep, 104 oxen, 304 calves, 304 swine, 2,000 geese, 1,000 capons, 2,000 pigs, 400 swans, 104 peacocks, 1,500 hot venison pasties, 4,000 cold and 5,000 hot custards. "Such entertainments are a picture of manners," saith the chronicler.

Old English cooks must have had lots of practice at their art. Both Stow and Holinshed are filled with details of "luscious eating," and May's *Accomplished Cook*, published in 1665, professed to teach "the rarest ways of dressing of all manner of roast meats, either flesh or fowl, by sea or land, and divers ways of dredging meats to prevent the gravy from too much evaporating." Ben Johnson, in the *Alchemist*, paints Sir Epicure Mammon as gloating over a promised fortune, and reveling in a glorious dream of gormandising, saying to Puff,

"We will be brave, Puff, now we have the medicine.
My meat shall come in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths and rubies—
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boiled in the spirit of Sol and dissolved pearls,
Apicius' diet against the epilepsy;
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber
Headed with diamonds and carbuncle;
My footboy shall cut pheasants, calvered salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The heads of barbels served instead of salads,
Oiled mushrooms, and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold; Go forth and be a knight.*"

The character of Sir Epicure Mammon much resembles that of Settle as given by Dryden:

"He needs no more than birds and beasts to think—
All his occasions are to eat and drink."

Even Archbishop Crammer has left behind him a curious relic of the interest the church took in gastronomy. It seems from this document, as quoted by Warton, that an archbishop was allowed to have two swans or two tapons on a dish, a bishop one; an archbishop six blackbirds at once, a bishop five, a dean four, an archdeacon two. If a dean has four dishes in his first course, he is not to have custards or fritters afterward. An archbishop may have six snipes, an archdeacon two. Rabbits, larks, pheasants, and partridges are allowed in these proportions. A canon residentiary is to have a swan only on a Sunday; a rector of sixteen marks *only three blackbirds in a week.* Poor rector! what a meagre allowance of small birds! and how *thoughtful* of the archbishop to arrange all this by seniority! *Seniores priores* with a vengeance!

Sir William Lowther has the credit of having given the biggest "dinner-party" ever known in England. Upon the death of his father, Sir James, he stood for the shire of Cumberland, and entertained 3,650 gentlemen freeholders at a dinner, at which were consumed 768 gallons of wine, 1,454 gallons of ale, *and* 5,814 *bottles of punch.* This latter item puts us in mind of Pindar's saying, "Death, as well as pleasure, dwells with punch."

History, however, has furnished us with no records of the killed, wounded, and missing, after this battle of "knives and forks," and truly at such a banquet it must have been a pleasing sight "to mark the mutual kindling eye" of the host and his 3,650 guests. Those were the days of "six-bottle men," a race who were presumed, like Snipe, to live on "suction," and could "polish off" that *quantum* without, as the saying ran, "turning a hair." Homer tells us how his heroes gormandized, playing as good a "trencher knife" at table as they did "trusty blade" on the battle-field. So did Young's voluptuaries—

"Ye well-array'd! ye lilies of our land!"

for whom

"Other worlds send odors, sauce, and song."

People gave their minds to jollification

in those days. Bacchus was worshiped with heart and soul, and all the bucks and blades vied with each other to

"altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honors, feasts, and praise."

Not to speak of nightly libations offered up in huge bunch-bowls—

"Thence each deep draughts as each he thirsted drew."

Ha, ha!

"Now hear what blessings temperance can bring"—

Who cares? Don't mind Pope; hear what Pindar says:

"Who dares talk of hours? Seize the hand of that clock;
Seize this hammer, and cut off his hands.
To the bottle, dear bottle, I'll stick like a rock,
And obey only Pleasure's commands!"

How truly Anacreontic!

"Let him strike the short hours, and hint at a bed—
Waiter, bring us more wine—what a whim!
Say that Time, his old master, for *topers* was made,
And not jolly topers for him."

And after that a row with the Charlies!

At any rate there *was* wit in those days—a feast of reason and a flow of soul, both at dinner and after dinner. Ask any candid man if people at dinner-parties do not conscientiously follow Béranger's advice now-a-days?—

"To give each dish the relish due,
All talk at table pray eschew;
Strictly forbid all repartee,
In which our sires were wont to see
Such charms—*let's have it now no more;*
Smart sayings are a downright bore!"

Let him note in his pocket-book all the smart things he hears in a year at dinner-parties, add up the sum total, and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it—*if he can.* Wit, indeed!—when found, make a note of.

Everything likely to produce wit is voted a bore; everybody's ambition seems to be solemn and priggish, and to take a pride in proving himself descended from Wamba, son of Witless. Even that public drudge the cabinet minister sees no wit in that little dinner at Greenwich, where in times past he was wont to

"Ease him by degrees of public care."

Guy of Warwick and Bevis of Southampton, may be forgotten; but Sir Loin—a creation of symposiac wit—*never!*

"Renowned Sir Loin, ofttimes decreed
The theme of English ballad,
On thee our king hath deigned to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate;
For how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup meagre, frogs, and salad!"

True, O king! the knight shall sit at that banquet foretold by Douglas Jerrold, when, London being destroyed by an earthquake, all will meet to discuss it at a public dinner.

Tinsley's Magazine.

WILL HE CONQUER?

CHAPTER I.—THE BEACH.

A PEBBLE beach, shelving down to the sea, the blue water alive with many pleasure-boats and yachts, and ruffled into white foam just now by the paddle-wheels of the Ryde steamer, which is nearing the Southsea pier. It is a bright July afternoon, and the pier is crowded with gaily dressed people, and the music of the band playing thereon comes pleasantly wafted on the breeze to the ears of two young ladies, seated at a considerable distance on the pebbly beach.

There are many interesting groups on the beach this afternoon, but none prettier to look upon than the two girls who are now to occupy our attention. There are jolly children with frocks and trousers tucked up knee-high, paddling as far as they dare into the sea—a most exciting amusement is that; for might not an extra big wave come at any time, and carry them off their small feet into the briny ocean? And is not nurse looking on in an agony of fear? Others are making breakwaters, or raising fortifications of sand with as much grave deliberation as though the defense of old England's shores depended on their gigantic efforts. Then, again, there is

the little sick girl laid on her couch by the seaside, her golden hair tossed by the breeze, and her wan child-face watching eagerly—perchance regretfully—her rosy-cheeked contemporaries at play.

But we must not allow ourselves to be carried away too much by the various phases of life around us, or we shall not observe sufficiently the pair with whom we have to do.

A very charming contrast are the two girls as they bask there in the afternoon sunshine. The one a pretty brunette, all rippling smiles and laughter; and the other a fair Madonna face, only with more stern pride than sweetness in the expression of the faultless features. They are dressed alike—quietly enough, but with that peculiar refinement of style so unattainable by many people, no matter how high their dressmakers' bills, nor the amount of thought they give to their appearance.

The girls were cousins—Madeleine Lefort and Minnie Wilson by name; thus we introduce them to our readers, and leave them to speak for themselves.

"This really is refreshing, Madeleine. I could not have guessed yesterday morning, when we were leaving dear old London and all our friends, that I should so soon feel resigned to my sad fate," said Minnie, heaving a profound sigh, but unable to compose her cheerful little face into anything approaching a melancholy expression.

"I believe, Minnie, you would be resigned to any change within twenty-four hours," said her friend, with an almost imperceptible curve of scorn on her short upper lip.

"Well, and so much the better for me, if I have such a philosophical mind. But it is unkind of you, Madeleine, to twit me with my inconstancy. It is all very well for people to blame girls for being changeable instead of keeping constant to one great life-long love, as grandmamma says they did in her young days. Men must have been different then, that I am sure of. Picture consecrating one's whole heart to either of the hundred and one gallants who devote themselves to you for one week, and are equally devoted to somebody else the next! I have only been out one season, but I have kept my eyes open; and I tell you what it is, Madeleine, men complain of girls being flirts and frivolous, but it's more than half *their* fault if it is so. They haven't a bit of heart or reality about them, for the most part. And I, for one, never mean to give my heart away till I get as good in return. I hate a real flirt; but as for making oneself equally agreeable to many people, I don't see any middle course, as things are, between that and making oneself equally disagreeable to all, as you do."

Madeleine smiled as she said,

"I am glad, Minnie, you give me my due. I will give you yours too. You are not a bit of a flirt; which is a word, by the way, I would never utter if I could help it—I abhor it so—but for the art of making yourself agreeable in a ladylike way, I have not seen your equal. I can't think how you can stand it. I believe I should have gone mad from ennui and disgust, if we had stayed in Belgrave-square much longer. One thing I have determined—my first season shall be my last."

The merry dark eyes were turned upon her in wide-open astonishment. But the stern compression of the chiselled mouth set the seal to Madeleine's words. It would not be easy to shake a determination such as hers. At last Minnie broke forth:

"I do believe, Madeleine, you are made of stone, as Captain Grant said. When I was dancing with him two nights ago, for want of a better subject, we began talking of you. I asked him did he not think you perfect. 'A perfect statue,' he said; 'but one shrinks from too near an approach to an iceberg even in the dog-days.'"

"I am infinitely indebted to your friend for making me the subject of a jest," said Madeleine haughtily, "and am truly glad he has so wholesome a dread of a chill."

"Captain Grant is no especial friend of mine, though he does dance to perfection," said Minnie, with a pout. "But it is all the same, whoever I mention; you seem to have a supreme contempt for every one—but yourself," this finale being added, after a pause, as a dangerous bit of spite.

But Madeleine did not retort. On the contrary, her manner softened; and in a

tone low and gentle, touching in its sadness, she said:

"Too true, Minnie, except that you should have numbered myself also in the category. I only wish I *could* think well of myself, but I can't. If I don't give myself up to frivolity and nonsense, I don't give myself up to anything better; and the utter weariness I feel of life sometimes is almost more than I can bear."

"What a speech," cried Minnie, "for a girl of eighteen, with all the best of life before her! For *you* too, of all people—an heiress and a beauty, who might have the world at your feet! Now, as for poor me, I am like the the milkmaid, 'my face is my fortune,' which no doubt accounts for my misanthropical views of the fickleness of men. But you, Madeleine, might secure any one you liked."

"A great privilege when I don't like anybody," with the old scornful tone. "I wish, Minnie, you would not use such objectionable words."

"Objectionable words?"

"Yes. To talk in that way of *securing* any one gives me the shivers."

Minnie laughed a loud, merry peal.

"O, Madeleine, you certainly ought to have been my great-grandmother instead of my cousin. You should have lived in the days when suitors went on their bended knees to their lady-loves, implored their condescending pity, and all that rubbish. You want a Sir Charles Grandison, and nothing less. But I don't think Harriet Byron even was as cold and unapproachable as you."

"You may laugh, Minnie, if you like; but I shall hold my own theory all the same. Whilst you have been dancing away the long hours at all our terrible balls this season, I have been looking on. For you know very well that though *you* never miss a dance, *I* am from necessity, as well as from choice, generally a wallflower. But I made up my mind about many things during those tedious nights, so I hope it was not all waste of time."

"It is your own fault you don't get partners; you snub them so. But now tell me the result of your wise reflections, Minerva."

"First, I discovered the falseness and humbug of society; then the insolence and conceit of the men; and lastly, the forwardness and frivolity of the women. O, it is enough to make one ashamed of one's species to watch it all! I have heard mothers praise up each other's daughters, and then make some underhand disparaging remark, the moment each other's backs were turned, on these same luckless girls, I have caught scraps of conversation, too, between the most sought-after gentlemen, and felt my cheeks flame with anger at the insolent familiarity with which they speak of the very girls to whom they have just been devoting themselves. And then, to crown it all, I have seen these same girls paying court to them, not only receiving their compliments, but dextrously paying them back in their own coin, making them more conceited than they were before. O, Minnie, it is revolting! I cannot think how you like it. Depend upon it, we want a revolution in manners—or rather a return to the good old times. And until we have more self-respect and quiet dignity, and go back to the old idea that woman's heart is a fortress not easily to be won, things will get worse instead of better; and I can't see where it will end."

Madeleine had grown very eager as she spoke, her full low tones were impressive with depth of feeling. Her beautiful face had kindled into still greater beauty; and Minnie looked and listened, and did not soon forget her cousin's words. Some one else, too, looked, and caught the last few words in passing.

The new-comer on the beach was a man on horseback; the most striking features in steed and rider being the noble proportions and fiery eye of the one, and the firm seat and calm determination of the other.

Quietly they went together to the water's edge; but then began a contest between the two, calmly and persistently maintained on the one part, restlessly and vigorously on the other. The rider's object was to make his horse go into the sea; the fiery steed resisted. He was coaxed, soothed, led gently toward it, backed almost into it; all in vain, not one hoof was wetted. The animal reared, plunged, and was ridden away; then, when calm, brought back again quietly, with the same result. It was a work of patience on the rider's part, and of some

danger, too, for the high-mettled creature got irritated by the oft-recurring contest, and was losing its temper somewhat. Not so the rider. Each time found him as cool as the last. The lips were compressed as firmly as ever; no shade of irritation crossed his face, and no sign of relenting either.

The two girls had been silent for some time; Minnie pondering over the new light thrown upon her Land of Elysium by Madeleine's words; Madeleine engrossed entirely with the contest going on below them.

Minnie looked up at last; and surprised by the flush on her cousin's face, and the eager gaze of her large gray eyes, exclaimed:

"Madeleine, what are you looking at in that awe-struck way?"

"Hush, Minnie!" said the other, with bated breath; "look yonder. Will he conquer?"

As she spoke, the horse, rendered desperate, plunged and reared more dangerously than ever, so that it seemed a marvel its rider could keep his seat. Keep it he did, however; but it was as much as he could do. The animal dashed off, choosing its own direction, and that direction, as it happened, took him close past where the girls were sitting. Minnie, in a sudden panic, sprang to her feet and started aside. This frightened still farther the already excited animal. It reared and plunged again on the shelving beach, scattering the loose pebbles noisily down toward the sea. In this crisis the rider pulled violently at the reins with a sudden jerk, which told upon some weak part, and they broke.

Madeleine, standing by calm and collected, quick as thought seized the falling rein and threw it up to the rider, just in time; for a moment after the horse started on its headlong career up the beach-bank, across the Esplanade and away over the Common. It had fared ill with the intrepid horseman then, had the broken reins been anywhere but in his own iron grasp. Madeleine hastened to the border of the Common, watching almost breathlessly the tearing pace at which the animal went, till both horse and rider were left in the distance. Then with a sigh of relief, she turned and found Minnie, white and scared, by her side.

"I think there ought to be a law against such things," said the latter; "it is enough to make one ill with fright. I shall have no more pleasure in coming to sit on the beach, for fear of being knocked down by restive horses."

"It is a mercy he was saved," said Madeleine in an awed voice. "Will he try it again, Minnie, think you?"

"Try what?"

"To conquer."

"I hope not, I'm sure! If people choose to imperil their own lives, they may; but they shouldn't put others in danger."

"Nonsense, Minnie. Plenty of fear and no danger, as far as you were concerned. There was no danger for him, though. It was quite exciting; I have not felt so interested in anything for months past. I shall come again tomorrow, on the chance of having the pleasure over again. What a splendid creature it was! How I wish I was a better horsewoman!"

"I thought you prided yourself on your skill in that direction."

"O, mine is mere child's play. I should love to conquer such a horse as that."

"And to be conquered by its rider?" queried Minnie, hap-hazard.

Madeleine flushed angrily as she said:

"I wish, Minnie, you would leave off that vulgar habit of teasing people, as you call it. I should have thought you would have known by this time how harmlessly it all falls on me."

"Well, I never knew you take it to heart before, I must confess; which makes your present huff all the more suspicious," replied the incorrigible Minnie.

Madeleine was angry, and vouchsafed no reply; and so, silently, the two girls made their way back to their handsome lodgings in which their grandmother, Lady Lefort, had taken up her temporary abode. She was a proud, aristocratic old lady, fond of her granddaughters, but still more ambitious for them. Minnie she had been able to mould to her will; not so with Madeleine. She and her grandmother differed on almost every point. Lady Lefort thought everything of rank and wealth—Madeleine nothing. "A gentleman is a gentleman, and a

lady a lady, no matter whether the dust of their grandparents lie under the green hillock or beneath a sculptured monument," she would say. Upon which Lady Lefort would groan audibly, and talk of the leveling tendencies of the present day in a manner truly depressing.

* * * * * *

"Are you coming to the beach, Minnie?" said Madeleine next morning.

"I think not; that wretched horse gave me quite a headache."

"Very well, then; I shall take a book and go alone."

"No, my dear, that would not be correct," interposed Lady Lefort.

"I knew how it would be," said Madeleine impatiently. "I wanted to go to a quiet, out-of-the-way place, to rest after the bustle of town, and here we are so much in the trammels of society still, that one can't go by the sea even alone. However, I suppose Nina can come with me?"

"Yes, I don't mind my maid going. It may do her good, and she can work at my lace as well there as here. But I wish you would not put yourself into such tempers Madeleine. You will never have an eligible offer while you give way to such unbecoming passions."

"I'm sure I don't wish any. Still I beg your pardon, grandmamma, for my rude speech."

So Madeleine and Nina set forth, the one with a German book—*Undine*, to wit—the other with her mistress's lace. But presently the book fell idly in the lap, and the unwonted flush mounted to the marble cheeks again, as the horse and rider of the day before appeared on the scene.

The gentleman cast a hasty glance in the direction of Madeleine, and walking his horse toward her, lifted his hat, and said in a pleasant mellow voice, unmistakably that of a gentleman:

"I believe, young lady, you were the means, under Providence, of saving my life yesterday. Accept my best thanks."

Madeleine, with the haughty manner that had become habitual to her, made a slight inclination of her stately head, and then said coldly:

"The action, sir, was too slight to call for any remark."

"And yet on just such slight threads hang our destinies," replied the unawed stranger in the same pleasant tones; and again lifting his hat, he went on his way to the water's edge.

There was, if anything, still more quiet determination in his contest with the steed this day than on the previous one. The same weary round had to be gone over again and again. There was the same resistance—the same leading away and persistent bringing back; till at length, whether owing to the extra firmness on the part of the rider, or to weariness on the part of the horse, the first step was gained. The animal was backed into the sea till the waves washed his hind legs, and made to stand there for a minute, sorely against his will. This was enough for one day's work; it remained for another time that he should *face* the dreaded water.

Quietly this time horse and rider remounted the beach, the latter lifting his hat again in passing Madeleine. Again the stately head was bent, a shade more graciously this time. Its owner sat still a while, gazing intently across to the blue length of the Island, whether noting or not how white and clear the Ryde houses stood out in the bright sunshine, or how bright a green line lay athwart the sea as it neared the opposite shore, we would not undertake to say. Apparently nothing so calm and peaceful influenced her thoughts, to judge by the impatient start with which she at last sprang to her feet, and the imperious tone in which she bade Nina gather up her work and follow her home.

"Well, Madeleine, how has your unknown hero fared to-day?" was Minnie's greeting; as she entered their handsome drawing-room.

"I never had a hero, and never shall have, Minnie; so you may spare yourself the trouble of such questions for the future."

"Heigh-ho, my most gracious cousin! pray don't extinguish me in that lofty manner. It is dull enough in all conscience here, without being snubbed by you into the bargain. But really, now, did the man and horse appear again, and did either or both go into the sea?"

"The horse wetted its hind feet. It will have to submit, noble creature as it

is. I feel so sorry for it, and wish I could help it to hold out."

"And is it that which has so ruffled your brow?"

"I am not aware that my brow is ruffled. My temper is, I confess; and you are so amiable, Minnie, that I generally let it off on you, as a safety-valve. You must forgive me, though, for I love you better than any one else, if that is any recompense."

Just then entered Lady Lefort, with an open note in her hand.

"Here is an invitation, girls, from Lady Grant, who, it seems, has followed our example, and come here to blow away the cobwebs of the season. She has planned a picnic to the Island, and says we must come, or it will be an utter failure. What do you say to it?"

"O, delicious!" exclaimed Minnie, a blush dyeing her clear brown skin, and her eyes dancing with delight.

"I hate picnics," said Madeleine; "you can leave me at home. *Some people* don't like icebergs even in the dog-days, Minnie, you know," with a kindly smile.

"But I like them at all times, and I won't go without you. You *must* come," said Minnie eagerly, a shade of disappointment coming over the merry face.

And so the invitation was accepted, and Minnie busied herself in devising the prettiest picnic dress that could be imagined; while Madeleine looked out her sketching materials, and studied her water-color master's notes on sea-painting.

The picnic was to take place on the following Monday, and St. Lawrence was the spot chosen for the *déjeuner*. The invitation had arrived on the Friday, and had been followed up by a call the same evening from Captain Henry Grant. Madeleine had singled him out from the first as the most desirable of Minnie's many admirers. There was something honest and genuine about him. His family was a good one, but poor, and it had been his mother's object during the whole of the season to secure Madeleine's fortune for her son. But he, being heartily in love with the bright-eyed Minnie, did not fall in with his mother's views, which was as well in every respect, as it would have been of no avail if he had.

"Grandmamma," said Madeleine, on the following morning, "I want to have a business talk with you. Can you listen now?"

"With pleasure, Madeleine. You know how interested I am in all that concerns your welfare and brilliant settlement in life."

"O, it has nothing to do with myself, except incidentally," said the girl; "and as for my making a brilliant match, grandmamma, you must put that altogether out of your head. I don't mean to marry."

"Don't mean to marry!" exclaimed the astonished lady. "Pray, then, what do you mean to do?"

"I have not decided yet in what manner I shall try to turn my life to some account; but as it is not to be in the matrimonial way, and as I have much more money than I can possibly want as a single lady, I wish to divide my fortune with Minnie, and thus enable her to marry the husband of her choice. I only want your consent before writing to my guardians on the subject."

The old lady's astonishment was too great for words. "I never have understood you, Madeleine, and I suppose I never shall. For a girl with your advantages to talk in that way about not marrying, is simple madness. But take your own course. And if you have not the sense to profit by such advantages, it may be as well that Minnie, who has, should share them with you."

And so the matter rested.

"Are you going to the beach again this morning?" asked Minnie, as Madeleine met her on the stairs.

"I don't know, I rather think not."

"Not? How tiresome! I wanted especially to go with you."

"Did you? then perhaps I'll go."

"Bravo! I never knew the strong-minded Madeleine change her mind before. It must be the mysterious power of that unknown horseman," laughed Minnie as she ran off to put on her hat.

With a frown on her fair forehead, Madeleine followed her. What was this strange fascination that drew her against her will to the beach? She did not *choose* to go again, it was lowering her dignity she thought; and yet, and yet—how would it end? She must be there to see. "It

is like the third volume of a novel; one can't be expected to leave off in the most exciting part," she said to herself in excuse for her weak resolution.

So the girls went, and ere long were joined by Captain Grant, who in his devotion watched Minnie's in-goings and out-goings with the vigilance of a sheep-dog.

Again the same horse and rider appeared on the scene; again the same contest went on; and again, against her will, Madeleine's eyes were fascinated by it.

"That is a capital horseman!" exclaimed Captain Grant, "and a strong-willed fellow to boot. Surely," he added, musingly, "I know that face, though I can't recall to whom it belongs."

Meantime the subject of their observation, apparently entirely unconscious of their presence, persevered in his purpose. There was the old resistance at first on the part of the horse to touch the water at all. That conquered, he was kept standing in the same position longer than on the previous day. Then came a restive turn, and he had to be taken off and brought back again. This time he was backed into the sea till it rippled over front as well as hind feet; and at last, after much show of impatience, he was taken at an unwary moment, backed still farther into the water till it reached the saddle girths, when an unusually large wave rolled up, and took him off his feet altogether. There was nothing left for it now but to struggle back to *terra firma* again, and thus the rider's object was gained, and the noble creature was conquered. No sooner was this done than his master rewarded him by a good canter along the sands, which the ebbed tide had left bare below the pebbly part of the beach. And Madeleine, straining her eager eyes after them, saw in the far distance horse and rider, in all amity, apparently, again breasting the waves.

"I cannot think who that fellow is," said Captain Grant, as the rider came galloping back toward them. "He has a splendid mount, whoever he is."

"Ah! Cornby, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, springing suddenly from his lounging attitude, and hastening with out-stretched hand toward the stranger; and the girls watched the eager greeting on either side as the friends met, and the color mounted into Madeleine's cheeks, and the merry light danced in Minnie's eyes, as the Captain brought his new-found friend toward them.

The latter had dismounted, and with the rein of the conquered steed thrown over his shoulder, walked leisurely by the captain's side. He was a man of middle height, rather broad shouldered, with a face which, although not, strictly speaking, handsome, attracted the attention by the mixture of firmness and gentleness so plainly written on it. His hair and eyes were dark, the latter very expressive. Madeleine thought she detected a half-amused look in them, as he bowed formally to her on the introduction of his friend. Vexed beyond measure with herself before, for having been betrayed into showing an interest in one who proved to be not the absolute "unknown" that she had thought, this fancied discovery of amused triumph on the stranger's part made her manner still more haughty and repellent than was her wont, as she returned his salutation. That *she* of all people, who preached self-respect and dignity to others, and who prided herself on her utter indifference to mankind in general, should have been beguiled into showing so much interest in this stranger, cut her to the quick. Her answers were monosyllabic when obliged to join in the cheerful conversation that went on between the other three, and, as Minnie told her afterward, she "surpassed herself in the grand art of making herself disagreeable." The stranger, unabashed by Madeleine's chilling reception, leant against his horse, and chatted pleasantly with his friend and Minnie, and before he left had accepted the captain's earnest entreaty, that he would join their picnic party on the following Monday.

"Pleasure parties are not much in my way," he said, "I am not a lady's man, Miss Wilson; but you may make some use of me, perhaps, in the carrying of wraps or baskets."

"I shall appoint you a much harder task," she answered, laughing, "that of making my cousin enjoy herself against her will," turning toward Madeleine as she spoke.

"That is a contradiction in terms, I am afraid," he replied, "as regards the generality of people. It must be a very noble nature that finds pleasure in giving in."

"For my part, I think it makes all the difference to whose will you resign your own," said Minnie, blushing and looking down, thinking perchance of how happily she could yield her own to some one who sat by her side.

"May we ask for your opinion on the subject, Miss Lefort?" said the stranger quietly, looking straight into the defiant gray eyes, until they fell before his calm scrutiny.

"I don't think there can be such a thing as doing anything against your will," she said at last, speaking reluctantly. "If you yield to another person's will, you adopt their will as your own, and therefore cannot be said to be acting against your will."

"True," said the stranger, reflectively; "that thought should take away all the sting from submission. I wonder whether this noble creature derives any comfort from such considerations," stroking the neck of the beautiful horse.

"It is a splendid animal," said the captain. "I almost envy you the possession of it, Cornby."

"It is not my own; I am only getting it into training for a young friend of mine, who is going out to the Colonies, and wants to take a horse with him that will not shrink from anything. Its dread of water was its only flaw, but an important one, in the life to which it is destined."

"And what are you doing yourself, Cornby?" asked his friend. "You were an awfully clever fellow in the old Eton days—a sort of Admirable Crichton, as far as I can remember. I know we all thought you would be prime minister some day."

"I am not sure that I had not some such dreams myself, Grant, in old school-days. And somebody says, I forget who, that our aspirations are a foreshadowing of our capabilities. But if it be so, it is much easier to aspire than to achieve, as far as my experience goes."

"Ay, but you will conquer in the end, if you manage yourself as you manage your steed. I envy fellows with your strength of will. The want of it has been my bane from Eton days till now. Happily it's never too late to mend, is it, Miss Minnie?"

And a ready smile of encouragement he got for his answer.

"I have heard of you at the bar, Cornby," he went on, turning again to his friend. "I fancy you are climbing the ladder already, are you not?"

"I have just begun to make a start, that is all, Grant. And it seems to me that I am just beginning too, to learn life's lesson of humility. I used to pride myself on my strength of will, and think with it I could conquer everything. But since we parted at Eton, years ago, I have been by degrees finding out my mistake. One unforeseen check after another has arisen in my path, till at five-and-thirty, I find myself on the lowest rung of the ladder still, nor firmly planted even there."

A shade of sadness passed over his face as, returning the kindly grasp of Minnie's little hand, and Madeleine's stately bow, he mounted his horse and rode away.

CHAPTER II.—THE PICNIC.

The Monday morning rose bright and beautiful, and thrilled the hearts of both our heroines with gladness, though Minnie only would suffer her joy to show itself.

"Madeleine," she said, as the two were twisting up their respective tresses, "I do believe I am in earnest at last. I think I could be a better girl and less frivolous, if I could marry Henry; for I love him and he loves me, in the proper old-fashioned way, just as if we were a village lad and lass, instead of a fashionable lady and gentleman. But then, you see, I have no money, and he has but little, and I am afraid I ought not to let him sacrifice himself. What do you think? I promised him an answer to-day, only I mean to put it off till the very last, so that this, at least, may be one day of happiness to look back upon."

"Say yes, Minnie, with all your heart. And say it first instead of last. You will have more money than you know of. Trust me, you will be no bad match for him in any way. Now don't ask any questions, there's a good girl. I am too lazy for explanations this morning."

And Minnie did as she was bid. It was all settled as they strolled across the Common to the pier, and the whole day was Elysium to the happy pair, from the time they set foot on the Ryde steamer till they returned on it again in the gloaming.

And of what was Madeleine thinking, as she sat apart from the rest of the merry party on deck, waiting till the bell should be rung, and the boat move off? She was watching eagerly for an unexpected guest, who did not arrive till the last moment, and at whose appearance her heart gave such a bound of relief, that utterly ashamed and angry with herself, she turned her head resolutely away from all on board, and watched intently the commotion caused in the ruffled water by the paddle-wheel, as they sped swiftly on their way. Presently some one spoke close to her.

"You will get wetted there, Miss Lefort; the spray has already done damage to your pretty muslin dress."

"My dress is not pretty, and I like the spray," said Madeleine, ungraciously enough, with more childish petulance than was her wont.

"You would be more comfortable on the other side," pursued the voice; "the wind blows all the smoke this way."

"I suppose you will laugh if I say I like the smoke," said the girl, rising with a gesture of impatience, and walking across to where the rest of the party were seated. The sea was rather rough, and she found that in truth her dress was not a little damaged by the spray. No greeting had she vouchsafed to the stranger, but apparently he looked for none. He had seated himself somewhat apart with Captain Grant and Minnie, and the trio seemed to be fast friends. Madeleine felt shut out and injured, and hugged herself up in her own discontent. Arrived at Ryde, some of the party were for walking, others for driving, to the station. Madeleine decided for the former. But again the voice was at her elbow.

"Excuse me, Miss Lefort, but will you not drive with your cousin? You will find the walk a hot and hurried one."

Determined not to yield again, Madeleine answered coldly:

"I prefer walking, thank you; we have plenty of time to catch the train."

"But all the ladies seem to be driving."

"So much the less room for me," said the wayward girl; and turning from her persecutor, as she inwardly called him, she went swiftly on her way along the pier. On a general consultation of watches, it was found that there was barely time to catch the next train to Ventnor, and therefore it ended by all the rest of the party driving.

Madeleine's absence did not seem to be noticed till they were on the point of entering the train at Ryde, and then suddenly Lady Lefort, looking around, missed her granddaughter.

"Miss Lefort preferred walking," said somebody.

"Preferred walking!" exclaimed the old lady angrily, "and in this broiling sun; but Madeleine never will be sensible, like other people."

"What is to be done?" was the question on all sides.

"Surely she is not walking alone?" said the old lady again, looking around angrily for another truant.

"Miss Lefort started, I believe, under the impression that many of the party were going to walk," said Mr. Cornby; "if you will allow me, I will drive back and meet her, while you all take your places; the worst that can happen is, that we should follow by the next train."

And without waiting farther permission he darted off. He had not gone far before he discerned Madeleine's stately figure coming toward him, with all the dignity of a princess. She started on seeing him, and hesitated as he explained the state of the case, and begged her to get quickly into the carriage.

"There is no help for it, I suppose," she said; and then added in a tone almost comical in its vexation, "I might as well have yielded first as last."

"Better so, I am afraid, for your own comfort," said her companion, as they saw the train puffing out of the station just as they neared it.

Poor Madeleine! she sprang from the carriage and hastened to the platform, asking eagerly could they not stop the train. The porter smiled as he answered in the negative; and Madeleine, feeling all her dignity gone from her, and ready to cry with vexation, turned to her companion in her perplexity for advice.

"The only plan, I think, is to make the best of it, and wait quietly till the train returns."

"And meantime?" queried the girl.

"Meantime might we not as well keep the peace, and try and be as agreeable to each other as our natures and circumstances permit?" with a smile lurking about the corners of his mouth.

"I see you are only laughing at my distress," said Madeleine angrily; "when it was all your fault, too; for of course I should have driven had not you interfered."

Poor Madeleine, she was indeed losing her dignity to speak thus pettishly. But it seemed as though her companion wished to irritate her still further, for he answered quietly.

"Ah! next time I will remember to give you the contrary advice to that I wish taken. Now, for instance, may I suggest that you should stand here in the sun for the next hour and a-half?"

The angry color mounted into Madeleine's cheeks as he turned away, saying:

"You will doubtless like to explore Ryde, Mr. Cornby; you will find me here on your return."

"I cannot forsake my charge, I fear. On the whole, I do not think we could do much better than await our train on the bench underneath this shelter. I will go and seek refreshments for you."

So saying he left Madeleine. Her first impulse was to run away, and try and get back to Southsea by the next boat; but on reflection she found it would not do.

"I never was treated so coolly by any one before," she said to herself; "and the worst of it is, the more intolerable he is, the more impossible I find it to be indifferent to him."

Presently he returned with what refreshments could be obtained. He set a large leaf of strawberries between them, "to keep the peace," as he said, and seemed altogether in particularly good spirits.

"It was very selfish of Minnie to desert me like this," said Miss Lefort.

"Her happiness must be her excuse. She and Harry are engaged. They took me into their confidence as we came over. I am glad of it. Harry is a capital fellow in his way; a sort of man that always alights on his feet. Quite the reverse of me."

"I'm glad Minnie is so happy," said Madeleine, diving her delicate fingers in among the strawberries. "Not but that she is always happy, though. I can't understand it."

"And are you not always happy?"

"Happy!" with an exclamation of scorn. "Why should I be? what have I to make me happy?"

"Everything, one would think. With all your advantages—"

"O, pray stop!" cried Madeleine. "It is enough to have *my advantages* continually thrust upon me by grandmamma, and the world in general, without your tormenting me with them too."

"I beg a thousand pardons," said her companion, smiling pleasantly. "I certainly did not mean to annoy you by using an expression that has grown so distaseful to you. Besides, I am not sure that what the world terms advantages are such. Wealth and rank, beyond a fair competence and the position and tastes of a gentleman, do not go for much in my eyes."

"We have found our first point of agreement at last, then," said Madeleine. "I would gladly exchange places with many a poor man's daughter, for the sake of having an object in life, and to get quit of the falseness and weariness of our sort of lives. There is one comfort—I have made up my mind to have no more of it."

"What, renounced society already! Do you think you have done your duty by it yet?"

"Duty? I don't see that one can owe any duty to such a heartless thing as society."

"The more heartless and base it is, the more it wants the leaven of genuine people in it. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I can't say it ever struck me in that light before. Besides, *I* should never have any influence. My only distinction is, as Minnie would tell you, that I excel in the art of making myself disagreeable."

"Ah! I should not wonder," said her companion reflectively.

Madeleine looked up with a quick glance of surprise.

"I see you are surprised at my frank-

ness," he said, smiling; "but if I have a virtue, it is honesty, I fancy."

"Honesty and rudeness are not inseparable, I hope," said Madeleine, drawing herself up haughtily.

"Nay, surely it would have been more rude to contradict you. But don't let us quarrel again. We have still some time to wait, and all our strawberries are exhausted."

"If you will be so good as to get me a newspaper, I will entertain myself, while you indulge in a cigar," said Madeleine.

"Many thanks, but I never smoke; and as I want to read you, I object to the newspaper plan."

"Read me! A hard riddle you will find me, I warn you. Why, we are entire strangers; what can you know of my character?"

"A good deal, I think. Will you give me leave to sketch it for you?"

"It will be an utter failure; but, *pour passer le temps*, you may try."

"Which shall I put in first, the lights or shades?"

"O, the shades; let me know the worst first."

"It is an ungracious task, I fear. You must not be angry if it be too life-like."

"That sounds ominous," answered the girl, with a low laugh that bespoke confidence as to the pleasantness of the sketch.

"Picture then, a young girl beautiful as the morning, who forsooth, because she has been clothed more fairly than her fellows, is so puffed up with pride and selfishness that she looks with contempt on all around her, and makes her own individual self the pivot round which the world is to move."

"You are cruel and unfair!" exclaimed the astonished Madeline. "If I am proud, it is a proper pride; a pride that prevents me doing what I deem unworthy of myself."

"There again!" exclaimed her monitor. "It is not what is in itself wrong, but what would be unworthy of such a one as you, that you condemn. And this same art of being disagreeable, what is it but the being so absorbed by your own thoughts and feelings that you have no sympathy for others, no eyes or ears to spare for them, and so hold on your grand lonely way, chilling and extinguishing all that cross your path?"

"An amiable picture truly; can there be any redeeming lights to so much gloom?"

"Yes, the lights are so striking, they relieve the landscape. There is a warm generous heart underneath, innumerable impulses toward something better, and a brave truthfulness that does not shrink from the most painful disclosures."

There was a pause. Mr. Cornby had spoken with enthusiasm, and Madeleine's heart beat high at his words. She raised her beautiful face, kindling with many emotions, and looking at him with a half-frightened, half-amused glance, said,

"You are a magician, I'm sure; and I don't like dealings with uncanny people—still accept my thanks. And now, I am not going to talk any more; so you may go away. Don't you know that one ought to ponder over a sermon, if it is to do one good?"

Thus dismissed, the self-appointed monitor betook himself to the book-stall, and Madeleine leant her head on her hand and mused.

At last the train came puffing up, and Minnie and her financé sprang out of it.

"We could not leave you behind, Madeleine, knowing how you two would quarrel if left long together; so we came back for you, whilst the others are gone on to St. Lawrence to prepare the repast. Poor things, Harry!" she added, turning merrily to him; "they don't look very sociable, do they? as far apart as the platform allows. Mr. Cornby, I am ashamed of you preferring the book-stall to a lady's society."

"I was dismissed, Miss Minnie," he answered with an assumed air of doleful resignation.

And so with merry chat and laughter the party got into the train, and were soon whirling through the pretty country between Ryde and Shanklin.

"We have a charming plan of going by boat from Shanklin to St. Lawrence," said Harry; "and we shall manage it as quickly as we should walking from Ventnor, I expect, with the tide all in our favor. Cornby, you can handle an oar, I suppose? You used to in the old Eton days."

And so it was settled; and very pleasant our friends found it. The sea a lovely blue, with just enough heaving and tossing to give a little excitement to their cruise. It was too delicious to hurry over, even for the sake of the elegant *déjeuner* awaiting them at St. Lawrence. There was merry talk of Eton days, and scraps of old school-boy songs were sung by the two rowers; and Madeleine's restraint giving way at last in such genial atmosphere, the two girls sang duetts, Madeleine's rich contralto voice harmonizing charmingly with the plash of the oars.

"A sense of peace and calm stole over her troubled spirit. There was no falseness, no unreality here. That soft blue above was the veritable sky, no painted roof; those dancing waves sparkling in the sunlight, were not feigning gladness. And most wonderful of all, her own heart rejoiced, all her misanthropy, all her weariness of life had disappeared, and in spite of herself, she was happy.

But as they neared St. Lawrence, and were descried by the rest of the party, who had already begun their repast in a charming green field that lay just above the sea, all Madeleine's pride returned with redoubled force. It would be indeed an ordeal to face the questioning looks of her grandmother and her fashionable friends. The better to bear it, she assumed more than her ordinary hauteur of manner as they approached the beach.

But here an unforeseen difficulty arose to add to her vexation. They had been warned at Shanklin that it was not easy landing at St. Lawrence, unless in the right state of the tide. This especial stage they had missed by lingering so long on the way, and now found it impossible to run the boat ashore, whether owing to the shallowness of the water, or to some other peculiarity of the place.

"There is no help for it, Grant," said his friend; "the ladies must allow us to carry them across in turn, and then we can manage between us to pull the boat up."

"How deep is it?" asked Madeleine.

"Not up to our waists certainly. You will be safe. Shut your eyes a moment, and you will find yourself on dry land."

"I prefer keeping my eyes open, thank you, and remaining where I am."

"Very well. Then we must wade to and fro, Harry, and bring our ladies refreshments."

"Not I," said the captain. "Minnie would not put my devotion to so severe a test."

So saying, he lifted her in his arms without more ado, and in a minute she was standing laughing and blushing on the beach, surrounded by inquiring friends.

"Now, Miss Lefort, will you favor me with your orders?" said Mr. Cornby, as Captain Grant returned and took charge of the boat.

"I don't object to your leaving me here, but I won't submit to being carried," said Madeleine, decidedly.

"Then there is nothing for it, Harry, but to pull out to sea again, and try once more to make the beach."

"A fruitless waste of time," replied Captain Grant, discontentedly, looking at Minnie's little figure watching eagerly at the water's edge. "However, here we go."

So the little craft was pulled round again; but all at once, as they were trying to manœuvre her, so as best to gain their end, an unusually large wave caught her on her broadside, and in a moment she was capsized, and our three friends enjoying the luxury of a cold bath.

Poor Madeleine! for a second she thought she was drowning, as the salt water filled her mouth and nostrils, making her struggle for breath. For a moment she seemed to face eternity; and her life passed in review before her, with the marvelous rapidity it does under such circumstances. Then she felt a strong arm round her, and when next she opened her eyes, she was lying on the beach, Minnie kneeling by her with some cordial in her hand.

"Thank God, Minnie, I did not die in my wicked pride. Are they safe?"

"Yes; there was no real danger, Harry says. But, O Madeleine, I shall never forget seeing the water close over you all. Thank God, indeed;" and then, with her old smile, she said, "I don't think you will be obstinate any more, Madeleine."

"Not till next time," said a pleasant voice at her elbow. "But now, Miss Minnie, we must get your cousin to yonder cottage, and you must dress her up

in the good housewife's stuff gown, while Harry and I go and dry ourselves elsewhere."

So poor Madeleine was led off in her bedraggled, piteous condition, feeling too much ashamed to lift her eyes to her deliverer's, and conscious that a burning blush dyed her cheek.

Minnie would not suffer any one to interfere with her office, so Madeleine was spared the scrutiny and questioning which she had so dreaded. They found a dear old woman of the picturesque, rosy-cheeked, blue-checked apron type, waiting at her cottage door to receive them, forewarned by Frank Cornby of their coming. And although the old dame's Sunday gown was somewhat short and scanty, and her market-cloak heavy for the time of the year, and though the dainty little feet figured beneath the stuff gown in a pair of boots either of which would have held both, had it been possible to walk in that manner, yet Madeleine declared she felt much more dignified, and able to face the company, than she had in her draggled muslin. And so, leaving her finery to be dried, the two girls left the cottage laughing merrily, and rejoined the luncheon party, too ravenous by this time to care much for the comments of their fashionable friends.

Madeleine, in her desire to appear unconcerned, made an effort to talk to those about her, and surprised herself and everybody else in the progress she achieved in this new art of making herself agreeable.

Anything was better than to come in contact with Frank Cornby. She felt as painfully shy as any school-miss if he came near; and the tell-tale blush rushed into her cheeks if he addressed her. So she laughed and talked with the company as she had never done before, keeping as much aloof as possible from Frank the while. He, being a discreet man, kept equally aloof from her, and devoted himself to Harry Grant's sister—pretty little Nellie, just turned fourteen, who was quite captivated by the deferential attentions paid her young ladyship by this grave, clever man.

But Madeleine's forced gaiety grew exhausted at last, and her eyes kept wandering toward Nellie and her companion, and she found herself wondering what he could be saying to the child, to make her eyes look so bright and eager.

At last the time was come for thinking of the return to Ventnor, especially for the younger ones of the party, who proposed walking back over the high downs. Madeleine's muslin dress had been ironed by the deft-handed cottager, and made to look as nice as the short time permitted; and again equipped in her young-lady garments, she rejoined the merry party about to start, feeling lonely and disconsolate enough herself in the midst of all their gaiety. She could not throw off the sensations of weariness and fatigue that stole over her, and she followed in the rear of the picturesque party, as they strolled leisurely up through the lovely wood, with its overhanging white cliff adorned with innumerable creeping plants, the many colored dresses contrasting brightly with the deep summer-green foliage.

"What ails you, Madeleine? You look as white as a ghost. You should have driven back, after all the fatigue you have gone through, I suspect. Come, take Harry's arm, and he will help you on," said Minnie, suddenly becoming aware of Madeleine's lagging behind.

"I can't tell what ails me, Minnie; I feel as if I must lie down and sleep. My head is as heavy as lead, and my hands burning. You had better leave me here," she added, throwing herself down on the moss-covered bank, and resting her throbbing head against a detached piece of gray rock.

"I will take charge of Miss Lefort, if she will allow me," said a voice, the sound of which brought the color back for a moment to Madeleine's pale cheeks. "We are not far from the main road yet. I will assist your cousin to retrace these few steps, and then we can await the carriages that bring the rest of our party from St. Lawrence."

"Suppose they have started already?" asked Minnie.

"It is not likely; unless they wish to wait an hour at Ventnor. But if so, we will press a donkey-cart or some conveyance into our service, never fear."

So Madeleine, too weak to resist, had she indeed wished it, found herself walking slowly back under the cool shade of

the trees, leaning on an arm that was strong enough to bear her whole weight, had she willed it so. But for the time excitement kept her up. A brilliant color flushed her cheeks, and she talked nervously and excitedly on all manner of indifferent subjects. Her companion was very grave and quiet. His face wore a troubled, anxious look. Arrived within sight of the road, he took off his coat, and spreading it in a shady place, where the soft sea-breezes fanned Madeleine's heated brow refreshingly, he quietly insisted on her sitting down.

She demurred to the coat at first, but did not feel equal to the task of defying the calm determination of her companion. There was silence for a while. At last Madeleine said, sorrowfully enough:

"You must forgive me for my obstinacy, Mr. Cornby. What has happened to-day might furnish you with a text for another sermon, only that you are too generous to triumph over a fallen foe. But I will try and do better in the future," she added in a low, earnest voice, feeling this a crisis in her life, as indeed it was.

"And will you help me to be a better man?" asked her companion in tones full as earnest. "You know what a tyrant I am. Will you civilize and ennoble me, by giving me a wife after my own heart—such a one as I never dared hope to possess? Believe me, Miss Lefort, we were not put into the world to lead grand lonely lives, except in rare instances perhaps. We were made to help one another along the rugged road of life, to raise each other's eyes to the pure blue above, from the dust that is wont to fill them in these days of grinding emulation."

Madeleine was silent, and he went on:

"My prospects are not brilliant. I have a widowed mother to keep, and I am not prime minister yet, by a long way. But I have money enough to maintain a wife in comfort, and a sphere of usefulness before me, I hope, in which she could uphold my hands as no one else could. Will you come to me?"

He had risen in his eagerness, and was walking restlessly to and fro, suddenly pausing before her as he asked his last question.

Madeleine raised her large gray eyes, lustrous with feeling, to his unwontedly perturbed face, and said:

"You have left out the most important possession of all. Have you a heart that is *all* your own?"

"No. But I have one that is all yours—that has never been touched before. It is yours entire and intact, and will remain yours till the end, whether you give me anything in exchange or not."

"Then it is a fair bargain," said Madeleine, a beautiful smile lighting up her whole face. "But I hear the carriage-wheels; let us go and meet them," and she rose hastily from her comfortable seat.

"Better stay where we are," pleaded Frank.

"You may stay where you please; I shall go and meet them," with a mischievous smile playing round her mouth.

"But they don't want you, and I do."

"If you want me, you may come too. You. You have had your own way in everything so far, now I mean to turn the tables."

And so they walked down the road quietly; not like two lovers, but as composedly as though they had never discussed any subject more interesting than the weather. For reticence was Madeleine's cue, and Frank adopted it as in duty bound. She was his for life; what mattered the rest? But under their calm exterior, those two hearts were beating as joyfully as though there was no such person as Mrs. Grundy in the world.

What did it matter that Madeleine was laid up for a week with a sharp feverish attack, sending Frank nearly wild with anxiety? She was soon well again. What did it matter that Lady Lefort proved restive? She had to submit in due time, as the horse and Madeleine had done before her.

Of course it was a nine days' wonder. The beautiful unapproachable heiress, Miss Madeleine Lefort, was going to throw herself away on a poor barrister, only beginning to make a start at the bar, and weighted with a widowed mother besides.

The cousins were married on the same day; and it was difficult to say which of the brides looked the more beautiful, or which of the bridegrooms the happier. Let us leave them to enjoy their respect-

ive honeymoons, hoping that Minnie's happiness will increase as years go on, and that all the contests between Mr. and Mrs. Cornby after marriage, will terminate as satisfactorily as those we have recorded before.

Temple Bar.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "COMETH UP AS A FLOWER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

It is afternoon tea-time, and that high festival is always held in the hall. Scrope knows that there is no hope of bézique to-night, and Paul sees that a *tête-à-tête* is unlikely. They have therefore retired to the smoking-room, and with their enmity temporarily smothered, and their friendship as temporarily re-born, are smoking the pipe of peace together. Only the three sisters lounge round the fire in easy-chairs; the fire, in burning, makes the low quiet noise that is fire's talk.

"How I ever shall bring myself to call him 'Paul,' I am sure I do not know." says Sylvia, gently waving to and fro the hand-screen with which she is shading her face. "If it were a three or even a two-syllabled name—Augustus, or Reginald, or Henry—it would not sound half so familiar; but '*Paul!*' there is something so abrupt and uncompromising about it; however, I managed to bring it out at luncheon. I said, 'Paul, will you cut me some partridge?' Did you hear? He looked so pleased."

"I do not think he heard," says Jemima, maliciously. "I always tell Lenore that he is like Dr. Johnson—*deaf* while he is eating."

"Oh, but he did, though!" retorts Sylvia, quickly, getting rather pink "I knew it by his face; one can always tell by a man's face when he is rubbed the right way."

Jemima looks across skeptically at Lenore, who smiles lazily back.

"Do you remark that he never calls me anything but 'Mrs. Prodgers'?" continues Sylvia, complacently; many a man would have taken advantage of his situation to 'Sylvia' me at once. I think it so particularly gentlemanlike of him, and I shall tell him so as soon as we get on a little more easy terms; you might give him a hint, Lenore, that he need not be so ceremonious for the future."

"I do not think it has anything to say to gentlemanlikeness," replies Jemima, who has retained all her old aversion for hearing Mr. Le Mesurier complimented. "He does not remember your Christian name."

"Impossible!" cries Sylvia, now thoroughly nettled. "How can he help knowing it when he hears Charlie Scrope calling me by it fifty times in the course of the day? By-the-bye, I must tell that boy that it will not do for him to be Christian-naming me before all those people at the Websters to-night. Poor fellow! he means no harm; but I suppose it is one of the penalties of being left so early alone in the world, that one sets people's tongues wagging more easily than others do."

"What a trial the Webster's are!" says Jemima, groaning. "To dine out on Christmas day! It would be a hardly greater heathenism to give a ball on Good Friday!"

"And such a regiment of us going, too!" says Lenore, sitting up in her chair, and pushing back the restive hairpins that her reclining attitude has displaced. "One, two, three, four, five—like a flock of ducks *waddling* into the room one after another."

"I do not see why we need *waddle!*" says Sylvia, with dignity.

"I do hate visiting in a patriarchal manner with all my tribe!" returns Lenore, energetically.

Her betrothed is quite of her mind; suavity of manner is never his *forte;* but he has difficulty in manifesting even his usual amount of complaisance, when he discovers what his fate is to be.

"Oh, Mrs. Prodgers, could not you

leave Lenore and me at home? We should never be missed out of such a multitude," he says, vainly hoping for a reprieve at the last moment. "There is something so appalling in being trotted out as two people who are going to commit matrimony; an engaged couple are always everybody's legitimate butt."

"I do not think you need be afraid of that," says Sylvia, speaking with the happy mixture of sisterliness and coquetry with which she always addresses her future connection. "You see you have never been seen with us before, and Char——, I mean Mr. Scrope, has always been *en évidence*. I think he is generally looked upon as the happy man. Lenore, would not Paul have laughed the other night to see the way in which the Ansons manœuvred to let you have the morning-room to yourselves? If they are there to-night, we may have quite a pleasant little mystification."

At the conclusion of this speech, Scrope smiles oddly, Jemima reddens, Lenore rushes headlong into a remark that has neither head, tail, nor middle, and Paul —Paul is putting on his overcoat; his face is turned away—one cannot see it.

* * * * *

They look to themselves—or rather to some of themselves—an inordinately long string, as they file into the Webster's drawing-room: three long-tailed ladies, two swallow-tailed men. The light is very subdued, even more so than people usually have it in the five minutes before dinner. Paul gives up the idea of making out the Webster family in detail till dinner; then Leonore will explain them to him sufficiently to prevent his descanting on the ugliness of a wife to a husband, or making disparaging remarks about a child to a parent. As he stands near the fire, *furnishing* the room, in company with half a dozen other men—whom he regards with the innate distrust and thinly-veiled suspicion with which every Englishman regards every other Englishman who has the misfortune to be unknown to him—his spirit soothes itself. The drive was the worst part, and *that* is over: not allowed to decline into comfortable silence and semi-sleep by Sylvia, next whom he sat, and obliged by the noise the omnibus made to say "What?" and "I beg your pardon, I did not catch what you said," in answer to all her low-murmured prettinesses.

He will be very kind to Lenore to-night. Hitherto he has made her Christmas day rather tearful, poor child! Well, she shall have a thoroughly happy evening, if he can compass it; after all, perhaps, he will have better chances of private commune with her, of sweet, grave talk, and sweeter looks into her lovely loving eyes, than he would have had in the small home-party, with Jemima and Sylvia staring at him.

These thoughts are interrupted by the approach of an old lady in a yellow gown (to whom he has a dim idea of having been introduced as hostess), who leads him up to a plain girl in blue, presents him, and leaves him beside her, with a whispered request that he will take her in to dinner.

In a moment afterward that festival is announced. Paul sees men and women, all equally unknown to him, paired together, marching solemnly off. Presently a couple, of whom neither man nor woman is unknown to him, sweep by—Lenore and Scrope.

"This is part of the pleasant little mystification, I suppose," he thinks, setting his teeth. "Who knows if Lenore were not a party to it?" But the ungenerous thought is no sooner formed than he is disabused of it by the expression of the beautiful face, that, unhappily for itself, can never keep its own secrets. She looks at him over her shoulder with a look of unaffected angry disappointment, shrugs her shoulders almost imperceptibly, while her lips frame words which he rather *feels* than hears to be, "Too bad!"

On the very smallest encouragement she would outrage propriety by dropping Scrope's arm and running to him. Perhaps, after all, he may be able to sit on the other side of her. He catches up his ugly blue fate in a hurry, and hastens off with her in pursuit; but it is too late —another couple have struck in and occupied the coveted place; he has to content himself with being nearly opposite.

There is a great deal of holly and mistletoe about the room. Most of the women have holly in their hair; it does not look particularly pretty, and scratches their heads and necks. Altogether, there

is a great affectation of Christmas cheer and jollity. But the *entrées* are cold, the champagne is all froth and sweetness, and the sherry is not to be named in the same breath with Mrs. Prodgers'.

Scrope has no idea of allowing his neighbor to lapse into sentimental silence and wistful gazes across the table. He has got her now to himself for a full hour and a half; except under pretext of a bleeding nose, or improbably sudden indisposition, she cannot get away from him.

"Miss Lenore, the expression of your face reminds me of a scene in 'The Taming of the Shrew:' 'Enter Horatio, with his head broken.'"

Lenore declines to smile.

"It is not my fault that Mrs. Webster has not entered with her head broken," she answers, with perfect gravity.

"Why so?—for giving us such drink as this? Well, it *is* filthy stuff!"

"For making such a stupid mistake as to send me out to dinner with *you*."

He bowed his blonde curled head ceremoniously. "Thanks."

"Engaged people *always* go in to dinner together," says Lenore, trenchantly.

"On what principle, I never could divine. With a whole lifetime to get sick of each other in, why they should be crammed down each other's throats before there is any legal necessity, I never could see."

"That is *their* affair."

"Mrs. Webster was aware of the barbaric custom," says Scrope, growing as red as any girl. "She was good enough to imagine that it was *I* that was engaged to you."

Lenore reddens, and turns down the corners of her mouth.

"What could have put so *grotesque* an idea into her head?"

"There is nothing grotesque about it," replies the young man, coolly. "Internally, we may be conscious of how distasteful to, and dissimilar from, each other we are; but *outwardly*, we are rather suitable."

"I do not see it" (very icily).

"Miss Lenore," (turning round and bending over her, to speak low and eagerly), "why do you thrust your happiness so obtrusively under my nose? Do I deny your bliss? Do I pretend to be as happy as you?" She is silent. "We cannot *all* be Paul Le Mesuriers, you know," says Scrope, with a rather jarring laugh. "Of course, we would if we could; but, as we cannot, you must bear with us."

Lenore glances across apprehensively at her lover, to see whether he has caught his own name; but no—he is not looking at her. With grave interest, he and his blue neighbor are together consulting the mystic French secrets of the *carte*. Bah! how greedy the best of men are!

"Was it good manners," continues Scrope, growing more excited at each word, "to shrug your shoulders so preceptibly, and exclaim so audibly, 'Too bad!' because your hand had to rest on my coat-sleeve for the tenth part of a minute?"

"I never pretend to good manners," replies Lenore, shortly.

"He will sit into your pocket all this evening; he will sit into your pocket," says the young man (making use of an audacious figure), "all the rest of your life. Need you have grudged me my miserable half-hour's innings?"

Again Lenore glances across hurriedly; still he is not thinking of her. She looks at Scrope: his blue eyes are always bright, but the champagne, bad as it is, has made them sparkle more brightly than ever. With his straight nose and soft gold moustache, most women would have thought him distractedly handsome. An innocent, cherubic, yet stalwart beauty, such as some men manage to preserve through half-a-dozen seasons, Scrope looks as if he had said his prayers and gone to bed at eight o'clock every night of his life.

"For one half-hour forget that there is such a person," says the young man, entreatingly. "At cheese-time I will give you leave to remember him again."

"You are very good. Till then"——

"Till then—bad!" cries he, with a reckless laugh; "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die, or—*marry*, which is worse."

"The one is at least optional, which the other is not," says Lenore, with a demure but rather wicked look at him from under his eyes.

Paul has abandoned the *carte*; he has discovered what the word that puzzled

him was. "It is *Topinenbourgs*," he says to his neighbor; and then he leans wearily back, and thinks that he will refresh himself with a look at his beautiful sweetheart. He does so just in time to witness the glance that she is bestowing on his rival: it is the only look with the slightest tendency to coquetry in it that she has given him during dinner, and it is the only one that Paul intercepts. Pouf! is not that ill-luck for you?

CHAPTER IV.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

THE men are left to themselves—left to work their wicked will upon the walnuts, and to ravin amongst the candied fruits, of whose existence, as long as the women were in the room, they pretended to be unaware. And the women, meanwhile, stand, gently rustling, softly chattering, about the drawing-room fire; sipping coffee, holding gossamer handkerchiefs between their pretty pink faces and the flame, and mentally pricing and depreciating each other's gowns. Sylvia is very happy: she has, undisputably, a longer tail and a thicker silk than any one else present; her toilette happily hits the golden mean between the mournful and the magnificent, and she is almost sure that, as she left the dining-room, she heard some man ask who she was. Presently every one sinks into chairs, and upon ottomans and sofas; breaking up into groups of twos and threes, as similarity of tastes in point-lace, dressmakers, and children prompts. Lenore forms part of no group—takes part in no chat. The night is cold, and the room not particularly well warmed; yet she chooses an easy chair apart from the rest of the company, and unsocially sitting by itself in a little recess. Lenore deposits herself upon it, and bides her time. When the walnuts, candied fruits, and ungodly after-dinner stories are done, that time comes.

Paul is determined not to be checkmated a second time; he may dislike to be pointed at as an engaged man, but he dislikes still more to have Mr. Scrope pointed at as such. He walks straight up to Lenore.

"Do you know what I have got hidden here?" asks the girl, looking up at him, while her whole face laughs—not only mouth, but eyes, dimples, cheeks—as she points to the wide spread of her gown. "Guess!"

"I have not an idea."

She sweeps away her skirts, and discloses a tiny light cane-chair.

"Sit down! You are an unfortunately big person, but I think, judiciously sat upon, it *may* bear you."

He had meant to scold her; well, the scolding will keep; it may be carried over and added to the next account. He sits down and his jealousy goes to sleep.

"I was determined to have no more *mal-entendus* to-night," says the girl, gravely. "If any one had come this way, I meant to have looked at them with my own scowl—the one you used to admire so much—and say, 'This is Mr. Le Mesurier's chair.'"

"Lenore" (looking round with a sense of lazy well-being), "is there *any one* in the room that is not a Webster?"

"Hardly anybody; they are all directs or collaterals. That tall old woman whose forehead has good-naturedly gone round to look for the back of her head, who is *ambling* about saying indistinct civilities to everybody, is Mrs. Webster, the head and front of all the others; she always reminds me of *Agag*—'she goes so delicately.'"

"I know her, the old cat!" says Paul, resentfully. "Serve her right if she were drowned in a butt of her own gooseberry, and I cannot wish her a worse fate."

"The old young woman who never stops smiling is Miss Webster; we call he 'the savory omelette,' because she is so green and yellow! *Does not she* smile?—it makes one's face ache to look at her." Paul laughs. "Paul, if you jilt me, and no one else takes compassion on me, do you think I shall ever get to the pitch of smiling like that? If I thought so, I would have the corners of my mouth sewn up.

"Prevention is better than cure. I would."

"The man with the red beard is Major Webster. Do you see how short and broad he is? His brother officers say that he has *swallowed a box*. Is not it a delicious idea? It quite invigorates me."

Paul laughs again. After dinner, it is pleasanter to be amused than to be amusing.

"Apropos of beards," says Lenore, turning from the company to a subject that interested her more, "yours has not disappeared yet, Paul."

"Why, did you think it would? Did you suppose I *moulted*, like the birds?"

"I thought, perhaps, you might have *moulted voluntarily*, to please me," replies she, with a slight pout.

"When my beard moults," retorts he, with an expressive glance at the sleek but unnaturally luxuriant twists that bind her head, "I shall expect your (or rather the *unknown dead person's*) plaits to moult, too."

Lenore shrugs. "*Que voulez vous?* Look at Sylvia. She has at least five pounds' worth on her head; I have certainly not more than £2 10*s*. on mine. Now-a-days, without a chignon of some sort, one's head looks mutilated and indecent."

"Then I like mutilation and indecency."

"Do you know, Paul" (with a pretty air of candor), "without any plaits I hardly look handsome at all?"

"I do not believe it," replies Paul, with warmth. "I would stake my existence that you look infinitely handsomer, sweeter, modester! Why cannot you be content to wear your hair as Nature meant it—*flat* to your head, and *low down* on your ears and cheeks?"

"Merciful heavens!" cried Lenore, expressively casting up hands and eyes to heaven. "Paul!" (with a sudden suspicion) "have you been seeing anyone lately with her hair dressed like that?"

To her searching eyes he seems to redden ever so slightly.

"No—o, nobody particular."

She is not satisfied, but does not pursue the subject.

"Well" (with a sigh), "to return to your beard—Bah! what does the old woman want with us now? Apropos of beards, look at hers! Has not she a '*menton d'une fertilité désolante*,' as Gustave Droz says!"

"So sorry to disturb you, but we are going to play Dumb Scrambo."

This is Mrs. Webster's errand.

"And what *is* Dumb Scrambo!" asks Paul, with a disgusted intonation, when, hunted out of their cold and quiet alcove, and the hostess having moved on to collect fresh recruits, he and Lenore advance to join the rest of the company.

"It is not bad fun," answers the girl—"a sort of silent charade, you know. Did you never see it. Oh, you *must* have done!"

"But I have not."

"Oh, you know, the audience will think of a word. You will be the audience, will you not? I am sure that you can no more act than a tom-cat."

"Well?"

"And then, do you not know—they give the actors another word that rhymes with it; and then they—the actors, I mean—have to act in dumb-show all the other words that rhyme with it, till they hit upon the right one."

At this lucid explanation, given with surprising rapidity, Paul looks a good deal mystified. Mrs. Webster has some difficulty in collecting a troupe. Sylvia is among those who positively decline.

"Oh, no, indeed—thanks, Mrs. Webster—I really could not. I am so childishly nervous that the feeling that everybody's eyes were fixed upon me would make every word I had to say go out of my head."

"But you have *no* words to say; it is all *dumb-show*."

"Oh, thanks! but that really would not make any difference. I should have the same dreadful feeling that everybody was looking at me."

It being useless to try and convince her that some of the other actors might divert a portion of the dreaded public notice from her, Mrs. Webster desists.

Paul declines, too, with that decisive brevity which forbids pressing. He is angry with Lenore for not having done likewise; but she is firm.

"Impossible, my dear boy," she says, in a smiling aside. "If they were to ask me to walk on my head to-night, I should have to try and do it. Have not they given to us a huge family tea-pot, and is not this part-payment!"

He is the more displeased when he sees Mr. Scrope march off, with the rest of the performers, into a dining-room, which opens out of the hall, and is converted into a temporary green-room.

It is a pretty old house, oak-floored; a step here, a step there, in and out of the rooms. The audience have disposed themselves about the hall fire, in chairs

set a-row for them. The leading spirits amongst them have fixed upon a word, a very little one indeed, but which they hope will prove puzzling: it is *jet*. The word that rhymes with it, which they have given to the performers, is *net*. In the interval of waiting, until these latter shall be prepared to be dumbly funny, they beguile the time with talk.

"I always envy people who have *aplomb* enough to act, and do all those sort of things that make one conspicuous," says Sylvia, leaning back in her chair, biting the top of her black fan, and looking pensively over it at Paul, who happens to be her neighbor. "I am afraid I am not *quite like other people*, but I should feel ready to *sink into the earth*, don't you know. Now, Lenore has none of that feeling."

"Evidently not," replies Paul, drily.

His eyes are fixed on the dining-room door: it is a little ajar, and through the chink left, he sees a dim vision of green. Lenore has a green dress; he is straining his eyes to see whose are the legs that are in juxtaposition with that green gown.

"Last time we were here," continues Sylvia, "they acted the word 'tail;' and all the ladies fastened long boas to their dresses behind, and walked about the stage wagging them. You can have no conception how droll it looked."

Further talk is stopped by the opening of the dining-room door, and appearance of the performers. Mr. Scrope makes his entry on his hands and knees, crawling awkwardly along. It is plain that he is meant to represent a horse; his gait much more nearly resembles a cross between that of a bear and a monkey, but the equine *intention* is evident; it is rendered the more so by the fact of Major Webster being seated astride on his back, with a tall hat on his head, and a dog-whip in his hand; with this latter he pleasantly flogs him round the stage. Then another Webster enters—a heavy fellow, who has been distinguishing himself by making stupid and impossible suggestions—comes up, and *feels his legs*. Mr. Scrope lashes smartly out at him, and then continues his victorious course, kicking and plunging round the room. It entails fearful exertion, and feelings verging on apoplexy; but he is rewarded by the plaudits of his fellows. Having unhorsed Major Webster, and sent that gallant rolling on the oak-floor, to the great benefit of his dress-clothes, the cortège retires, amid laughter and well-deserved hisses.

"How good for the knees of his trowsers!" says Paul, who, with a mind relieved from the apprehension of seeing Lenore in some grotesquely affectionate, or affectionately grotesque, attitude with Scrope, is able to laugh as heartily as the others.

"Poor man! did not he look as if all the blood in his body had rushed to his head?" says a young lady, compassionately.

"That was a good *bona fide* kick he gave Webster," says a man—"no mistake about it. I wonder how his shins feel!"

Meanwhile, the actors are talking over their late performance, and planning the next.

"It was not obvious enough," says Major Webster, who being manager, is responsible for the *éclat* of the proceeding.

"It had no more to say to *bet* than I have," said Lenore bluntly. "I cannot imagine how they ever guessed it; I do not believe they have.."

"Well—no, perhaps not!" (looking rather mortified). "You see" (gnawing his moustache reflectively), "we were supposed to be *betting* about *him*" (nodding at Scrope). "It is rather difficult to be explicit when one does not say anything."

"Phew!" cries Scrope, wiping his face, and stroking down his tossed curly locks. "I had no idea that being a horse was such apoplectic work. Miss Lenore" (turning eagerly to her), "did you see me? Was not I a free goer."

"I did not look at you," replies Lenore indifferently. "I was thinking what we could do next. What on earth rhymes with net?——Set? pet? fret?"

"Fret!" cries Paul's blue dinner-neighbor, determined not to be behind the rest, though in her the dramatic gift is, to say the least of it, latent. "Might not we all go in, and sit in a row with our handkerchiefs up to our eyes, crying, don't you know?"

"I do not think it would be very

amusing," replies Lenore, drily. "Let? set? pet?"

"*Pet!*" suggests the heavy youth, brilliantly. "What do you say to one of us going in by himself, and pretending to be in an ill-humor—pet—eh?"

This idea meets with the silent contempt it so justly merits.

A pause.

"Stay—I have it," says Scrope, eagerly. "Eureka! One of us must be a *baby*—a dear little *pet*, you know; and some one else must carry us in, squalling and halloaing. I say, who will be the baby? Do not all speak at once!"

The warning is unnecessary.

"Well, I suppose, if nobody else will, *I* must," says Major Webster, rather ruefully. "Scrope, you are the biggest; will *you* carry me in? *Are you sure you can?*" eyeing him rather doubtfully.

"Of course I can, my dear fellow, as soon as look at you; up with you!" answers Scrope, stoutly, and so stoops promptly down to embrace his nursling's legs.

"Stop a bit," cries the other, gravely, stroking his red beard. "I must have something on, must not I; or they will not know I *am* a baby?"

Scrope looks round on the properties scattered about—umbrellas, hats, doormats, sheets, carving-knives.

"Here you are," he says, snatching up a white tablecloth. "This is the very thing for you. Who has got a big pin?"

Having pinned the tablecloth round his waist, and tied an anti-macassar over his head, Major Webster stands complete, ready to represent smiling infancy. There is some difficulty in getting him hoisted up; the tablecloth *will* get under Mr. Scrope's feet, and trip him up.

"For God's sake, don't drop me!" cries Webster, nervously. "Perhaps we had better give up the idea!"

"Not a bit of it! Get up on the chair; I shall have better *purchase* of you."

"And what am I to do?" asks Lenore, beginning to laugh by anticipation. "Have *I* no *rôle?*"

"Oh, you must be nurserymaid, don't you know?" says Scrope, panting and clasping the Major's legs as he stands on the chair; "and give him the bottle when he holloas. There, take that hearth-brush, and shoot it out at him; that will do as well as anything else."

"But a bottle does not *shoot out*," objects Lenore, whose acquaintance with the ways and appurtenances of infancy, though meagre, is apparently more exact than the young man's.

"What does that signify?" says Scrope, breathlessly, having with one final effort heaved up his bearded baby. "One must leave *something* to the imagination."

"For God's sake, mind the step!" cries Webster, gloomily, looking down with apprehensive eye from his unnatural elevation.

It *is* nervous work, but they get through it triumphantly. Mr. Scrope staggers along, with laboring breath, and arms firmly clasped round his baby's tableclothed legs; who, for his part, clutching Scrope convulsively round the neck, while his bronzed face and beard emerged absurdly from his antimacassar, gives utterance to a series of the dismallest deep *yells*, supposed to represent the faint cries of infancy. Lenore walks gravely alongside, occasionally shooting out her hearth-brush at him: whether or not the audience discover that it is the mystic symbol of an 'Alexandra' bottle will never be known till the last day. Having completed the circuit of the room, and made a playful feint of depositing his *pet* in Jemima's lap, Mr. Scrope and his coadjutors retire.

"I thought it was *Dumb* Scrambo," says Paul, drily, as Major Webster's last *bellow* dies on the ear.

"I suppose that only applies to articulate sounds," replies Jemima, who is on his other side. "Bah!" (wiping her eyes); "it is an insult to one's understanding to laugh, but one cannot help it. After all, it is not half so good as charades."

"Paul should have been at the Anson's the other night," says Sylvia, with a little coy hesitation and stumbling (both quite thrown away) over his name; then, turning to him:

"You should have seen Lenore as *barmaid*, running about and saying all sorts of impertinent things to the gentlemen, in a Breton cap. Do you know, she has got an *immensely* becoming Breton cap! I tell her that it is too matronly for her,

and that she ought to give it to me. Do you give your consent?" (opening and shutting her fan bashfully).

"A *barmaid!*" repeats Paul, with a slighly clouded face. "Very entertaining, I dare say; and who *were* the gentlemen she said impertinent things to?"

"You need not be jealous;" interposes Jemima, with a rather dry laugh. "Only old Mr. Anson; he came in as *boots* in a pea-jacket. Now, if there is an absurd sight in the world, it is an old fat man in a pea-coat."

"Ah! true, so it was!" says Sylvia languidly. "*Inconstant*, you know was the word; that was *inn* and *constant*"——

"How long they are in coming this time!" cries Jemima, hastily interrupting. "What *can* they be doing?"

"And *constant?*" says Paul, leaning forward, while his eyes shine with a rather doubtful expression. "How was *that* acted?"

"I don't think I will tell you," says Sylvia, with charming archness. "You know, 'when the cat's away the mice will play.' Well, Lenore was supposed to be engaged to Charlie Scrope. Poor Charlie! he tormented me out of my life, to act too, but I said, 'No! no! no! not my line at all!'"

"Well—but about Lenore?" interrupts Paul, impatiently.

"Oh yes, to be sure. Charlie was supposed to have been away for five or six years, and to come back suddenly, and then they rushed into each other's arms; of course" (tapping him playfully with her fan), "it was only a *stage*-embrace—*cela va sans dire*—but it made us all laugh!"

The cloud deepens on the young man's forehead. "It must have been almost better than the barmaid," he says, grimly, turning away.

Meanwhile, the ingenious troupe, still at fault for the right word, have hit upon another wrong one—*Wet!*

"*You* carry in a candle," says Major Webster to Lenore, thrusting the weapon indicated into her hand, "and pretend to catch fire; blow out the candle and drop it, and begin to scream like mad; and then, don't you know, we will all rush in with buckets, and put you out."

"But must I scream much—or little?"

"Oh, the louder the better; and you must go on screaming till we come."

Lenore does exactly as she is bid. Shrieking at the pitch of her high clear voice, imaginarily burning, and as imaginarily being extinguished—with one of Mrs. Webster's best silver candlesticks lying dinted and doubled up at her feet, her joyous eyes seek her lover's face for applause; but as soon as they lit on it, both her laughter and her screams together die. Unmindful of her assistants, she hurries back into the dining-room.

"You stopped *much* too soon," says Major Webster, reproachfully; "you ought to have gone on for a quarter of an hour longer."

"Is your dress damaged? Did any of the wax fall on it?" asks Scrope, eagerly, falling on his knees before her, and catching hold of the silk. His back is turned to the others, who have already fallen into fresh wranglings and janglings; nobody sees him; he stoops his head hurriedly, and brushes one of her smart lace-flounces with the silky gold of his moustache.

"What are you doing?" she cries, angrily, twitching it away from his clasp.

"I am playing a Dumb Scrambo of my own," he says, lifting his eyes with a defiant flash to hers. "Why do you stop me? It amuses me, and it does you no harm."

"I hate Dumb Scrambo!" she cries, passionately. "It is a vile game; why did you play at it?—who wanted you? There were plenty without you."

"I played," says the young man, raising himself from his kneeling posture, and growing rather white under these amenities, "because I have a benighted idea that when you go to other people's houses you should conform to *their* amusements, and not consult *only* your own, as some people do."

"Is that meant for a sneer at Paul?" asks Lenore, in a fury.

"Do you think," continues the young man, incisively, "that I *enjoyed* crawling along a beeswaxed floor in my dress-clothes?"

No answer.

"Do you think that I *enjoyed* hauling about that Jack Pudding" (with a glance at Major Webster's broad back) "for the

amusement of half-a-dozen old women?"

"Of course you did, or you would not have done it," answers Lenore, brusquely.

"It, at least, had the good effect of rooting you out of your corner," says Scrope, with a bitter laugh. "Perhaps it *was* worth while breaking one's back, and the spoiling the knees of one's trowsers, to accomplish such a result."

"Why on earth could not you leave us there in peace?" cries the girl, angrily. "*You* might have sat in a corner till the crack of doom, and I would not have put out a finger to move you."

"You are *in disgrace*," says the young man, speaking in a low voice, but with an eager flush; "I know it—so do you! we saw it in his face—*in disgrace*, because I poured an imaginary bucket of imaginary water over you! Such being the case, I wish you *joy* of your future life!"

* * * * *

WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

We are in the omnibus, going home. There is not an earthly vehicle that makes a more deaving din than an omnibus—a sort of steam threshing-machine in one's head; yet we are all talking—at least not all—four of us—*à qui mieux mieux*.

"Very stingy with their champagne; did not half fill one's glass."

"Very bad oyster-sauce!—something oily about it!"

"The fricandeau was good; I am always fond of a fricandeau."

"I think that, considering they have a three hundred guinea *chef*, and three in the kitchen, beside, they *might* give one better breadsauce."

"I am sure Major Webster has got a temper! I saw him scowling at one of the footmen at dinner."

These are some of the severe and spirited strictures that we are passing on the entertainment we have just quitted.

"I almost wish that we had asked Mrs. Webster to wait for us in the cloak-room, at the ball on Friday night, so that we might all go into the room together," says Sylvia, with what I *feel*, though I cannot *see*, to be a simper. "Of course I am *really* quite an efficient chaperone, but people make such stupid mistakes! The man who took me into dinner asked Miss Webster whether I was *out!* Just fancy!"

"How differently people see things!" I say, with my usual malevolence. "The man who took *me* into dinner asked me which was the older, you or I?"

Meanwhile Lenore says little, and Paul nothing, though they are sitting side by side. As we clatter and rumble with redoubled noise through a village, a light from a window darts a ray into our darkness. I see that Lenore's face is turned toward him, and that the hand nearest him lies ungloved on her knee, as if wishing to be clasped by his. Under cover of the others' chatter, I listen treacherously to their whispered talk:—

"Paul, are you *dead?*"

"No."

"Are you asleep? I cannot see your eyes."

"No."

"Are you angry?"

"Yes."

"What about?"

No answer.

"Would you be less angry if I told you (stoop down your head) that I have been in Gehenna all the evening, and that I think *him* a greater bore than ever?"

The next lamp-post we pass reveals the white hand nestling in its owner's.

CHAPTER V.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

"If there is anything in all this wide world that gives me the horrors," says Sylvia, with a little shudder, "it is mutton dressed lamb fashion. I know my temptation lies in quite the other direction, to make a *grandmother* of myself!"

This is at luncheon, on the day succeeding the Dumb Scrambo. The friendly criticisms on the entertainment and the entertainers are being renewed and carried on with a spirit hardly less piquant than the sorrel sauce that is flavoring the interlocutors' cutlets.

"Poor Harriet Webster! a white book-muslin *frock*—one can call it nothing else—and a pink sash, *low*, too, now-a-days, when no one thinks of being *décolletté* except at a ball!"

"She only wanted a *rattle*, and to have her sleeves tied up with coral, to be the complete infant," says Lenore, laughing maliciously. "If she had thought of it,

Mr. Scrope, you might have carried *her* in last night instead of her brother. She would have been several stone lighter.

"And the way she kept hoisting up those wretched little shoulders, too, to her ears," says Jemima, putting in her oar. "I really *trembled* for the string of her tucker. I wonder her brother does not remonstrate!"

"Pooh!" cries Lenore, carelessly, "I do not suppose that he knows whether she *has* any shoulders or any tucker either—brothers never do!" A little pause, while the first sharpness of hunger is appeased; then Lenore recommences: "What bushy black brows *your* lady had, Paul. Poor fellow! I *did* pity you; and they met so amicably in a tuft on the top of her Roman nose."

"*I* did not think much of Miss Jemima's friend," says Scrope, laughing; "he looked as if he had been run up by contract—hands like feet, and feet like fire-shovels."

"And his wife?" says Jemima; "did you see her? No?—a little bunchy thing, who never says anything but 'Fancy!' and if you are *very* intimate with her, 'Just fancy!'"

"Men like her, I cannot imagine why," says Sylvia, languidly, "she has a way of *looking down her nose.*"

"Paul, why don't you speak?" cries Lenore, with a pout; "we have all said something clever; it is quite your turn!"

"Is it?" says Paul, lazily. "Mine is a long time hatching. It will come presently; but, you see, you do not know any of my best friends; so it will lose all its points, I am afraid."

"I am sure we have not said anything that was not perfectly good-natured," says Sylvia, with an air of injured innocence; "and as to that, I have no doubt we are quite quits. I dare say they have made quite as many comments on us—not that they *can* say *we* are *décolletté*—as we have on them."

A diversion is here effected by the depravity of Tommy, who, being dissatisfied with his dinner, insists on saying, "Thank God for my nasty pudding!" instead of the authorized form of thanksgiving. He is instantly degraded from his high chair, and borne off wriggling like an eel, and kicking the footman's shins.

"Let us go out," says Lenore, laying her hand on her lover's coat sleeve, as she passes out of the dining-room. "Let us go into the wood! I love a wood in winter! I *love* kicking the dead leaves! If you are good you shall kick them, too!" Five minutes later she has joined him as he stands in the wintry garden puffing at his pipe. "Wait a minute!" she cries, her eyes flashing gleefully. "Look at the children going out walking. Did you ever see anything so be-comforted and be-gartered? I *must* run and knock their hats over their eyes!" She springs away from his side, and in two seconds is back again. "It is such fun!" she says, breathlessly; "it makes them hate one so!"

And now they are in the wood; above them the high brown boughs meet in wintry wedlock; each little fine twig, no longer hid by leafage, asserts itself, standing delicately out against the softly-traveling, sad-colored clouds beyond. Underneath all the trees dead children lie heaped; there is no wind to stir them. There they lie! one can hardly tell one from another now—the horse-chestnut's broad fan from the beech's pointed oval—massed together in one bronze-colored death. They are over Lenore's ankles as, with all the delight of a child, she plows through them, kicking them up, laughing, and insisting that her lover shall kick them too.

"What a good smell they have when one stirs them up," she cries, "something half-pungent! Smell, Paul, smell!" Paul obeys, and stands docily inhaling the autumnal odor. "And now," she says, clasping her two hands round his arm, leaning a very considerable weight upon him as they again pace slowly onward, "talk a great deal. I seem hardly to have heard your *real* voice yet; yesterday was all church and plum-pudding and scolding, and to-day we have done nothing but dissect the Websters; talk! talk! talk!"

"How *can* I talk?" he says, laughing; "You will not let me get a word in edgeways."

"Tell me all about everything," she says, comprehensively. "Begin at the beginning, like a story—at the very moment you stepped from the Dinan boat—letters go for nothing. Were you very

sea-sick? I believe you were, though you would not own it."

"Frightfully, since you insist upon it," replies Le Mesurier, with a mendacious smile. "I lay on deck on the small of my back, with a livid face, praying for shipwreck—that is the right feeling, is not it?—while, to add to my sufferings, everybody kept stumbling over my legs."

"And when you got home," continues the girl, eagerly, taking this statement for what it is worth, "were they all very glad to see you? Did they all rush out to the door to meet you?"

"Butler came out, I believe; I do not think that even he *ran*; certainly no one else did."

"And when they saw you" (speaking very rapidly), "how did they look? Did they look *odd?* What did they say to you?"

"Oh, I don't know; much the same as they always say—nothing different—why should they? they did not know anything *then;* they said, 'Oh, here you are!' or something equally brilliant; and my father said, "For God's sake, do not touch me! I have got it in both hands.' He meant the gout."

"And then you kissed them all," says Lenore, a little envious at this part of the programme. "Do you kiss your father? Some grown-up men do."

"Do they?" replies Paul, grimly. "How very unpleasant for both parties! No; I do not, certainly."

"And—and was there no one besides just your own people—just your father and sisters? asks Lenore, with wily suavity.

"My cousin, of course?" (with a tone of airy nonchalance).

"And" (laughing not quite so easily as before)—"and what was *she* doing?"

"My dear soul" (with slight symptoms of impatience), "it is six months ago; how the mischief can I remember?"—then, seeing her countenance fall a little—"stitching, I fancy; making a flannel petticoat for some old woman."

"Which she ostentatiously thrust into a cupboard the moment you appeared," says Lenore, sarcastically, turning down the little red corners of her mouth—

"Did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame."

Paul lets this thrust pass in silence.

"And did you bring me on the *tapis* that night, or did you keep me till next morning?" (looking anxiously up in his face).

"I kept you for several days," he answers, smiling—"very much against my will, I can tell you; but I knew that as long as it remained in his hands, there was no use broaching the subject."

"But the girls, had not the gout!—you told them, did not you?" (with great animation).

Paul looks down, and his expression is embarrassed.

"Yes," he says, slowly, "I did."

"And showed them my photograph?"

"Ye—es."

"I hope you told them that my hair was not so dark as it looks there" (very anxiously). "Did not they think it pretty? Did not they say what a good figure I must have?"

"I dare say they would not have thought it polite to make personal remarks about you to me," Paul answers, looking thoroughly confused; and they never *are* girls to say civil things, don't you know?"

Lenore puts up one dog-skin gloved hand and hides her mouth: it is the mouth that, in its altered and quivering lines, betrays mortification most.

"Did not they—did not they say *anything?*" she asks, in a blank voice.

"They looked at the name of the photographer on the back," he answers with a smile of recollected annoyance, "and said, 'Oh, yes; he was a good man, they knew.' I remember *that*, because it made me so savage!"

"And—and your *cousin?*—what did *she* say?"

"She was not there."

"But—when you told her you were going to be married—what did she say *then?*"

"Pshaw!" cries he, impatiently, reddening slightly. "What extraordinary questions you do ask! What can it matter to you or me either what she said? She said the—the—the usual thing, I suppose," (turning his head half away, and viciously knocking a big fungushead off with his stick).

"I do not believe a word of it," cries Lenore, in a fury. "Why do you hate talking about her? Why do you always slide away from the subject when I lead

to it? You do not *look* as if you were telling truth! I believe she—she—she—wanted to marry you herself."

Sometimes the innocent wear the pale livery of guilt, by some ingenious freak of nature. At this audacious statement Paul certainly looks whiter than his wont. "You are talking nonsense," he says, brusquely; "childish, unladylike nonsense," and so speaking, he drops her arm and stalks on by himself.

She rustles after him through the dead leaves, half-penitent, half-suspicious, till they reach a stile that gives egress from the wood into a meadow—a December meadow—a very different matter from one of June's butter-cup gardens—a meadow flowerless, gray-colored, and drenched. There, having overtaken him, she lays a hand on each of his arms. "Why *will* you insist on rousing my devil?" she says, impulsively. "Do you do it on purpose? I do not know whether other women have a devil, but I have, I know."

"It is so remarkably easily roused," he answers, drily.

"There is not a *gooder* woman in the world than I am sometimes," she continues, naïvely. "Why will not you let me always be?"

"*Let* you," he repeats, laughing, a little ironically, but looking down with a mollified expression at her repentant fond face, freshened by the cool moist wind. I am sure I do not know what I do to hinder you; I wish to heaven you would be!"

CHAPTER VI.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

THAT evening fate, in the shape of a sleek little widow, wills that we shall have a small dinner-party. We should all have much preferred to have kept to our family circle, and, lounging in our chairs, have wooed little contraband sleeps, in recollection of our last night's fatigues, and preparation for those of the next. But Sylvia is obdurate. "Say what you please," she says, pronouncing each word very distinctly. "Call me a prude if you like—it will not be the first time—I cannot help it, but it does feel so *odd*, we three quite young women sitting down and hobnobbing with those two young men; nobody, *belonging* to anybody else, don't you know."

"I beg to say I *do* belong to somebody," interrupts Lenore, holding up her head.

"I am sure nobody can feel more kind and sisterly than I do to Paul," continues Sylvia with an air of conscious modest merit; "but still there is no use denying that he is a comparative stranger, and I confess I *should* like him to see that we have *some* idea of civilization."

So to prove our civilization, we enlarge our little circle by the addition of the three Websters, of a couple of stray marauding girls, and of three diffident foot-soldiers from the ——— barracks.

"We used to have really nice regiments always," Sylvia says, in apology for these poor young gentlemen, before their arrival, as she stands with one round, white elbow leant on the mantelpiece, looking up with her large, appealing eyes to Paul—Sylvia's eyes have appealed and besought and implored all their life, but what for, nobody ever could make out—"really *nice* regiments—the Enniskillens, and the 9th Lancers, don't you know? but now we have only those nasty walking things."

Paul laughs: "I like nasty walking things; I was one myself."

There are no mistakes as to pairing to-day. I, who have no claim upon anybody—I, to whom it is absolutely indifferent *who* leads me, so that I ultimately reach the savory haven of dinner, and Mr. Scrope, who also has no right to anybody present, march in together. During soup, he tries to make feverish and unnatural love to me, which I rightly attribute to the fact of Lenore's blue ribbons and sweet peas being fluttering and flowering opposite; but as I indignantly decline to be the victim of any such imposture, he relapses into a sulky silence, and I into my usual trite vein of moralizing.

If people could but hear the comments made on them. For instance, if Miss Webster had but lurked behind the window-curtains at luncheon to-day, how clothed and lowered and quiet would her shoulders be. I look: they are still playfully shrugged and lifted in all their lean and virgin nakedness.

It is evening. Tea has re-united those whom claret parted. The footmen have

wheeled in the card-table, and are now clearing another table for a round game —that noisy refuge of those who cannot talk—whereat loud and inarticulate sounds, like to the bray of the ass, the shrill clucking and calling of a distracted hen-roost, take the place of low-voiced and rational conversation. We are all making our selection between the two games: there were far more candidates for the boisterous mirth of the one than for the silent dignity of the other. The infantry, and their attendant houris, the Websters, in short all the *externes*, distinctly decline a rubber.

Major Webster has arrived at the age when a man insists on being classed "among the young people." Being ten years his sister's senior, he is almost as old for a man as she for a woman. He likes to get near the youngest girls in the company—he *loves* bread and butter, that surest sign of advancing age—to bank with her, look over her cards, and tell her all about himself. Paul chooses whist; I am amused to hear Lenore (the amount of whose knowledge of the game I am acquainted with) follow suit. Mr. Scrope does the same; so does Sylvia. As for me, I am nobody. I have been a spectator all my life. I am a spectator still. Laura has walked over to a cabinet, close to where I am sitting, to look for some whist-markers. Scrope has followed her on the same pretence.

"Why do not you join the round game?" I hear her ask him hurriedly, in a low voice. "I wish you would—three-lived commerce and a pony—just the game for a nice little school-boy."

"Just" (flushing a little and looking rather mulish).

"*Do!* there's a good boy!" she says almost imploringly, "I'm really in earnest."

"I will play bézique, if you like," he says, eagerly; "let me get the little round table; you shall deal every time."

She does not speak in answer, but only turns down the corners of her mouth, with an expression of the completest scorn.

"What are you two whispering about over there?" cries Sylvia playfully, from the table: "no whispering allowed!"

"Let us cut for partners," says Scrope, eagerly advancing.

"It is not much use," replies Lenore, bluntly; "for whoever I cut with, I mean to play with Paul."

They begin. It is Sylvia's deal—Lenore to lead. It is some time before she realizes this fact.

"Oh! is it *me?* What a bore? What on earth shall I play? I have no more idea——Paul, I wish you would suggest something?"

Paul looks resolutely, gravely impenetrable.

"When in doubt, play trumps!" suggests Scrope, laughing.

"*Trumps!*" (with an expression of profound contempt). "Very likely!—as if I did not know that one ought always to keep them to the *very* end."

Having half-played several cards, and withdrawn them—having gazed imploringly at Paul, who ill-naturedly will not lift his eyes—having tried to look over Scrope's hand, she at length embarks on the ace of diamonds. The others play little ones to it, and the trick is hers.

"Oh! it is mine again, is it?" (with a tone of annoyance). "If I had thought of that, I would not have played it. Now it is all to come over again. I suppose" (looking vaguely round for counsel) "that it is not a bad plan to play all one's big ones out first, is it?"

Paul conscientiously tries to veil the expression of extreme dissent that this proposition calls into his countenance, and so successfully, that the ace of hearts instantly and confidently follows his brother. He is succeeded by the ace of spades.

"You have every ace in the pack," Sylvia says pettishly.

"*That* I have not!" answers Lenore, glancing up with a mischievous gaiety at Scrope. "*You* know better than that, do not you, Charlie?"

At the unnecessary and illegal candor displayed by the first half of the sentence, Paul shudders slightly; but at the familiar abbreviation of his friend's name he forgets all about his cards. He would not look at his betrothed before, when she sought mute counsel from him. He looks at her quickly enough now, with an expression of the most unfeigned, displeased surprise. But, unluckily, she does not see it. Her gaze has strayed to the other table, and she is whispering to Scrope.

"Look at the major—we always call him' *The* Major,' as if there was only one in the world. He is telling that little miss beside him how a cricket-ball once hit him in the left eye, and asking her to look in and see the mark."

"How on earth can you tell at this distance?" asks Scrope, eagerly, answering in the same tone, and playing at haphazard the first card that comes.

"I know his little ways," she says laughing. "Once *I* used to be invited to look into his eyes. Ah! '*Nous avons changé tout cela.*' I am too old now."

"Would you mind going on, when you are quite ready?" Paul asks, with an extreme politeness of tone a little contradicted by the unamiable expression of his countenance. Let those who blame him recollect that he loved strict whist, and the rules of the game, with a love hardly inferior to that of the renowned Mrs. Battle.

"*My* turn!" cries Lenore, returning to the consideration of her cards. "You do not say so! It is *always* my turn. Now what next? Have spades ever been out before? Surely not."

She herself, as I before observed, led the ace three minutes ago, and Sylvia threw away her queen on it. She now boldly advances her king, which is naturally trumped. At this catastrophe she expresses the extremest surprise, which she calls upon Paul to share. In another quarter of an hour, not only the game, but the rubber is ended.

"Absolutely *thrown away?*" cries Paul, tossing down his last card, with a gesture of unrestrained irritation. "Two by honors, and excellent playing cards! It is enough to make a saint swear!"

"I do not know what you mean?" cried Lenore, reddening. "I am sure I did nothing wrong, did I?" (appealing to her adversaries). "I did not revoke, and I returned his lead whenever I remembered what it was, and I led out all my big things. One cannot expect to do much with those little nasty twos and threes!"

"Let us change partners," cries Scrope, his broad blue eyes flashing eagerly. "*I* am the worst player in Europe."

"By all means," says Lenore, with *empressement*, glaring angrily across at Paul, though there are tears in her treacherous eyes. "I should like nothing better."

"*Not for worlds!*" says Sylvia, with a little emphasis on the words, rising, and gathering together her gloves, fan, and scent bottle. "I would not expose my poor little manœuvres to *Paul's* criticism for any earthly consideration; I do not mind *you;* you are a child; you are *nobody!*"

The guests are gone—"Good-night time" has come—we discreetly issue forth into the hall, and drink claret and sherry-and-water, while Paul and Lenore are saying it in the drawing-room. They do not, however, speak very low, as I overhear them.

"One thing is certain, Paul," says Lenore, playfully, but with a sort of uneasy dignity in her tone, "and that is, that when we are married we will not play cards; I wish you would not be cross to me *before people*. I do not mind when we are by ourselves."

"I wish you would not call men by their Christian names under my very nose," Paul answers, in a tone that sounds half-jealous, half-ashamed.

"Do you?" (rather coquettishly).

"Lenore, how many men *do* you call by their Christian names?"

She laughs mischievously. "Ever so many; but I only do as I am done by; almost every man I know calls me Lenore. No! no!! no!!!" (her tone suddenly changing to one of repentant alarm); "do not look so furious—I am only joking; nobody does that I am aware of—hardly anybody!"

CHAPTER VII.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

"A CHILD might play with me to-night, I feel so bland," says Lenore. "Tommy, Bobby, now is your time; never, probably, will you find Aunty Lenore in such a frame of mind again; drive her hair-pins into her skull, throttle her with your fat arms, ride rough-shod over her prostrate body; she will not utter a groan!"

It is the day following Sylvia's dinner party. Lenore is sitting on the white hearthrug of our sister's boudoir, an *immoral-looking* little up-stairs room. Looped rose curtains; lazy low chairs; mirrors gleaming through festooned white muslin; flowers that give out their

scent delicately yet heavily to the warmed air; and outside the storm-rain scouring the pane, and the wind shaking the shutters with its strong, rude hands. "Had ever any one better cause to be happy than I?" says the girl, while her eyes dance in the firelight. "I am nineteen, I am handsome, I am going to a ball, and shall dance all night, and eat ices, and sit in corners with the dearest fellow in all the world, who is extremely pleased with me."

"Instinct tells me that he dances like a pair of tongs," reply I, amiably.

Lenore reddens.

"Poor Jemima!" she says, with a sort of resentful pity. "No wonder you say spiteful things! You are twenty-nine; you are *first* with nobody! how can you bear to go on living? what *can* you have to think about all day and all night?"

"Think about!" repeat I, cynically. "Oh! I do not know. Sometimes my latter end, and sometimes my *dinner*."

"Poor old Jemima!"

"It is a mercy," continue I, reflectively, "that one's *palate* outlives one's *heart;* one can still relish red mullet when one has lost all appetite for moonshine."

"Bravo, Miss Herrick," cries a voice, as Scrope emerges from behind the *portière*, which hides a little inner room and lounges with something of his old sleepy manner to the fire. We both start.

"Who gave you leave to come here?" asks Lenore, sharply. "Why did you not cough or sneeze, or sigh, to let us know you were there, instead of meanly listening to all we had to say!"

"Neither of you said anything either confidential, or that demanded contradiction," replies the young man, leaning his back against the chimney-piece, and looking down with *insouciant* defiance on the girl at his feet. "*You*, Miss Lenore, modestly observed that you were nineteen and very handsome, while Miss Jemima remarked that red mullet were better than moonshine, and that Le Mesurier danced like a pair of tongs; in both cases I have the good fortune to agree with her."

"You have, have you?"

"You are roasting all the life out of that bit of deutzia in your dress," says the young man, indicating with a slight motion of the hand the white flower that, resting on Lenore's breast, contrasts the dark folds of her serge gown; "suppose you give it me?"

"Suppose I do not!"

"You will really, won't you?" (stooping forward a little, and stretching out his hand to receive the demanded gift).

"*Most certainly not!*"

"All right!" (resuming his former position, and speaking with languid indifference); "it is a half-withered little vegetable, and I am not sure that I would take it now if you offered it me; but all the same, I have a conviction that before the evening is over it will be mine."

"You have, have you?" cries Lenore, with flashing eyes; "sooner than that *you* should ever have it—look here!"

She runs to the window, unbolts the shutters, and opening the casement throws the flower out into the wild sleet. Thrice the winter's cold gust drives it back against her, but the third time it disappears. Then she shutss the window and returns to the fire.

"What a fine thing it is to have a spirit!" says Scrope, walking to the door. He does not look particularly vexed, but his cheek is flushed.

When he is gone, I retire behind the *portière* to write letters; Lenore maintains her former position, thinking, smiling to herself, and curling the pug's tight fawn tail round her fingers. In about ten minutes the door reopens, and Mr. Scrope again enters. His boots are miry, his shooting-coat is drenched, large rain drops shine and glisten on his bare gold curls, but in his hand he holds the bit of deutzia, muddied, stained, dispetaled almost past recognition, but still the identical spray that floated out on the storm blast through the opened window.

"My presentiments seldom deceive me," says the young man, advancing to the fire, speaking with his old drawl, and wiping the luckless flower with his pocket-handkerchief; "feel how wet I am" (extending his coat sleeve).

Silence.

"I am sorry I was so long," continues he, spreading his hands to the blaze; but it was ill work grubbing among the dark wet garden-borders; the rain put out my eyes, and hissed in my ears, but don't you know one hates to be beaten?"

I peep at them through the *portière*. Lenore has sprung to her feet, and stands facing him. "Give it me back!" she cries, imperiously.

"Most certainly not, as you tersely observed just now."

"Give it me, *this instant!*" with a stamp, advancing a step nearer, and trying to snatch it out of his hand.

"*Au contraire*" holding it high above her head). "I mean to dry it in silver paper, and inscribe upon it, 'Souvenir from Miss Lenore!'"

"I will give you *any* other instead of it," says Lenore, dropping her Xantippe tone, and growing conciliatory. "I will even pin it in your coat to-night. There!"

"Thanks. I have contracted a particular penchant for this one."

She does not repeat her entreaties, but I see her face working.

"Why are you so anxious to have it back?" asks Scrope tormentingly, standing close to her on the hearthrug; don't snatch—it is unladylike—it is wet, it is limp, it is deader than a door-nail."

"Paul gave it me!" cries the girl, bursting into a storm of tears, "You know he did; and he will be so angry when he sees you with it."

He tosses it contemptuously to her: "Take it! I would not have it as a gift. You told me once that you never cried, and this is the *second* time in two days that I have seen you in tears.

They have forgotten all about me. He is leaning his elbow on the mantle-shelf, and staring morosely at her, as she wipes her eyes.

"The *second* time!" (looking up at him with the tears still sparkling on her lashes). "What do you mean?"

"Do you think I did not see your red eyes at luncheon yesterday?" asks Scrope, scornfully. "You sat with your back to the light, and laughed more than usual, but you did not deceive *me*."

She turns half away, looking put out at the accusation, which she is unable to rebut.

"What had you been quarrelling about?" asks the young man, eagerly; "as usual, about *me?*"

"You are right," she answers, turning her great angry gray eyes upon him; "it *was* about you; it is *always* about you; if it were not for you, we should never have a word! Why do you insist on *thrusting* yourself between him and me? Why do you not go away? There are a dozen other places where, I dare say, you would be welcome. Why cannot you leave this one, where you *must* see that you are in the way?"

"May I ask how?" His voice is cold, but it is the cold of strangled emotion.

"Did not I tell you a hundred times at Dinan what a bore and a nuisance I thought you?" asks the girl, half in bitter jest, half in earnest. "Why do you make me say these rude things to you over again?"

He looks at her steadfastly. "You mean them *now;* you did *not* mean them then."

"Did not I?" (indignantly) "ask Jemima."

"Lenore" (his lips growing white) "you said 'go,' but, as I stand here, I swear your eyes said 'stay.'"

"They did not!" she cries passionately; "they *never* did; if they had—if they ever had been so unfaithful to him, I would have *torn* them out!"

"Did you think me a *bore* and a *nuisance*, when I lay at your feet those summer mornings under the chestnuts on Mont Parnasse, and read 'Manfred' to you?"

"*That* I did," she answers, with vicious emphasis. "Why I *slept* half the time, and dislocated my jaw with yawning the other half! Not one man in a hundred can read poetry, and *you*" (bursting out into angry laughter)—"you rolled your *R's*, and ranted with the best of them."

Mr. Scrope turns sharply away, to hide his bitter mortification.

"Why do not you go?" continues Lenore, with her startling candor; "it cannot be very amusing to you being here now; the partridges are so wild that you cannot get near them, and Sylvia has never any pheasants—go! *go!*"

Again he turns and faces her. "Are you serious?" he says, while all his boyish face twitches. "I know you never stick at saying anything that will hurt your fellow-creatures' feelings, but do you really mean that you wish me to leave this house?"

"I do, *distinctly*."

"That the sight of me takes away your appetite, or *his*, which is it?"

"Both.

"Miss Lenore" (dropping his sneering tone, and trying to take her hand), "I have been impertinent to you. I own it. I had no right to sneer at him behind his back—it was mean and womanish of me; but—but—you were a little friendly to me at Dinan, and it is hard to be shelved all in a minute."

"At Dinan you were never anything more than a *pis aller*."

"If I promise never to address you unless you first speak to me," says the young fellow, entreatingly; "not to look at you more than I can help; to be no more to you than the footman who hands you soup, will you let me stay then?"

"Fiddlesticks!" replied she, with plain common sense; "nobody can *efface* themselves in the way you describe; staying in the house with a person one must be brought into constant contact with them. I say again—I say it *three times—go!* GO! GO!"

"I will go, then," answers Scrope, steadying his voice with a great effort, and speaking with cold quiet; "but I will not go unpaid. Yes; I will go, but on one only condition."

"What is it?"

"That you dance with me to-night—not a beggarly *once*, as you might with Webster, or any other bowing acquaintance, but *three—four* times."

"I will do nothing of the kind, I will have no bargaining with you," replies Lenore, with dignity.

"Then I will stay," cries Scrope, with angry excitement. "Miss Lenore, it is not *your* house; you cannot have me turned out of doors, much as you would wish it; eyesore as I am to you, I will stay!"

"Do!" she says, with a contemptuous sneer; "it will be a gentlemanlike act, of a piece with the rest of your conduct."

("That was a nasty one," think I, from behind the *portière*.)

There is a moment's silence.

"Say no more bitter things," says Scrope, in a changed, rough voice; "if you tried from now till the judgment-day, you never could beat that last; and the worst of it is that it was true; it *was* ungentlemanlike; but when one has gone mad, one is not particular about one's manners, as perhaps *you* will discover some fine day."

Lenore is silent.

"Make your mind easy, I will go; to-night if you wish."

"There is no such wonderful hurry; to-morrow will do perfectly."

"To-morrow, then."

"Thanks."

"Lenore" (speaking with cutting emphasis), "you are the handsomest woman in the world, and the one who has the knack of saying the nastiest things; if your face drives men mad, your tongue brings them back to sanity pretty quickly; other women's sharp speeches pour off one like water: *yours* bite and sting."

"Perhaps" (indifferently).

A little stillness.

Again I peep. Scrope has sat down by the table: his elbows rest on the Utrecht velvet cover, among all Sylvia's silly little knick-knacks: his hands shade his face.

"Don't look so tragic!" says my sister, in a mollified voice, sidling up to him; "I own that I thought of myself *first;* I always do; it is my way; but if you could have sense to perceive it, you would see that it is quite as much for your interest as mine that you should go; —my dear boy" (laying her hand on his coat sleeve), "I have a horrible suspicion that you are *crying!* please disabuse me of it."

"Nothing is further from my thoughts," says Scrope, lifting his head and showing his beautiful face, undisfigured, indeed, by tears, but paled and altered by anger and pain. "Good God!" (looking at her fiercely) "a man *would* be a fool to cry about you; would you ever cease laughing and jeering at him?"

"Stop raving at me," cries Lenore, whose patience is fast oozing out, "I have done nothing: you have been a fool and you must pay for it; perhaps——" (speaking very slowly, as if the word were not sweet to her lips), "I wish to be quite fair—perhaps—at Dinan—*helped* you to be so—a little."

He does not speak.

"Charlie! look here!" (speaking with a soothing, sisterly tone), "*you* know

and I know, and Jemima knows, and I am afraid Paul knows, that sixty times a day you are on the verge of making a fool of yourself; is not it better that you should go before you tumble over the verge?"

"All right," answers he, impatiently, shaking off her hand; "I am going: having gained that point, I think the least you might do is to leave me alone."

"But—but you will come to the ball to-night?"

"No" (very curtly).

"You *must*, it will look so *odd!*"

"Odd it *may* look, then: at the present moment" laughing disagreeably), "my whole life looks oddly enough, I can tell you."

"But supposing I give you *one* dance! a quadrille?" (unable, woman-like, to let well alone, and kneeling down on the floor beside him.)

"I would not walk through a quadrille with you" (speaking very loftily) "if you were to go down on your knees to me!"

"As I am doing at the present moment," replies Lenore, laughing; "a waltz then?"

"Are you serious? Do you mean it?" (catching hold of her two hands, while his eyes light up) "or are you only making a fool of me, as you have been doing without intermission for the last six months?"

"One never knows what may happen," replies the girl, oracularly, already rather repenting her concession; "perhaps—the fag end—the very fag end of a galop, if you will not expect to take me into tea afterward."

"Do not!" cry I, dropping my pen, and hurrying from my lurking place. "Lenore; for the first time in your life take advice! let this poor boy go to-night!"

As I had surmised, they had forgotten my existence. Both look at me with the partial fondness with which it is usually an interloper's fate to be regarded.

"Meddlesome Matty!" cries my sister, with her usual amenity, "who asked *your* opinion?"

"Miss Jemima," says Scrope, reproachfully, "I thought *you* were my friend!"

"So I am," I say, smiling and turning to him, "if she dances with you once, twice, a dozen times to-night, how much better will you be to-morrow? You will have set us all by the ears, while you ——" I pause.

Neither speaks.

"It is useless disguising from ourselves," continue I, with my usual excellent common sense, "that Paul will be displeased."

"Let him be displeased, then, if he can be so irrational!" cries Lenore, cheeks on fire, and eyes burning; "but no! what am I talking about? Paul has perfect confidence in me; if I were to dance all night with Charlie Scrope, or Charlie anybody else, he would not mind, he would understand."

"Time will show," reply I, mystically, walking to the door.

"I will give you *four* dances, four *round* ones—there!" says Lenore, with a brilliant smile, and a triumphant glance at me as I leave the room; "*Vogue la galère!*"

The Argosy.

BY THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

A BITTER December midnight, and the up express panting through its ten minutes' rest at Rugby. What with passengers just arriving, and passengers just departing; what with the friends who came to see the last of the departing passengers, or to meet the arriving ones; the platform was full enough, I can assure you; and I had some difficulty in making my way from carriage to carriage, even though I generally find that people (almost unconsciously, perhaps,) move aside for the guard when they see him walking up or down close to the carriage doors. This difficulty was increased, too, by the manœuvers of my companion, a London detective, who had joined me, to give himself a better opportunity of ex-

amining the passengers. Keenly he did it, too, in that seemingly careless way of his; and, while he appeared to be only an idle, lounging acquaintance of my own, I knew that under his unsuspected scrutiny it was next to impossible for the thieves he was seeking to escape—even in hampers. I didn't trouble myself to help him, for I knew it wasn't necessary; yet I was as anxious as hundreds of others were that those practiced thieves, whom the police had been hunting for the last two days, should be caught as they deserved.

Sometimes we came upon a group which my companion could not take in at a glance, and then he always found himself unusually cold, and stopped to stamp a little life into his petrified feet. Of course for me this enforced standing was the signal for an attack of that persistent questioning with which railway guards are familiar; and, in attending to polite questioners who deserved answering, and unpolite ones who insisted on it, I had not much time for looking about me; but presently I did catch myself watching a girl who stood alone at some distance. A girl very pretty and pleasant to look upon, I thought, though her face, and her dress, and her attitude were all sad. She stood just at the door of the booking office; a tall, slight girl, in deep mourning, with a quantity of bright, fair hair platted high upon her head, as well as hanging loosely on her shoulders; with a childishly innocent face, and pretty, bewildered eyes. I wished I could have gone straight to her, and put her into one—the most comfortable—of the line of carriages at which she gazed so timidly. Just as I hesitated, a very remarkable figure elbowed its way to me; a stout, grandly-dressed old-lady, panting painfully, and almost piercing me with a pair of restless, half-opened eyes, that looked out through the gold-rimmed spectacles perched on her sharp nose. Two porters followed her, laden with bags, cloaks, umbrellas, and flowers—the only flowers in the station, I expect that winter night—and one of the men winked at me over her head, while the other guarded her treasures with a face of concentrated anxiety, and thoughts engrossed by possible fees.

"This is the London train, is it, by ga'ad?" she asked, peering sharply into my face with her half-closed eyes, as if she found it difficult to distinguish me even through her spectacles.

From her whole attitude I guessed her to be deaf, but I never guessed *how* deaf until, after yelling my answer so loud that the engine-driver must have heard it eighteen carriages off, she still remained stonily waiting for it.

"Deaf as a dozen posts," said the detective, aloud, giving the old lady an expressive little nod in the direction of the train.

"Slow train?" she asked, in that plaintive tone which the very deaf often use.

"Mail!" I shouted, putting my mouth as close to her cheek as I fancied she would like.

"*Ale!*" she shrieked back at me, the spectacles shaking a little on her thin nose. "Why should you want ale for listening to civil questions that you are paid to answer? Ale indeed! I believe railway men think of nothing else."

Then she shook her head angrily and waddled off, looking as acid an old party as I should ever try to avoid. In at every door she peered through her glittering glasses, the two porters following her, until she made a stop before an empty second-class carriage near my van, and with much labor and assistance got herself and her packages into it.

When I passed, a few minutes afterward, she was standing in the doorway, effectually barring the door to any other passenger by her own unattractive appearance there, and prolonging with an evident relish the anxiety of the obsequious porters. I fancy that, though the purse she fumbled in was large, the coin she wanted was but small, for I passed on and left her still searching, and still asking questions of the men, but hearing nothing either of their replies or of the loud asides in which they indulged to each other. I had reached the other end of the train, and was just about making my way back to my own van, when the young lady I had before noticed went slowly in front of me toward the empty first-class compartment near which I stood.

"Am I right for Euston?" she asked me gently, as she hesitated at the door.

"All right, Miss," I said, taking the

door from her, and standing while she got in. "Any luggage?" For from that very moment I took her in a sort of way into my charge, because she was so thoroughly alone, you see, not having friends there even to see her off.

"No luggage, thank you," she answered, putting her little leather satchel down beside her on the seat, and settling herself in the corner farthest from the open door. "Do we stop anywhere between here and London?"

"Don't stop again, Miss, except for a few minutes to take tickets." Then I looked at her as much as to say, "You're all right, because I'm the guard," and shut the door.

I suppose that, without exactly being aware of it, I kept a sort of watch over this carriage, for I saw plainly enough a lazy young gentleman who persistently kept hovering about it and looking in. His inquisitive eyes had, of course, caught sight of the pretty face in there alone, and I could see that he was making up his mind to join her; but he seemed doing it in a most careless and languid manner. He was no gentleman for that reason, I said to myself, yet his dress was handsome, and the hand that played with his long, dark beard was small and fashionably gloved. Glancing still into the far corner of that one first-class compartment, he lingered until the last moment was come; then, quite leisurely, he walked up to the door, opened it, entered the carriage, and in an instant the door was banged to behind him. Without the least hesitation I went up to the window, and stood near it while the lamp was fitted in the compartment. The gentleman was standing up within, drawing on a dark overcoat; the young lady in the distant corner was looking from the window as if even the half-darkness was better to look at than this companion. Mortified a good deal at the failure of my scheme for her comfort; I went on to my van, beside which the detective waited for me.

"No go, you see," he muttered, crossly, "and yet it seemed to me so likely that they'd take this train."

"I don't know how it *should* seem likely," I answered, for I hadn't gone with him in the idea. "It doesn't seem to me very likely that three such skillful thieves as you are dodging, who did their work in this neighborhood so cleverly, two nights ago, should leave the station *any* night by the very train which the police watch with double suspicion."

"Doesn't it?" he echoed, with a most satirical knowingness. "Perhaps you haven't yet got it quite clear in your mind how they *will* leave the town; for it's sure enough that they haven't left it up to now. That they'll be in a hurry to leave it, is sure enough, too, for this isn't the sort of place they'll care to hide in longer than necessary. Well, what's the hardest place for us to track them in? London. And what's the easiest place for them to get on sea from? London. Then naturally enough to London they'll want to go. Isn't this a fast train, and shouldn't *you* choose a fast train if you were running away from the police?"

I didn't tell him what sort of a train I should choose, because I hadn't quite made up my mind; and he was looking cross enough for anything in that glimpse I caught of him.

Having nothing better to do, I wondered a good deal how these thieves could arrange their getting away while the walls were covered with descriptions of them, and every official on the line was up in it. There was no doubt about their being three very dextrous knaves; but then our detective force was very dextrous, too, though they weren't knaves (and I do believe the greater dexterity is generally on the knavish side), and so it was odd that the description still was ineffective and the offered reward unclaimed. I read over again the bill in my pocket which described the robbers. "Edward Capon, alias Captain Winter, alias John Pearson, alias Dr. Crow; a thick-set, active man, of middle height, and about fifty years of age; with thick iron-gray hair and whiskers, dark-gray eyes, and an acquiline nose. Mary Capon, his wife, a tall woman of forty; with a handsome, fair face, a quantity of red hair, and a cut across her under lip. Edward Capon, their son, a slightly built youth of not more than fifteen or sixteen" (though, for the matter of that, I thought he might have had cunning enough for twice his age), "with closely-cut black

hair, light gray eyes, and delicate features."

We all knew this description well enough, and for two days had kept our eyes open, hoping to identify them among the passengers. But our scrutiny had all been in vain; and as the train rushed on, I felt how disappointed the police at Euston would be when we arrived again, without even tidings of them.

I was soon tired of the subject, and went back to worrying myself about the sad-looking, yellow-haired girl, who had so evidently wished to travel alone, and who had been so successfully foiled in the attempt by that intrusive fop with the handsome beard. Foolishly I kept on thinking of her, until, as we were dashing almost like lightning through the wind and darkness, only fifteen or twenty minutes from Chalk Farm, the bell in my van rang out with a sharp and sudden summons. I never wondered for a moment who had pulled the cord. Instinctively I knew, and—it was the carriage farthest from my van! I left my place almost breathlessly as the engine slackened speed, and, hastening along the footboard, hesitated at no window until I reached the one from which I felt quite sure that a frightened young face would be looking out. My heart literally beat in dread as I stopped and looked into the carriage. What did I see? Only the two passengers buried in their separate corners. The young lady raised her head from the book she held, and looked up at me astonished—childishly and wonderingly astonished.

"Has anything happened to the train!" she asked, timidly.

The gentleman roused himself leisurely from a seemingly snug nap. "What on earth has stopped us in this hole?" he said, rising; and pushing his handsome face and his long beard past me at the window.

It was only too evident that the alarm had not been given from this carriage; yet the feeling had been such a certainty to me that it was long before I felt quite convinced to the contrary; and I went all along the footboard to other carriages very much more slowly than I had gone first to that one. Utter darkness surrounded us outside, but from the lamp-lit compartments eager heads were thrust, searching for the reason of this unexpected stoppage. No one owned to having summoned me until I reached that second-class carriage near my own van (which I had hastened past before), where the fidgety, deaf, old lady who had amused me at Rugby sat alone. I had no need to look in and question her.

Her head was quite out of the window; and though she had her back to the light and I couldn't see her face, her voice was cool enough to show that she was not overpowered by fear.

"What a time you've been coming," she said. "Where is it?"

"Where's what?"

But though I yelled the question with all my might and main, I believe I might just as hopefully have questioned the telegraph post which I could dimly see beside us, and have expected an answer along the wires.

"Where's the small luncheon basket?" she inquired, pulling out a long purse with great fussiness. "A small luncheon basket, my good man, and make haste."

Shall I ever forget the sharp expectancy of the old lady's eyes as they looked into mine, first over, then under, then through her glittering gold-rimmed spectacles? What surprised me most particularly was the fact of her decidedly *not* being, as anyone might suppose, a raving lunatic.

"Be quick with the small luncheon basket, please," she said, resignedly sitting down, and pouring the contents of her purse out into her lap, "I'm as hungry as I can be."

I suppose that when she looked up at me from the silver she was counting she saw my utter bewilderment—I didn't try now to make her hear, for I knew it to be hopeless—for she raised her voice suddenly to a shrill pitch of peevishness, and pointed with one shaking hand to the wall of the carriage:

"Look there! Doesn't it say 'Small luncheon baskets. Pull down the cord.' I want a small luncheon basket, so I pulled down the cord. Make haste and get it me, or I'll report you to the manager."

Seeing now that she was almost as blind as she was deaf, I began to understand what she meant. On the spot to which she pointed above the seat opposite

her, two papers were posted up in a line; one the advertisement of "small luncheon baskets" supplied at Rugby, the other the company's directions for summoning the guard and stopping the train in cases of danger. As they happened to be placed, the large letters did read as she had said:

"Small Luncheon Baskets. Pull down the Cord."

While I was gazing from her to the bills, getting over a bit of my astonishment, and she was giving me every now and then a sharp touch on the shoulder to recall me to my duty, and hasten me with her refreshment, we were joined by one of the directors who happened to be going up to town by the express. But his just and natural wrath—loud as it was—never moved the hungry old lady; no, not in the slightest degree. She never heard one word of it; and only mildly insisted, in the midst of it, that she was almost tired of waiting for her small luncheon basket.

With a fierce parting shot, the director tried to make her understand that she had incurred a penalty of £5, but he couldn't, though he bawled it at her until the poor old thing—perhaps mortified at having taken so much trouble for nothing, perhaps overcome by her hunger, perhaps frightened at the commotion she saw though didn't hear—sank back in her seat in a strong fit of hysterics, and let the shillings and sixpences roll out of her lap and settle under the seats.

It seemed to me a long time before we started on again, but I suppose it was a six or seven minutes' delay after all. I expect I should have waited to explain the stoppage to the pretty young girl of whom I considered myself a sort of protector; but, as said, she was at the very opposite end of the train, and I was in haste now. There must have been a good laugh in several of the carriages where the cause of our stoppage was got whispered about. As for me, when I got back into my van, solitary as it was, I chuckled over it until we stopped at Chalk Farm to take tickets.

It seemed to me that the train was taken into custody as soon as it stopped here.

"Of course you have the carriage doors all locked, and I'll go down with you while you open them one by one. My men are in possession of the platform."

This was said to me by Davis, a detective officer whom I knew pretty well by now, having had a good bit to do with him about this Warwickshire robbery.

"It is no use," I said, before we started, "the train was *searched*, as you may say, at Rugby. Every passenger has undergone a close scrutiny, I can tell you. What causes such scientific preparation for us here?"

"A telegram received ten minutes ago," he answered. "It seems that two of the thieves we are dodging are in this train in clever disguises. We have had pretty full particulars, though the discovery wasn't made until after you left the junction. Have you noticed"—he dropped his voice a little here—"a young lady and gentleman together in either carriage?"

I felt a bit of an odd catching in my breath as he spoke. "No," I said, quite in a hurry. "No, young lady and gentleman *belonging* together; but there may be plenty in the train. What if there are, though? There was no young lady or gentleman among the robbers!"

"Among the robbers," rejoined Davis, with suppressed enjoyment, "was a woman who'd make herself into anything; and you must own that a gentleman with a dark, long beard isn't bad for a lady known to us pretty well by her thick, red hair and a cut on her under lip."

"But the young lady?" I asked, cogitating this.

"Ah! the young lady. True enough; well, what should you say, now, if I told you she grew out of that boy with the closely-cut, dark hair that we're after?"

I remembered the pretty plaits, and the loose, falling hair. I remembered the bewilderment in the eyes, which entirely hid their natural expression, and I didn't answer this at all.

"I wish I had as good a chance of catching the old fellow as I have of catching the woman and boy," continued Davis, as we moved slowly past the locked luggage van. "I know *they're* here, and that I shall recognize them under any disguise; but we've no clue yet to the older rascal. It's most aggra-

vating that, by some means, we've lost sight of the biggest rogue of all. Come along."

I did come along; feeling very stupidly glad that there was all the train to search before we could reach that carriage at the other end, where sat the girl whom I had, in a way, taken under my protection.

"When are we to be allowed to leave this train, pray? Call me a cab," cried the deaf old lady, plaintively, as we reached her carriage, and found her gazing out in most evident and utter ignorance of all that was going on around her. "I am locked in, Ga'ad. Do you hear?"

I heard; ay, sharp enough. I only wished she could hear me as readily. Davis stood aside watching while I unlocked her door and helped her down. Then, seeing her helplessness, and her countless packages, he beckoned a porter to her, winking expressively to call his attention to a probable shilling.

Carriage after carriage we examined; and though Davis detected no thief, he turned away only more and more hopeful from each. He was so sure they *were* there, and that escape was impossible. We reached the last carriage in the line, and now my heart beat in the oddest manner possible.

"Is this compartment empty, then?" asked Davis, while my fingers were actually shaking as I put my key in the door of the centre one. "Empty and dark?"

"Even if it had been empty it wouldn't have been left dark," I muttered, looking in. "Hallo! what's come to the lamp?"

I might well ask what was to come to the lamp, for the compartment was as dark as if it had never been lighted: yet had not I myself stood and watched the lighted lamp put in at Rugby? And—the carriage was empty too!

"Why was this?" asked the detective, turning sharply upon me. "Why was not the lamp lighted?"

But the lamp *was* lighted, and burning now as sensibly as the others—if we could but have seen it. As we soon discovered, the glass was covered by a kind of tarpaulin, intensly black and strongly adhesive, and the carriage was as completely dark as if no lamp had been there at all. The perplexity in Davis' face was as great as my own, when I told him who had traveled here. "They couldn't have left the train *here*, at any rate," he said; and I knew that as well as he did.

But you have guessed the end. During those few minutes that we stopped on the line, the two thieves—darkening the lamp even after I had left them, and using their own key—had left the carriage under cover of the darkness; managing their escape in their black dresses out into the blackness of the night as cleverly as they had managed their theft and subsequent concealment. But how could they have depended on this unusual delay—this exquisite opportunity given them in the utter darkness, close to the city, yet at no station? When I officially made my deposition, and explained the cause of our stoppage, something of the truth seemed to break upon us all; but it wasn't for a good while that it settled into a certainty. Then it got clear to everybody that the older scoundrel had duped us more ingeniously than the younger ones. As the incapable old lady (deaf as a stone, and so blind that she had to peer through her glittering glasses, with eyes always half closed, and so hungry that she had to stop the train for a luncheon basket) he had played upon us the neatest trick of all. Where on earth were the thick iron-gray hair and whiskers by which we were to have identified him? But by the time the police saw the whole thing clearly it was too late to follow up any clue to him.

The cab which had taken the eccentric old lady and her parcels and flowers from Euston was lost in the city, and could not be tracked. A high reward was offered for information, but no one ever won it. My firm belief is that it was no legitimately licensed cab at all, but one belonging to the gang, and part of the finished fraud. I verily believe, too, that sometimes now—though perhaps on the other side the channel—those three practiced knaves enjoy a hearty laugh over that December journey by night express.

Davis still assures me, with the most cheerful confidence, that he shall yet have the pleasure some day of trapping three of the most expert and skillful thieves in Britain.—MARK HARDCASTLE.

The Argosy.

VIOLETTA.

A FEW miles from Vienna lies a small village, the name of which I have forgotten. But that matters little, for there is not such another enchanting spot in the whole world. On the height stands a chapel, its gray walls overgrown with ivy, and roses facing the windows; neat white cottages peep out from amid the surrounding foliage, the whole peaceful retreat enclosed with stately lime and chestnut trees.

The cottage of the village "Cantor" was the most charming of all, hidden as it was by flowers which were the delight of the old cantor's life; and here, amid roses, lilies, tulips and violets, grew the loveliest blossom of them all—his little daughter Violetta. He buried his faithful life's companion when the child had reached her sixth year, and that was the great sorrow of a life which otherwise had flowed on still and tranquil as a brook. But there was one mighty, powerful consoler always near him, who, with gentle hand, turned aside every care and trouble, and entwined him tenderly in her arms when his true wife had closed her eyes in death. This comforter was "Musika," who alone reigned supreme over the most passionate aspirations of his heart.

One carefully hoarded treasure, an old spinet, stood in the corner of his little parlor, and here it was that the cantor communed with the spirits of the great Bach and Handel, and blissfully entered into the magic realms of sound which they, and the old Italian masters, threw open to him.

Violetta did not find these communings altogether entrancing. The spinet often grumbled and groaned in a wonderful manner, and the cantor's fingers did not always move nimbly enough from note to note. However, she was very guarded, and said nothing, but sat there, quiet and cheerful, at her work. Then, when the musician, at the height of enthusiasm, ceased playing, and turned to her with mute though inspired looks, she would nod to him smilingly, or kiss him gently on the forehead, and her father would tell her all about those old masters; though she could not believe that Sebastian Bach, the great ruler of harmony, had worn an ugly, long peruke, or that Meister Handel was an inveterate snuff-taker. She had imagined something very different, and many a bright picture was thus rudely destroyed. But, oh, happy Violetta, she also had seen one of the "Tone Masters," a never-to-be-forgotten event! The people called him Father Haydn; but Violetta's father always called him "his King;" and deep down in the depths of his heart glowed a reverence and love too fervid for his child's conception.

When a little girl, her father once took her to the great capital, and there, in a fine church, she heard some splendid music, called "The Seasons." The child's soul was almost oppressed by the mighty masses of sound which, for the first time, swept over her, and yet Violetta was blissfully, wonderfully entranced. The dreamt of "Spring;" then "Summer-heat" breathed over her; then sounded the merry hunting horns, reminding one of "Autumn;" and, as "Winter" drew near, she clung closer and closer to her father. He sat beside his child, almost unconscious of her existence, and listened breathlessly; his face, with the large dark eyes, bathed in beatitude, while he laughed and cried by turns. When all had ended he took her by the hand, and hurried silently from the church. Outside stood many people, old and young, men and women, and, in their midst, a thin, elderly man, with a face of peace, and eyes like the heavens. "Vater Haydn!" resounded on all sides. Violetta looked up with overflowing eyes of timid reverence; but Haydn had a friendly word and look for all, while smiles of gentle mirth played round his lips, and lighted up his radiant countenance. Just then Violletta's father, in his homely black clothes, pressed through the throng, and, seizing Haydn's hand, ere the latter was aware, cried, with half-inaudible voice, "Thanks to you, Vater Haydn." And the mas-

ter pressed his hand, and nodded smilingly to him.

Now, although Violetta really saw all this, she had to listen to an almost daily account of the event; for was it not the bright spot in her father's life? "If I see 'my king' again," he used sometimes to say, "I tell you, Herzenskind, I shall die of joy; for while I held that creative blessed hand in mine, it seemed as if my heart must burst!"

One day, when the little village wore its gayest dress of rose and lime-blossoms, it so happened that Violetta sat in the arbor, sunk in reverie—her father was reading in the garden—when suddenly a merry voice was heard humming a tune behind the thick hedge close to her, and there appeared the joyous face of a young and active man. He seemed tired, and carried a portfolio and a stout stick in his hand. A small black hat covered a head with wildly scattered dark-brown locks, and a tame starling perched on his shoulder. "Dear, charming girl, let me come in!" implored the stranger, and his eyes said more than words when, without waiting for any answer but Violetta's smile, he gave a sudden spring over the hedge.

The old cantor came forward hastily, while Violetta laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks; for by this "salto mortale" the young man dropped his portfolio, and out flew pencils and manuscripts; while the starling screamed "Misfortune after misfortune!" and chattered Italian incessantly. The daring intruder, offering his hand to the cantor, said, "Dear cantor, allow me to present to you a young music-student from Vienne, who has spent the entire day running about stealing melodies from the wood-songsters. But my confederate here," pointing to the starling, who was looking about with intelligent eyes, "has cheated me shamefully, by devouring all my store of bread, and frightening away the most ravishing singers by this insipid chatter. Now, therefore, I humbly entreat you to change the doleful 'minor' of an empty stomach into the vigorous 'major' of satiety."

This merry speech delighted the old cantor, who invited his laughing guest into the arbor, where Violetta brought fresh bread, butter and milk, with some delicious strawberries and cherries. The young man enjoyed everything, and also the starling. In fact both master and bird vied with each other in their appetites and chatter; for if the former made a joke, the starling would incessantly repeat it.

In one hour the inmates of the little white house were as familiar with their guest as if they had lived years together and the old cantor even began to tell him a story about Meister Bach, to which he found an unusually attentive listener in the young music-student.

At length the old man's heart opened its innermost recesses, and expanded under the influence of this joyous, child-like being, and mysteriously, as if revealing an important secret, he told his favorite anecdote of the "shake-hands" from Father Haydn. The young man listened with a quiet smile, and when the veteran had ended, he, in return, with moistened eyes and trembling voice, related how Haydn had once even given him a kiss.

The party separated by moon and starlight, and then only did it occur to the hospitable old man to inquire his guest's name. "I am called Amadeus," he answered, "and will often come again."

"Mind you do," returned the cantor, heartily shaking his hand, "and then you shall see my music collection—a perfect mine of wealth, I can assure you."

Violetta presented Amadeus with a bouquet of roses, for which he kissed her—lightly as a butterfly would a blooming flower. The starling cried, "Farewell—we part—farewell until we meet again!" and so they went, while those behind could long hear the merry duet between man and bird.

Scarce had four days passed when the light-hearted music student again sprang over the hedge, no longer worn and fatigued, but beaming with health and vigor. Violetta rejoiced to see him, as he unceremoniously caught her round the neck, and imprinted a kiss on her lovely mouth. How the old cantor exulted when he saw the young man again, and immediately drew him into the little room, where he mysteriously opened an old bureau, and there Amadeus beheld with astonishment a collection of the most valued works of Sebastian Bach,

Handel, Palestrina, Pergoles, and many others, not forgetting some masses by Father Haydn. Each book was neatly bound, and lettered with the composer's name and date. Amadeus turned over the leaves with a beaming face, the fire of genius illuming every feature; while he showed so much information, and discoursed so eloquently, that the old man took off his cap, and, laying both hands on the youth's shoulders, gazed on him earnestly, and said, "Thou hast a noble mind, and wilt certainly, with God's blessing, become a great meister thyself." Then, folding him in his arms, he kissed him on both cheeks.

Later, Amadeus played, and the old spinet trembled beneath the grasp of his powerful hands; while sweet, soothing melodies lulled the souls of Violetta and her father in enchanting dreams. When it was evening, they went into the garden, where the young people ran races, and scattered each other with roses, like a pair of children, and Amadeus told how he came by his bird. It was a present from his dead mother, who had reared it, and now it was his inseparable companion by day; and, when night came, it perched on its master's pillow, drew its head under its wing, and so slept until morning.

The summer passed on, but not a week without Amadeus to sing songs with Violetta—for she warbled old ballads in a very sweet, artless way—and to gossip with the old cantor about Bach and Haydn. He once asked the young man, "What do you think of that Mozart, who now makes so much noise in the world with his compositions? I should like to hear something about him."

"Well, now," was the answer, "I know him as intimately as myself, and am, therefore, the best person to apply to. Mozart is a very joyous, careless fellow, rather like me in appearance, only somewhat graver when he holds the leader's baton or the pen in his hand. He is as happy as as a child, and desires to do the best. His soul bathes itself in an ocean of sweet harmony. The world smiles on him, and his heart is the merriest and lightest on earth. He likes good wine, pretty girls, flowers and butterflies. I can tell you, you could not help loving him, for he has not an enemy in the world. But he has a wife whom he fondly loves, and she deserves it, for her only fault is jealousy, and that plagues our wild Mozart a little." The cantor laughed and shook his head; Amadeus took a hasty leave, although he had been there scarce one hour, and the sun still stood high in the heavens.

"They are bringing out an opera of Mozart's this evening," said he, "called 'Don Giovanni,' and I should like to see how the people take it. Mine is a restless nature, and to-day, particularly, Mozart himself could not feel more excited. To-morrow I will tell you all about it." The starling had barely time time to cry "Away, rash youth!" for his master even forgot to kiss Violetta, and left her bouquet lying there. The poor girl wandered about all day with dejected head; whether for the forgotten kiss, or the withered flowers, I cannot say.

The next day was passing, and no Amadeus; the sun sank lower and lower, and the yellow leaves fell from the trees. The old cantor sat in his arm chair, absorbed in the treasured manuscripts, while Violetta hummed a tune very softly. She was not quite herself that evening. Suddenly there came a tap on the window, and a clear, well-known voice, begging admittance. Violetta sprang up, and, used to his wild ways, opened the window. The Viennese music-student jumped into the room.

"Dear cantor," he exclaimed, with a face like a spring morning, "Mozart has got on very well. 'Don Giovanni' is quite tolerable. Moreover, he greets you, and has sent you something that I will bring in presently. But, first, accept this little remembrance from me. And he laid a neat manuscript in his old friend's hands. It was an "Ave verum." Violetta also received a paper with the inscription, "To my Violet." It was a little song which began, "A violet on a meadow grew." The girl rejoiced, but the old man glanced searchingly over all the leaves, then, rising up, went silently to his music bureau, and laid the manuscript carefully between Bach and Handel. The young man's bright face trembled with inward emotion as the cantor extended both hands to him, saying, you best know what *that* place signifies." Then Amadeus' blue eyes filled with

tears, and, grasping the old man's hand with passionate eagerness, he cried, "Little Father! I myself am Mozart!—the wild, joyous Mozart, to whom you have given greater pleasure by this simple mark of honor than the world's loud applause could have done. Again I thank you; but I have still another joy for you!" Like a child he threw himself on his old friend's breast, pressed him to his heart, and then ran toward the door. A moment after, his radiant countenance again showed itself, and in walked—Vater Haydn!

One joyous gleam from the eyes of the old cantor, one convulsive movement of the lips, was his only greeting. His body could not bear the emotions of his soul, and as Haydn, with a benevolent smile, stretched out his hand to him, saying, "God greet you," while Mozart bent over him, and Violetta, with anxious foreboding, clasped his knees, God called him, and wafted his spirit to the realms of heavenly, never-ending harmonies.

Many years have passed since then. Haydn has long dwelt amid celestial choirs. Mozart slumbers in the quiet grave. These and other bright stars have sunk to our world. But the little village still peeps out, lovely and tranquil as before, from its bushy nest; the old limes still shed their perfume abroad; and in the cantor's cottage dwells a little old woman—the once lovely, bewitching Violetta. She has never married, but lives in a dreamland of sweet memories. If you visit her, ask about Mozart. Then her sunken eyes light up, and over her withered features comes a faint glimmer of youth. She will talk of him by the hour, and at last perhaps, will show you a small, and, alas! very faded manuscript, whereon is written—

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebücht in sich, und unbekannt,
Es var ein herzig's Veilchen.

Gentleman's Magazine.

TENNYSON AND BROWNING.

While Europe is but just emerging from one of the most terrible wars that the world's history has to chronicle, we Britons, valuing peace as a possession whose worth we have proved, have still continued in our path of calm though speedy progress—in thought and practice, in science and art, by land and sea, at home and abroad—in spite of the harmless contempt of Europe and the indignant protests of a small but noisy section of our fellow-countrymen.

Now peace makes rich, and riches encourage art, whilst art, thus encouraged, in her turn reflects in her every accent, expression, and motion the serene influences that control her, as surely as her voice, and form, and features would respond, were war upon us, to all the wild exultations or despairs of victory or defeat.

This is, after all, but an old thought clothed in new words; but its repetition leads us more fully to realize what is the present mission amongst us of Poetry—alike the most divine and the most human of the daughters of Art. Art, whom we may justly call the idealization of truth, be truth's teachings sweet or harsh, terrible or tender, as they may.

What, then, are the poetic art-truths that we recognize as most representative of the age in which we live?

One swift retrospective glance over the past half century is sufficient to show us that its peaceful course has been throughout a period of growth—not one of stagnation or decay.

Morally and socially we have been gainers — our intellectualism is more wide-spread, if less individually solid; literature has become an honorable profession; whilst music and the fine arts have received an annually increasing encouragement amongst us.

All these good influences—moral, social, intellectual, artistic—find expression in a greater or less degree in the works of Mr. Tennyson. But a prosperous peace is almost necessarily attended by a lean-

ing toward epicureanism—which, if too deeply indulged in, may grow into a positive evil, as it is in danger of becoming amongst us at the present time; and the effect of this insidious influence upon life and thought constitutes the one great weakness of our present Laureate—a human weakness, no doubt, and, in a poet of his sensuous nature, a pardonable—nay, an almost justifiable one. We go even further, and say that we do not believe that without it the poet would have had half the influence for good which by its possession he has gained over the public mind, for without this epicureanism he would not have been the representative poet that he is. With it he at times strikes through our senses to the very innermost depths of our nature, with a strange subtlety that is entirely his own, whilst its ill effects are only evident in occasional affectation and self-consciousness, and much over-fastidiousness of impression—never in sensuality as opposed to sensuousness.

But let us endeavor to support this view of Mr. Tennyson's representative as a poet by a general survey of his writings. The Laureate's earliest poems are conspicuous for richness of color and beauty of expression; but are wanting in thought and imagination.

It would appear that, feeling his intellectual powers as a poet to be undeveloped, he threw himself heart and soul into the congenial study of the more sensuous beauties of art and nature; and to this early instinct we are indebted for some of the most exquisitely picturesque and melodious idylls in any language, such as "The Two Marianas," "The Dying Swan," and, later on, in 1832, "Œnone" and "The Lotos-eaters."

The poem of "The Dying Swan" will exemplify our view of the undeveloped character of Mr. Tennyson's powers at this period. It is obvious that it is the voice of the swan itself, and not the scene in which its music is supposed to be heard, that should be the strong central charm of the poem. No accessories, however picturesque, should draw off our attention from that passionate outpouring of a joyous, sensuous life, rendered sweeter and stranger by the mysterious gift of song which half humanizes and altogether glorifies the death-notes of the beautiful bird, and commingled, it may be, with the divination of a still more delicious lot hereafter, in a state from which the singer might, with Horace's deathlesss poet, have sprung. But few admirers of this poem—and it has many—will acknowledge enjoying the poem in any other sense than a most exquisitely faithful study of nature.

"The Palace of Art" may be regarded as Mr. Tennyson's first philosophical essay. This poem, fine though it is in conception, and elaborately finished in expression as we must allow it to be, gives, after all, but a very faint promise of the speculative power of "The Two Voices." In these, the future Laureate's first fruits to Apollo, we find considerable feeling, marred though it too often is by affected turns of thought and language, a graceful play of fancy, and yet apparently no sense of humor; but, above all, a preëminent command over every tone and shade of word-music and poetic coloring. Altogether we encounter a poet with about as much promise as Keats displayed in his first poem; a lyrist as truly idyllic, as tender, and if not as sprightly, well-nigh as sensuous, as the author of "Endymion," but with the great advantages of a more educated ear and judgment than the earlier poet had attained to.

In 1842 appeared the "Mort d'Arthur," which at once established Mr. Tennyson's claim to be a poet in the highest sense of the word—no mere poetical medium for this age's expression of her sense of the beauties of a serene nature and a peaceful art, but the maker, the creator of a distinctive work which, as long as our language lasts, must be read and rejoiced in.

There is no want of imagination here, however wanting in it Tennyson may be elsewhere. Witness the poet's comparison of the cry that went up from the three queens, when Sir Bedivere bore the wounded Arthur down to their barge, to "a wind that shrills all night in a waste land where no one comes, nor hath come, since the making of the world." And there is a calm, self-contained strength about the whole poem that places it on a level with perhaps any single passage of Milton. It is a pity that it should have been preluded by such a self-conscious

strain as "The Epic"—which, we are glad to think, there is no possible reason for reprinting.

The consideration of the "Mort dè Arthur" naturally leads us on to the consideration of Mr. Tennyson's as a narrative poet. That he is not an epic one is at once evident to any of his readers.

Even if we could not lay our finger on a passage which shows his familiarity and sympathy with Virgil, we should have hazarded the conviction that the Laureate had a strong fellow-feeling for that great classic. Compare some of the early idyllic pieces of Mr. Tennyson with the "Eclogues" and some parts of the "Georgics," and a strong similarity of poetic power displays itself. That gift which has been so aptly called "the harvest of the quiet eye," appears peculiarly characteristic of them both, as does that exquisite finish, expression, and form which we find alike in the "Pollio" and "Œnone."

But in the "Song of Silenus" we find the promise of a fuller imaginative grandeur than in any of Tennyson's earlier poems, and when we afterward contrast the most ambitious efforts of the two poets, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to the ancient in preference to the modern.

We may notice, *en passant*, a curious coincidence in the choice of the subjects of their two longest poems by Virgil and Tennyson.

Arthur, like Æneas, is a reputed national hero, whose adventures are equally fictitious if not equally well told; and yet there is a want of human interest in them both that is evident to every thoughtful student of their characters.

The "Æneid" is to the full as mythical as the "Arthuriad"—if we may venture to call Mr. Tennyson's Round Table cycle by that name. And in the consummate finish of its revised books, and in the idyllic character of its episodes, it will bear comparison with our Laureate's best passages; but beyond this it would be hardly fair to contrast the two works.

For the "Æneid" has all the continuity of a great epic, however wanting it may at times be in dramatic simplicity; whilst the "Arthuriad" is a succession of epopees, all of them no doubt bearing upon the same subject, yet so loosely strung together that their order might be—indeed, has been—altered by their author without any violence being done to the text.

The interest of these idyllic epopees is, on the whole, well-sustained, though in some of them, and notably in "The Holy Grail," it suffers from the realistic mind of the author, who too often appears for a time to forget his theme in almost microscopic contemplation of the scenes which he is describing.

A lady of unusual analytic power once noticed to us how in the "Idylls of the King," as the first published poems of the "Arthuriad" are called, Mr. Tennyson rings out three distinct changes of the passion of love: true love of man and wife in Enid; man's and woman's disappointed love, in Elaine and Guinevere. Turning ourselves to Vivien, we observe the darkest side of passion powerfully depicted, whilst the new poems of the "Arthuriad" will at once suggest the further phases of maiden love and love wasted on an unworthy woman. Perhaps no poet ever followed this master-passion through so many of its moods.

Here Mr. Tennyson's representative character again appears.

Ours is not an age for long epics, as the author of the "Earthly Paradise" appears to have proved since the publication of his "Jason." We are too restless, too fond of change of all kind, for "Odysseys" and "Æneids," as we are too self-absorbed and undemonstrative for the drama. The subjective lyric and the idyllic narrative of Mr. Tennyson are, therefore, the fit expression of the spirit of the time, overflowing as they are with nervous versatility. The drama and epic will doubtless revive in some or other with the education of our masses, but we fear we are not yet ripe for their reproduction.

Our philosophy is one of doubt and questioning, and hence the success of "The Two Voices" and "In Memoriam." Again religion is broader and more tolerant than of yore, and this high influence is everywhere traceable in Mr. Tennyson's writings.

But Mr. Tennyson, though a representative poet, can, after all, only be called

the representative of educated Englishmen. He has, no doubt, a strong feeling for the lowest in our land, as his "May Queen" and "Grandmother" indicate; and a keen appreciation of their feelings, as appears in his "Northern Farmer," where for once he is truly humorous; and it may be that "The Gardener's Daughter" and "Enoch Arden" have here and there had their influence upon the people. But it is as a representative of the upper classess that Tennyson must take rank as a poet. He is classical, speculative, and artistic, and it is through these class characteristics that the whole heart of the man is hidden from the uninitiated. That it is a heart pure, kindly, and sympathetic, no educated man with a grain of moral sense in his constitution will gainsay; but it is at the same time significantly true that you must ask in vain at a cheap book shop for a second-hand copy of Tennyson.

Let us now endeavor to realize in a few words of recapitulation the representative rank of Mr. Tennyson among our living poets. He is sensuous because his age is sensuous; but through this very quality he is the fittest exponent of whatever is beautiful and harmless in the æsthetics of our age.

But, again, we are to a certain extent spoilt by our national prosperity. We are over-fastidious, self-conscious and affected, and these weaknesses only too often peep from Mr. Tennyson's pages; and this latter remark will appear the juster when we repeat that Laureate is essentially the poet of the educated upper classes.

We are restless; he is versatile. Owing to the extraordinary facilities we now have for locomotion and the sight seeing of every kind, we live through thrice as many lives as our forefathers did before us; in like manner Mr. Tennyson's many-mooded muse transports us from one study to another of youth and love, and age and death. Lastly, his philosophic creed, like that of his age, is one of doubt and questioning, for as yet we cannot understand the apparent contradictions between the seen and the unseen, many of them being difficulties that the spread of science has created in our own day, and therefore, too, his religion is a reflex of our haltings between faith and skepticism, though patient trust in the providence of a higher power is the final lesson the poet would teach us.

The special attraction of Mr. Browning's genius is its vigorous, robust manliness. One reads Mr. Tennyson and feels softened and subdued by contact with an ethereal nature. We read Mr. Browning, and find the healthiest passions of our manhood fanned into a generous flame. How sturdy, for instance, the spirit of such rough but stirring lyrics as "Cavalier Tunes," "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent," and "Hervè Riel!" Again, in his dramatic writings, Mr. Browning has represented many moods of mind, but hardly ever an effeminate mood. His male characters—those which he has loved most to paint—are, with few exceptions, strong, eager and heroic; even his female characters are of an heroic type. It is not by their acts that he reveals his imaginary men and women, but chiefly by the processes of thought in their minds, very minutely described, apart from action. Yet how strong, bold and free are their thoughts! Surely it is by the force of his manliness that Mr. Browning's poetry has at last secured a recognition approaching popularity.

Mr. Browning is more truly original, perhaps, than any other poet of the age. His originality not seldom leads him to that eccentricity of which his readers and critics have so frequently complained. But it has enriched the world with new conceptions of character, and aspects of life and of nature which have escaped treatment at the hands of less observant men; new rythms, new cadences, new forms of poetry.

It has been often said that Mr. Browning would have made a better philosophical prose-writer than poet. We cannot believe it. Whoever holds such an opinion can have no very lively conception of the difference between the poetical and the scientific mind. There is too much music in Mr. Browning's nature to admit of his being a mere analytical writer. He must *sing*. He has too much ardor and sensuousness to allow him to love mere abstractions. All thought presents itself to him in images of beauty or sublimity; and his passion

colors thought with the dyes of his own nature. It is only necessary to read such prose as he has written to perceive how little philosophic frigidity there is in him.

We have repeated the oft-written stricture on Mr. Tennyson's genius, that it is not richly endowed with humor. Such a criticism could scarcely be passed on that of Mr. Browning. His writings brim with a grotesque satirical humor. "Sludge the Medium," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Caliban upon Setebos," must take rank with the best humorous-satiric poems in the language; and they are quite unique in their conception and tone.

The poets by whom this age will be known in history are, we believe, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. That the same period should have produced two poets apparently so dissimilar in style, in matter, and intellectual character, is at first sight strange. But a closer examination of their writings will reveal a much more intimate affinity between them than appears upon the surface. Many of the same problems which have presented themselves to one poet have presented themselves to the other. "In Memoriam," "The Palace of Art," "Maud," "Caliban upon Setebos," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," the "Epilogue" in "Dramatis Personæ,"—all these are products of the characteristic influences of the age. They exhibit the same perturbation of mind with regard to the religious and social questions of the day; the same intellectual passion which animates the leading thinkers of the age; the same desire to grapple with speculative difficulties and solve them; the same subtlety of thought, and blending of profound philosophy with poetical enthusiasm. But there are other resemblances not less noteworthy. There is an intensely realistic tendency everywhere apparent in the works of both poets. They love to treat of commonplace characters and commonplace incidents, and they paint these minutely, without much imaginative warmth. Closely connected with this realistic tendency is a marked absence of real imaginative constructiveness. Neither poet has produced any great work of the highest kind of imaginative poetry. Their tales are simple and turn on everyday incidents—mere threads on which to string the pearls of thought and speculation. Their power of evolving an exciting dramatic plot seems never very great. Perhaps the most imaginative poem which Mr. Tennyson has ever produced is "Tithonus;" perhaps the most imaginative of Mr. Browning's is "Saul." Here both poets are dramatic, and both rise in the fictitious character to a sublime intensity of passion and vision not elsewhere attained by either of them. But in which of their works do we meet with the passionate invention of incident of Byron? where the marvelous constructiveness and breadth of vision we find in Shelly? Another point of resemblance is their lyrical bias. Mr. Browning has written brief unactable dramas, and a great poem consisting of several dramatic studies; but his tendency is to write lyrically. Mr. Tennyson has written a long series of short tales; but his gift is the lyrical gift. If Mr. Browning's lyrics are dramatic, as they profess to be, we cannot hesitate to admit that Mr. Tennyson's lyrics are generally dramatic in the same sense. We are quite sure that the hero of "Locksley Hall," for example, is as much separated from the author's personality as are any of Mr. Browning's "men and women;" and we do not believe that lyric poetry generally is less dramatic in essence than Mr. Browning's. The only lyric poetry which can be called truly dramatic is that which represents in it some many-sided individual character. Merely to express some peculiar mood of mind, is not necessarily to write dramatically—it may only be, to represent the writer himself at different periods. And when Mr. Tennyson writes love poems, in illustration of feelings awakened by different forms of beauty, as "Eleanore" and "Adeline," he is writing just as dramatically as Mr. Browning, when he sings of the "Lost Leader" or "Evelyn Hope."

The difference between the writings of the two arises from the accidents of character and education merely. Mr. Browning is one who seems to love excitement—who takes a fierce, animal delight in combat. Mr. Tennyson seeks repose. Mr. Browning would open a

thousand new paths, loving progress, loving change, hopeful of the future. Mr. Tennyson would fain reconcile new and old, neither wholly captivated by the dreams of the future nor wholly wedded to the past.

Such are some of the characteristics of the two chief poets of the Victorian age —an age rich in verse, but which has not as yet given birth to any truly great work of poetical art. Which poet is likely to live longest among the generations to come? To answer this question will not, we think, be very difficult, nor to attempt it too presumptuous.

When we consider the exquisite finish of Mr. Tennyson's verse, the perfection and purity of his language, the distinctness of his thought, the flawlessness of his rhythms, the subtlety of his melody, and quiet strength of his mind—

"That calmness of the temper, heart and brain,
Which are the power and crown of manliness"—

we cannot fail to perceive that almost all the elements of an enduring fame are his.

Mr. Browning has a giant intellect, and a heart full of sympathy with his fellow-man. He must survive all other poets of to-day but the Laureate, by many a year. Yet those very qualities which render it so probable that Mr. Tennyson will enjoy long fame, and even popularity, Mr. Browning but rarely exhibits. His poetry is not that of a calm mind: it is the offspring of an acute, vigorous, original, and excitable intellect, more at the mercy of ephemeral influences than one would from its nature be led to expect it to be. He has not the knack of chiselling in clear outline the likeness of the image which is in his mind. Though rich in a rhythmic music peculiar to himself, his verse is generally, to an ordinary ear, harsh an unmelodious. His sentences are constructed on a principle to which the English reader is not, and probably never will be, accustomed. His thoughts, which are bold and great, are vaguely and dimly expressed. Thus, too great a strain, amounting almost to discomfort, is put by him upon the minds of his readers before they are brought face to face with his great conceptions. This is a defect which will prevent Mr. Browning from ever becoming a poet of the people. For if poetry produces in most readers a weariness of brain, and a ruffling of the temper, where is the pleasure which is to endear it to their hearts? It is not that Mr. Browning's thoughts are beyond the comprehension of an ordinary intelligence; they are easy to grasp and easy to digest when once their shell is broken; it is because they are concealed by such uncouth or involved wording that they baffle those who go to poetry for pleasure and instruction. Nor has Mr. Browning given the same national coloring to his work as Mr. Tennyson has. Mr. Tennyson is English of the English. His simple stories of English life will probably always remain unsurpassed by anything of their kind. They reflect the England of his age, and for this reason will always carry with them a strong historical interest. He is national in the truest sense of the word; loves his country; has written her praises; has rebuked her; has faith in her still grander destiny. Mr. Browning is not an un-English; but he is more cosmopolitan; and, though his aim is perhaps loftier, he can hardly so endear himself to the hearts of his own countrymen.

We have sometimes seen it written by revolutionary critics that Mr. Tennyson's day is gone by. If so, whose day has arrived? Who holds the place in public favor which he has held? Whose influence is as strong as his? We have no hesitation in declaring our belief that Mr. Tennyson will stand out hereafter from among his fellows as the preëminent, because the most representative, poet of his time.

Dark Blue.

SHE SANG.

SHE sang, dim night about us fell,
  Draping ghost faces round the room,
She sang; her rising voice dropped light
  In liquid glamor down the gloom.

She sang; I sang; we knew not what,
  Some far-off music of the soul,
Till voice touched voice; one vocal kiss
  Linked two half lives in one sweet whole.

She sang; I sang; our voices dropped;
  The stars died out in rapturous tears
Of dewy dawn; she sang; I sang;
  Our spirit sang, throughout the years.

J. E. HARRISON.

Chambers' Journal.

THREE ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

YEARS ago, when I was quite a lad, I chanced to be weather-bound in the company of some persons eminent in literature at a certain inn in the Lake country, and, in order to pass the time, it was proposed that each should write down the incident in fiction which had pleased or interested him the most. It so happened, that I, for my part, set down a scene in *Ivanhoe*, which was also selected by one of my companions, a veteran novelist, and very great satisfaction it afforded me to find my fancy in the same groove with so great a man. But now I know that there was nothing surprising in the coincidence. What seizes our imagination in youth, retains its hold as long as there is aught to hold by: when the books of the Sibyl became fewer and fewer, they were sold at the same price; but as our recollection of the past fades and fades, what we do remember grows dearer and dearer to us—just as when death, through age, makes havoc among our friends, we cling more closely to the survivors.

Unless in the very exceptional case of a man's being suddenly struck with the truth of some new religion, there are for mature mind no surprises. The sublimest Cliquot can never touch our educated palate with such rapture as was afforded to it in boyhood by the first draught of ordinary champagne; and if, as in the case of fiction, it *was* Cliquot with which we were favored at that early period, how is it possible that any after-draught can compare with it! The capacity of the palate for pleasure, however, is said to be lasting; how much more, therefore, in the case of the pleasures of the imagination, which are so fleeting, is that first taste the most delicious, and likely to endure in the memory. The first draught of iced champagne, the first kiss of love, the first appearance in print—what after-pleasures of the same sort can vie with these? (The first cigar, indeed, is generally not so agreeable as some later ones, but this is the exception which proves the rule.) Who can ever forget his first perusal of *Robinson Crusoe?* especially if he got punished for it, as I did, for enjoying that admirable narrative during school-time, in the hour set apart for the study of Cæsar. I had no particular objection to Cæsar; on the contrary, I rather liked him, as a classic, because he was comparatively easy. But a boy who can give up *Robinson Crusoe* to read about the Gallic war, without a moral struggle, is not a boy—he is the head of the college in embryo. That lonely island, that charmingly snug cavern, that summer residence (to which I thought him so imprudent to venture)—how they still live in our memory, though we may have since seen half the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them! How infinitely greater is the magic of genius than the dull force of facts!

And yet facts, or what one takes for facts, have themselves considerable power over the imagination. Baron Trenck (a near relation to Baron Münchausen, I'm afraid, by-the-bye) is always a hero with boys; so are Edward, the Black Prince, and Richard the Lion-hearted; so are Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard. They have begun to "find out" Charles I., but he has still his devotees, and has not lost a female admirer yet; the young Pretender (thanks to fiction, however, rather than fact) is also a great favorite. Queen Bess has lost ground in the affections of youth, which is the case, too, with her rival, Queen Mary. These great people had all more or less of interest for me; but it was in the by-ways of history and biography that I found my favorites. The violet of one's own finding is said to be sweeter than a whole bunch of the same flowers which is held up by another for our gratification, with a "Do smell them; *are* they not sweet?" And so it is with all other pleasures that we discover for ourselves.

Three Romances of Real Life, in particular, culled from its by-ways, have always taken firmer hold upon my imagination than much more famous incidents in the high-road of history. I will call the first *A King for an Hour*, though in

reality the period of sovereignty enjoyed by the hero was not so protracted. If you look in the *Gazetteer* for 1754, you will find a short account of this short reign. But how are you to get this *Gazetteer?* It is not to be found at the club, for I have ransacked the library there in vain for it; and what is not to be found at the club is (at my age) not worth looking for elsewhere. I would give something to see the narrative in print, which once so forcibly struck my fancy that the impress still exists there, after the lapse of forty years. Has anybody got such a thing as a *Gazetteer* for 1754? In the meantime, and pending the loan of it, let me try and recollect the facts.

On the 11th of December, 1754, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Dey of Algiers was distributing pay to his soldiers in the court-yard of his palace. The Grand Treasurer was with him, besides his secretaries and the usual divan; and the number of soldiers was about three hundred. It was understood that these were all unarmed, as it was their custom to be on such occasions (though there was no suspicion of any disaffection among them); and when one of them, after receiving his pay, and kissing the Dey's hand, suddenly drew a dagger, it produced a great sensation in the court. When, instead of repenting him of his indiscretion and putting it back again in his girdle, he proceeded to sheathe it in the Dey's breast, and then to shoot him with a pistol, the excitement—and especially the Dey's excitement—redoubled. Yet, curiously enough, nobody stirred except himself. He rose and "walked a few yards"—I well recollect the bald description of the writer in that *Gazetteer*—"calling out to his attendants: 'Among so many of you, can you not destroy such a villain as this?' and then dropped." If his Highness could not do more, it is scarcely imaginable to conceive how he could have done much less; but his assassin was as prompt in action as the other was slow. He no sooner had his victim on the ground, than he snatched off the Dey's turban, clapped it on his own head, and seated himself on the throne, with his arms akimbo. In the meantime a friend of this audacious character had lodged a pistol-ball in the High Treasurer's collar-bone, giving him two sabre-cuts over the head, and cut his right hand off; while four more conspirators—for they were only six in all—were "hard at work with their pistols and sabres" among the company generally. In a recent American description of a free fight we read that "crowbars and other sedatives" were promptly used; and the pistols and sabres seem in this case also to have had a narcotic influence, for the company actually listened with patience, during all these anarchical proceedings, to a speech from the throne, a sort of programme issued by the new Dey, respecting the system of government that would be pursued in the future (for the man on the throne had an idea that the virtue of sovereignty lies in what it sits on, and really imagined that he was firmly seated in that supreme power which he had himself shown to be so precarious even in a legitimate possessor of it). He told them that he was henceforth about to govern the country on good principles, and especially that he would declare war against a good many people who fancied that no such danger was hanging over their heads. "The country is at peace," said he, "with a good deal too many;" and he especially bade them to take notice that he was a sovereign "who would do justice to all," at which observation he brandished his sword about his head in what was, doubtless, felt to be a significant manner.

Then he ordered the drums to beat, and the cannon to be fired, to give notice to the city of a changed dynasty. While this was being done, one of the chiauses, or messengers of the palace, took heart of grace, and suddenly snatching up a carbine, shot the usurper dead; at which action everybody seemed to recover from their stupor, and the work of cutting his five accomplices to pieces, after the Eastern manner, at once commenced. Even Ali Bashaw, the new Dey, acknowledged that if this audacious rebel had kept his seat but a few minutes longer, and until the cannon were fired, the government would have been subverted. Never was treason on such a humble scale so near success. These six men were the sole conspirators; but the inaction of the surrounding soldiery (to whom they them-

selves belonged) is explained by their ignorance of the extent of the plot, and their fear of being supposed to be mixed up in it. As it was, the chief rebel was the shortest Dey on record—a king for a quarter of an hour.

The second historical event which took my youthful fancy was one which, through the medium of fiction, has been made of late years more familiar to the general public than it was in my time; but still there will be many who are unacquainted with it. To Louisiana, in the beginning of the last century, came an old German emigrant, with his only daughter, and settled there. She was young and very beautiful, and attracted much attention, especially that of one Dauband, an officer of the colony, who so ingratiated himself with her father that, after a time, they kept house together. This officer had been in Russia; and what first struck him, upon seeing the young lady, was the very remarkable resemblance which she bore to the late wife of the Czarowitz Alexis, son of Peter the Great. The history of this princess had been a very sad one. Though a high-born lady, and sister-in-law to the Emperor Charles VI., she had been treated by her husband with as much brutality as though she had been his slave. He had attempted on more than one occasion to make away with her by poison; and at last he had struck her with such violence, when far gone with child, that he had caused the death both of herself and her infant. All the courts of Europe had gone into mourning for her, and everybody but her husband had pitied her unhappy fate. After a great lapse of time, the Czarowitz himself died; and to Dauband's watchful eyes it seemed that the intelligence of that prince's decease was received by his fair fellow-lodger with such suspicious interest and excitement, that he taxed her with being in truth that exalted but unhappy lady, whom all the world held to be dead and buried. If such were the case, he declared himself devoted to her service, and prepared to at once sacrifice his prospects in the colony, in order to escort her to Russia.

Then Charlotte Christina Sophia de Woolfenbüttel (for such had been her maiden name) narrated her pitiful story. She was, indeed, the personage he had imagined her to be, and had made use of a pious fraud to escape from the cruelties of her late husband. The blow that had been given to her had almost caused her death (as it undoubtedly did that of the heir of All the Russias, whom she carried within her), but she had in truth recovered from it. By help of the Countess Königsmark, mother of Marshal Saxe, she gained over the women of her bed-chamber, so that it was given out that she was no more, and a funeral was arranged accordingly. Then, being conveyed to a secret place, she was carefully tended, and, when strong enough, removed, in the guise of a servant-girl, to Paris, under the guardianship of a trusty German servant, who passed as her father; and finally from France to Louisiana. Having heard her story, Dauband renewed his devoted offer to furnish the means of her return to that sphere from which she had fled under such pitiable circumstances; but the young widow thanked him, and said that the only service she required of him was, that he should maintain an absolute secrecy regarding her past, and conduct himself toward her exactly as he had hitherto done for the future. He endeavored to obey her in both respects, but his affection for her was stronger than his loyalty; he was young and handsome, as well as impressionable; and, perhaps, the ex-princess, on her part, was not sorry when, her pretended father dying, and it becoming no longer possible for Dauband and herself to be under the same roof without reproach, he offered himself to her as a husband. If she had really renounced all thoughts of resuming her rank, he argued, why should she not wed an honest man, who loved her? Though not a queen, in him she should ever have a devoted subject. She consented: and in so doing afforded one of the strangest examples of vicissitude of fortune that history has recorded—the marriage with a humble officer of infantry of one who had been destined for the throne of Russia, and whose sister was actually occupying that of Austria. The marriage was a happy one, and bore fruit in an only daughter. After ten years, Dauband, being troubled with some disorder which the practitioners in Louisiana could not

cure, removed with his wife and child to Paris, to get the best medical advice, and, on his recovery, solicited and obtained from government an appointment in the Isle of Bourbon. While in Paris, the wife and daughter went to walk in the Tuileries, and, conversing in German, were overheard by Marshal Saxe, who stopped to consider them. Madame Dauband's embarrassment confirmed his suspicions, and his recognition of her was complete. She drew him aside, and persuaded him to promise secrecy. He called on her, however, the next day, and often afterward; and when she had departed for Bourbon, informed the king his master, of what he had discovered. Orders were sent off to the island that the greatest respect should be paid to her; and the king of Hungary was also made acquainted with the position of his aunt. He sent her a letter inviting her to his court, but on the condition that she should quit her husband, which she refused to do. In 1747, Dauband died, having been preceded to the grave by his daughter; and the widow came to France, with the intention of taking up her residence in a convent; in place of doing so, however, she lived in great retirement at Vitri, about a league from Paris, where she died in 1772. What strange experiences must that old lady have had to tell, if it had pleased her to do so, and how she would have astonished any quiet tea-party by commencing an anecdote with, "When my father-in-law, Peter the Great," or, "When my husband, the Czarowitz of Russia!"

The third romance of real life that I have in my mind is not connected with such high-placed folks as deys and czars, but only concerns itself with a simple count. Moreover, it is denied by some good papists, who say that the Holy Father was incapable of the generous (and indeed exceedingly liberal) action imputed to him in the matter. However that may be, there is at Erfurb, in Thuringia, a monument in stone by which the event in question is recorded. In the beginning of the thirteenth century, a certain Count Gleichen was taken in a fight against the Infidel, and carried by the Turks into slavery, where he suffered many hardships for years. In this unhappy condition, the daughter of his master—as in the better known case of Lord Bateman—fell in love with him, and promised to effect his release, if he would pass his word to marry her. Unlike his lordship, the count was not a bachelor, and honorably confessed at once that the arrangement, however attractive, was impossible, because he had a wife and children at home. "That is no argument," replied the young lady gravely; "the custom of our country allows a man several wives." The count, therefore, who probably thought he had done all that was expected of him in the way of conscientious explanation, then passed his word to make her his wife; and Gulnare (if that was the lady's name) exerted herself to such good purpose that she procured his escape, and sailed away with him to Venice. At that place, he found one of the messengers who had been despatched in search of him in all directions, who informed him that his wife was well, though inconsolable for his absence. He was a loving husband, and had wished no harm to his lady; but as the case stood, he was placed in a pitiable dilemma. Fortunately, Rome was handy, and off he went, and threw himself at the feet of the pope, who was at that time held even more infallible by the religious public than he is now. "After he had ingenuously narrated," says Bayle's *Dictionary* (the translator of which should surely have written "ingeniously"), "what he had done, the pope granted him a solemn dispensation to keep both his wives;" thus saving him from the guilt of bigamy, and of breaking his word, and making him as comfortable as the thought of what No. 1 at home would say of it all, permitted him to be. The most curious part of the whole story, however, is, that No. 1 received No. 2 with the most affectionate welcome; and No. 2, on her part, 'answered very handsomely her civilities.' She herself proved barren; 'but she loved tenderly the children which the other wife bore in abundance.'" *There are no such wives now-a-days as No.* 1, is the observation that will be made by most husbands upon contemplating the Erfurb monument. No. 2, as having been a princess, or something equivalent to it, in her own country, wears a marble crown; but it is certainly the other who

is most worthy of a mark of honor. Imagine the horror of Mrs. Jones in British Thuringia, if Captain and Adjutant Jones should procure his release from captivity in Abyssinia (let us say) by similar means! Would *she* feel grateful to the copper-colored nymph, "to whose good offices she was indebted for the return of her dear husband," and even "entertain for her a particular kindness?" I fear not. The adventure of Count Gleichen is not only remarkable in itself, but without a parallel in the good-fortune of its (domestic) issue.

Chambers' Journal.

DEVELOPMENT.

LUCRETIUS, in his poem on the *World*, perhaps charms us most when he tells us of primeval man. Many who treat of the subject now-a days advance on scientific grounds the views he has unfolded in his noble and musical verse. Men, according to him, were once more akin to the gorilla, with larger bones than now, and firmer thews. Such they wandered through the woods as wild beasts, eating the acorn or the berry from the bush, with the brook to quench their thirst, the tree to provide them shelter. Now with stones and sticks they chased the deer, now they hid themselves in holes in fear of some beast of prey. But by degrees they came to make huts, and warmed them with clothing and fire, and wives and children tamed the rugged hearts of men. So they cared not to see them hurt, and with signs and noise bade their fellows live in peace with them. Thus society arose, and with it language.

But whilst Lucretius has thus caught the idea of development in humanity, and exquisitely worked out its details in his verse, no such idea glimmers through the great chaos of falling atoms whence his universe arose. "Falling for ever and aye," and by some side-wind entangled at last, out of all possible entanglements arose our world. So fabled he, for with his godless creed he could not rise to the idea of an Allwise Creator moulding from chaos, by unchanging and eternal methods, the all-various world we see. To us it appears the noblest stretch of science that it has revealed the same Infinite hand working in all space by a few simple rules; and not only so, but through all past time fulfilling all good on the same patient plan. Not, as man likes to fancy, with sudden surprises and great catastrophes, but by slow and ceaseless changes does the work proceed.

We propose, then, to consider awhile this great doctrine of development—development in matter, in the seats of life, and development of life itself.

To Herschel, perhaps, we owe the first clear enunciation of the principle. Amongst the various objects observed by him in his gigantic telescopes were the nebulæ or cloudy stars. Many such nebulæ can be seen by the naked eye, as the Asses' Crib in the constellation of the Crab, the cluster in the sword-handle of Perseus, or in Orion—

> The single misty star
> Which is the second in a line of stars,
> That seems a sword beneath a belt of three.

The telescope had soon shown many of these to be but clusters of faint stars, and it was natural to suppose that in larger instruments the others would appear so too. But, on trial, Herschel found it otherwise. He employed telescopes far more powerful than those before used; yet, whilst in some nebulæ the faint haze of light did resolve itself into tiny stars, many were as cloudy as before. Thus, Herschel conjectured that these nebulæ were clouds of luminous gas. Herschel was not the man to let a conjecture alone. What results follow from it? Are these results true or false? Let us consider it awhile.

In such a nebula, the mutual attraction of the parts would slowly produce condensation, and so, at last, a star might be formed. Can we witness such a process? It is too slow, indeed, for us to detect such condensation as is going on;

but Herschel pointed out what seemed to be the various stages of the process. Here and there, as in Orion, were vast shapeless masses of this nebulous matter, the raw material, in fact, from which worlds are formed. Elsewhere the same was somewhat condensed and rounded, as the nebula in Andromeda; other nebulæ showed a further stage in a bright point, which seemed a star, circled with a faint halo of light. The conclusion was therefore drawn, that all stars were once nebulæ, which, under the action of the laws we now see, had contracted and cooled into the sun that guides and fosters us, or the planet that sustains us.

Whilst Herschel was thus led to frame his nebular hypothesis, the great astronomer Laplace was led to similar conclusions from very different facts. Any one can convince himself, by the help of his eyes alone, that the earth turns on its axis, the moon goes round the earth, and the earth and other planets go round the sun, all in the same direction; and when the telescope was employed, it was further seen that the sun and the planets turn on their axes in the same direction too. What explanation could be given of these facts? Laplace had shown that this arrangement contributes to the stability of our system. But whence did this arrangement arise? Here the nebular hypothesis stepped in, and readily explained it all. If we imagine a vast nebula slowly rotating, all the bodies into which it condenses will possess motions and rotations in the same direction as the original nebula. The nebular hypothesis, suggested by the phenomenon of cloudy stars, was thus found to explain the arrangement of our solar system; whilst it no less readily accounted for the central heat of the earth, imagined by most as the cause of volcanoes and land-raising forces.

But with all these arguments to recommend it, the nebular hypothesis found little favor. In the first place, it was but a hypothesis after all, explaining in a simple way many dissimilar facts, yet not to be subjected to a close and searching trial, like, say, the law of universal gravitation, about which we can ask of nature a thousand questions, all to be answered in the affirmative. So, and not without reason, those who admitted nothing into science that could not be fully tried, kept this like a Peri waiting without. Then, too, our English world, not so cautious about truth, felt the popular cry. It was said, rightly or wrongly, it mattered not, that Laplace was an atheist, and his hypothesis no better than its author. We, whom the sight of this infinite universe, composed of infinite parts, all held in unswerving obedience to supreme law, fills with reverence for Him who rules it all, would not presume to think in what way He should have formed the whole. Yet those who then lived believed it needful for His glory that this creation should have taken place in sudden and tremendous steps; all contrary to the law of His working which we now see. Holding, therefore, the traditions of men, they forgot how men should deal with truth; and if any man professed to believe this or like hypotheses, then they railed at him with cruel names, and held him up to derision and hatred. This has now almost passed away; still, for many years, the nebular hypothesis was generally held in little esteem. At last the few who still clung to it seemed to have no hold left. The nebula in Orion was one of its strongest points. Dim and weird it shone like an uncouth monster's head with curved branches streaming from it, when seen in telescopes of smaller size; equally uncouth and cloudy it appeared in larger ones. But at last, in 1846, Lord Rosse's telescope with its splendid mirror was directed to it, and in this the smooth milky light seemed to curdle into stars. This seemed a death-blow to the nebular hypothesis: all nebulæ were henceforth to be considered but clusters of stars.

So the world supposed; but in 1864 Mr. Huggins directed his spectroscope to a nebula in Draco. At first he imagined that the instrument was out of order, for, instead of the rainbow spectrum, with which we are all so familiar, and which the stars and sun show, there was a single line of light. But more careful examination confirmed the first observation, and proved that the light of the nebula was such as is given out by ignited gases at low pressures. Other nebulæ, on examination, told the same tale; and Herschel's surmise was proved beyond dispute.

But how can a system like our own be evolved out of this vast, fiery cloud we call a nebula? By the simple processes of cooling and contracting. There are, however, two great principles evolved in the process, which we will briefly explain. One is, that bodies which rotate about an axis will rotate more rapidly if their parts be drawn nearer to that axis. For example, after washing our hands, we pull up the plug in the basin, giving the water a slight twirl round by a farewell dip of the fingers, in order to clear the scum off the edge. As the water runs out through the plug-hole, we must all have noticed how the whirlpool revolves faster and faster as its parts draw nearer the center. Or, to take another illustration: let us pass a thread through a ring, and hold the ends of it in our two hands. If we bring our hands near together, and make the ring whirl round, we can get it to fly round pretty steadily in a large circle. Now, if we separate our hands, still holding the thread fast, we shall make the ring fly round in smaller and still smaller circles, which we shall find it describe more and more rapidly. So a vast nebula, revolving but slowly at first, as it contracts will spin faster and faster. Then another principle comes into play. If I whirl a stone round in a sling, and do not hold the string tight, the stone will fly off. If I twirl a mop round, the water in it flies off. So the outer parts of the revolving nebula have to be held tight by the central parts, to prevent their flying off; and at last, as the rotation becomes more rapid, a time will come when the tendency to fly off just equals the pull which the mass of the nebula can exert. The outer part will then no longer be drawn in, but will remain as a separate body revolving round the nebula, and gradually becoming more and more separate from it as the central parts still further contract. This outer portion will form a planet. The same process will again take place as the central parts further contract; and thus a series of planets will be produced, with the central mass condensed into a sun.

Again, consider what takes place in each of these portions. Each of them, when detached, will rotate once on its axis in the time it moves round the central body, just as my house rotates once on its axis, as it moves round the earth, in a day. As this is a point that is often misunderstood, it may be well to dwell upon it. Suppose, if possible, that all the earth were annihilated, and my house left alone, it would turn round once in twenty-four hours—to-night it would be turning its foundations to the sun, and to-morrow the sun would shine in successively at the different windows, just as it has done to-day. Or if, when standing looking at the sun, the whole world disappeared, I should find my body slowly turning round to the left; and do what I could, I should have turned my back on the sun in twelve hours—in twelve hours more to be brought face to face with him again. Thus the portion of nebula that forms the earth, when first detached, spun on its axis once in a year. But it, as well as the central mass, went on contracting, and so spun faster and faster, till at last it spins once in a day, instead of once in a year. Some, too, of these detached portions, if large, would, on contracting, leave portions behind, which would form satellites, revolving round them.

There will doubtless be many ways in which these outer portions will separate. If the great nebula were perfectly regular in its composition, all its parts rotating regularly round its center, as the central body contracted, we should have a series of rings left surrounding the central mass. These would cool down into flights of small planets or satellites. Such a condition has apparently twice occurred in the history of our system. Once, after the giant Jupiter had been thrown off, our central sun, containing, as yet unborn, Mars, Earth, Venus, and Mercury, contracted so regularly as to leave a giant ring. Such a ring could not easily break at a point and run up into a ball, but would break at many points, and curdle up into a number of small separate bodies. Thus our nebulous ring would be changed into a flight of asteroids, such as we find filling up the gap between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. So, too, Saturn, in the process of contracting from being a detached portion of the nebula, after having thrown off several satellites, became so regular in his rotation as to leave a

great ring behind him, which has condensed into what are believed to be great flights of little moons.

But this regularity is the exception, not the rule, in nature, and oftenest the outer parts of the central body would form a protuberance on one side of the central mass. As the whole contracted, such a portion would become more distinct; and just as some sea-side pool at high tide seems but a bay, yet, as the tide goes down, its connection with the sea becomes less and less, till at last a sandy bar severs them, so would this protuberance gradually be separated from the rest. Could we see a nebula in this stage of its history, we should see the central body of hazy light somewhat brighter at its center, with the detached portion of a crescent shape, embracing more or less of its circumference. If, now, as the contraction still went on, this crescent mass did not condense, it would go round and round the central body, ever turning the hollow of the crescent toward it, just as the moon ever turns the same face to the earth. For just as my house rotates once on its axis in the time it goes round with the earth, and so ever keeps its foundations toward the center of the earth, so it would be with this detached mass. Of course, if, without damaging its integrity, I could make my house turn on its axis faster, say once in twenty-three hours, it would tilt over to the east, and in the course of some twelve days or so, have inverted itself, and directed its chimney-pots downward. Or, turn to our illustration of the forlorn mortal from under whom the earth had disappeared, whom we left slowly turning before the sun. He finds it pleasanter to face the sun, than to look away from him, yet inexorable laws make his body rotate once each twenty-four hours as before. How would the wise man act? Simply thus: when facing the sun he would stretch his arms out, and stretch his legs apart. He would then rotate less rapidly, and more slowly turn away from the sun. At once when the sun was lost to view, he would wrap his arms close round him, and straighten his legs together. By what we have shown above concerning the contracting nebula, he would then rotate more rapidly, and more speedily bring his face round again to view the sun. So with our detached body. It would contract, and so gain in rotation, bringing the foremost cusp of its crescent nearer to the central body, and swinging the hinder cusp further off. With several such attendants, the whole nebula would assume the appearance of a vast whirlpool, such as is seen in the so-called Spiral Nebulæ.

Such results as these, of course, must be received with caution, as probable, not certain. Still, it is interesting to see how many different facts are explained by this hypothesis. Spiral nebulæ have been put down by more than one high authority as due to forces unknown to our system—we see that they are rather the natural results of nebular condensation. One point we may notice, namely, that the denser the materials of a nebula, the more rapid would its condensation be. A hydrogen nebula would outlast, as a nebula, one formed of iron vapor. Thus the nebulæ we now see are probably of very flimsy materials, in which, as motion and condensation would be slow, tke spiral formation would be well developed.

But the great test of theory is numbers. That the theory of gravitation explains the shapes of the orbits and the general motions of the planets, is slight evidence in its favor, compared with the prediction made years beforehand, that on such a day, at such an hour, minute, and second, the position of the moon will be such and such, to be verified by the best instruments to the last second. Can we hope to apply numbers to these theories of wild oceans of flame? Not very conclusively, indeed, but still something can be done.

Suppose we trace back the history by analysing the present condition of our system. Heat our earth till it has twice its present diameter—science teaches us that it would then rotate in four days. Heat it till it has 19 times its present diameter—it will then rotate in 361 days. Thus, if the earth were expanded to a little more than 19 times its present diameter, it would rotate once in a year, whilst its average density would be about $\frac{1}{7000}$ of its present density.

But when the earth just ceased to be part of the central mass, it turned with it once in a year, rotating on its own axis also

once in a year. We have, therefore, got a rough estimate of its density when just detached from the central body; and if we obtain similar results from the other planets, though they may be absolutely far from exact, yet relatively the danger of error is not so great. The original densities of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, when thus calculated (allowance being made for satellites), will be proportional to the numbers 113, 25, $1\frac{1}{4}$, 4, $\frac{1}{40}$, and $\frac{2}{1000}$.

Suppose, then, that the density of the exterior part of the nebula, when it just reached to Mars, is represented by 4, what should it be when, the Earth and Venus being left behind, it has contracted to the size of the orbit of Mercury? The diameter of Mercury's orbit is about one-quarter of that of the orbit of Mars. If the nebula were of the same shape, it would occupy $\frac{1}{64}$ of the bulk, and its new density should be 64 times its former, or represented by the number 256. But it is pretty certain, from what we see of nebulæ, that when our central sun as a nebula extended to the orbit of Mars, its thickness would not be increased in proportion, so that the contraction to the size of the orbit of Mercury would not be attended with much diminution in thickness, it would occupy only $\frac{1}{16}$ part of the bulk, and would be but 16 times as dense, in which case its density would be represented by 64. The truth evidently lies between these extreme cases. Now, the density, calculated from the present condition of Mercury, should be 113, which lies between these two extreme densities of 256 and 64. Thus we see that the size, density and rotation of Mercury and Mars are connected by such relations as we should expect had they both once formed part of the same vast nebula.

Again, if we compare Venus and Mercury. Suppose our nebula to have this density of 113 in its outer parts when filling the orbit of Mercury, what will it be when swollen to fill that of Venus? The orbit of Venus is nearly twice that of Mercury. If the nebula spread out without increasing in thickness, it would fill nearly four times the space, and be about a quarter as dense as before, its new density being represented by the number 33. If it increased in thickness as in diameter, its new density would be 18. We see that the present condition of Venus gives 24 as its original density. Now, 24 lies between 18 and 33 about as 113 lies between 64 and 256. Thus the nebular hypothesis agrees strikingly with what we should expect the original densities of Mercury, Venus, and Mars to have been when first thrown off.

The Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, however, show densities far too low; but this, after all, is in accordance with theory, though not capable of so easy an explanation. It indicates the fact, that they were originally detached in portions of a less compact shape than the planets before considered, probably of a crescent shape, embracing a large part of the circumference of the central mass. They would, therefore, not so readily coalesce into a single mass, but outer portions would be left behind, forming their satellites, as is the case.

The reader may perhaps have felt some difficulty in following the above reasoning. The point to be noticed is, that the present densities, bulks, and rotations of the planets are such as agree with the idea that they have been formed from portions successively left behind by a contracting nebula. When detached, they must have rotated in the time in which they encircled the central body. If we imagine them expanded, their present rotation would slacken, and we can calculate how much they must be swollen out in order to rotate once, in the time in which they encircle the sun. The larger they swell, the less their density, and we thus obtain the densities of the different planets when detached. These, we find, are related to each other, as they should be, supposing the nebular hypothesis true.

Of course, these relations may be accidental coincidences; yet to us it appears more likely that they are due to our system, having really arisen from the contraction and cooling of a great nebula.

But whilst this nebula has thus developed into our system, other portions of the great original nebula, mother of nebulæ, have fared far otherwise. Whilst the bulk has condensed into sun, planets, and moons, the fragments have cooled down into stones of all sizes—"cosmic dust," as it has been called—against which we are ever striking in our course

through space; witness the showers of shooting-stars. In fact, so full does space appear of these leavings, that, but for our atmosphere, which against them is an armor of proof, we should live in constant danger of being shot by a meteorolite. Other stray portions of less dense material still retain some of their pristine heat, and ever and anon, attracted by our sun, visit us as comets. There is, in fact, no reason to believe that real nebulæ are all so very far off; many, possibly, are as near as many of the fixed stars, though this is a point not easily tested.

The nebulæ, then, that we see are worlds or systems yet in their infancy, or perhaps not capable of any maturity —too flimsy to cool down into aught substantial enough to be the habitation of life. Still, the fact, that the light from nitrogen and other substances with us known chiefly in the gaseous state, is most conspicuous in the spectra or nebulæ, does not prove that all other substances are absent, yet the slowness of motion proves more certainly how flimsy they are.

Wonderful indeed it is to think of this our great world, so varied in its arrangements, so suited to such a variety of life —the vast sea, with its currents, tides, waves, shoals, and deeps—the land, with wide plain or narrow dell—the mountain, parent of rivers—the rivers, Nature's plows to dig over the fat plains, and create new lands in the sea—the air, bearer of water, and a clothing for warmth—all these, by simple changeless laws, evolved from a fiery whirlpool! When a man works, we see a thousand wheels spinning, watch the polished shafts moving to and fro, note a thousand busy levers plying, whilst the air resounds with the toil of busy workers. But in Nature is no such complexity, no elaborate preparations, no hand ever put in to a tie broken threads, or introduce new shuttles; all comes forth led on by simple unchanging laws. When we see it, we say: "Truly, this is the finger of God."

Tinsley's Magazine.

HINCHCLIFF.

A SOLITARY street, steep, straggling; one end abutting on the beach at the head of a small, wide bay, up which the sea tumbles in great, heavy rollers before a south-westerly gale; the other terminating in an ancient, ivy-mantled church, some distance up a narrow, precipitous valley between the wild, fir-clad hills; a few houses, outlying from the main thoroughfare, dotted at intervals along the bottom of the valley by the side of the gurgling trout stream that babbles down its midst, or scattered here and there along the sea-shore at its mouth;—such is the little fishing hamlet of Hinchcliff. It has hitherto escaped the profanity of the presence of the ordinary cockney tourist, and naturally so; for to him it would be absolutely devoid of attractions. It possesses no pier, no esplanades; it boasts but few shops. One solitary butcher, who kills twice a week, and of course reserves all his best joints for the "great house" and "t' parson," who are even then compelled to content themselves with what he may chance to be provided with; the inevitable village inn, with its sanded taproom, earthenware mugs, and home-brewed ale; and a couple of shops, the ambition of one of which is limited to ministering to the personal vanity of its customers, while the other aspires to the dignity of combining almost every conceivable trade—these are the sole facilities which Hinchcliff offers to would-be purchasers. It is doubtful, however, whether a more ambitious emporium would meet with much success. The wants of the inhabitants are few and easily supplied. The sea provides them with their means of subsistence. There is hardly a man in Hinchcliff who does not possess the whole, or a share, of a boat; and the number of nets being made or repaired at the doors of the cottages, or spread to

dry upon the beach, together with a certain odor—"an ancient and a fish-like smell"—which pervades the air, attest to the visitor the nature of the sole industry of the place.

But at the time of our story the aspect of the scene is very different from that which it presents in the breathless stillness of a summer noon. The few hours of daylight are all but gone, and the dusky tint of evening is falling—earlier and more gloomily than it ordinarily does even in the short dismal days of midwinter—upon all around; upon the drenched and cheerless village; upon the swollen, turbid stream; upon the bare and leafless trees, through whose straining branches the wind shrieks and howls in its impotent wrath as it rushes up the valley; upon the heaving and turbulent waves. The sky is hidden in a pall of dun-colored cloud, beneath which floats a mass of light, feathery scud, driving swiftly before the gale; the sea, breaking furiously upon the beach, is transformed into a chaos of angry, boisterous waves, whose crests, cut off by the wind, roll onward in a mass of foam; whilst just to leeward of the mouth of the bay, an irregular line of breakers, extending some distance out to the sea, marks the position of that terror of the homeward-bound mariner, of the dreaded "Cat."

The wind moans, and wails, and shrieks, like some soul in torment, as it dashes in frantic gusts through the quivering fir-trees, and rushes and roars up the narrow street, and round the corners of the quaint old church, in all the wild fury of its unavailing rage. But, alas, upon the ocean its wrath is no longer impotent. It is there about to add another to its long list of victims. Dimly heard at first, the piteous sound of the signal guns of some doomed vessel is becoming more ominously distinct at each report. No help can reach her from the shore, say the fishermen; it would be sheer mad waste of life to make the attempt with such a sea as is running outside the bay, and with the reef under the lee of any boat which should venture to risk it. So the little crowd assembled upon the beach at Hinchcliff, hoping, yet against hope, that something—it knows not, dares not imagine, what—may yet occur to mitigate the horrors of the impending catastrophe, splits up into still smaller, awe-struck, expectant groups, while ever and again, through the gathering night, above the wild howling of the wind, above the boisterous roaring of the waves, comes, with dreadful significance, the dull, heavy boom of that terrible gun.

* * * * * * *

"I can't make Morton out at all, lately; he's so different from what he used to be. You know what a swell he always was at running and foot-ball, and all that sort of thing. Well, he has given it up altogether; and, although he used to have such a holy horror of gambling, I know there was some uncommonly heavy play went on at his rooms two or three times last term."

"Yes, poor fellow; it's the old story, *Lydia, dic per omnes*—you know the rest. Only I don't fancy Sybaris always finds the noose fit very comfortable, now he has got it fairly round his neck, and when it galls him worse than usual he lets out."

"Which means, I suppose, being translated, that he is engaged, and does n't always quite relish it."

"Something very near it. It is n't that he isn't fond enough of the girl; if it were, my 'Lydian' quotation wouldn't apply; but there's a screw loose somewhere. He fancies she doesn't care overmuch about him, I believe. You seem deliciously innocent on the subject. I thought every one, or at least all Morton's intimates, knew more or less about it. I don't profess to be very learned on the point myself; but as far as I can make out, Master Herbert, who had known Miss Tremayne (I saw you staring at her in church on Sunday, Charley, so I needn't describe her to you) down here for years without finding anything wonderfully attractive in her, suddenly discovered, on meeting her in a London ball-room, that she was the most charming girl in existence. Of course, as they were such old acquaintances, he was on escort-duty pretty frequently after he had once made this discovery, without exciting much suspicion in the minds of chaperones, and as luck would have it (I fancy the luck was of his own making, though), he chanced to meet her at a good many places of amusement to which he had not accompanied her. The re-

sult was that before she returned home they were regularly engaged, with everybody's consent, as they'll both have lots of money."

"I don't see what there is in all this to occasion Morton's reckless fits. If, as you say, he is fond of Miss Tremayne—"

"Ay, there's the rub. It's because he *is* so fond of her—after his own fashion." (These last few words were added in a somewhat contemptuous tone.) "You see, when he came down here in the first vacation after the engagement, he was a great deal oftener at her house, and was consequently brought much more frequently into contact with her family, than he had formerly been; and gradually—whether rightly or wrongly I don't pretend to say—he seems to have got hold of the impression that his fair *fiancée* was by no means fully responsive to his devotion. I suppose a man is more wide-awake to that sort of thing when he's very far gone himself; but, at any rate, in this case there was a certain cousin—a fellow in some government office in London—who was always coming down here on some excuse or other; and Morton took it into his head that, so far as Miss Tremayne's inclinations were concerned, the said cousin, despite his continual state of dire impecuniosity, need only have urged his suit to have won her consent. What her respected papa might have had to say on the subject is altogether another matter. However, you know what a fellow Herbert is—how he always sticks to a thing that he has once begun; so it won't seem extraordinary to you, that he should avoid all scenes, or explanations, or anything of that sort, but say nothing at all about his suspicions, and simply make up his mind to go in and win the girl's love. I don't fancy, though, that he has succeeded quite to his own satisfaction up to the present; so that it's intelligible enough that he should get a bit disheartened sometimes, and then not confine his actions within the limits of her approbation. It's the old story, a woman at the bottom of every man's ruin, whether it's moral or material. And now, as I've told you all I know about it, I'm off for a smoke. Come along."

And the parties to the foregoing colloquy—two young men of the ordinary social type of their class—strolled off to the smoking-room in the parsonage at Hinchcliff.

Both there and at the "great house" there were guests that Christmastide. Beside that family circle which the gentle, kindly old vicar ever loved to gather around him at that season of peace and goodwill, his son, Herbert Morton, a Third Trinity man, whose name was equally a tower of strength in the cricket-field and on the river, had brought down, to pass the vacation with him, that couple of college chums whose conversation we have just recorded; and to Hinchcliff had come Edward Tremayne, 'Squire Tremayne's nephew, to spend what would probably be the last Christmas before his cousin's marriage, with the uncle who had been the guardian of his orphan youth, and with the woman whom he loved. For, whatever may have been the foundation for Morton's idea that his own position in Miss Tremayne's affections was somewhat marred by a predilection on her part for her cousin, there could be no doubt whatever that the latter was passionately attached to the playmate of his boyhood. It was, perhaps, natural that it should be so, and that, as the pretty child, as he first knew her, became transformed into the beautiful woman, whose beauty was the admiration of all the country-side, and the envy of all those malignant dowagers who had daughters of their own to marry, and who grudged its possessor the homage which she obtained so universally and treated so lightly, what was originally a mere boyish passion should have kept pace with her growth and matured with years. But with Edward Tremayne pride was as potent a motive as love, and pride prevented him from seeking a marriage which would be impossible without his uncle's consent, and which, could he obtain that consent, would, considering the difference in their fortunes, reduce him, in his own estimation, to a mere pensioner upon his wife's property. Nay, it did more; for, after he heard of his cousin's engagement to Morton, it was pride that caused him still to visit Hinchcliff with sufficient frequency to avoid arousing any suspicion of his feelings, and which enabled him to conceal, under the veil of his usual calm and im-

perturbable demeanor, the depth and severity of his wound.

He was sitting in the drawing-room at Hinchcliff, carrying on a desultory conversation with his cousin as she listlessly turned over the leaves of a portrait album, and watching the flickering lights and shadows cast by the fire as they flitted across her face, and in the dim gloaming enhanced yet more the regal splendor of her beauty, when during a momentary lull in the storm without, the report of a gun caused Maud to stop abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and look inquiringly at her companion. He got up and walked to the window, which, facing the valley, ordinarily commanded a view of the sea beyond; but nothing was visible except the drenched landscape, and, barely distinguishable through the rain, the murky, angry waves. He gave an upward glance at the clouds, and turned quickly to his cousin.

"Maud, I am just going down to the beach; don't let uncle wait dinner for me. That gun sounded like a ship in distress; and if so, there may be work to do that may detain me."

"Wait a minute, then, Edward, while I put on my things, and I will go with you."

"Go with me! Nonsense, Maud; it isn't fit weather for you to go out, and you couldn't do any good."

"'Nonsense, Maud,' indeed! *I* think it is 'nonsense,' Edward! Come now," she went on, coaxingly, "do let me go with you, there's a dear boy. I can put on my water-proof, and you know I am privileged to do as I please. Besides," she added, in a more serious tone, "if there really is a shipwreck, I may be able to do something to help the people."

Edward looked in her face for a moment. For him, at any rate, it was impossible to resist the persuasion of its pleading.

"Very well, cousin mine; have it your own way, only don't be long;" and, holding the door open for her to pass out, he followed her, for the purpose of donning a pea-jacket and a pair of good stout shooting-boots.

Is it necessary that we should inform the reader that Maud was motherless? Her behavior almost tells the tale of her early loss. Mrs. Tremayne had died when her daughter was born, and the widower thereupon shut himself up with his books in a solitude upon which Maud herself, upon whom he doted, and a few male friends, were alone privileged to intrude. Destitute, therefore, of a parent's loving guidance, and restricted for the society of her own sex to the company of Mrs. Morton, and to weeks spent at rare intervals at the houses of friends, Maud had remained in ignorance of many, and acquired a contempt for some, of the usages of society, which, queen of her little realm, she, to some extent disregarded at will.

The cousins reached the beach just before the vessel struck, and Edward gazed with astonishment upon the horror-stricken groups, who were watching her drift helplessly across the mouth of the bay, when he heard no efforts were being made to save the crew. He was more than half a sailor, and could appreciate the peril; but there was a ring of disappointment in his voice as, after obtaining the information he had asked for, he turned to the little crowd.

"Do you mean to say, then, you are going to let those fellows drown without making an effort to save them? I thought better things of you men. One would imagine you had never seen a gale of wind before."

"It's no good, Master Edward," answered one of the older men who had known "Master Edward" from the time of the capture of the latter's first mackerel; "some men have gone down to the Point, but no boat could get out to the Cat to-night. Look at them big rollers in the bay, and you can guess what chance a boat would have outside."

A general murmur of assent followed this speech, and Edward turned sharply to the speaker.

"O, that's your opinion, Mr. Bill Wright, is it? Where's your boat? she's about the stiffest in the place. Here, this is the one, isn't it, with all her oars ready in her? That's all right. Now, then, I want a crew; which of you men will come off to the wreck with me?"

There was a momentary pause, and each man looked at his neighbor. Then one came forward, and then, under the influence of example, and ashamed to be left behind where one was willing to

lead, others volunteered also. In a couple of minutes the crew was made up; and then, whilst the men were fitting the oars to the thole-pins and preparing for their perilous trip, Edward returned to Maud's side. She had sought shelter from the wind and drifting spray (the rain had ceased for a time) behind a boat a few paces off, but was yet near enough to hear all that had been said, and now she was white and trembling with a great fear. Even whilst she spoke the pallor of her cheeks increased, and she clung convulsively to her cousin's arm for support.

"Edward, surely you are not going? It is too dangerous; let the men go without you; they are used to it," she pleaded piteously in the selfishness of her terror.

He spoke almost sternly as he answered her.

"Hush, Maud; I am as strong as any of them. Besides, I led them into going, and I can't abandon them now. Good-bye, dear," he went on after a moment's pause. His voice had now sunk to a whisper, and, bending over her, he pressed his lips tightly to her cheek.

It was wrong, doubtless, thus to trench on another man's prerogative, thus to trespass an another man's preserves; but the provocation was undeniably great, and all other considerations went down before the despairing dread of never gazing upon her face again.

In an instant Maud's arms were clasped about his neck.

"Edward, my love, my darling, don't go; for my sake don't go!" and then, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, she hid her burning and crimsoned face upon his shoulder.

Gently, very gently, he extricated himself from her embrace.

"Maud, you mustn't, indeed you mustn't," he said in a voice of exquisite tenderness; and then his self-command gave way, and, forgetting all else in the happiness of the moment, he strained her to his breast, and covered her lips and brow with kisses. But the boat was ready, and time was of importance; so with a whispered "Good-bye, my own, my darling!" he imprinted one last caress upon her unresisting form, and, calling to one of the women standing by to take care of her, took his place in the boat. Their parting, however, had not been unobserved. From the moment that they arrived on the beach the actions of both had been watched by one who, if a silent, was assuredly not an unconcerned spectator; and when the boat started on her perilous trip there was one in her crew whose name was not to be found amongst the original volunteers, but who obtained a place at the last moment through an arrangement by which the widow's only son who gave way to him certainly suffered no pecuniary loss.

Short as was the time since Edward Tremayne had appeared upon the scene, it had yet grown perceptibly darker. The hull of the wrecked vessel as she lay upon the reef—bowsprit gone, masts gone, the mere toy of the waves, which broke over her every instant—was now barely discernible even to the practised eyes which were watching her from the shore; and the blue lights which she burned at intervals, whilst serving to render her position more distinct, seemed to intensify the gloom around by the contrast with their ghastly radiance. The boat dispatched to her from the shore was lost to sight in the black surging waste of water before she had gone two hundred yards, and although shouts were occasionally raised that she had been discerned on the summit of a wave, the positions which were assigned to her were rather artistic sketches of the wishes of the spectators than photographs of what they had actually seen. All that remained was to wait patiently and hope; and Maud, who had stood gazing after the boat as long as it was possible to distinguish it in the surrounding gloom, sank down in a sitting posture upon the beach, and covering her face with her hands, gave herself up to her mingled emotions of shame, happiness, and anxiety. At intervals one or other of the women spoke kindly to her, and offered her the shelter of her cottage; but Maud only lifted her head and looked at them, apparently unconscious of what they were saying, and, motioning them away with her hand, remained there alone with her dread. Little by little the surrounding circumstances passed from her mind; she lost count of time; gradually her fear gained

the predominance over her other feelings, until her whole soul seemed to be absorbed in an ever-increasing agony of expectation; and then, just as it appeared as if her throbbing brain could bear no more, as if her consciousness were fading away into the mere blankness of misery, her anxious ear caught a sound, dimly heard above the roaring of the storm, which caused her, numb as she was from exposure to the cold, and cramped from sitting so long in one position, to spring hastily to her feet, and, with eyeballs which were almost ready to start from their sockets in the intensity of their gaze, to peer into the impenetrable gloom which now shrouded the stern fury of the waves. In the scene upon the beach a great change had taken place. Darkness had fallen, and the fishermen and women were gathered around a large fire, which they had lighted with the double object of keeping themselves warm and of holding out a beacon to the absent boat. It was a large, blazing fire, and, as the smoke drifted away to leeward, and the red-forked tongues of flame shot slanting upward, it cast strange lights and shadows upon the weather-beaten forms around it, and imparted to the scene a weird and stage-like effect. But Maud was too preoccupied to observe it. Her interest was absorbed in one subject—the safety of the boat. What was the noise which she had heard? Was it merely the wail of the wind, or was it the sound of voices from the sea? A minute's anxious pause, and then again that sound issued from the darkness; and, in another moment, the boat, bearing a heavier freight than that with which she started, shot into the circle of light cast by the fire. A loud shout of joy went up from the little crowd upon the beach, and Maud, her head swimming in a delirium of joy, staggered blindly forward a pace or two, supporting herself by the boat under the shelter of which she had been sitting. And then—and then—Great Heaven! had they got careless from being so nearly home, and let the boat broach to? Were all that toil and courage to be in vain, and rescuers and rescued alike to perish, almost within reach of their comrades on the shore? Even as Maud watched, a huge, hungry wave, with vast overhanging crest, came foaming up astern, and, hurling the boat on high as if it had been a tiny morsel of cork, dashed it onward, keel uppermost, to the shore, leaving those who were late its occupants to do sturdy battle for their lives.

Hours afterward, Maud, in her bedroom at Hinchcliff, scarcely yet thoroughly restored to consciousness after her long fainting fit, could only get one answer from those around her to her eager questions—that her cousin had not yet returned.

* * * * * *

Up and down, borne now hither, now thither, tossed on every wave that sparkles in mockery in the cold morning sun, even whilst it still sullenly rages with the spent fury of the past night, draped with seaweed which clings to the lifeless limbs, and floats in a long festoon from around the pallid neck, is the burden of the sea. Nearer it comes, and nearer. *It*—nay, *they;* for there are two. Nearer it comes, ever nearer; until at length the advancing tide yields up its sacred freight, and casts upon the unwatched sand the corpses of Edward Tremayne and Herbert Morton.

London Society.

RED, BROWN AND GOLD.

BLOW autumn winds, and tell me
  The sweetest song to sing!
Fall autumn leaves, and show me
  The wisest thought you bring!
In shades of red, and brown, and gold,
The song is wrapped, the thought is told.

Red leaves a story tell me,
  So happy and so sweet;
Love, hope, and trust, and beauty,
  Lie scatter'd at my feet.
The crimson radiance of the past
Is falling round me thick and fast.

Whilst fall the *red* around me
  The *brown* leaf comes between,
Past joy and present; shows me
  (What else I had not seen)
The mystery of pain and woe
Which, through the red, brown leaflets show.

Gold leaves fall fast around me,
  Mix with the *red* and *brown;*
But *old* the tale all tell me,
  As each one rustles down;
The red and brown—Life's youth and age,
A golden leaf the Future's page!

B. C. M.

London Society.

THREE ACTS IN THE LIFE OF A DANSEUSE.

ACT I.

It was noon on a sultry July day, not a breath of air was stirring, and the broad sun blazed down in the fullness of his strength. The east winds had had it all their own way for a long time, and nipped with their bitter breath the golden heart of June; but they had gone to disport themselves in other spheres. It was the sun's turn now; he had the skies all to himself, and he came out right chivalrously, stretching forth his glittering arms and holding this tiny island in his warm embraces; but like an injudicious friend, he seemed anxious to do too much, scorching the earth with his hot, passionate breath, threatening to dry up the blood and burn the brains of those who were too eager to bask in his smiles. He made the day so hot that the greater part of the public—at least, those who had the power to control their movements—deserted the streets. The heart of business in the great city thoroughfares seemed to beat with a languid, slow pulsation, and the hurrying to and fro of busy feet ceased utterly; even the proverbial mad dog seemed to have had a lucid interval, and gone home to his kennel.

In a narrow by-street, close under the shadow of the glorious old Abbey of Westminster, a bright-eyed Italian boy extracted spirit-music from a pleasant-toned organ, that was really harmoniously inclined, creating a busy bustle in the silent by-way, and rousing the young children from their drowsy sleep. They crept out from their dingy dens, and swarmed upon the pavement, while their little feet began to pitter-patter on the stones, keeping time to the music. One moved with the awkwardness of a youthful hippopotamus, another with a strange, uncultivated grace; but there was one among them who formed the center of attraction even to that indiscriminating throng. One by one they left off dancing, and grouped themselves round her, watching her movements with admiring curiosity.

The little creature, the heroine of the hour, was a small fairylike child of about six years old, with a sweet, fair face, and an abundance of bright golden hair, flowing in unrestrained wavy masses down her shoulders. Though her clothes were of coarse materials, they were fashioned with a degree of taste and elegance rarely to be found among the working poor, whose stern necessities destroy all idea of adornment of life. At the first glance, it was evident that a refined mind and loving hands had tended on the little dancer, so great was the difference between her and the gutter-children who swarmed around her. One by one the passers-by halted, and fancying the entertainment was got up for their special benefit, expressed their approval aloud, and threw a few copper coins at the twinkling feet of the child who, however, never heeding them, danced on, having no eyes for anything but her own shadow, which the full midday sun cast upon the pavement at her feet. In the foremost rank of her admirers was a thick-set boy, of about twelve years old, with bright, intelligent eyes, a flat face, crowned with a heavy thatch of brown curly hair. He was one of the shoe-black brigade. Having deposited his stock-in-trade upon the curbstone, he sat upon it, like a monarch on his throne. One moment he leaned his cheek upon his hand, and followed the child's movements with critical eyes, when, stirred to unusual admiration, he opened his wide mouth, rolled his head upon his shoulders, clapped his hands, and kicked up his heels till he tumbled over in his ecstasy of delight. In the midst of his excitement, however, he had a shrewd eye to business; he gathered up the coins which the child trod under foot. By degrees the animation faded from her face; her limbs grew weary; and at last she sank down at the boy's side, and laid her head upon his shoulder, saying breathlessly—

"I'm tired, Bob."

"Never mind, Gerty. You danced beautiful, and I'll carry yer home."

"Who was it danced with me?" whispered the child.

"Who was wot? I didn't see nobody."

"Oh, but you must have seen!" rejoined Gerty, pettishly. "It was always there, and I couldn't catch it, however I tried to."

"Why, that was your shadder," said the boy, with a broad grin.

"Was it?" she answered, in a tone of mysterious surprise. "I didn't know I'd got one."

"Everybody has," the lad replied, with an air of profound knowledge. "It it is always along of us, but we don't always see it."

"No!" rejoined Gerty, as a thoughtful expression crept into her small face; "but what is it, Bob?"

"Well," he said, delighted to be an authority, and making a sweeping assertion, "that's what nobody knows exactly; the sun makes it."

"Oh! does it come all the way from there?" exclaimed the child, glancing upward.

At this moment a poor, faded-looking woman, young in years, but, judging from her face, old in the world's bitter experience, appeared upon the scene. She lifted the child in her arms, and glanced reproachfully upon the boy, as she said:

"I trusted her to you, Robert Bryce, and see what you've done—made a show and a shame of the child!"

"There warn't no shame in it, answered the boy, sturdily; "and see what she've got."

He held out the handful of half-pence he had gathered up. The woman frowned.

"For money, too!" she muttered, as she flung the coins into the road, amid the shouts and laughter of the urchins, who tumbled over each other in their greedy scramble for them, while the woman and child went up the street, followed by the crestfallen Bob, who knew he was in disgrace, though he felt he didn't deserve it. Little Gerty looked sorry and ashamed, as though her conduct had brought trouble on the head of a devoted friend. The mother addressed no word of reproach to the child, but threaded her way rapidly through the mazy streets till she reached her own door; then she glanced over her shoulder at the boy, and said:

"I'm not angry, Bob; you can come again to-morrow; only when I trust you with Gerty you must look after, and not let her dance, especially to a street organ."

"It wasn't his fault, mother; I would," replied Gerty; and she shook her golden curls, and smiled "Good-bye" to him.

Mrs. Welch ascended the well-worn stairs to her garret home—a room with whitewashed walls and a sloping roof. Scrupulously clean and neat it was. The same neatness was evident there as in the child's dress; everything unsightly, was hidden away or covered up with draperies of pink and white calico. A bunch of sweet-smelling flowers was on the table; and the window-sill was filled with bright-colored geraniums, which she had nursed through many bitter winters, that they might bring back a sense of summer to her eye, though it was shut out from her heart. The room was crowded with a brilliant array of rank and fashion, in the shape of wax dolls, of all ages and positions, from the flower-girl up to the Grand Duchess, all dressed in the highest fanciful fashion. They did not, however, bear a very strong resemblance to the class they represented; but they answered their purpose and were welcomed with open arms, and coaxed, petted, and flattered by the small child-world, in the most bewildering fashion. They were even mourned for when their day was done in a way that might make the living world envious of such fond regrets. A child will often grieve piteously for a doll's broken arm, when at a later period it would scarce give a tear to a broken heart. Little Gertrude passed her life in this world of waxen beauty, and used to make wonderful "make-believe" stories to her mute companions. She danced to them, talked to them, and took them generally into her confidence, for friends or play-fellows she had none, except, indeed, the boy "Bob," who was both fatherless and motherless. He had enrolled himself in the shoe-black brigade, of which he was regarded as a promising member. He was strictly honest, industrious and truthful, which rare virtues, perhaps, took their root and were trained and cultivated in Mrs. Welch's garret-home, where he usually spent his "hours of ease." He was

Gerty's guardian and school-master, a post of honor which he highly appreciated.

The mother worked very hard—stitch, stitch, stitching from morning till night. The child was drooping for want of air and exercise. Bob saw it, and carried her into the park, and let her frisk about every day for an hour or two. The small amount he lost by the transaction was made up by the sight of Gerty's bright face. She looked forward to Bob's coming as the great event in her daily life. He took loving care of the child, and had only once failed in his duty, when he allowed her to dance to the street organ. He never got into *that* sort of trouble again; but Gerty loved to dance, and he loved to see her. As street organs were forbidden, he invested his savings in a concertina; one evening, in a shy, sheepish fashion, he pulled it out of his pocket, and produced a sensation by his musical abilities. Gerty danced right joyfully to the tunes he played; and so, night after night, the two young actors played their parts before their rigid audience of staring blue eyes and waxen faces. Time passed, and this pleasant period of their lives imperceptibly changed and shifted, till at last it drifted utterly away.

Bob had become a young man of twenty-one, and, by good conduct, had climbed up, step by step, till he occupied a place of trust in the very brigade that had sheltered his boyhood. Though changed in many ways, he was still Gerty's faithful squire. She had grown up into a beautiful wayward girl, retaining, however, all the freshness and innocence of childhood which the world, as a rule, takes an early opportunity of rubbing off; but, what with her mother's tender love, and Robert's watchful care, the world had no chance of spoiling Gerty. Her passion for dancing was by no means diminished, although since she had outgrown childhood both her mother and Bob had done all in their power to extinguish it. Still it was there, smouldering and gaining strength—indeed growing all the stronger because it grew by stealth.

One dull November evening, when they had been working from the morning until the night came, Gertrude finished the last stitch and let her hands fall listlessly in her lap, and, leaning back in her chair, exclaimed—

"Oh! what a dreary world it is!"—then, looking thoughtfully in her mother's face, she added, "Have you been all your life dressing dolls, mother?" A flush suffused the woman's pale cheeks as she answered—

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because I wonder you haven't died of it."

"I've learned patience—people don't die of work."

"*We* can scarce live by it," said Gertrude, folding her hands and looking thoughtfully up. "Is there no other way of getting our bread? Must we live always so from one year to another, dressing dolls? Will there never be a change? never an end?"

"I pray there will never be an end to our living honestly, Gerty; and you may live to pray so too."

Gerty pouted, and said she thought there might be many other ways equally honest, and much more agreeable, adding—"You remember last Christmas, mother? Surely you can't have forgotten what the gentleman said? *I've* thought of it often." Her simple words seemed hardly accountable for the excitement of her mother's answer—

"Hush! Gerty, hush!" An expression of positive pain contracted her face. "Don't think of him? don't speak of him! He was a fiend, come to tempt us in our poverty—tempt us with a lie, Gerty. I know the world—the world he spoke of in such a pleasant way. But don't think of it any more; it sounded well enough, but it meant nothing. I thought you had forgotten it."

Gertrude was silenced, but by no means convinced; she was accustomed to her mother's mode of expression and mysterious phrases; she knew it was no use to ask questions, for she never got an answer, at least such an answer as satisfied her. She smiled loftily to herself when the mother called the magnificent being with the soft, brown beard, and great dark eyes, a "fiend," and wondered if she should ever grow so old as to be blind to such marvelous charms.

"I wish I could see you more quiet and contented, Gerty!" resumed her

mother; somehow you've changed lately, and Robert says——"

"What does Robert say?" exclaimed the girl, flaming up and getting angry at the mention of his name at that special moment; "and what right has he to say anything about me at all? He has grown so disagreeable and interfering lately. I shall begin to hate him soon!"

"Poor Bob!" sighed Mrs. Welch; "his only fault is caring too much for you, Gerty."

"I don't want him to care for me," said Gertrude, arching her slender neck scornfully. "I'd much rather he'd leave off caring, since it makes him so disagreeable—I wish he'd leave off coming here; and I shall tell him so."

"Take care what you do, Gerty; take care," rejoined her mother, anxiously. "You may live to learn the value of an honest home and a true heart, though you despise them now."

"I don't despise them," protested Gertrude, hurt at her mother's grieved tone; "but you don't understand me—you never will. You both—you and Robert, too—treat me like a child, and I'm not a child now. I want to know if we are to sit here stitching dolls' clothes all our lives? I hate the things!" and she pushed a beautiful princess, covered with gold and silver spangles, across the table with profound disgust.

"No, not forever; you know as soon as Robert has got a comfortable home you'll be married."

"I marry Bob!" exclaimed Gerty, opening her eyes and laughing outright, though tears of vexation were glistening in her eyes. "Dear, good, ugly old Bob? Oh, mother, I hope *he* doesn't think of such a thing."

That evening Robert failed to make his appearance, and Gerty had to take home their work alone. She had a long way to go, and it was a dull and cold night; but the keen wind seemed to brace her young nerves and quicken her pulse, instead of chilling and nipping them as a north wind ought to do. She enjoyed her walk; it was seldom she was out alone at night, Robert was generally plodding by her side, her feet seemed to fly over the pavement. Now she paused to peep in at a shop window, then she stopped to listen to a brass band, or to a party of glee singers making sweet music in the public streets. Her thoughts were buzzing so busily about her brain that she forgot to control her feet, she took a wrong turning somewhere and was too shy to ask her way; so she rambled on till she found herself in Leicester Square. The Alhambra was brilliantly illuminated, and a large transparency of the troupe of dancers was exhibited over the wide arched doorway. The spell of the old days was awakened; her feet trembled, and her spirit danced within her—she was fascinated and seized with an irrepressible desire to enter and see the wonders of that marvelous place. She pressed near the entrance, and watched with eager eyes the world flow in and out, while the sound of music was wafted to her ears. She stood, like the wandering peri at the gate of paradise, gazing longingly in at the wide-open door, her cheeks aglow with excitement. More than one curious eye glanced on the beautiful face; more than one turned back to gaze again; one stared rudely and spoke to her, she never heeded him, but stood there with such an absorbed, wistful look upon her face, that an artist would have longed to transfer it to canvas. A dawn of recognition came into one gentleman's face as he passed and re-passed her. He touched her shoulder to attract her attention, lifted his hat, smiled, and said—

"Gertrude Welch, I think?"

The girl's cheek flushed crimson, her eyes brightened, and her lips quivered with a feeling of strange delight. At the first shy, upward glance in his face, nay, at the very sound of his voice, she knew who it was, and as she acknowledged she was indeed Gertrude Welch, a guilty feeling stole over her. She felt ashamed, and began to see she had done wrong in loitering there.

"Would you like to go in and see the dancing?" he said, kindly.

"Oh! if I might. If I only could go in!" she exclaimed, the excitement almost taking away her breath; and she glanced beseechingly up in his face as though she were pleading for the greatest favor in the world.

"Come along, then," he said, quietly offering her his arm; but she shrank back, and followed behind him. He

took her to a seat close to the stage, and mounted guard over her, watching the varying expression of her face. It was a study to the man of the world, who had been *blasé* before he was out of his teens. He could scarcely believe in the freshness of this human nature. The bloom lay fresh on the girl's life still, though she had lived for sixteen years!

Gertrude sat there in a maze of wonder. She had caught a glimpse of a new world indeed. The brilliant lights, the music, the mass of strange faces impressed her strangely—then the stage, with its beautifully-arranged ballet, "a very garden of girls" floating about in a perfumed fairyland of flowers. He feet tingled and trembled—her very soul danced within her—her excitement rose beyond control—she bent down her head and burst into tears.

"The dancing fever is still strong upon you, Gertrude; would you like to be one of them?" Such an idea was beyond her wildest ambition. The curtain fell. He took her behind the scenes, and presented her to a stout, fair-complexioned man, to whom he spoke aside for a moment. Then both turned and gazed at her with a critical curiosity. Such a figure and such a face did not often cross their view. At last the manager said:

"So you want to be a dancer, my dear, do you? Let me see what you can do." Gertrude was dumb, and her feet seemed rooted to the ground. His business-like words chilled her enthusiastic spirit. She lifted her eyes to Mr. Bond's face. He smiled encouragingly, and said:

"Don't be shy, Gertrude. Go on."

The sound of the music playing now a rather slow and solemn air reached her ears. She threw her bonnet and shawl to the ground, took a few steps forward, and, with a slow graceful movement, began to dance. But dancing, according to the common acceptation, was not the correct word in describing her movements. With her, dancing was not an art—it was an inspiration. She seemed to embody the poetry of motion. There was a slow, languid grace in every changing movement, a refinement in every attitude, that spoke to the senses in the same way as poetry and music will. One moment the poise of her head and the flower-like drooping of her nervous hands, was almost sorrowful in its suggestive melancholy grace. An air of sadness seemed to pervade her spirit and cling to every motion, veiling her on all sides with an inexpressible charm. There was no mad wheeling and whirling, pirouting on one strong toe—none of that vulgar gymnastic performance which is a mere exhibition of muscle in arms and legs, which has vitiated the public taste and degraded dancing to the position it now holds.

Gertrude was engaged upon the spot, to take part in a ballet which was in active preparation for Christmas eve.

As Mr. Bond (whom Mrs. Welch had presumed to stigmatize as a "fiend") escorted Gertrude through the pitfalls and dangers that yawn for unwary feet behind the scenes, he paused a moment while some stage arrangement was being made. He gazed upon her face with an intensity that made her cheeks burn and her eyes drop, as he said—

"You have never been in such a place as this before?"

"No; never," she answered. "I could not have thought there was such a beautiful place in all the world."

"You are coming to-morrow, at twelve, to practice?"

"Yes."

"I shall see you, then. I must see you again, Gertrude," he added, bending his head down and speaking in a low passionate whisper. "See you here, if in no other place. I am quite at home behind the scenes."

How was it that at that moment the thought of home—of her mother, of Robert, rose up in her mind. What would they think of that night's work? How late it must be getting! She put out her hand to him, saying—

"Good-night! I must go home, now." She would have hurried away, but he did not release her hand.

"Not so fast," he said; "your home is a long way off. I'll put you in the right road."

It was indeed late when Gertrude reached Westminster. As she passed under the shadow of the old Abbey, the clock struck twelve. With childlike faith and simplicity, she told her mother all that had taken place during her absence;

all, down to her last "good-night" to *him*.

Mrs. Welch rocked herself to and fro in her chair, as she listened with face bowed down. When Gertrude finished she looked up calmly, took the girl's hands in hers, and drew her to her side, saying—

"If I could have my will, Gerty, I would rather cut off your two feet, than they should tread the stage even for an hour. I know what it is—I—I danced myself to misery and shame, but you ——" she caught herself up suddenly, dropt the girl's hands, adding half mutteringly, "Go your ways, there's a fate in it—a fate in it." Her thoughts went wandering back behind the scenes of her own life, though the curtain had fallen over it long—long ago.

ACT II.

CHRISTMAS eve came. Never had such a day dawned and closed on Gertrude's life before; even in her mildest dreams, she had never imagined such perfect bliss as came in full strong waves to her lips that day. She had, what is called in theatrical language, "a brilliant success."

The curtain rose, the ballet master's well-trained troupe of dancers grouped themselves in set stagely attitudes, popularly supposed to be graceful; but grace cannot be drilled into the limbs by the professional baton. There is always a rigidity about the artist's lay figures, let him twist and twirl and drape them as he will; it is the same with the animated lay figures that issue from the ballet master's hand. They may be trained to pose themselves with pretty effect, to languish, dart, float and pirouette with spurious grace; but the true poetry of motion is inborn, arising from genius of soul and refinement of mind. Such a genius was Gertrude. She could no more help the exquisite grace that threw such a charm over all her movements, than the rose can help shedding its perfume in the air. When she moved, with her languid airy grace, suggestive of a story though telling none, all eyes followed her with a fascinated gaze. In vain the other dancers grouped themselves round her with all the art and voluptuous grace they knew—*she* was the center of attraction, the one pure, chaste figure which drew all eyes. The audience watched her for a time with breathless attention, then a thunder of applause burst from their lips; again and again was she recalled and covered with bouquets. Mr. Bond was behind the scenes, standing at the wings, watching his *protegé* with delighted eyes. Robert was before the curtain gazing on her too, with a variety of feelings which would fill a volume, if reduced to words. He was armed with a huge nosegay (it was not artistic enough to be called a bouquet), as large in circumference as a summer cabbage, and he flung it at the feet of his idol, as though he were heaving a blacking-brush at the head of a brother shoeblack in the the old days. *She* rewarded him with a special smile, which drew his heart up into his mouth.

"It is all over," muttered the poor fellow to himself, as he gulped back a sigh. He was not alluding to her, but to his own life—parted now from hers it seemed utterly. Her twinkling feet would return never more to the narrow ways they had trod so long together. In the *furore*, the storm of admiration she created, he heard the knell to all his life-long love; he saw a foreshadowing of her fate, or fancied he did. He knew well enough that those who have once stood before the public and won applause from admiring thousands, will never return to quiet ways again and be content; they hanker ever afterward for the breath of praise. It may be but a fitful storm of the hour, and no more; but none think of that when they are drinking the rich sense-intoxicating draught. How few of us, while we are enjoying the roses and champagne of life, think of the headache which waits us on the morrow, or of the bitter gall-cup we may be pledged to drain in the future? Well, there was one heavy heart amidst the glare of lights, the sound of music, and the echoing voices of the excited audience. Poor Bob said "Good-bye" that night to the one great hope that had been the mainstay of his life, but, if she could be allowed to walk on roses such as were strewn at her feet now, he would be content to be scratched to death by brambles; but let what come would, she

would always be his "little Gerty"—the child Gerty of the old days—whose tiny hands had clung round his neck, and whose soft lips had oftentimes been pressed against his rough, honest face; his cheek burned, and he blushed to think of her sweet caresses now—he knew that what had been could never be again. Somehow he seemed to feel that the lavish love of the child had kept him from being tainted by the coarseness of his surroundings, and made him a better man.

When the curtain fell, and the performance was over, Bob hurried round to the stage-door to wait till his idol should doff the gorgeous, glittering robes and come out, as it was arranged, for him to escort her home. Presently, the ballet girls appeared by twos and threes, laughing and chattering in a loud, careless way. He shrank back out of their sight and waited: a long time it seemed to him, as, indeed, no doubt it was. He did not like to go in, as he did not know the ways of the place. Presently he heard her voice, there was no mistaking that, and he looked in at the open door. Gertrude was coming down the stairs leaning on the arm of a stranger, with a pleased, happy look upon her face as she spoke in answer to something he had said—

"Thank you; but, indeed, I have some one waiting for me."

"Some one," he repeated, laying peculiar accent on the word, bending his head low, and looking in her face. Though it was dark, and Bob could not see, he knew well enough what a look it was. "Are you good at reading riddles, Miss Welch?" he added. Gertrude stared at the *mal à propos* question.

"I don't know; I never tried."

"Why is it," he rejoined, "that the idea of this *somebody* fills me with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness?—Who is this somebody?"

"Only Bob."

"Happy Bob. I never thought I could envy the owner of such a name—but I do."

"He's a very old friend," rejoined Gertrude, hardly knowing what to say. "And I've known him all my life."

"That pleasant fact ought to make him sacred to me. But it doesn't—I should like to wring his neck all the same."

"I wonder where he is?" exclaimed Gertrude, peering out into the street. Robert stepped forward, saying, in the most familiar tone he could assume—

"Here I am, Gerty." He touched his hat to the gentleman, and would have tucked her hand under his arm and walked off without more ado, but her right hand was fast in her companion's clasp as he softly said, "Good-night." Before he loosed it he turned his eyes on Bob, and scrutinized him with a look that made his blood boil. Bob's face flamed, and his hand clenched involuntarily; he felt the strongest possible inclination to send this man sprawling in the gutter. Having apparently satisfied his curiosity, the stranger dropped his eyes, and, addressing Gertrude, said with a touch of scorn in his tone—

"I don't think Mr. Bob——"

"Robert Bryce to *you*," interrupted Bob, with a straightforward look in the gentleman's eyes, showing, as plain as looks can, that he did not choose strangers to take liberties with his name.

"Mr. Robert Bryce, then," he resumed, "need not trouble to wait for you another time."

"It's no trouble," replied Bob; "and so long as nobody else comes forward with a better right than mine, I shall be always here. Come, Gerty." Bob carried her off with rather a triumphant air, thinking his last shot told home. Once Gerty looked back and saw the tall, bearded figure standing beneath the lamplight, evidently watching till they were out of sight.

"I think you were a little too sharp, Bob," exclaimed Gertrude, with a slightly reproachful glance at her cavalier. "Do you know who that was?"

"No," growled Bob.

"I thought you didn't, or you'd have been more civil. It was Mr. Bond, who has been so kind to me." Robert muttered an imprecation on his kindness, and they walked on in silence. Gertrude had a hazy notion that something was wrong, but she was too much occupied with her own delight, too excited with her own triumph to care what. She was now overflowing with joy, and, in the

fullness and pride of her heart, she babbled out all she thought, all she felt. The frost lay glittering on the ground as the two went homeward beneath the shining stars. As they came near the street markets, late as it was, they found them still crowded; all the neighborhood seemed to be astir victualling their small garrisons for the morrow. Some struggled under a small forest of evergreens, one carried a fat goose by the neck, another carried a well-filled market basket suggestive of indigestion and plum-pudding on the morrow, and a constant volley of light chaff and banter seemed to be going on among them, strangers impressed with the general genial goodfellowship of the season exchanged compliments and good-wishes. More than one friendly greeting fell to Robert and Gertrude's share as they quietly went on their way. "A merry Christmas and a happy new year." Never had these words so much significance as they now possessed.

"We will have a merry Christmas, too," said Gertrude, as she gave Bob's arm a gentle pressure and smiled up in his face; meeting with no response, and seeing how grave and serious his face looked, she turned petulantly away, adding—"I think you might look just a little pleased when you see how happy I am—and—and everybody's been saying civil things to me but you."

"Tain't in my line to say pretty things, Gerty; I stick to true ones," he answered. "I guess there'll be plenty of people to smother you with 'pretty' sayings without my helping 'em. Talking's easy enough, but I don't believe there's one—no, not one of 'em that feels for you as I do."

The great tender-hearted fellow felt he could not trust himself to say much for fear he should break down. They both relapsed into silence. Gertrude looked up in Robert's face and thought how commonplace, how altogether different he was from that other brilliant *he* who had already set his mark upon her life.

Gertrude's *début* having been so successful, she received at once the offer of an engagement at the munificent salary of four guineas per week, which seemed to her to open up a mine of wealth untold. The humble garret was soon vacated for genteel apartments. The faded look passed from Mrs. Welch's face, she brightened up as a flower, that has been long kept in the dark, freshens up when first the day and sunlight finds it. Gertrude's mother now that the first shock was over was almost as pleased as Gertrude's self—her old misgivings seemed to have left her—in Gertrude's success she seemed to live her own life over again, at least the brightest of it. Never was a young girl guarded with more watchful, anxious care.

Whenever Mrs. Welch was unable to accompany her to the theater, Robert considered himself on duty and escorted the young danseuse to the stage-door, and mounted guard—sentinel-like—till she was ready to go home. Once he went behind the scenes and stood at the wings waiting, but nothing would tempt him to take up that position again. Gerty became the fashion, the spoilt pet of the public; but the praises and adulation she received abroad, never affected the sweetness of her nature or made her one whit the less grateful for her home affections. She was still the spoilt pet of the fireside where she spent the greater part of her leisure hours chatting with her mother or teazing or laughing at Bob. He usually bore her playful attacks patiently, but sometimes she made him wince; for instance, once as they sat talking she took his brown hand in her small flowery-like palm, and patted it daintily, saying:

"Dear old Bob! what big rough hands you've got." Her touch thrilled him through, he glanced shyly down as the two hands lay together, and answered:

"They're hard-working hands, Gerty, dear. I got no call to be ashamed of 'em; so far they've got me my living honestly."

"What a pity you can't dance for your living as I do," she rejoined—the words were hardly out of her lips, when she laughed heartily at the idea of Bob figuring on the stage! He looked down on his large ungainly limbs and joined in the laugh. "But seriously, Bob," continued Gerty, running her fingers through his thick curly hair, and putting her pretty head on one side, inspected him critically like an inquisitive bird. "If you'd only wear a nice beard, and put on light kid gloves, and altogether

smarten yourself up, you would not be at all bad looking."

"Looks don't matter much to me, and if you've no objection, Gerty, I'd rather keep my own face than change it even for a better."

"How horribly conceited you must be," exclaimed Gertrude, tossing away her head with supreme disgust.

"I like my own face, somehow," replied Robert, and a strange tenderness crept into his voice, "it is the same as you used to look at when you was a tiny child, so high—ah! you was very fond of me once, Gerty."

"So I was, but times change, you know. But I do remember," she added gleefully, "when I was a mite of a thing, *you* were my idol, Bob! I used to think you the most wonderful boy in the world. Oh dear! oh dear! how we do change to be sure."

"And we don't always change for the better," said Robert, an angry glow suffusing his swarthy cheek, for something in her tone irritated him.

"Some people don't," rejoined Gertrude; "but then it isn't everybody that's so satisfied with themselves as *you* are."

"At any rate I'm satisfied I look like a man," answered Robert. "I should'nt choose to be a thing like a barber's block, all curls and whiskers, with no more brains than a bloater, and no more heart than a fiddlestick. I'd a sight rather be what I am than one of them Brummagem gentlemen as—as you've got so fond of lately!"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Gerty, stopping her ears, shocked at such epithets being flung at the head of her idol. "You ill-natured, wicked, good-for-nothing Bob! How dare you insult anybody I like? What harm has Mr. Bond ever done to you?"

"More than I care to think on," replied Robert, "but that don't signify—I don't care about myself—but I *do* care about you——"

"It seems like caring for me—when you abuse the best friend I've got. Brummagem! indeed," she muttered to herself.

"Aye, that's where it is, Gerty," said Robert, looking rather ashamed of himself. "Are you sure he is a good friend? if I thought that he was that, I'd forgive him for everything else. I know I'd no right to speak of him so as I did; but when a fellow's regular beat down as I am, he can't stop to pick his words." Such a miserable look came into his face that Gertrude forgave him on the spot. She laid her hand upon his shoulder and said:

"What is it, Bob? who's been beating you down?"

"Nobody, Gerty—its nothing, only things seem to be going all wrong. Life's getting too hard for me, that's all."

"I'm so sorry Bob," said the girl, with her sweet, low voice.

"Don't say that, Gerty, dear, don't say that," he answered, melted utterly, "I don't want to see you sorry, even for me. But you see how it is, I've gone on loving you all my life, and I can't leave off exactly when it comes to the point, and I see our ways are different."

"I don't see why you should want to leave off," said Gertrude, in an injured tone; "I don't want to leave off being fond of you; I don't know how we should get on without you. Mother often says you are like a son to her, and I'm sure you're a dear good brother to me."

"Some day, perhaps, I'll be satisfied it should be so, but not now," he answered. "I know I'm a fool; I'd never any right to love you at all. I wonder how I dared—a great rough fellow like me; and you—I don't believe there's a lady in all the land so pure, so pretty, and so good as you are, dear; but I suppose things will be all squared one day, and so as your lines fall in pleasant places, it don't matter what comes of me. But I must know how things are going with you, Gerty; I'm not much behind the scenes, but I've got eyes, and I see a deal that you're blind to. Only last night," he lowered his voice as he spoke, "I heard them talking, laughing, and hinting about something—and—and I heard your name. If they had been men, Gerty, I'd have managed to stop their tongues; then they looked saucy-like, and jeered at me." He clenched his hand as he was speaking, till the nails dug into the flesh. Gertrude knew how much he felt, and hid her face, as she asked him, in a low, smothered voice:

"What was it they said of me?"

"Nothing—never mind; it don't matter what they said," he answered; "but I looked in at the stage-door, and saw you coming down the stairs, as I'd seen you once before—with *him*. You stopped in the shadow, there—and your pretty head dropped upon his shoulder;" his voice lowered tenderly, as he pictured her. "I'm sorry, if I hurt you, dear, but I must speak. I—I read his face plainer than if it was a printed book—though I didn't hear a word he said—and I read your'n too, darling!" and he broke down utterly, and added, with a burst of grief no words can paint, "Oh, Gerty, dear, how is it all to end?"

"You frighten me," exclaimed Gertrude, glancing up with a white, scared look upon her face. "Why do you speak so? What are you afraid of, Bob?"

"You won't mind what I say, Gerty, dear?" he answered, "don't be ashamed and don't look on me in the light of a man at all—think it's only me, only poor old Bob, as loves you more 'n his life, speaking. I—I think you're in danger, dear—and—could you bear to say 'Good-bye' to him—to that other one—and never see him again?"

"No!" she answered, promptly, "why should I say 'Good-bye?'"

"Because—we say in our prayers, 'Lead us not into temptation,'" he answered, "and I feel you are walking into it with your eyes shut—being tempted every day and every hour—because I think you love him, dear!"

"I do!—I do!—and he loves me!" she answered, promptly; her whole soul seeming to rise up and flood her face, neck, arms, down to her finger tips, with crimson.

"Aye, but how, Gerty? does he love you honest and love you true?"

"There is only one way of loving," replied the girl, with a proud, sublime faith in her own ideal.

"Only one way for you, darling; but for *him*, and such as he is, there are many ways, and some on 'em none of the cleanest. Look here, Gertrude"—he drew a desperate breath as he spoke—"sooner than things should fall out with you—as I seen 'em fall out with other poor creatures as was once young, innocent, and pure as you—I'd strangle you *now*, this minute, as we stand here, and hold my two hands up to God, and say, 'I have done well.'"

ACT III.

It was just twelve months since Gertrude had made so successful a *debut*. The year had opened brilliantly like the dawn of a new day; the end was coming, and the wintry robe of the old year was heavy with storm-clouds, and he was girded around with frost and snow. The bitter winds went sweeping and howling through the London streets, nipping some half-clad shivering creatures to the bone.

Robert Bryce was up and out early on that keen Christmas eve. His brow set sternly, his hat pulled over his eyes, and his wrap-coat buttoned across his broad breast. He looked as though he were bent on some grave errand, and faced the cutting wind bravely. He was stout of heart and stout of limb; he could wrap himself round and shield himself from all outer attacks of wind and weather, but he could find no shield to protect his spirit from its own pain, no medicine to ease it of a single throe. Strong he was in youth, health, muscle and sinew; but with all his strength he had no power to lift a feather's weight from the life of the girl he loved, and the strong man fretted and chafed sorely against his hopelessness. He could not protect her from herself, from the impulsive government of her own fond, foolish heart. In spite of all his warnings and his earnest entreaties, she kept in her dangerous ways. Mr. Bond was now acknowledgedly her constant companion behind the scenes, aye, and elsewhere. Robert knew it was no use to talk to her further, she laughed at his evil bodings, ridiculed his anxieties, and fenced with his fears. Sometimes she grew vexed, and once never spoke to him for a whole week! He could not bear to hurt and annoy her, when he knew it was to no purpose, so he resolved, in spite of her willful will, to see Mr. Bond and put things in their "right light," as he called it; upon which errand he was bent that dreary Christmas eve morning.

Mr. Bond was sitting in his chamber

at breakfast, when the bell rang; he rose up, opened the door, and admitted Robert Bryce.

"Sorry to intrude upon you, sir," he exclaimed, "as I'm afraid I'm not particularly welcome."

Mr. Bond motioned him to sit, and he did sit down, keeping his hat upon his knees, and looking altogether the reverse of comfortable.

"Well," replied Mr. Bond, stirring his coffee, "I must own I *have* received visitors I've been better pleased to see, but, I dare say, we shall come to a pleasant understanding before we part."

"I don't expect there'll be much pleasure between us two," said Bob, grimly; "I'm not much of a hand at talking, sir, and you'll excuse me if I come to the point a little roughly; what I want to know is your intentions as regardin' Gertrude; I don't think I can put it any plainer than that."

"You're more curious than wise. I never answer impertinent questions," replied Mr. Bond, quietly breaking an egg.

"You'll have to answer mine, anyhow," rejoined Bob, as a look of stern, dogged determination came into his face, "or give me a satisfactory reason for holding your tongue."

"I could give myself a very satisfactory reason for kicking you down stairs," exclaimed Mr. Bond, irritated by his tone and manner.

"Better not," replied Bob, quietly; "it might be a bad thing for one of us; I told you before I wasn't good at talking, but I won't have any man play the fool with Gertrude Welch; that's what I mean to say."

"A great deal comprised in very few words," replied Mr. Bond, drily; "but doesn't it strike you that this interference of yours between me and Miss Welch, looks very like playing the fool on your side?"

"Perhaps it do," said Bob struck with the idea, "but never mind what it looks like—I know what 'tis."

"You are no friend of mine," said Mr. Bond, "no relation of hers, therefore you have no right whatever to interfere between us—Gertrude is nothing to you—"

"She is everything to me," exclaimed Bob, hotly.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Mr. Bond, a significant, cynical smile curving his lips. Bob sprang up, took a step forward, his hand involuntarily clenched, as he said with that forced calmness which is more terrible than anger:

"Now don't—don't dare to think of her and me with that devil's grin upon your face, or mischief may come of it. Look here," he added, mastering his inner wrath, the next moment, "it ain't creditable to have a quarrel in a case like this—I come here to speak in a straightfor'ard way, hoping as you'd answer me the same as a gentleman, that means all fair and honorable should."

"My honor has never yet been called in question by man, woman, or child," said Mr. Bond, his color rising slowly as he spoke.

"Then don't let it be questioned now, sir—for it is in danger," rejoined Robert; "you can't say as it's honorable to destroy a girl's good name and fame! and that's the work *you're* doing for Gertrude Welch—don't speak, please, sir, till I've done—you are always together I know: it may be very pretty amusement to you, as have no character to lose, nor no heart to break—it's different with her. Now, sir, no offense, but you're just the sort of man, with your soft-voiced, pleasant ways to dazzle a girl like Gerty. You can't help her being fond of you, but you can help taking advantage of her simple, trusting heart."

"Mr. Bryce, I swear—"

"No call for swearing," exclaimed Bob, "I'd trust her mor'n I'd trust you—what I want to know is whether you mean to treat her as a pure, loving-hearted girl should be treated by an honest, honorable man? as you would have your own sister treated by the man who had taught her how to love him? Do you mean to marry Gertrude Welch?"

Mr. Bond smiled, not a cynical smile this time; he glanced round his luxuriously furnished room and said, "Marriage is a very serious question, Mr. Bryce, you must not judge from appearances—I am not a rich man, but a very poor one—I can scarcely keep the wolf from the door, and even if I desired it I could not afford to marry Gertrude."

Bob's heart rose up in his throat, but his face brightened as he said:

"Look here, sir, we're all plain sailing now, so I don't mind speaking about Gerty. Here's how 'tis sir: her and me was pretty considerable good friends, till you come on the scene; no offense, but I see her heart turned away from me; it was natural—she couldn't help it. At one time I thought things would be different between her and me—and I saved a matter of four hundred pound; now 'twas always meant for Gerty—I would not touch a farthing of it," he added emphatically—"so, sir, if that'll help to make things pleasant between you and her, you're welcome true and hearty—and—and you needn't be afraid, sir, as I'll ever disgrace either on you by owning we'd ever been acquainted. I'll be happy—no, not that," the poor fellow added, "but I'll be content never to see her pretty face again so long as I know you're good to her." Mr. Bond looked at Robert, and there was an expression on his face that was rarely seen there; he was gaining a glimpse into the heart of human nature which was new to him; he could not quite comprehend it.

"I thought you loved the girl yourself?" he said.

"So I do." replied Bob. "I love her more'n all the world could measure—that's why I'm so anxious you should have her; you'd make her happier nor I should, because she loves you the best; and so long as she's happy, I'd be content to be miserable to the end of my days."

"Shake hands, Mr. Bryce."

The two men stood up face to face, hand in hand.

"You've done me good. You love her better—you deserve her best. I have heard *you*—now hear me. I'm sorry the time has come to say 'Good-bye' to Gertrude; but for her sake and yours, it shall be done." Hand grasped hand, oh, so firmly now. "She is as good, pure, and true as the stars above us."

"That's so—she's all that," interrupted Bob.

"I find I care for her more than I thought I did," continued Mr. Bond. He, too, spoke with some little pain. "I have lived a fast life, and am tired of what is called pleasure. Gertrude's nature and Gertrude's face together, have been a fresh, beautiful study for me. I have gone on till I find I care for her more than it is wise I should. I could *never* marry Gertrude—social law is against it; but—well, never mind, it has all come of my foolish love of a beautiful face. I have never thought, never reflected how it was to end. But I will see her to-night, and say, 'Good-bye!' It will be a harder task than you think; yet I promise, on the word of a man of honor, it shall be 'Good-bye' forever."

They were both overcome for the moment, but at last Robert said, with humid eyes:

"God bless you, sir! and so long as I live, I'll say that nothing beats a true-born gentleman, when he behaves as such, as you have done this day."

They loosed hands and parted, each with a higher and nobler belief in human nature than either had possessed before.

Robert went his way homeward, feeling afraid and dazed at what he had done. Gertrude loved this man, Robert knew that well, and he who loved her more than his whole life had parted them! What would she think? what would she say when she knew what he had done? The poor fellow's heart grew sick, and, for the first time in his life, he dreaded to look upon her fair face; he knew it would be sorrow-clouded, and his work! Well, it was right he should do it. He had killed what she cherished, because he knew it might grow, snake-like, and one day sting her unto death. He tried to make his soul strong to bear the sight of her sorrow. He set his face firmly, and, in the teeth of the wild wintry weather, went on his solitary way.

Mr. Bond had said he would take a last farewell of Gerty that night, and Bob had faith in his word. True to his promise, and contrary to his usual mode of proceeding, Mr. Bond called on Gertrude at her own home and was closeted with her a full hour on that dreary Christmas eve. Theirs was no stormy meeting; indeed it was almost as solemn as a death parting; to her, indeed, it was something of the kind: it was the death of a first love that must be buried forthwith with the dead, unforgotten years.

He left the house with slow, lagging steps, and at the corner of the street he encountered Robert Bryce; for a second both stood under the gaslight and gazed

with a questioning look upon each other's faces.

"It is all over now!" exclaimed Mr. Bond. "It was a cruel task—but I've kept my word."

They wrung each other's hands, and parted—

"Each went his own way at his own pace."

Robert called at the usual hour to escort Gerty to her professional engagement, which, for that special Christmas eve, lay in the east end of London, where the ballet was to be played for the benefit of a local charity—a Christmas dinner to the poor and hungry. He could not see Gerty's face as she joined him at the door with her veil down. She took his arm, and they went silently on. Presently she said, in a low, tremulous voice, and looking (as he well knew) tearfully in his face—

"Bob—I know you know everything. *He* says you are a good, noble fellow, and have done right and wisely—and—and I believe him."

He spoke no more in answer, but held her hand in a close sympathetic clasp, till she passed away from him, in at the narrow door and behind the scenes.

Bob took his seat in front of the house as near the stage as possible, and waited patiently for the curtain to draw up. The orchestra played the overture, and waited—still no curtain rose. In obedience to some directions hurriedly given they played on. Something was evidently wrong—but what? Bob stared at the dark curtain—there was a sound of smothered cries behind it and the hurrying to and fro of many feet; his blood froze—a red glare of light streamed from below, above, and around the curtain—it was torn aside, and dense volumes of dim illuminated clouds of smoke filled the house, and the terrible cry of "Fire!" echoed from pit to gallery, from roof to rafter. Gertrude was in her room dressing, with a heavy heart, putting the lilies in her hair, when the dreadful cry, "Fire?" reached her ears; she flew to the door and, in her agitation, hampered the lock; she shook it again and again, and shrieked despairingly! The room was filling fast with the subtle smoke, and the flames came roaring along the passage, and creeping in at the crevices. Suddenly, amid the roaring of the flames, the crashing of timbers, and the sound of a thousand cries, one man's voice—the voice of a strong man's soul, rose up, overpowering all!

"Gerty!—where are you?"

"Here! here! she exclaimed, springing up and beating at the door with all her feeble force.

In a moment the door burst open, and the blinding dust and smoke and fire leapt into the room, and in the midst of all, Bob Bryce! Not a word was spoken—it seemed not a breath was breathed. He threw his coat over her and staggered away, bending low to the ground, dodging as he best could the forked flames that darted from all sides; and soon, amidst the blinding smoke and dust, he felt the outer air upon his face! The deafening cries and cheers of men and women reached his ears—a sea of illuminated faces swam before his eyes; then came a warning cry!—one prayer to God, and he threw the girl from his arms! A thousand "Hurrahs!" rang in his ears, as she was caught by the crowd below! He was preparing to leap after her, but the timber whereon he stood bulged out, and fell with a loud crash. He knew no more.

It was Christmas morning; the frost lay glittering on the ground, and the church bells rang out right merrily. Bruised and wounded, Robert Bryce lay on his bed sorely stricken. In spite of his injuries—and he hardly knew their extent—he felt strangely at peace. Gerty was in the room, and everywhere she moved he followed her with his eyes; when she became aware that his eyes were on her, she came to the bedside and smoothed his pillow, while her tears rained upon his face.

"Don't fret, Gerty," he whispered. "It is easier to die wi' you alongside of me, than to live wi' you away. It will be all the same to us both up there. You'll live to be happy many years to come, dear! and—and you'll give a thought, I know, to poor Bob, as loved you so well!"

"Don't—don't talk so! You'll break my heart," sobbed Gerty. "Bob—dear Bob!" she murmured, laying her face on his, as she had not done for many a day, "try to live, for my sake. I know now

how dark the world would be without you!"

Hand clasped hand, and they were both silent. In spite of all the pain and suffering he endured, that was the happiest day of poor Bob's life.

The Argosy.

GOING TO THE MOP.

"I NEVER went to St. John's mop in my life," said Mrs. Todhetley.

"That's no reason why you never should go," returned the Squire.

"And never thought of engaging a servant at one."

"There's as good servants to be picked up in a mop as out of it: and you get a great deal better choice," said he. "My mother has hired many a man and maid at the mop: first-rate servants too."

"Well then, perhaps we had better go into Worcester to-morrow, and see," concluded she, rather dubiously.

"And start early," said the Squire. "What is it you are afraid of?" he added, catching at her doubtful tone. "That good servants don't put themselves into the mop to be hired?"

"Not of that," she answered. "I know it is the only chance farm-house servants have of getting hired when they want to change their places. It was the noise and crowd I was thinking of."

"Oh that's nothing," returned the pater. "It's not half as bad as the fair."

Mrs. Todhetley stood at the parlor window of Dyke Manor, the autumn sun, setting in a red glow, tinging her face, and showing its thoughtful expression. The Squire was in his easy chair, looking at one of the Worcester newspapers.

There had been a bother lately about the dairy work. The old dairy-maid, four years in the service, had left to be married; two others had been tried since, and neither suited. The last of them had marched herself off that day, after a desperate quarrel with Molly: the house was pretty nearly at its wits' end in consequence, and perhaps the cows were. Mrs. Todhetley, really not knowing what in the world to do, and fretting herself into the face-ache over it, was broken in upon by the pater and his newspaper. He had just read in it the reminder that St. John's annual Michaelmas mop would take place on the morrow: and he told Mrs. Todhetley that she could go there and hire a dairy-maid at will. Fifty if she wanted them.

At that time the mop was as much of an institution as the fair or the wake. Some people called it the Statute Fair.

Molly, whose sweet temper you have had a glimpse or two of before, banged about among her spoons and saucepans when she heard what was in the wind. "Fine muck it 'ud be," she said, "coming out o' that there Worcester mop." Having the dairy work to do, as well as her own, just now, the house hardly held her.

We breakfasted early the next morning, and started, betimes in the large open carriage, the Squire driving his pair of fine horses, Bob and Blister. Mrs. Todhetley sat with him, and I behind. Tod might have gone if he would; but the long drive out and home had no charms for him, and he said, ironically, he should like to see himself attending the mop. It was a lovely morning, bright and sunny, with a suspicion of crispness in the air; the trees were putting on their autumn colors, and shoals of blackberries shone in the hedges.

Getting some refreshment again at Worcester, and, leaving the Squire at the hotel, I and Mrs. Todhetley walked to the mop. It was held in the parish of St. Johns—which, all the country knows, is in the suburb of Worcester, on the other side of the Severn. Crossing the bridge, and getting well up the New Road, we got into the thick of the fun.

The men were first, standing back in a line on the foot-path on either side the way, fronting the passers-by. Young rustics mostly, in clean smock-frocks, waiting to be looked at and questioned and hired, a broad grin on their faces

with the novelty of the situation. We passed them, and came to the girls and women. You could tell they were nearly all rustic servants, too, by their high colors and awkward looks and manners. As a rule, each held a thick cotton umbrella, tied round the middle after the fashion of Mrs. Gamp's, and a pair of patterns whose bright rings showed they had not been on that day. To judge by the look of the present weather, we were not likely to have rain for a month; but these simple people liked to guard against contingencies. Crowds of folks were passing along like ourselves, some come to hire, some only to take up the road and stare.

Mrs. Todhetley elbowed her way amidst them. So did I. She spoke to one or two, but nothing came of it. Whom should we come upon, to my intense surprise, but our dairy-maid—the one who had betaken herself off the previous day?

"I hope you'll get a better place than you had with me, Susan," said the mater, rather sarcastically.

"I hopes as how I shall, missis," was the insolent retort. "'Twon't be hard to do, anyway, that won't, with that there overbearing Molly in your'n."

We went on. A great hulky farmer as big as a giant, and looking as though he had taken more than was good for him in the morning, came lumbering along, pushing everybody right and left. He threw his bold eyes on one of the girls.

"What place be you for, my lass?"

"None o' yours, master," was the prompt reply.

The voice was good-natured and pleasant, and I looked at the girl as the man went shouldering on. She wore a clean light cotton gown, a smart shawl, all the colors of the rainbow, and a straw bonnet that could not be seen for sky-blue bows. Her face was fairer than most of the faces around; her eyes were the color of her ribbons, and her mouth, rather wide, and always smiling, had about the nicest set of teeth I ever saw. To take likes and dislikes at first sight, without rhyme or reason, is what I am hopelessly given to, and there's no help for it. People laugh mockingly. "There goes Johnny with his fancies, again!" they say; but I know that it has served me well through life. I took a liking to this girl's face; it was an honest face, as full of smiles as the bonnet was of bows. Mrs. Todhetley noticed her too, and halted. The girl dropped a courtesy.

"What place are you seeking?" she asked.

"Dairy-maid's, please, ma'am."

The good mater stood, dubious whether to pursue inquiries or to pass onward. She liked the face of the girl, but did not like the profusion of blue ribbons.

"I understand my work well, please ma'am; and I'm not afraid of any much of it, in reason."

This turned the scale. Mrs. Todhetley stood her ground and plunged into the proper questioning.

"Where have you been living?"

"At Mr. Thorpe's farm, please, near Severn Stoke."

"For how long?"

"Twelve months, please. I went there Old Michaelmas Day, last year."

"Why are you leaving?"

"Please ma'am"——a pause here——"please, I wanted a change, and the work was a great sight of it, frightful heavy, and missis often cross. Quite a herd o' milkers, there was, there."

"What is your name?"

"Grizzel Clay. I be healthy and strong, please, ma'am; and I was twenty-two in the summer."

"Can you have a character from Mrs. Thorpe?"

"Yes, please ma'am, and a good one. She can't say nothing again me."

And so the queries went on; one would have thought the mater was hiring a whole regiment of soldiers. Grizzel was ready and willing to enter on her place at once, if hired. Mrs. Thorpe was in Worcester that day, and might be seen at the Hare and Hounds inn.

"What do you think, Johnny?" whispered the mater.

"I should hire her. She's just the girl I'd not mind taking without any character."

"With those blue bows! Don't be simple, Johnny. Still I like the girl, and may as well see Mrs. Thorpe."

"By the way, though," she added, turning to Grizzel, "what wages do you ask?"

"Eight pounds, please ma'am," replied Grizzel, after some hesitation and with reddening cheeks.

"Eight pounds!" exclaimed Mrs. Todhetley. "That's very high."

"But you'll find me a good servant, ma'am."

We went back through the town to the Hare and Hounds, an inn near the cathedral. Mrs. Thorpe, a substantial dame, in a long cloth skirt and man's black hat, by which we saw she had come in on horseback, was at dinner. Boiled mutton and turnips.

She gave Grizzel Clay a good character. Saying the girl was honest, clean, hard-working, and very sweet tempered: and, in truth, she was rather sorry to part with her. Mrs. Todhetley asked about the blue bows. Aye, Mrs. Thorpe said, that was Grizzel Clay's great fault—a love of finery: and she recommended Mrs. Todhetley to "keep her under" in that respect. In going out we found Grizzel waiting under the archway, having come down to learn her fate. Mrs. Todhetley said she should engage her, and bade her follow us to the hotel.

"It's an excellent character, Johnny," she said, as we went along the street. "I like everything about the girl, except the blue ribbons."

"I don't see any harm in blue ribbons. A girl looks nicer in ribbons than without."

"That's just it," said the mater. "And this girl is good-looking enough to do without them. Johnny, if Mr. Todhetley has no objection, I think we had better take her back in the carriage. You won't mind her sitting with you."

"Not I. And I'm sure I shan't mind the ribbons."

So it was arranged. The girl was engaged, and was to go back with us. Her box would be sent by the carrier. She presented herself at the time of starting with a small bundle: and a little birdcage, something like a mouse-trap, that had a bird in it.

"Could I be let take it, ma'am?" she asked of Mrs. Todhetley. "It's only a poor linnet that I found hurt on the ground the last morning I went out to help milk Thorpe's cows. I'm a trying, please, to nurse it back to health."

"Take it, and welcome," cried the 'squire. "The bird had better die, though, than be kept to live in that cage."

"I was thinking to let it fly, please sir, when it's strong again."

Grizzel had proper notions. She screwed herself into the corner of the seat, so as not to touch me. I heard all about her as we went along.

She had gone to live at her Uncle Clay's, in Gloucestershire, when her mother died, working for them as a servant. The uncle was "well to do," rented twenty acres of land, and had two cows and some sheep and pigs of his own. The aunt had a nephew, and this young man wanted to court her, Grizzel; but she'd have nothing to say to him. It made matters uncomfortable, and last year they turned her out, so she went and hired herself at Mr. Thorpe's.

"Well, I should have thought you had better be married and have a home of your own than go out as dairy-maid, Grizzel."

"That depends upon who the husband is, sir," she said, laughing slightly. "I'd rather be a dairy-maid to the end o' my days—I'd rather be a prisoner in a cage like this poor bird—than have anything to say to that there nephew of aunt's. He had red hair, and I can't abide it."

Grizzel proved to be a good servant, and became a great favorite in the house. Molly, never taking to her kindly, was for quarreling ten times a day, but the girl only laughed back again. She was superior to the general run of dairy-maids, both in looks and manners: and her good-humored face brought sweethearts up in plenty.

Two of them were serious. The one was George Roper, bailiff's man on a neighboring farm; the other was Sandy Lett, a wheelwright in business for himself at Church Dykely. Of course matters ran in this case, as they generally do in such, all cross and contrary; or, as the French say, *à tort et à travers*. George Roper, a good-looking young fellow with curly hair and a pair of handsome black whiskers, had not a coin beyond the weekly stipend he worked for: he had not so much as a chair to sit in, or a turn-up bedstead to lie on; yet Grizzel loved him with her whole heart. Sandy Lett, who was not bad-looking either, and

had a good home and a good business, she did not care for. Of course the difficulty lay in deciding which of the two to choose; ambition and her friends recommended Sandy Lett; imprudence and her own heart, George Roper. Like the donkey between the two bundles of hay, Grizzel was totally unable to decide on either, and kept both the swains on the tenter-hooks of suspense.

Sunday afternoons were the great trouble of Grizzel's life. Roper had holiday then, and came; and Lett, whose time was his own, though of course he could not afford to waste it on a week-day, also came. One would stand at the stile in one field, the other at a stile in another; and Grizzel, arrayed in one of the light print gowns she favored, the many-colored shawl, and the dangerous blue-ribboned bonnet, did not dare to go out to either, lest the other should pounce upon his rival, and a fight ensue. It was getting quite exciting in the household to watch the progress of events. The spring passed, and summer came round; and between the two, Grizzel had her hands full. The other servants could not imagine what the men saw in her.

"It is those blue ribbons she's so fond of!" said Mrs. Todhetley, with a sigh. "I doubted them from the first."

"I should say it is the blue eyes," dissented Tod.

"And I the white teeth and laughing face. *Nobody* can help liking her."

"You shut up, Johnny. If I were Roper——"

"Shut up, yourself, Joseph—both of you shut up; you know nothing about it," interrupted the 'squire, who had seemed to be asleep in his chair. "It comes of woman's coquetry and man's folly. As to these two fellows, if Grizzel can't make up her mind, I'll warn them both to keep off my grounds at their peril."

One evening, during the midsummer holidays, in bounding out of the oak-walk to cross the fold-yard, I came upon Grizzel, leaning on the gate. She had a bunch of sweet peas in her hand, and tears in her eyes. George Roper, who must have been talking to her, passed me quickly, touching his hat.

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, Roper."

He walked away, with his firm, quick stride—a well-made, handsome, and trustworthy fellow. His brown velveteen coat (an old one of his master's) was shabby, but he looked well in it; and his gaitered legs were straight and strong. That he had been the donor of the sweet peas, a rustic lover's favorite offering, was evident. Grizzel attempted to hide them inside her gown when she saw me, but was not quick enough, so she was fain to hold them in her hand openly, and make believe to be fiddling with her tin milk-pail.

"It's a drop o' skim milk I've got over; I was going to take it to the pigs," said she.

"What are you crying about?"

"Me crying!" returned Grizzel. "It's the red sun a shinin' in my eyes, sir."

"Was it? Look here, Grizzel, why don't you put an end to this state of bother? You won't be able to milk the cows, next."

"'Tain't any in'ard bother o' that sort as 'll keep me from doing my proper work," returned she, with a flick to the handle of the cans.

"At any rate, you can't marry two men; you'd be taken up by old Jones, the constable, you know, and tried for bigamy. And I'm sure you must keep *them* on the ferment. George Roper's gone off with a queer look on his face. Take him or dismiss him."

"I'd take him to-morrow, but for one thing," avowed the girl, in a half whisper.

"His short wages, I suppose—sixteen shillings a week."

"Sixteen shillings a week short wages!" echoed Grizzel. "I call 'em good wages, sir. I'd never be afraid of getting on on them with a steady man, and Roper's that. It ain't the wages, Master Johnny. It is, that I promised mother never to begin life upon less than a cottage and some things in it."

"How do you mean?"

"Poor mother was a dying, sir. Her illness lasted her many a week, and she might be said to be a dying all the time. I was eighteen, then. 'Grizzy,' says she to me one night, 'you be a likely girl, and 'll get chose afore you be many summers older. But you must promise me that you'll not, on no temptation what-

soever, say yes to a man till he has got a home of his own to take you to, and beds, and tables, and things comfortable about him. Once begin without 'em, and you and him 'll spend all your after life looking out for 'em; but they'll not come any the more for that. And you'll be at sixes and sevens always; and him, why, perhaps, he'll take to go to the beer-shop—for many a man does through having, so to say, no home. I've seen the ill of it in my days,' she goes on, 'and if I thought you'd tumble into it, I'd hardly rest quiet in the grave, where you be soon a going to place me.' 'Be at ease, mother,' says I to her in answer, 'and take my promise, which I'll never break, not to set up for marriage without a home o' my own, and proper things in it.' That promise I can't break, Master Johnny; and there has lied the root of the trouble all along."

I saw then. Roper had nothing but a lodging—not a stick or stone that he could call his. And the foolish man, instead of saving up out of his wages, spent the remnant in buying pretty things for Grizzel. It was a hopeless case.

"You should never have had anything to say to Roper, knowing this, Grizzel."

Grizzel twirled the sweet peas round and round in her fingers, and looked foolish, and answering nothing.

"Lett has a good home to give you, and means to keep it going. He must make a couple of pounds a week; perhaps more."

"But then I don't care for him, Master Johnny."

"Give him up, then. Send him about his business.

One would have thought she was counting the blossoms on the sweet-pea stalks. Presently she spoke, without looking up.

"You see, Master Johnny, one does not like to—to lose all one's chances, and grow into an old maid. And, if I *can't* have Roper, perhaps—in time—I might bring myself to take Lett. It's a better opportunity than a poor dairymaid like me could ever ha' looked for."

The cat was out of the bag. Grizzel was keeping Lett on for a remote contingency. When she could make up her mind to say no to Roper, she meant to say yes to him.

"It's awful treachery to Roper; keeping him on only to drop him at last," ran my thoughts. "Were I he, I should give her a good shaking and leave——"

A sudden movement on Grizzel's part nearly startled me. Catching up her can, she darted across the yard by the pond as fast as her patterns would go, poured the milk into the pig's trough with a dash, and disappeared in-doors. Looking round for any possible cause for this, I caught sight of a man in light fustian clothes, hovering about in the near field. It was Sandy Lett; he had walked over on the chance of getting to see her. But she did not come out again.

The next move in the drama was made by Lett. The following Monday he presented himself before the 'squire—dressed in his Sunday-going things, and a new white hat on—to ask him to be so good as to settle the matter, for it was "getting a'most beyond him."

"Why, how can I settle it?" demanded the 'squire. "What have I to with it?"

"It's a tormenting of me pretty nigh into fiddle-strings," pleaded poor Lett. "What with her caprices—for sometimes her speaks to me as pleasant as an angel, while at others her won't speak nohow; and what with the dratted folk over yonder a teasing of me" jerking his head in the direction of Church Dykely—"I don't get no peace of my life. It be a shame, 'squire, for any woman to treat a man as she's a treating me."

"I can't make her have you if she won't have you," exploded the squire, not liking the appeal. "It's said, you know, that she'd rather have Roper."

Sandy Lett, who had a great idea of his own merits, turned his nose into the air. "Beg pardon, 'squire," he said, "but that won't wash, that won't. Grizzel couldn't have nothing serious to say to that there Roper; nought but a day-laborer on a farm; *she couldn't:* and if he don't keep his distance from her, I'll wring his ugly head round for him. Look at me beside him!—at my good home wi' its m'hogany furniture in't. I can keep her a'most like a lady. She may have in a wench once a week for the washing and scrubbing, if she likes; I'd not deny her nothing in reason. And

for that there Roper to think to put hisself in atween us! No; 'twon't do: the moon's not made o' green cheese. Grizzel's a bit light-hearted, sir; fond o' chatter; and Roper he've played upon that. But if you'd speak a word for me, 'squire, so as I may have the banns put up—"

"What the deuce, Lett, do you suppose I have to do with my women servants and their banns?" testily interrupted the 'squire. "I can't interfere to make her marry you. But I'll tell you thus much, and her too: if there is to be this perpetual uproar about Grizzel, she shall quit my house before the twelvemonth she engaged herself for is up. And that's a disgrace for any young woman."

So Sandy Lett got nothing by coming, poor, unfortunate man. And yet—in a sense he did. The 'squire would not say to Grizzel, You must marry Lett: but he ordered the girl before him, and told her in a sharp, decisive tone that she must either put an end to the state of things or leave his service. And Grizzel, finding that the limit of toleration had come, but unable, in her conflicting difficulties of mind, to decide which of the swains to retain and which discard, dismissed the two. After that, she was plunged over head and ears in distress, and for a week could not see to skim off the cream for her tears.

"This comes of hiring dairy wenches at a statty fair!" cried wrathful Molly.

* * * * * * *

The summer went on. August was waning. One morning that Mr. Duffman had called in and was helping Mrs. Todhetley to give Lina a spoonful of jam (with a powder in it), at which Lina kicked and screamed, Grizzel ran into the room in such a state of excitement that they thought she was going into a fit.

"Why, what is it?" questioned Mrs. Todhetley, putting a temporary truce to the jam hostilities. "Has either of the cows kicked you down, Grizzel?"

"I'm—I'm come into a fortin!" shrieked Grizzel hysterically, laughing and crying in the same breath.

Mr. Duffman put her into a chair, angrily ordering her to be calm—for anger is the best remedy in the world to apply to hysterics—and took a letter from her that she held out. It told her that her uncle Clay was dead, and had left her a bequest of forty pounds. The forty pounds to be paid to her in gold whenever she should go and apply for it. This letter had come by the morning's post: but Grizzel, busy in her dairy, had only just now opened it.

"For the poor old uncle to have died in June, and them never to ha' let me hear on't!" she said, sobbing. "Just like 'em! And me never to have put on a bit o' mourning for him!"

She rose from the chair, drying her eyes with her apron, and put out her hand for the letter. As Mrs. Todhetley began to say she was very glad to hear of her good luck, a shy look and a half-smile came into the girl's face.

"I can get the home now, ma'am, with all this fortin," she softly whispered.

Molly banged her kitchen pans about worse than ever, partly in envy at the good luck of the girl, partly because she had to do the dairy work during Grizzel's absence in Gloucestershire: a day and a half, which was given her by Mrs. Todhetley.

"There won't be no standing a nigh her and her finery now," cried rampant Molly to the servants. "She'll tack her blue ribbons on to her tail as well as her head. Lucky if the dairy some fine day ain't found turned all sour!"

Grizzel came back in time, bringing her forty pounds in gold wrapped up at the foot of a folded stocking. The girl had as much sense as here and there one, and a day or two after her arrival she asked leave to speak to her mistress. It was to say that she should like to leave at the end of her year, Michaelmas, if her mistress would please look out for some one to replace her.

"And what are you going to do, Grizzel, when you do leave? What are your plans?"

Grizzel turned the color of a whole corn-field of poppies, and confessed that she was going to be married to George Roper.

"Oh," said Mrs Todhetley. But she had nothing to urge against it.

"And please ma'am," cried Grizzel, the poppies deepening and glowing, "we'd like to make bold to ask if the

master would let to us that bit of a cottage that the Claytons have went out of."

The master was quite taken aback. It seemed indeed that Grizzel had been laying her plans to some purpose.

"It have got a nice piece o'ground to grow pertaters and garden stuff, and it have got a pigsty," said Grizzel. "Please ma'am, we shall get along famous, if we can have that."

"Do you mean to set up a pig, Grizzel?"

Grizzel's face was all one smile. Of course they did. With such a fortune as they had come into, she intended herself and her husband to have everything about them, including a pig.

"I'll give Grizzel away," wrote Tod, when he heard the news of the legacy and the projected marriage. "It will be fun! And if you people at home don't present her with her wedding gown, it's a stingy shame. Let it have a good share of blue bows."

"No! though will he!" exclaimed Grizzel, with sparkling eyes, when told of the honor designed her by Tod. "Give me away! Him! I've always said there's not such another gentleman in these parts as Mr. Joseph."

The banns were put up, and matters progressed smoothly, with one solitary exception. When Sandy Lett heard of the treason going on behind his back, he was ready to drop with blighted love and mortification. A three-days' weather blight was nothing to his. Quite forgetting modesty, he made his fierce way into the house, without saying with your leave or by your leave, and thence to the dairy where Grizzel stood making-up butter, startling the girl so much with his white face and wild eyes that she stepped back into a pan of cream. There he enlarged upon her iniquity, and wound up by assuring her that neither she nor her "coward of a George Roper" could ever come to good. After that, he let her alone, making no further stir.

Grizzel quitted the Manor and went into the cottage, which the 'squire had agreed to let to them; Roper was to come to it on the wedding-day. A daughter of Goody Picker's, one Mary Standish (whose husband had a habit of going off on roving trips and staying in them until ound and brought back by the parish), stayed with Grizzel, helping her to get the cottage in habitable order, and arrange in it the articles she bought. That sum of forty pounds seemed to be doing wonders; I told Grizzel I could not have made a thousand go as far.

"Any left, Master Johnny, why of course I shall have plenty left," she said. "After buying the bed and the set o'drawers and the chairs and tables; and the pots and pans and the crockeryware for the kitchen; and the pig and a cock and hen or two; and perviding a joint of roast pork and some best tea and white sugar for the wedding day, we shall still have pounds and pounds on't left. Tis'nt me, sir, nor George neither, that 'ud like to lavish away all we've got and put none by for a rainy day."

"All right, Grizzel. I am going to give you a tea-caddy."

"Well now, to think of that, Master Johnny!" she said, lifting her hands. "And after the mistress giving me such a handsome gownd!—and the servants clubbing together, and bringing a roasting oven and beautiful set o'flat irons. Roper and me'll be set up like a king and queen."

On Saturday, the day before that fixed for the wedding, I and Tod were passing the cottage—a kind of miniature barn to look at with a thatched roof, and a broken grindstone at the door—and went in. Rather to the discomfiture of Grizzel and Mrs. Standish, who had their petticoats short and their arms bare, scouring and scrubbing and making ready for the morrow. Returning across the fields later, we saw Grizzel at the door, gazing out all ways at once.

"Consulting the stars as to whether it will be fine to-morrow, Grizzel?" cried Tod, who was never at a loss for a ready word.

"I was a looking out for Mary Standish, sir," she said. "George Roper haven't been here to-night, and we be all at doubtings about several matters he was to have come in to settle. First he said he'd go on betimes to the church o' Sunday morning; then he said he'd come here and we'd all walk together; and it was left at a uncertainty. There's the blackberry pie, too, that he've not brought."

"The blackberry pie!" said I.

"One that Mrs. Dodd, at his lodgings, have made a present to us for the dinner, Master Johnny. Roper was to ha' brought it in to-night ready. It won't look well to see him carrying of a baked pie on a Sunday morning, when he've got on his wedding-coat. I can't think where he have got to!"

At this moment, some one was seen moving toward us across the field path. It proved to be Mary Standish, her gown turned up over her head, and a pie in her hands the size of a pulpit canopy. Red syrup was running down the outside of the dish, and the crust looked a little black at the edges.

"My, what a big beauty!" exclaimed Grizzel.

"Do take it, Grizzel, for my hands be all a cramped with its weight," said Mrs. Standish, who, as it turned out, had been over to Roper's lodgings, a mile and a half away, with a view of seeing what had become of the bridegroom elect. And she nearly threw the pie into Grizzel's arms, and took down her gown.

"And what do Roper say?" asked Grizzel. "And why have he not been here?"

"Roper's not at home," said Mary Standish. "He come in from work about six; washed and put hisself to rights a bit, and then went out with a big bundle. Mrs. Dodd called after him to bring the pie, but he called back again that the pie might wait."

"What was in the bundle?" questioned Grizzel, resenting the slight shown to the pie.

"Well, by the looks on't, Mother Dodd thought 'twas his working clothes packed up," replied Mary Standish.

"His working clothes!" cried Grizzel.

"A going to take 'em to the tailor's, maybe, to get 'em done up. And not afore they wanted it."

"Why, its spending money for nothing," was Grizzel's comment. "*I* could ha' done up them clothes."

"Well, its's what Mother Dodd thought," concluded Mary Standish.

We said good-night, and went racing home, leaving the two women at the door, Grizzel lodging the heavy blackberry pie on the old grindstone.

* * * * * * *

It was a glorious day for Grizzel's wedding. The hour fixed by the clerk (old Bumford) was ten o'clock, so that it might be got well over before the bell rang out for service. We reached the church early. Amidst the spectators already there, was cross-grained Molly, pocketing her ill-temper and for once meaning to be gracious to Grizzel.

Ten o'clock struck, and the big old clock went ticking on. Clerk Bumford (a pompous man when free from gout) began abusing the wedding-party for not keeping its time. The quarter-past was striking when Grizzel came up, with Mary Standish and a young girl. She looked white and nervous, and not at all at ease in her bridal attire—a green gown of some kind of stuff, and no end of pink ribbins; the choice of colors being Grizzel's own.

"Is Roper here yet?" whispered Mary Standish.

"Not yet."

"It's too bad for him!" she continued. "Never to send a body word whether he meant to call for us, or not; and us a waiting there till now, expecting of him."

But, where was George Roper? And (as old Bumford asked) what did he mean by it? The clergyman, in his surplice and hood, looked out at the vestry twice, as if questioning what the delay meant. We stood just inside the porch, and Grizzel grew whiter and whiter.

"Just a few minutes more o' this delay, and there won't be no wedding at all this blessed morning," announced clerk Bumford, aloud, for the public benefit. "George Roper wants a good blowing up, he do."

Ere the words were well spoken, a young man named Dicker, who was a fellow lodger of Roper's, and was to have accompanied him to church, made his appearance alone. That something had gone wrong was plain to be seen: but, what with the publicity of his present position, and what with the stern clerk pouncing down upon him in wrath, the young man could hardly get his news out.

In the first place Roper had never been at home all night; never been seen, in short, since he left Mrs. Dodd's with the bundle, as related by Mary

Standish. That morning, while Dicker in his consternation knew not what to be at—whether to be off to the church alone, or to wait still, in the hope that Roper would come—two notes were delivered at Mrs. Dodd's by a strange boy: the one addressed to himself, John Dicker; the other to "Miss Clay," meaning Grizzel. They bore ill news: George Roper had given up his marriage and gone away for good.

At this extraordinary crisis, pompous clerk, Bumford, was so taken aback, that he could only open his mouth and stare. It gave Dicker the opportunity to get a few words in.

"What we thought at Mother Dodd's was that Roper had took a drop too much somewhere last evening, and couldn't get home. He's as sober a man as can be —but what ever else were we to think? And when this writed note come this morning, and we found he had gone off to Ameriky o' purpose to avoid being married, we was downright floundered. This is yours, Grizzel," added the young man in as gently considerate a tone as any gentleman could have used.

Grizzel's hands shook as she took the letter he held out. She was biting her pale lips hard, to keep down emotion. "Take it and read it," she whispered to Mary Standish; for, in truth, she herself could not, with all that sea of curious eyes upon her.

But Mary Standish labored under the slight disadvantage of not being able to read writing; conscious of this difficulty, she would not touch the letter. Mr. Bumford, his scared senses and his tongue returning together, snatched it, without ceremony, out of Grizzel's hand.

"I'll read it," said he. And he did so. And I, Johnny Ludlow, give you the copy verbatim.

"Der Grisl, saterdy even, this coms hoppin you be wel as it leves me at presint, Which this is to declar to you der grisl that our marage is at a end, it hav been to much for me and praid on my sperits, I cant stand it no longer nohow and hav took my leve of you for ivir, Der Grisl I maks my best way this night to Liverpool to tak ship for Ameriky, and my last hops for you hearby exprest is as you may be hapy with another, I were nivir worthey of you der grisl and thats a fac, but I kept it from you til now when I can kep it no longer cause of my conshuns, once you red this hear letter dont you nivir think no mor on me agen, which I shant on you, Adew for ivir,

"your unfortnit frend George Roper.

"Ide av carred acros that ther blakbured pi but should have ben to late, my good hops is youl injoy the pi with another better nor you ivir could along with me, best furwel wishes to Mary Standish, G. R."

What with the penmanship and what with the spelling, it took old Bumford's spectacles some time to get through. A thunderbolt could hardly have made more stir than this news. Nobody spoke, however; and Mr. Bumford folded the letter in silence.

"I always knowed what that there Roper was worth," broke forth Molly. "He pipe-clayed my best black cloak on the sly one day when I ordered him off the premises. You be better without him Grizzel girl—and here's my hand and wishing you better luck in token of it."

"Mrs. Dodd was right—them was a change o' clothes he was a taking with him to Ameriky," added Mary Standish.

"Roper's a jail-bird, I should say," put in old Bumford. "A nice un too."

"But what can it be that's went wrong —what is it have took him off?" wondered the young man, Dicker.

The parson in his surplice had come along the aisle and was standing to listen. Grizzel in the very extremity of mental bitterness and confusion, but striving to put a good face of indifference on the matter before the public, gazed around helplessly.

"I'm better without him, as Molly says; and what do I care?" she cried recklessly, her lips and face quivering. The parson put his hand gravely on her arm.

"My good young woman, I think you are, in truth, better without him. Such a man as that is not worthy of a regret."

"No, sir, and I won't regret him," was her rapid answer, the voice rising hysterically.

As she turned, intending to leave the church, she came face to face with Sandy Lett. I had seen him standing there,

drinking in the words of the note with all his ears, and taking covert looks at Grizzel.

"Don't pass me by, Grizzel," said he. "I feel hearty sorry for all this, and I hope that villain 'll come to be drowned on his way to Ameriky. Let me be your friend; I'll make you a good one."

"Thank you," she answered. "Please let me go by."

"Look here, Grizzel," he rejoined, with a start, as if some thought had that moment occurred to him. "Why shouldn't you and me make it up together? Now. If one bridegroom's been a wicked runagate, and left you all forsaken, you see another here ready to put on his shoes. Do, Grizzel, do!"

"Do what?" she asked, not catching his meaning.

Let's be married, Grizzel. You and me. There's the parson and Mr. Bumford all ready, and we can get it over afore church begins. It's a good home I've got to take you to. Don't say nay, my girl."

Now what should Grizzel do? Like the lone widow in "David Copperfield," who, when a ship's carpenter offered her marriage, "instead of saying 'Thank you, sir, I'd rather not,' up with a bucket of water and dashed it over him," Grizzel "up" with her hand and dealt Mr. Sandy a sounding smack on the side of his left cheek. Smarting under the infliction, Sandy Lett gave vent to a word or two of passion, out of place in a church, and the parson administered a reprimand.

Grizzel had not waited. Before the sound of her hand had died away, she was outside the door, quickly traversing the lonely church-yard. A fine end to poor Grizzel's wedding!

The following day, Monday, Mrs. Todhetley went over to the cottage. Grizzel, sitting with her hands before her, started up, and made believe to be desperately busy with some tea-cups. We were all sorry for her.

"Mr. Todhetley has been making inquiry into this business, Grizzel," said the mater, "and it certainly seems more mysterious than ever, for he cannot hear a word against Roper. His late master says Roper was the best servant he ever had; he is as sorry to lose him as can be."

"Oh, ma'am, but he's not worth troubling about—my thanks and duty to the master all the same."

"Would you mind letting me see Roper's note?"

Grizzel took it out of the tea-caddy I had given her—which was to have been kept for show. Mrs. Todhetley, mastering the contents, and biting her lips to suppress an occasional smile, sat in thought.

"I suppose this is Roper's own handwriting, Grizzel?"

"Oh, ma'am, it's his, safe enough. Not that I ever saw him write. He talks about the blackberry pie, you see; one might know it's his by that."

"Then, judging by what he says here, he must have got into some bad conduct, or trouble, I think, which he has been clever enough to keep from you and the world."

"Oh, yes, that's it," said Grizzel. "Poor mother used to say one might be deceived in a saint."

"Well, it's a pity but he had given some clue to its nature; it would have been a satisfaction. But now—I chiefly came over to ask you, Grizzel—what do you propose to do?"

"There's only one thing for me now, ma'am," returned poor crest-fallen Grizzel, after a pause: "I must get another place."

"Will you come back to the Manor?"

A hesitation—a struggle—and then she flung her apron up to her face and burst into tears. Dairy-maids have their feelings as well as their betters, and Grizzel's "lines" were very bitter just then. She had been so proud of this poor cottage home; she had grown to love it so only in those few days of occupancy and to look forward to years of happiness within it in their humble way: and now to find that she must give it up and go to service again!

"The 'squire says he will consider it as though you and Roper had not taken the cottage; and he thinks he can find somebody to rent it who will buy the furniture of you—that is, if you prefer to sell it," she resumed, very kindly. "And I think you had better come back to us, Grizzel. The new maid in your place does not suit at all."

Grizzel took down her apron and

rubbed her eyes. "It's very good of you, ma'am—and of the master—and I'd like to come back but for one thing. I'm afraid Molly would let me have no peace in my life; she'd get tanking at me about Roper before the others. Perhaps I'd hardly be able to stand it."

"I'll talk to her," said Mrs. Todhetley, rising to go. "Where's Mary Standish to-day?"

"Gone over to Alcester's, ma'am. She had a errand there, she said. But I think it was only to tell her folks the tale of my trouble."

Molly got her "talking to" at once. It put her out a little: for she was really feeling some pity for Grizzel, and did not at all intend to get "tanking" at her. Molly had once experienced a similar disappointment herself; and her heart was opening to Grizzel. After her dinner was served that evening, she ran over to the cottage, in her coarse cooking apron and no bonnet.

"Look here," she said, bursting in upon Grizzel, sitting alone in the dusk. "You come back to your place if you like—the missis says she has give you the option—and don't you be afeard of me. 'Tisn't me as 'll ever give back to you a word about Roper; and, mind, when I says a thing I mean it."

"Thank you, Molly," humbly replied poor Grizzel, catching up her breath.

"The sooner you be back the better," continued Molly fiercely. For it's not me and that wench we've got now as is going to stop together. I had to call the missis into the dairy this very blessed morning, and show her the state it was in. So you'll come back, Grizzel—and we'll be glad to see you."

Grizzel nodded her head: her heart was too full to speak.

"And as to that false villain of a Roper, as could serve a woman such a mean, pitiful trick, I only wish I had the doctoring of him! He should get a—a—a—" Molly's voice, pitched in a high tone, died gradually away. What on earth was it, stepping in upon them? Some most extraordinary object, who opened the door softly, and came in with a pitch. Molly peered at it in the darkness with open mouth.

A cry from Grizzel. A cry half of terror, half of pain. For she had recognized the object to be a man, and George Roper. George Roper with his hair and handsome whiskers cut off, and white sleeves in his brown coat—so that he looked like a Merry Andrew.

He seem three parts stupefied: not at all like a traveler in condition to set off to America. Sinking down on the nearest chair, he stared at Grizzel in a dazed way, and spoke in a slow, questioning, wondering voice.

"I can't think what it is that's the matter with me."

"Where be your black whiskers—and your hair?" burst forth Molly.

The man gazed at her for a minute or two, apparently taking in the question; he then raised his trembling hand to either side of his face—feeling for the whiskers that were no longer there.

"A nice pot o' mischief *you've* been a getting into!" cried sharp Molly. "Is that your own coat? What's gone of the sleeves?"

For, now that the coat could be seen closely, it turned out that its sleeves had been cut out, leaving bare the white sleeves of the shirt underneath. Roper looked first at one arm, then at the other.

What part of Ameriky be you a bound for, and when do the ship sail?" pursued sarcastic Molly. "*Be* you drunk, George Roper?"

The man opened his mouth and closed it again; like, as Molly put it, a born natural. Grizzel suddenly clung to him with a sobbing cry.

"He is ill, Molly; he's ill. He has had some trick played on to him. George, what be it?" But still George Roper only gazed about him as if too stupid to understand.

In short, the man *was* stupid. That is, he had been stupefied, and as yet was only partially recovering the effects. He remembered going into the barber's shop on Saturday night to have his hair cut, after leaving his bundle of clothes at the tailor's. Some ale was served round at the barber's, and he, Roper, took a glass. After that he remembered nothing: all was blank, until he woke up an hour ago in the unused shed at the back of the blacksmith's shop.

That the ale had been badly drugged, was evident. The question arose—who had played the trick? In a day or two,

when Roper had recovered, an inquiry was set on foot: but nothing came of it. The barber testified that Roper seemed sleepy after the ale, and a joke went round that he must have been drinking some previously. He went out of the shop, without having his hair cut, with several more men—and that was all the barber knew. Of course, Sandy Lett was suspected. People even said he had done it in hope to get himself substituted for the bridegroom. Lett, however, vowed through thick and thin that he was innocent; and nothing was traced home to him. Neither was the handwriting of the note.

They were married on the Thursday. Grizzel was too glad to get him back unharmed to make bones over the cut whiskers. No difficulty was made about opening the church on a week-day. Clerk Bumford grumbled at it, but the parson put him down. And the blackberry pie served still for the wedding dinner.

All the Year Round.

NOISES.

"Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises." Yes; and not only the enchanted home of Prospero, but the whole habitable globe, and prosaic, work-a-day life itself, are noise-ful.

I am speaking only, now, of the noises of common life; of those of the street, the house, the workshop, and the field; and, knowing them to be as innumerable as the hairs on the head, or the sands in the glass, you will not complain if, within the narrow space at my disposal, I only tabulate and comment upon a very few. For there are "sounds and sweet airs that give delight, and hurt not;" and, sometimes, "a thousand twangling instruments will hum about our ears;" and sometimes there are utterances savage and discordant as those of Brute Caliban, when the Spirits pinched him for bringing wood in slowly; or, light and joyous as those of the Dainty Ariel; or, hoarse and drunken as those of Trinculo; or, solemn and sonorous as those of the Royal Magician; or, low and melodious as those of Ferdinand wooing Miranda. Every one of these vocal phases is susceptible of a thousand subdivisions. In the organ of love alone there are myriads more stops than ever Father Schmidt dreamt of; and Swift's "little language" to Stella is no more the same piccolo as Steele's twitterings to his "Prue" than the tremendous compass of diapason in Mirabeau's outpourings to Sophie is identical with the passionate wail of Heloise to Abelard.

Then, let me come to the common noises, and, in a brief span, endeavor to discern which are the sounds usually most agreeable, and most unpleasant to humanity. I say "usually;" for I think there is a tolerable unanimity among us as to sounds which please the ear, and sounds which jar upon it. There are deep-rooted prejudices, almost monomaniacal in their tendency, in certain peculiarly constituted organizations, against certain noises; just as there are violent abhorrences to certain colors, and odors, and even names. Of these I may treat hereafter; but I must premise that our experiences of sound being necessarily based on our own personal sensations, it may eventually appear to the reader that *I* am the prejudiced and monomaniacal person, and that what to me may be delicate nutriment is to other people ratsbane.

And first of sounds that are dreadful. Let me ask you a question. Do you like to hear the roaring of wild beasts? Some three or four years since it was my ugly errand to go down to Kent to see a murderer hanged in the interior of Maidstone Jail. It was to be the first private execution under a freshly passed act of parliament; and although in my time I had seen, in the way of business, half a score of felons hanged in front of Newgate and elsewhere, this prospect of witnessing the strangling of a fellow-creature in a back-yard made me exceedingly nervous and wretched. Do not for an instant imagine that I am about to indulge in a digression descriptive of the horrible

scene I beheld. What I have to say relates exclusively to the Philosophy of Noises. Two old and dear friends of mine, bent on the same errand, accompanied me to Maidstone; and we did our best to make ourselves, during the evening preceding the execution, as cheerful as we could under the circumstances, and stave off that ugly spectre of a man in a cell, who, do what we would, was ever present to our mind's eye. We dined, and smoked, and tried to chat; but the conversation hung fire; and the cigars had an ugly habit of going out, rekindle them as we might, never so often. At last we went out for a stroll. It was fair-time at Maidstone; and towering amidst the booths and roundabouts, in a great area not far from the prison, had been drawn up the caravans of our old familiar friend Wombwell of the menagerie. We paid our fees, and went in. The lions were in fine form; the tigers were in admirable rages; and the hyenas were, as usual, choking in spasms of hysterical merriment. They were all wide awake; and the gas, and the large, noisy, and nut-throwing audience made them still more wakeful. They were fiercely hungry, too—feeding time, to increase the attraction, having been postponed until nine o'clock. And, when the wheelbarrows with the shin-bones of beef *did* come round, you may imagine, and I need not describe, the pandemoniacal row which ensued. Only, I may mark, that tremendous above the yelling, shrieking, bellowing, grunting, wailing and gnashing of teeth of the savage brutes, could be heard the roaring of the lions. The noise, perhaps, was one which might have amused some people, even if they had been fain to stop their ears to avoid being stunned; but, while I listened, there suddenly flashed across my mind the remembrance of a certain passage in a book called Oliver Twist, in which Sikes remarks, "It was Bartlemy time when I was shopped." The ruffian goes on to describe how in his Newgate cell he could hear the fifing and drumming and squib-and-cracker-exploding in the fair in Smithfield; and how the noises nearly drove him to dash his brains out against his dungeon wall, in frenzy. Straightway, my thoughts turned from Newgate to Maidstone jail. That man in the cell: could *he* hear the roaring of the the lions; and what impression could those sounds have made on his distempered brain? For no human creature, I take it, who is going to be hanged, is quite sane. That story of the lions will not bear dwelling on any more in print; but do *you* weigh and ponder over it, and perchance you will come to understand the shrinking horror which I felt then, and, remembering the noises, feel now.

How are you affected by the noise of "machinery in motion," as the Exhibition phrase goes? As I put the query on paper I rise from my chair, grind my teeth, pace the room in agony, lean my fevered brow against a cool marble mantel-piece, and, on the cook knocking at the door, to ask what I would like for lunch, I am afraid that I say something very rude to her. There is some "machinery in motion" over against my study window, which is at the back of the house. A speculative builder, who is running up terraces, crescents and gardens by the score, in the suburb where I dwell, has erected a range of workshops at the bottom of my garden, where all his carpentry and joinery work is done; and he has further marred the prospect by raising a colossal chimney, which, in defiance of the smoke consumption act, belches forth volumes of fiery fumes all day long. Can't I indict that builder as a nuisance—for obstructing my light and air? No; I am told that he is too far off. But ah! how I should like to indict him for his noises! He has gotten—I know he has—a driving-wheel with an endless strap on the tire. That wheel is driving me to distraction; that strap has entered into my soul. He has set up a circular saw—twenty circular saws, I should say. They are sawing my heart in twain. I shudder at the shrill, screaming, ceaseless whirr. I can hear the innocent planks screaming as the merciless teeth eat into their very marrow. I can see—in imagination—the clouds of sawdust rising around. Oh! he can saw his planks into the most symmetrical curves, and the most shapely beadings, no doubt; but I should like to be behind that saw with a hammer. And yet, how strange are likings and dislikings! With circular saw on the brain, I

rush to the front of the house, desperate; but there, oddly enough, I experience no nervous discomfort when I hear the costermonger crying his "fine savoys," his turnips and his carrots.

I shudder not when the donkey-man who sells fish expatiates in prolonged bawl on the virtues of his fresh cod and "fine cheap soles." The sweep is rather a melodious person than otherwise, with an excellent baritone voice. The four o'clock muffin-woman, with her tinkling bell, fills me with comfort and joy. I could tolerate the milkman if he cried his wares in an honest and rational fashion; but the man who comes at three o'clock, utters a cacophonous cry sounding like "yahoop;" and the milk-woman, who is due at three-thirty—she is presumably of Welsh extraction, and has a pair of legs like the balustrades in the background of a carte de visite—puts her arms akimbo, and in accents as gruff as those of a corporal-major in the life guards, says "cuckoo!" Now, "yahoop" and "cuckoo!" have nothing, I surmise, in common with "milk O!" I am waiting for "afternoon cresses!" a pretty innocent noise, when I am driven to the back of my residence again by the diabolical screech of the knife-grinder's wheel—as dire an infliction in its ways as the circular saw. The wretch with the wheel—he will be Ixion I hope some day day—who infests my neighborhood, is an orator, forsooth; and, instead of succinctly delivering himself of his message to the community launches into a long round running, "Ave you hany knives, scissors, razors, penknives, table himplements to grind, or heven humbrellas to mend O!" and a murrain on him!

"Injins," the American humorist has remarked, "is pison." Let me note a few noises which, to my sense, are more deleterious than red Indians, strychnine, or hydrate of chloral. Newsboys are "pison." I must e'en buy the newspaper—on Sunday morning—but I hate the vendor. The key of the newsboy's voice seems to me to argue hardened, callous impudence. Moreover, the young rogue intersperses his professional chant with catcalls suggestive of the three-penny gallery, and with refrains culled from the anthology of the music-halls. Iron hoops again—hoops are "in" just now—especially when the conductor rattles a whole gamut of noises on the metallic circle with a metallic rod, make a detestable noise. A handsome cab at full speed over freshly laid macadam is an abomination; and under any circumstances the noise made by a railway carrier's van is well-nigh unbearable.

There can be very little difference of opinion, I should say, as to the repulsiveness of the sounds made by the tearing of calico, the creaking of doors, the passing of a wet finger over silk, the endeavor to remove an obstinate glass stopper from a bottle, or the scraping of slate-pencil. Concerning sounds the the bare thought of which is sufficient to set your teeth on edge, it is not necessary to say much more. The "tuning up" of stringed instruments in an orchestra is likewise obviously disagreeable to any person having an ear for music; yet Donizetti the famous composer, whose brother was "maitre d'orchestre" to the Sultan Mahmoud, used to relate that the cacophonous scraping of "the bowels of the cat with the hair of the horse," was the musical performance in which the Commander of the Faithful was wont to take the greatest delight. As regards other musical noises, the point of their being agreeable or the reverse may be considered moot. I decline to offer any dogmatical opinion concerning organ grinding. There are times when the worst ground organ discourses, to me, most sweet sounds, and I could embrace the brown instrumentalist from Genoa as my long lost brother. There are other seasons when I could sally forth into the street in my slippers, shake the instrumentalist out of his brown velveteen jacket and his senses at one and the same time, and deliver him over to the tormentors, in default of his immediately moving on. The same may be said of German bands. Whether you like a German band in London or detest it, depends to a great extent on a first cause actuating two other causes. The primary is the weather, which influences your liver, the state of which reacts upon your temper. The result is occasionally a state of excitement on that side despair, and on this side homicide.

The sound of the postman's knock is to some a death knell; to others a thing of joy. But some definite rules may be laid down with respect to our friend with the peremptory rat-tat. In the country the postman's knock is generally a boon; in town it is generally a bore. Nine young people out of ten like to hear the postman's knock; eleven out of a dozen middle-aged people wish the General Post Office and its employés at Jericho; and—now that post cards are established—at Hong Kong, to boot.

The noise of baby is unmistakably one that cannot be dogmatised upon: save to this extent, that to all women the cries of *all* infants are delicious. Childless men would like to burke baby; Paterfamilias winces under the torture, but endures it smilingly. One bachelor indeed, I once knew, and a remarkably crusty bachelor he was—I will call him Mr. Ferox—who professed to take huge delight in the uproar of the nursery. "I like to hear babies cry," he would say, with a hideous grin; but then I like to hear a pig being killed, and a schoolboy being caned. *They're all suffering.* Why do babies cry? *Because they've got the stomach-ache.* They're suffering, ha! ha!"

The noise of a grand pianoforte. Humph! The point is moot again. Stay. A pianoforte in your own house, or over the way, may be tolerable. But next door, with a very thin partition-wall and the performer yet in the rudimentary stages of the valse from Faust. Horror! With regard to the accordion, and its sister-fiend the concertina, I can only regard them as instruments of which the possession should not be permitted by the law of the land. Nay; I regard the accordion as remotely an immoral instrument. Note this, that whenever a shop boy robs the till, or a junior clerk embezzles the petty cash, it is invariably discovered that among the articles purchased by the criminal from his ill-gotten funds, have been a pistol and an accordion. To dismiss musical noises. I may hazard a suspicion, that most of us have a furtive fondness for the banjo. The truth is, that the banjo is a kind of lute, and the lute is a kind of fiddle: the most exquisite of musical instruments, and one whose notes awaken nothing but mirth, and jollity, and sympathy, and gratitude in the human breast. It was upon a fiddle that old Timotheus played when he made Alexander weep at the recital of the woes of Darius. It was with the sweet notes of a fiddle that Orpheus charmed the brutes and won Eurydice back from Hades. It was not, as the legends idly relate, the retrospection of Orpheus that caused him to lose his wife again. 'Twas Eurydice's fault. The imprudent young woman had acquired a piano under the "three years' system," and looking back for it, was seized upon by Pluto, and relegated to Tartarean shades forever.

There are some very beautiful noises at sea. The voice of the waves is to my ear always eloquent, and, moreover, even when the sea is at its roughest, always friendly. It is very good on a sea voyage to linger late on the deck, and listen to the noise of the waters churning among the paddle-wheels; it is very good to look down into the engine-room and listen to the laboring of the mighty cylinders, the dull thud of the piston-rods; the rasping of the fuel, shoveled to and fro; the clanging of the furnace doors. That is the kind of "machinery in motion" I like. Yet sea-life has its ugly noises. That awful yawning and creaking of every joist, and panel, and plank in your cabin during a gale! That dreadful noise of the sailors holystoning the deck at early morning! That abominable grinding, tumbling, grumbling screw—a giant worm, which seems to be corkscrewing itself through your vitals—a worm that will not die until it has propelled the good ship to the destined haven.

The noises of the country are so numerous that I should require many more pages than the conductor of this journal would be willing to allot to me, for a bare mention of one tithe of the commonest rural sounds. But pray note this, and remember that although I may be a Goth, a Vandal, or a Hun, I claim at least the merit of candor. I am not an enthusiastic admirer of the nightingale, and deem him, indeed, a very overrated songster. I prefer the blackbird; and I would give a hundred nightingales, if I had them, for one lark. After this it will not astonish you to be told that I

think the frog a very harmless little fellow,, whose croaking is always cheerful, and sometimes even harmonious, and that I utterly detest the much-vaunted lowing of kine. That lowing seems to me the most despairing moan posssible of conception. It seems to say, "What have we done, these many thousands of years past, that we are never to be anything more than beef?" A sheep has a brief chance of felicity as a pet lamb. But nobody pets a calf. We fatten him up against the time when the prodigal son shall come home.

As regards pigs "in extremis," I have already recorded the dictum of Ferox; but ere the fiat has gone forth for their conversion into pork, the noises of the curly-tailed race are very comfortable to hear. In the cottage from whose back garden you hear the complacent grunting of piggy, you may be sure that the ice-pudding of starvation is not the staplé dish.

I hate cats, and will say nothing about either their purring, their mewing, or their swearing sounds; but, touching dogs—the majority of whose noises are much loved by mankind—I think that one of the most appalling, sickening, and shameful sounds it is possible to hear, is the long drawn out howl of anguish of a dog that has been kicked by some brute of a human being.

There is much to be said about bells; but it depends very much on the character of the bell, whether we effect it or not. The school-bell gives out as disagreeable a sound to a boy as the passing-bell does to an old man. The sound of church-going bells in the country is exceedingly sweet to hear. In London, church-going bells are—I say it with all due deference—a grievous and a painfully increasing nuisance. Joy-bells and wedding-bells are very nice to hear, no doubt; when you have anything to be joyful for, or when somebody of whom you are very fond is going to be married. Indeed, I have heard of folks so charitable as to rejoice at the sound of their enemies' wedding-bells.

On the whole, considering noises broadly, I hold that the two merriest and most consoling sounds of common life are the squeak of *Punch* and the clink of a blacksmith working at his forge. The "Rooty, tooty, tooty, toi-o-i," means harmless, honest, unsophisticated gaiety—the "sunshine of the breast," the lightness of heart of which not all the grim ascetics that ever preached shall ever deprive humanity, and the "Clink, clink, clink," the blast of the bellows, the roar of the fire, mean work, cheerful, robust, productive work, obedient to heaven's command, and bringing heaven's bread.

Belgravia Annual.

SOUL FOR SOUL.

O EYES, that pierce me through and through,
And draw my very soul away,
Your sunshine may not fill my life,
Nor turn my darkness into day.
Dear eyes, you are not made for me—
Must I from your enchantments flee?

O voice, whose cadence, rich and low,
Stirs my frail being to its core;
Whose accents thrill my soul with hope,
Which reason quenches evermore.
Dear voice, I dare not love thy tone—
Thou never canst be mine alone.

O hand, that lies so warm in mine,
Whose hold is firm as hold of death,
I shrink from thine assuring clasp,
Although it speaks of love and faith.
Dear hand, that touch is not for me;
Unloose thine hold—let me go free.

O lips, that bent to greet my own,
And seal them with a promise true,
Can pledge so sacred have been sin?
Must I too bid farewell to you?
Dear lips, for this world 'twere too sweet
That you and I should often meet.

O heart, that understands so well
All that my heart longs to disclose,
Upon that faithful resting place
This wearied head will ne'er repose.
Dear heart, how gladly would I bear
One half the griefs that rankle there!

O soul, that sprung to meet my own
As though it recognized its lot,
Must my soul's portals close on thee?
Could it exist where thou wert not?
Ah, no? Fate here forbids control;
Take all, but leave me soul for soul!

FLORENCE MARRYAT.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A TREATISE ON ENGLISH PUNCTUATION, designed for letter writers, authors, printers and correctors of the press; and for the use of schools and academies, with an appendix with use of capitals, etc. By JOHN WILSON. Twentieth edition. Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co., New York, 1871. 8vo. pp. 334.

Perhaps no one but "printers and correctors of the press" can fully appreciate the usefulness of this book, for no one can feel as they do the need of a definite standard of punctuation, or is so often confronted with difficult questions as to the use of commas or of capitals, questions to which a satisfactory answer can always be found here; but everyone who would write correctly and intelligibly, will find much to help them in the admirable work. With most writers punctuation is a matter of caprice; with many printers it seems to be a matter of "pure cussedness," and between carelessness and ignorance, the unfortunate reader often has no little difficulty in extracting the meaning from the page before him. We have called this an admirable work, and so it is; it is wonderfully complete, and the principles which have guided the author in the construction of his rules, are based upon common sense and applied with knowledge and judgment. The words, "twentieth edition" upon the title page, are evidence of the favor which the book has already gained, and there ought to be a copy of it, not only in every printing office in the country, but in the hands of everyone who has even a letter to write. It is decidedly the best book upon the subject with which we are acquainted, if not the only book worth having. We may add that the present edition is printed with that accuracy and clearness that has made the press of John Wilson & Son famous.

ÆSTHETICS; OR, THE SCIENCE OF BEAUTY. By JOHN BASCOM, Professor in Williams College. Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co., New York. 8vo. pp. 268.

This is a pleasant and useful little book, though it is perhaps somewhat ambitious. It comprises a series of lectures, the object of which is "to present in a systematic form those facts and principles which constitute the department of taste, and, as far as may be, to make good its claim to the rank of a distinct science." There is not a great deal of original thought in the work, nor does the author's appreciation of his subject appear to us always very profound or philosophic; from some of his conceptions, as, for example, that of religious architecture, we entirely dissent; but for all that his book is calculated to do good, from the fact that it tends to popularize a branch of study little followed in this so-called practical age to lead people to think about art, to realize that there are such things as laws of beauty, which may be applied even to the building of a dwelling. We gladly welcome any laborer in this field.

A COMPENDIOUS GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE. By ALPHEUS CROSBY, Professor Emeritus of the Greek language and literature in Portsmouth College. Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co., New York and Chicago. 8vo. pp. 370.

This is a condensed edition of the larger grammar which is so well known to the students, and which has gained for Prof. Crosby so high a place among American scholars; as the author says of the two editions, "they are really one and the same book, *unum et idem;* except that the screw of compulsion, which had been before so severely applied, has here received a few more turns."

All of the above mentioned books we have received through Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

THE

TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1872.

London Society.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES MORDAUNT.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

"BARNSTAPLE presents his compliments to the Reverend James Mordaunt, and will do himself the honor to wait on him at one P. M., on Thursday next, the 27th of July, to discuss parochial matters. An answer would oblige."

Crowshoe Castle, 25, 7, 53.

This document looks innocent and harmless at first, but it fell like a thunderbolt in the quiet household of the Reverend James Mordaunt. No one was with him when he received it but his daughter Alice; he at once handed it to her, and announced his intention of selling out the only property he had in the world, £1,200, three per cents., and emigrating to western Canada.

"I don't think I would do that, pa," said Alice, "you are too old, my dear. Stay here and fight it out."

"I am only forty-five," returned the Reverend James, "and I am as strong as a horse, but now that this young prig of a nobleman has come to back up the rector and the archdeacon, I had better go at once than stay too long."

"We don't know that he is a prig, pa," said Alice.

"He took a first," said the Reverend James, "and I know what that means with a nobleman."

"Well, my dear," said Alice, "you would have taken one if you could have afforded the coaching."

"It don't matter," said the Reverend James. "His mind is poisoned against me, and I will not stand it any longer."

"You don't *know* that his mind is poisoned against you," urged Alice. "Hear the man."

"I suppose I must," said the Reverend James, with a vexed air. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I will walk over to the bishop this afternoon, get a bed there, and come back to-morrow morning."

"Could not you borrow Farmer Willesden's horse," asked Alice; "fourteen miles is a long walk."

"I can't borrow his horse, for to-morrow is market day, and he will want it. He would lend it to me and say he did not want it, but I am obliged to him too much already, God bless him! How much money have we?"

"Thirteen and sixpence."

"Give me five, old girl," said the Reverend James, "because, if the palace is full, I must sleep at the inn. Where is Charles?"

"Oh! I forgot to tell you. Charles has got three days' work with the railway surveyors, at seven and sixpence a day. His mathematics come in very

well there: I wish it would lead to something permanent."

"Is there anything owing in the village?" asked the Reverend James.

"One and sixpence to the butcher," said Alice," "but I will slip round and pay that."

"Do so, old girl, and if Charles comes home before I am back, give him my love, and tell him where I am gone." And so the reverend gentleman put two half-crowns in his pocket, took his stick, and walked stoutly away to the bishop.

The Rev. James Mordaunt was a curate of Sprowston, with a salary of £210 a year, and a private income of £35 arising from the £1,200 before spoken of. On this income he had married, and his wife had died three years afterward, leaving him to bring up a boy and a girl, Charles and Alice, in the most grinding poverty. Charles was now twenty-one, and his sister nineteen, both of them marvels of beauty and intelligence. Mr. Mordaunt had nothing to give them but learning, example and love, and he gave them all these three things without stint. Too hopelessly poor to give much in charity, he was more deeply loved by the poor than any man for miles round; and his son and daughter shared the love which was their father's due, and they deserved it. Knowing absolutely nothing of the outside world, except what their father had told them from old recollections, they grew up perfectly innocent and contented, supposing that other poor people's lives were much like their own.

Their father was a tremendous power in their little world, there was no appeal from him. The magistrates made room for his shabby coat on the bench, and were relieved when he was gone, taking his handsome, inexorable face and his withering oratory with him. The boldest farmer grew pale if he appeared to eat his eighteen pennyworth at the market ordinary; they wondered among one another whose turn it was for a few stinging and never-to-be-forgotten words. The lash of the man's satire brought blood, and blood which took a long time in healing; but the man's life was so blameless, so noble, and so pure, that, as years went on, the very stupidest farmers began to see that he was living consistently that life which he discoursed on every Sunday from the pulpit—the life of Christ. He made them fear him first, they got to love him afterward.

He came suddenly from Oxford with a young wife, and he at once began fighting everybody; he took up the case of the agricultural poor, and fought the farmers more like a fiend than a decent English clergyman. He had no money, which was a disadvantage; and he had less than no influence, which was possibly worse. But he fought on for all that, through thick and thin. It was a long and dark night for him after his wife died, and when he had to wake up in the morning and find she was not by his side, but in the cold church-yard outside the window. It was a long and bitter struggle to rear those two poor children without any money at all; but the man won. People generally—lords, 'squires, magistrates, farmers—began to be aware of a pale, handsome, and very poor man, with twice the brains and three times the debating power of any of them, who went up and down their little world, not *pleading* for the poor, but *ordering* that the law of the land should be put in force in their favor.

The poor, as a matter of course, took to him at once; the farmers were longer in winning, for they said that he made mischief, as he certainly did. But one day at the market dinner Farmer Willesden, his chief opponent at first, saw that although he had often "caught it" from Mr. Mordaunt, yet he always, somehow, found Mr. Mordaunt in the right; and that Mr. Mordaunt was as game to stand between landlord and tenant, as he was to stand between farmer and laborer. In short, Mr. Mordaunt had won the respect of the farmers; and such is the bull-headed persistency of those gentlemen, that if you once gain their confidence you must be an utter fool to lose it again.

When he first came into the parish the lord of the manor, Lord Barnstaple, was very old, and was devoting the remainder of a very busy and well-spent life to politics; when he was not in his place in the House of Lords, he was at Cannes. The bishop was also very old and very cynical, having been throughout all his life a politician far more than an ecclesiastic, a writer of pamphlets more than a preacher. The Rector of Sprowston,

was also infirm and quite unfit for his duties. Lord Barnstaple was a very strong Whig, and it was to his influence that the bishop owed his position, while the infirm rector was also a Whig and an old college friend of Lord Barnstaple's. What between whiggery and old age, not one of the three interfered in any way with Mr. Mordaunt; but time brought changes, and at the time when Mr. Mordaunt had got everybody with him the old rector died. He sent for Mr. Mordaunt on his death-bed, and urged him to persevere in his present course as long as he lived.

"I have wasted my life in politics, Mordaunt," he said, "or I would have done what you are doing. I earnestly beg of you to persevere. Remember my words, and don't give up. One of the reasons why I am loth to die even now, is, that you have got a worthless man and tyrant coming. I could not stop it; Lord Barnstaple wishes to be rid of the man, and make him hold his tongue; so he has shelved him here. I have extorted a promise from Lord Barnstaple that you are not to be removed, save at your own wish—that is all which I could do. Be as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove. Good-bye, my dear Mordaunt; I wish I was young again, and able to stand beside you. You will find that I have left you my private sacramental plate; take it as an earnest of what might have been if I had been younger. Good-bye."

So the good old fellow died, and the Rev. L. Easy reigned in his stead. Mr. Easy was the greatest of all bear leaders of ancient or modern times. For winking at or ignoring vice among rich young men, he was a Petronius Arbiter; in expanding on the virtues of a protecting family he was a Horace. The worst of it was that he was a dunce, and when the testilent system of competitive examination came in it was discovered that, although the famous Letmedown Easy could still conceal or palliate the vices of his pupils, he was utterly unable to get them through their examinations. He found his old trade going from under his feet and into the hands of honest men; he had saved money, but it would never pay him to invest in the employment of coaches; he was as nearly as possible retiring from the trade when a job fell into his hands which enabled him to retire with honor. The second son of Lord Barnstaple, was requested to retire from Eton without further delay, and did so retire.

Lord Barnstaple was at Cannes, when he heard of this terrible blow; but he wrote to the bishop, and the bishop, then very infirm, wrote that Easy was always the man in these cases. Lord Barnstaple sent Lord Edward Hemling to Mr. Easy, with a letter in which certain contingencies were mentioned, if the lad could be got through his examination for the army. It has been said that the old nobleman promised him a thousand pounds and his next living; and it has also been said that when Lord Edward Hemling arrived, and was examined by the Rev. Mr. Easy, that the reverend gentleman scratched his head and told his wife that he did not half like the job. Encouraged by her, however, she being ten times more unscrupulous than himself, he undertook the matter. Then follows a very odd and dark story. A young man, a printer, was sentenced to six months' hard labor for stealing some papers two days before the examination. Duplicate proofs were taken, and only one set were found on the young man (now married and conducting a flourishing printing business in Ontario); as to what had become of the other set the young man was most discreetly silent, and he did his six months with a joyous alacrity which won him the good opinion of every official in Coldbath Fields. In the meantime, Lord Edward had passed his examination, and had joined a regiment of the foot guards, and after three months, was requested to exchange for being drunk at mess. A meeting of the Guard's Club unanimously expelled him, and he shortly afterward joined a West India regiment on the west coast of Africa; and in spite of all that his hard-worked brother officers could do for him by advice and assistance, he died of drink and fever.

Still Mr. Easy had fulfilled his bargain with Lord Barnstaple, and Lord Barnstaple was not a man who forgot. On the rector's death, Mr. Easy came into the living of Sprowston, and all the Lord Barnstaples in the world could not

put him out of it. Besides, he knew things about Lord Edward, which it was impossible to talk about in society, but about which there was nothing to prevent his talking now that he had got everything he could possibly get; he had, therefore, the whip hand of Lord Barnstaple, and, having been a rogue all his life, he would not scruple to use it if it suited his purpose. The only thing which kept Mr. Mordaunt's house over his head was this.

Lord Bideford, the eldest son of Lord Barnstaple, was a very different man to his brother Lord Edward. He was by another mother. Lord Barnstaple had married, first, Lady Alice Barty, the beauty of a family which has given us some of our best statesmen, and by her he had Lord Bideford. A long time after her death his lordship made a most imprudent marriage, and the less which is said about that the better; the offspring of this marriage was Lord Edward. Lord Bideford was a very silent young man, and no one seemed to know anything about him, save that he had taken a "first" at Oxford, and was very silent in Parliament. Now, in the course of nature, Lord Bideford would soon be Lord Barnstaple and master of Crowshoe. Mrs. Easy, who was fond of dress and show, was very anxious to have the *entrée* of that castle; and, as some rumors had reached her as to the fact that the young lord was not only very silent but very obstinate, she urged on her husband that it would be very impolitic to take ultimate measures with regard to Mr. Mordaunt until they had gathered the opinions of Lord Bideford. Meanwhile, she quite agreed to the plan of leading him the life of a dog, and making his resignation his own act: they could get a young man cheaper by sixty pounds, and that would enable her to go to London every year.

Mr. Mordaunt was a very mild high churchman, and had introduced some extremely mild alterations in the church service, after a long consultation with the farmers, who, being every one of them conservatives, gladly acquiesced in what he did when he pointed out to them that he was simply carrying out the directions of the prayer-book, on which they pinned their faith. He shortened the services individually, although the actual length of them was greater than ever. He had a communion at eight o'clock every Sunday morning, which was well attended; and, in fact, did quietly and exactly what the prayer-book told him to do. He made also, on the other hand, great friends with the dissenting minister (Wesleyan), and they had hot arguments in their walks as to what John Wesley would say if he knew that his followers had seceded from the establishment after his death. Then an Irish harvestman fell ill in his parish; and when Mr. Mordaunt found that he was a Roman Catholic, he borrowed Farmer Willesden's horse and gig, drove to the nearest town where there was a Roman Catholic priest, and fetched him over in triumph in broad daylight, and insisted on his staying all night, asking one or two of the farmers, and his friend the dissenting minister, to meet him in the evening. The evening passed off in the most charming manner; though the Wesleyan minister afterward told Mr. Mordaunt that he was vexed at not being able to hold his own in learning with the man of the Establishment, or the Romanist. Farmer Willesden was so taken with the Romanist that he sent him a pair of spring chickens on Good Friday, in all innocence, thinking that it would be a delicate attention, under the impression that Good Friday was the great holiday of the Romish church.

Now all these lapsarian backslidings from grace were very soon told to the Rev. Letmedown Easy by the admiring farmers. That they were abominable and audacious no one could deny; the question was, how to utilize them with Lord Bideford, and procure the removal of Mr. Mordaunt without shutting up Crowshoe Castle? They could save sixty pounds a year by getting rid of Mr. Mordaunt.

The first question with this worthy pair was this: what *was* Lord Bideford? Lord Barnstaple was a shining light among the evangelicals, and it was notorious that his brother-in-law had practically appointed the last five bishops. He was too old to be taken into the calculation, however; and the question was what were Lord Bideford's religious opinions? It was a very difficult ques

tion to answer. Lord Bideford certainly attended, with great diligence and regularity, the afternoon service at All Saints, Margaret street; but he was also to be seen at Vere street, listening to Mr. Maurice, and he frequently preached at Field Lane: a most tiresome and puzzling young man! But field Lane and his preaching there did the business. He might listen to Maconochie, Stopford Brooke—to anyone, in short; but the fact of his preaching under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury settled the question: the man was an evangelical, like his father.

Consequently the Rev. Letmedown Easy became violently evangelical, according to his view of evangelicalism. The leader of that party in the church remonstrated with him in an angry manner about what he did, and went so far as to tell him that he was persecuting a better man than himself. But Lord Bideford was silent; and so Mr. Easy saw Crowshoe Castle open to him.

However, the principal thing in hand was to force Mr. Mordaunt to resign. He began with the farmers, trying to undermine his influence with them. They at once burnt him in effigy on the village green, and, assisted by their hinds, howled outside his cottage so long that Mr. Easy fled to the cellar for refuge. He failed with the farmers; but he had Farmer Willesden up at petty sessions for language likely to provoke a breach of the peace. The chairman fined Willesden five shillings, and he put two pounds in the poor-box. Willesden, meeting Mr. Easy outside the court, repeated the language, I regret to say, with adjectives. The chairman, Sir Pitchcroft Cockpole, said to Mr. Easy, afterward, "You had better leave that man Mordaunt alone. He has been master here for a few years, and he is likely to remain master."

Mr. Easy's hands were, however, considerably strengthened by a new archdeacon, a man by no means of the "Grantly" type of the archdeacon. He and Easy had more than once played into one another's hands, it was said, though that was extremely improbable, for the archdeacon was one of the most cautious men in creation, and had only lost a bishopric by slightly ratting at the wrong time. He was a kinsman of Easy's, and was not best pleased at finding his kinsman there, for the ugly old story about Lord Edward's examination papers was still spoken of, and, like all untruths, was believed in. Two courses only were open to the archdeacon, either to throw his kinsman overboard, or to back him up through thick and thin. After due thought he chose the latter.

What induced Mr. Mordaunt just at this time to preach a sermon before his new rector, airing his views as regarded the spiritual sovereignty of the queen, no man can tell. It is enough that he did it, and that Mr. Easy requested him to hand over the original MS. in the vestry for immediate conveyance to the old bishop. The old man read it in bed while Mr. Easy was taking lunch, and then called Mr. Easy to his bedside.

"This is a curious sermon, Mr. Easy," said the bishop; "and Mr. Mordaunt is a very curious man; but you had much better make friends with him than quarrel with him. You will never get on in that parish if you do.

Mr. Easy thought differently, and put every possible annoyance he could in Mr. Mordaunt's way, until that gentleman began to think of giving up the whole thing and emigrating. Two changes happened, however, which made him hang on—Lord Barnstaple and the old bishop died within one week.

The new bishop was an old friend of his, and when he went to the palace received him with open arms. On the occasion of his first visit, Mr. Mordaunt said nothing at all about his troubles. Mr. Easy, however, saved him that trouble by stating his case to the new, young, and vigorous bishop without delay. The new bishop heard them with the greatest patience and attention, and afterward said, "I cannot see myself that there is any case against him. You said that his continuation there is scandalous. As the French say, 'Voulez vous precisér votre accusation.'"

"That was very difficult," Mr. Easy said, after a few moments. "He associates with farmers."

"That is very good," said the bishop. "That is an old habit of my own."

"His son takes work in the fields, and takes money for it."

"Sooner than loaf, cheat or beg," said the bishop. "I am sorry that the son of an educated gentleman like Mordaunt should be brought so low; but the early Christians did the same thing. St. Paul was only a tent-maker, you know, Mr. Easy. Is there anything against the young man's character? Is he the sort of young man who would have come in your way in your former line of business, Mr. Easy?"

Mr. Easy, devoutly wishing the bishop somewhere, replied, that there was nothing against the young man in a moral point of view.

"Well," said the bishop; "it is a most disgraceful scandal. Here is a man like Mordaunt, a man worth twenty such men as you or I, Mr. Easy, obliged to send his son into the harvest-field for a living. It is the most shameful thing I ever heard of."

So the archdeacon and Mr. Easy took very little by their motion. Mr. Mordaunt came over to the bishop by summons, and spent the day with him. They talked over many old matters, and at the end Mr. Mordaunt asked the bishop what he knew about the new Lord Barnstaple.

"Exactly nothing," said the bishop. "I think that he is a terrible prig, and will probably assist Easy, who saved his half-brother from disgrace, and who was a nominee of Barnstaple's father. Meanwhile, go home, old friend, commit no indiscretions, and hold your own."

Things were exactly in this state when Mr. Mordaunt received the intimation of Lord Barnstaple's visit. He was very anxious about that visit, and, as we have seen before, walked away to his old friend, the bishop, to consult him. The bishop made him stay all night, and all the next day, and the next night. The dean and the precentor, cunning men when there was a kindly, Christian act to be done, begged of him, as a personal favor, to stay over the day and intone for the precentor, who had a convenient cough. Mr. Mordaunt could intone with the best of them, and so he spent a whole happy day under the glorious old arches, doing service after service.

"I feel young again, bishop," he said at night, when they were going to bed; "I will sing matins and go home."

And after matins away he went walking, and thinking what preparation Alice had been making for Lord Barnstaple, but not much caring, for the cathedral music was in his ears, and so he sang all the way.

He arrived in the afternoon, and, opening his own door, passed into the parlor. His daughter Alice was standing beside the chimney-piece, and with her was a tall and strong man, whom he knew well, the inspector of police.

Alice was ghastly pale, and was moistening her dry lips with her tongue.

"Papa," she said, "here is Inspector Morton, who has been waiting for you."

Mr. Mordaunt saw that something was very wrong, and he left off humming a Gregorian chant to say, "How do, Morton? Come after me? I don't think you gentlemen practice in the ecclesiastical courts. You will have to take me in execution for unpaid costs in the ecclesiastical court some day, but my time is not come yet."

"Papa," said Alice, "don't joke; it is Charles."

"What has he been doing?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Oh, father, don't break down; he is arrested for burglary!"

"Charles arrested for burglary!" exclaimed Mr. Mordaunt, laughing. "No; this is very good—this is as good as a play. Easy will make something of this. Leave the room, old girl, and let me talk to the inspector."

"What is this story, inspector?" said Mr. Mordaunt, when his daughter left.

"Well, sir, I am sorry to tell you that Mr. Charles is in custody for attempted burglary at Barnstaple."

"But that is forty miles away," said Mr. Mordaunt, "and the whole thing is ridiculous."

"It looks so, sir; but he was watched into a door, and then out of the same door two hours after, and was captured."

"But, my good inspector, this is perfect midsummer madness. My son is incapable of such an act."

The inspector came close to Mr. Mordaunt and whispered in his ear. As he whispered to him, Mr. Mordaunt's face grew more and more ashy pale, and at last he begged him to desist, and staggered to a chair.

After a few minutes he raised his ghastly face to the inspector's, and said, "I would sooner that it had been burglary than that."

"No doubt, sir," said the inspector; "we know your principles about here, and we know Mr. Charles' principles also. There ain't two men more loved in these parts than you two. But you have not heard me out, sir. That Inspector Bryan is a fool, sir. I was over to Barum yesterday, and I went to see Master Charles, and he give me the office, and I went and got this."

There came a flush into Mr. Mordaunt's pale face as he looked at the little paper, which I have noticed in the face of more than one middle-aged man. The lordly and imperial look of the young bridegroom is not more lordly than the look of the young grandfather. Mordaunt held his head higher than he had ever done since he led his bride out of church three-and-twenty years ago. What was Easy to him now? what was the archdeacon? In his new pride they might go hang themselves.

"Now, how did all this come out, inspector?" said he.

"That is as you think, sir," said the inspector.

"We must not leave her in a false position," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Certainly not,' said the inspector.

"I will step round to the old man first, and tell him the truth," said Mr. Mordaunt. And the inspector departed. Mr. Mordaunt went up to his daughter's room, and found her crying in bed. "Alice," he said, "you must listen to me."

"About Charles?"

"Yes, about Charles. Charles has been married for two months, without my knowledge."

"To Mary Willesden?"

"To the same young lady. I suppose he has done very wrong, but that is a matter of detail. He was caught trying to see her, but I will go over and make it all right for him to-morrow."

"I knew he loved her, father; but I did not think of this. Our Charles is an honest man, and we can hold up our heads before fifty Lord Barnstaples when he comes."

Mr. Mordaunt went round to Farmer Willesden's at once, and after a somewhat difficult interview the farmer agreed to go to Barum the next morning, to scold Charles, and to bail him out. They went, but Charles had been discharged five hours previously, and was gone no one knew whither.

The next day came the following letter from Charles:—

"My dear Father.—I greatly regret that I have deceived you for the first time in my life; and I ought, I suppose, to regret that I cannot regret it.

"My life, was utterly unendurable. I had no opening, and no chance of any opening in the world. With the education of a gentleman I was leading the life of a clodhopper. Only one thing prevented me from enlisting in a dragoon regiment, and that was my love for Mary Willesden. She urged on me that I could never marry her if I turned soldier. I was at one time actually desperate; I am so no longer, thanks to Tom Harvey."

Mr. Mordaunt paused. "Tom Harvey," he thought, "the miller's son. Why, Tom Harvey has got a mill in Canada."

"He was," the letter went on, "Mary Willesden's cousin, as you know. He was a great friend of mine when we were boys together. He has done very well in Ontario, and is making his fortune. He came over here four months ago on commercial business, and I met him in Barnstaple.

"He asked me to come back with him to Canada; but I demurred about leaving Mary. He then began to urge on me the plan of marrying her secretly and telling of it afterward. He said that it often occurred in Canada and in the United States, that a young man would marry a young woman, and leave her with her mother until he had got a home for her. At last I determined to do so; and one reason of my secresy was, that I knew that you were in trouble with the rector and the archdeacon. We were married two months ago. Tom Harvey, whose time was out in England, returned from London to Barnstaple, and urged me more strongly than ever to come to Canada with him in a brig which is taking slates to Quebec. I consented, but of course I had to tell Mary. She arranged to let me in quietly, and I went in and stayed for two hours. As I came

out, the police got hold of me, and I should have been tried for burglary if Tom Harvey and his aunt had not made it all right. Tom has paid my passage, and has lent me money. As for my darling wife, father, you and Alice must take care of her until I claim her. I regret to say that, if all goes well, you will find yourself a grandfather before I return. Now I must have your forgiveness; and, with love to Alice, I say good-bye, and God bless you!

CHARLES MORDAUNT."

Mr. Mordaunt and Farmer Willesden had a long confabulation over this letter; and old Lady Ascot says that they had three pints of small ale and a vast number of pipes over it. If there is one quality more than another which adorns her ladyship, it is that of inexorable truth. I had the honor of asking her, at a grand party one night, whether she was quite sure that they only had three pints and not four. She replied that it was only three, and, as she drew the beer herself, she ought to know, and so I disputed the fact no longer.

"Well, parson," said Farmer Willesden, "so my daughter is married to a gentleman! Who'd have thought it?"

"To a beggar, you mean, I think," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"There ain't nought of a beggar about *he*," said Farmer Willesden, laughing. "How sly they was about it, pretty dears! Don't you love 'em, parson?"

"I don't quite understand about it, farmer," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I did not miss Mary, at all. Why was she at Barnstaple?"

"Oh! why, she wanted to go there to be finished; and so I sent her."

"To be finished!"

"Ah, at the boarding-school. And she stayed there long enough to make her marriage in Barum legal; and so they was asked there, and they was married there. Don't e'e see?"

"They have both deceived us sadly, farmer."

"What would you have 'em do?" cried the farmer. "When you made love to your poor lady that's gone, did you go and tell your mother?"

"I certainly did not," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Then you deceived *her* sadly," said the farmer. "They all do it. If young folks mean to come together they'll do it, and small blame to them. However, your son has behaved like an honorable and good young man to my daughter, which is more to the purpose."

"In marrying her, leaving her on our hands, and running away to Canada!" said Mr. Mordaunt, aghast.

"Be sure," said the farmer. "He had not got money enough to keep her, and so he cut away to Canada to get some. Lord bless you! if ever fortune was writ in a man's face, it is writ in Charles'!"

"Do you know, Willesden," said Mr. Mordaunt, "that I think you are as great a fool as I am."

Willesden grinned, but added more seriously, "My girl must come away from that school. She had better come to her mother."

"No," said Mr. Mordaunt, "she *must* come to me. My boy has made, I think, a fool of himself; and her coming here, and our making all things public, will stop everyone's mouth. Don't you see?"

"It won't do any good with the rector and the archdeacon," said the farmer, rather ruefully.

"Never mind me. I am in trouble so hard with them that nothing can make it worse. Send her here to-morrow night." And so the farmer departed.

* * * * * *

"DEAR BISHOP:—My son has married one of my farmer's daughters, and has gone to Canada to make a home for her. The boy is as innocent and as pure as you are. Please give everyone the rights of the story.

"JAMES MORDAUNT."

"DEAR MORDAUNT.—I will do as you desire, but take the young lady into your own house at once; that act will do more than all my words. Barnstaple is to be with you to-morrow. I cannot in any way make him out. What it is I cannot conceive. He is an awful prig, and silently dangerous. You must think of this; he may mean you well or ill; if he means you well he can do absolutely nothing for you, beyond bringing his influence to bear on that (here came an erasure). Easy to keep you in your place: if he mean you well he can still do nothing; he will not have a living dropping in these ten years, and he is in opposi-

tion, and so he cannot get you a chancellor's living. The worst men I ever have to deal with are Cambridge Conservatives and Oxford Radicals. As a Cambridge man myself I naturally think an Oxford Radical the worst: he is one; mind. GEORGE CREDITON."

* * * * * *

Poor frightened Mary Mordaunt *née* Willesden, arrived at the home of her husband's father in a great state of trepidation and terror. In a quarter of an hour she found that she was the most precious thing there. Poverty may be brutalizing to the extremely poor and unrefined; but one of the lessons we can learn from the French every day, if we choose to know them is this—that poverty among refined people has a most ennobling influence. Take that little knot of highly-educated paupers in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, as an example. Mary, the pretty, innocent bride, found herself queen of the establishment. She was to sleep with Alice, and as they went up-stairs together, Mr. Mordaunt said:

"He has gone to prepare a place for you, darling. Trust him, and we shall all be together again soon in a happier land than this. See, pretty; I have twelve hundred pounds, which would be a fortune to him, and which I will freely give if he can establish himself. Why, we are wealthy people, my love. Now, leave crying; we shall be rich there."

"I only cry, sir, because I am so happy," said Mary; "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

However, none of these sentimentalities could put off the inexorable arrival of Lord Barnstaple, now delayed for two days, his lordship having had to make a speech at the county agricultural meeting, which was given in the *Times* at full length, and which most carefully expressed nothing at all about the movements of the opposition." Lord Barnstaple rode up to Mr. Mordaunt's door at half-past twelve, and, finding no groom, led his horse round to the stable, took off his bridle and put a halter on him, took off the saddle, and then came out to the pump with a bucket to get him a pail of water.

At this point Mr. Mordaunt caught him. "My lord," he said, "I did not see you arrive. I am ashamed——"

"At what?" said Lord Barnstaple. "At a man attending to his horse? 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast,' parson."

"No, but I am ashamed that you should have had to see to your horse, when I would have done it," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"The Church of England has got low enough without the spectacle of an ordained minister grooming a nobleman's horse."

"You will have your own way, my lord."

"I intend to," said Lord Barnstaple, and then Mr. Mordaunt looked at him. Prig he might be, according to our good bishop's views, but a man he certainly was. A very noble-looking young man, with a singularly set jaw, and a curious reticence of expression which puzzled Mr. Mordaunt extremely.

He brought Lord Barnstaple into the parlor, where there was some simple refreshment; there was no one there but poor Mary, who was curtseying. Mr. Mordaunt asked where Alice was, and she replied that Alice was gone away. She seemed in great trepidation at the sight of the great lord, and Mr. Mordaunt did really wish that Alice had been there to receive him. He presented Mary.

"My daughter, my lord."

"I was not aware that you had two daughters, Mr. Mordaunt."

"I ought to have said my daughter-in-law," said Mr. Mordaunt. "My dear son has made a romantic match, and has gone to Canada to make a home for his bride, leaving his pretty rosebud of a bride here with us."

"Quite so," said Lord Barnstaple. "It must have required singular resolution to leave such a beautiful bride."

"Ah! but he wanted to stay with her for many years, my lord, until his death, not for a poor foolish few, and then leave her in poverty. When you think of it, my lord, he has acted like a man and a gentleman."

There was a brilliance in Lord Barnstaple's eyes when Mr. Mordaunt said this, which attracted that gentleman strangely. Lord Barnstaple only said:

"That is a very beautiful story. And

you, my dear madam, you are contented to wait.

"I think that he will send for me soon," she said, quietly, "for I know that he will as soon as he can. I was down to the sea the other day, and the sailors' wives told me that their husbands were away three years together sometimes. But there are no more loving wives than sailors' wives. I can wait."

The man whom the bishop had called a prig, looked steadily at her, and Mr. Mordaunt saw a tear trickle down his face. Lord Barnstaple was himself in one moment, however.

"May I ask this young lady to retire while we talk business," he said. "We have secrets to talk of, which must be trusted to no ears but our own." Mary hurriedly retired, and Lord Barnstaple with a bow opened the door for her, and shut it after.

"Now, Mr. Mordaunt, as we are alone together, I will tell you what is the matter with you. You are horridly poor."

"Yes, my lord."

"And you are bullied out of your life by a rascal and a prig. The rascal is Easy, and the prig the archdeacon."

"I will not say a word against either of them," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"No, but I know it. It is in our favor that the archdeacon is not only a prig, but a flunkey: it is in our favor that the fellow Easy is not only a rogue, but a flunkey: by one bold stroke I can mend matters for you. I have not got a living to give you, and I can't get one for you at present; but I have no domestic chaplain. My father's domestic chaplain and I never agreed; he has a good living, and his chaplaincy lapsed with my father's death. I wish to appoint you my domestic chaplain, at the same salary, £250 a year. At the same time there is no librarian at Crowshoe, and the books are in a devil of a state; you must really undertake them at a salary of £150 a year. I can't give more, and if you think that insufficient I'll tell you what we will do to end the thing in a friendly manner, and without a squabble. Let us both write to Piazzi at the British museum, and see if he considers it enough. If he decides against me, of course I must pay extra."

"My lord, God is very good to me."

"He is good to all who seek Him," said Lord Barnstaple, sententiously. "But don't you see, my dear soul, that the keys of Crowshoe are in your hands, and that by this maneuver we have entirely bowled out the adversary. I'd have given you a living fifty times over if I had one, but I want to keep you here, and I don't see any other way of doing it."

"Why should you be so generous to me, my lord, whom you have never seen, and of whom you know nothing?"

"Know what?" said Lord Barnstaple, sharply.

"Nothing."

"Don't I," said his lordship. "Now I'll go saddle my horse. I suppose your daughter Alice will not appear. Well, it is all equal to me, as the French say. She will have to see me some day. Talk about this matter, of your being appointed domestic chaplain and librarian, it will save you trouble. Tell the bishop about it, he is a capital gossip, and tell him that if I am a prig, I am not the only one in the world."

And so he saddled the horse and rode away, leaving Mr. Mordaunt dazed, but almost directly afterward he rode back again, jumped off his horse, and laid his hand on Mr. Mordaunt's shoulder. "I forgot one thing," he said. "You are not ashamed of being poor. I brought fifty pounds in notes for you in advance of your salary. Here it is, God bless you, good-bye," and so he was off at last.

So Mr. Mordaunt stood there a rich man—rich beyond his utmost expectations; and all by the sudden act of a young nobleman, who was a prig. He had no hesitation in accepting the whole matter any more than he would have rebelled to God about a thunder-storm which had knocked his chimneys about his ears. One ecclesiastical instinct was always in his mind, and he acted on it. He wrote to his bishop: the archdeacon said once, "that if his cat had died he would have walked over and told the bishop."

His mind being eased in that way, he went to look for Alice; but Alice was nowhere to be found. She must be at some of the neighbors' houses; she had been frightened by Lord Barnstaple, and was keeping out of the way. At ten o'clock

he went to bed; at eleven he was awakened by a candle in his eyes, and the figure of Alice before him, who sat down on the bed.

"Father, what money have you!"

"A great deal. Fifty pounds."

"Has Lord Barnstaple given you money?"

"I am to have four hundred a year from him."

She sat thinking for a little, and then she said, "I want forty pounds."

"For what?"

"To go to Charles. To go to Canada." "Why?"

"Do not ask, unless you want me to fall dead at your feet. Save me! that is all I ask. Give me the money."

A wild, dark suspicion formed itself in Mr. Mordaunt's head.

"This is Lord Barnstaple's money," he said, coldly.

"Bless his money, and bless him for what he has done for you! He is a good man. But you must save me, father. I must go to Charles. I am innocent, but I must go to Charles. Oh God!—father, do not hesitate!"

"Can you tell me no more, sweetheart?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Not a word!—not a word!" she said. "I will tell you all when I am in Canada—but I cannot now."

"Now look here, Alice, let us be in some way reasonable. You cannot go to Canada to-night, but you can go to bed. Wait till to-morrow, and we will talk it all over. If you are in trouble, which you will not tell about, what is easier than to do this: to sell out our twelve hundred pounds, and for you, and Mary and I all to go to Canada together? I can pay Lord Barnstaple back his fifty pounds, and we can all part friends, and join Charles."

Then she began to cry, and then she told the whole truth.

She had been to an aunt's house at Exeter a few months before, and she had been often out walking by herself, as very poor girls have to walk. Wombwell's menagerie was there, and the tiger got out and crawled down toward the river. She saw the thing going along, and pointed it out to a gentleman, who raised the alarm, and made her acquaintance. He was a very nice and handsome gentleman, and begged to be allowed to call on her and see if she had recovered her fright. Her aunt—having inspected the gentleman on his first visit, and having seen that there was no harm in him—had allowed Mr. Mortimer's visits with great complacency, more particularly after she had seen him in eager conversation with Lord Fortescue. The old lady knew that Lord Fortescue would allow no man to speak to him who was not an honest man; and Lord Fortescue was the only nobleman she knew by sight; and so Mr. Mortimer was allowed to see as much of Alice as he chose; and he made love to Alice, and Alice was very deeply attached to him. But Mr. Mortimer never made any distinct proposal; and so, when Alice came home, she set her mind on forgetting Mr. Mortimer, but found that she could not in any way do so.

When Lord Barnstaple rode into the garden she was looking out of the window, and she saw at once that Mr. Mortimer and Lord Barnstaple were the same men. Lord Barnstaple had deceived her, and he was a false and untruthful man: he had as good as wooed her under a false name, and that she would never forgive. Yet she loved him, admired him, and, after all, respected him. All this she poured into her father's ear as she lay on the bed beside him.

"Yet you would have taken his money to fly from him."

"Yes," she said. "I would have taken it, because I know him to be honest, noble and good. We could pay it back. Father! he wants to marry me—I have known that some time, though he never said so. As Mortimer, I would have married him, because—in spite of his deceit—I love him; but, as Lord Barnstaple, I will not see him again. See if I am not right. Look at Charles' marriage, and ask me if I am to drag down a man whom I really love to that level? And look again, father, after what you have told me to-night, how should we stand if I were to marry him? You have taken money from him. Would not all your friends—even the bishop—say that you had sold me? How would your name stand *then?* Your name is all that you have had these many years—would you lose *that?*

"We had better fly," said Mr. Mordaunt. "What loose cash have we?"

"Eight pounds."

"Nothing owing?"

"Nothing."

"Then, if you will get off the bed, I will get up: we will send this fifty pounds civilly to Lord Barnstaple. We will go to London, sell out the twelve hundred pounds, and we will go to Canada together. If he wants you he can come there after you."

So it happened the next morning when the pretty bride, Mary, was lying in her bed, Alice came to her and woke her, saying, "You must get up and go down to your father and mother to say good-bye."

"Why?" said simple Mary.

"Because we are going to Canada, to Charles," said Alice; and as Mary put her arm round Alice's neck, they felt they were sisters.

Free at last. No more trouble with the archdeacon, Mr. Easy, the farmers, nay, even with the bishop, his dear friend. A new life was before him and he knew it. Haste and speed were necessary, and there must be but few farewells; all the people must learn their loss after he was gone.

It was early in the bright morning when he set out to see the bishop; hours before Mr. Easy would leave his bed. The hands were going to their labor, and one after another greeted him as he walked swiftly along. One very old man stopped him and asked him to sit on a heap of stones at the road-side, which Mr. Mordaunt immediately did.

"Parson," said the old man, "I want you to tell me something. I want you to tell me about the New Jerusalem, on which you preached last Sunday. Is it in this world or in the next?"

"In both," said Mr. Mordaunt, at once, "for me it is in this world, for you in the next. I am going to it, I believe, before dissolution, you must wait until you are dead. See George," continued Mr. Mordaunt, "I am going to be very rich just now, and you shall never go into the house."

The old man nodded but said nothing; a humbug would have loaded Mr. Mordaunt with blessings, old George only nodded, yet I do not think that Mr. Mordaunt was any the worse for the silent blessings which followed him along the lonely road.

He burst in upon the bishop, pushing past the footman before his name could be announced. "I am off, old fellow," was the salutation which the serious young footman heard before he shut the door.

"Yes," said the bishop, "and whither?"

"Canada—Ontario, after my boy."

"Then the visit of Lord Barnstaple, was not satisfactory?" said the bishop.

"In a pecuniary way yes, in other ways no. Ask *him*, he will tell you the truth. I don't see my way to certain arrangements, and so I shall go to Canada and take my boy's bride with me."

"And your daughter?"

"She goes also."

"I don't quite understand," said the bishop, "but you know best. Everything you do must be for the best. About the parish—are you going to leave it in Easy's hands?"

"Yes, it must be so. Even Paul sowed the seed, and left it to grow among the churches. Yes."

"When do you go," asked the bishop.

"Now, instantly. Give me your blessing and send me," and he knelt down at once.

"Let us pray for a little more light, Mordaunt," said the bishop; and they did so, but none came; then Mr. Mordaunt knelt and received the benediction, and passing swiftly through the bishop's domestics, was through the town, and was making the dust fly on the king's highway before the bishop had made up his mind whether he should detain him or not.

Mr. Mordaunt met the archdeacon on his cob, and he stopped him. "Mr. Archdeacon," he said, "we have not been friends, and yet I have a favor to ask you."

The archdeacon, who *was* a gentleman, at once dismounted. "Dear Mordaunt," he said, "was it all my fault?"

"No! no! All mine," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I am away to Canada, and shall never see you again. But use your influence with the farmers in my old parish, and see to my poor when I am away."

And so he was gone, and the archdeacon was left standing in the road beside his cob, in sight of his wondering groom, as Mr. Mordaunt sped away amid the dust. And the archdeacon saw there and then that they had lost the best man in the whole diocese, and like an honest fellow as he was took the lesson to heart, and acted on it. There is no stouter champion of the agricultural poor in the land now than our archdeacon.

Mr. Mordaunt met Mr. and Mrs. Easy in a pony carriage, and he stopped them. "I am going away," he said; "going away forever. Let us part friends, and see to my people when I am gone."

Mrs. Easy (who always drove) whipped the pony and went on, and so Mordaunt went on to his own, and they drove to *their* place. At this Christmas time let us say, "God forgive us all."

* * * * * *

Christmas time in the western part of Ontario is a very pleasant time indeed. The snow is set hard, and you can drive the most beautiful horses in sleighs from one house to another all the night through. Even in that paradise, however, there are drawbacks. You get no newspapers for a long time together in winter, while you get more wolves than you want.

In the extreme West, almost on the old buffalo tracks, was a Christmas party. Mr. Mordaunt, his son Charles, his son's wife, Mary, a baby of one year old, Alice Mordaunt, and some servants, Irish all, who were in a state of wonder and delight at the astounding wealth all around them. There was simply more than you could eat if you put your mind to it. Mr. Mordaunt had been away in the sleigh, late in the day, preaching, and had just come home.

Denis was bedding up the horses, and Biddy was waiting for the word to put on the dinner, Some one was wanting; it was Father Moriarty.

"Divvle a sowl of the blessed cratur will be here this night!" said Biddy. "And by the name of the ever-blessed Saint Patrick, hark to the wolves. The Mother of God shield the holy man!"

"He'll come," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I left him close by; don't be a fool, Biddy."

"Sorra a one of me would be a fool, and me living in a heretic's house," replied Biddy; "but I'd like to be shrived this blessed night, to pray the better in the morning for him that needs all our prayers."

"What?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Just nothing," said Biddy; "hark to the wolves then. Whist, all of you, there's one blowing under the door now; give me the broom, Miss Mordaunt," and Biddy with infinite nimbleness and dexterity dashed to the door, and as nearly as possible hit the wolf over the head.

"Bad cess to the divvle," she said; "I nearly had him. And the blessed father out among them;" but before she had time to blow off the steam, the "blessed father" opened the door again and walked in, saying:

"Peace upon the house and all in it, Mordaunt; this is the most splendid thing of modern times."

"What is the most splendid thing in modern times, you Irish lunatic?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"It is an English lunatic this time, my boy, and more power to his elbow. The devil helps heretics. Here is one of your young English lords, with his doctor, had started from the Pacific side and won his way across the Rocky Mountains. Only him and his doctor, and an Indian. We shall make something of you English yet if you attend to us."

"It is impossible," said Charles Mordaunt. "I cannot believe it. No man could have done it."

"It's true, nevertheless," said the good father, rather seriously. "Some said he was a prig, and perhaps he is; some said he was a fool, and may be he might. But to disprove their words he set a task before him such as no man undertook. He did not care for life, for they say that a young lady had cast away his love; of that I know nothing. He has won, however, and has done a thing which will never be forgotten."

"Is he safe, father," cried Alice.

"Oh! yes; he is safe enough—and the doctor—a broth of a boy of divilment—and the Indian, the grinning, brown-faced nagur. They are all safe enough."

"Where are they?" cried Alice.

"They were at the door just now, in

the cold, among the wolves," said Father Moriarty. "But, may be, if they are kept there much longer they will go on to another farm."

Alice threw the door open, and fell fairly into Lord Barnstaple's arms. Father Moriarty kissed every one all round, beginning with Mr. Mordaunt and ending with the baby and the Indian.

I have little more to tell; I fancy that the story has told itself by this time. But as a personal matter, I should very much have liked the archdeacon, and Mr. Letmedown Easy, to have seen that Christmas party; it would have done the archdeacon good. Mr. Easy is a hopeless person.

They kept it up, I beg of you; the Indian, under the laws of the State, was not allowed liquor, but the others (with the exception of the baby) had a moderate quantity of hot wine and water; and I believe that the deleterious herb tobacco was used to some extent. Lord Barnstaple and Alice sat side by side, and Lord Barnstaple sang a song (he could no more sing than your grandmother, but did his duty). Father Moriarty sang the "Last Rose of Summer" very beautifully and well—and, then, who should sing but Mr. Mordaunt; he sang "The Graves of a Household," and very well, too. In short, in the whole of our good Queen's dominions there was not a pleasanter Christmas party than there was in that farm-house in Western Ontario that Christmas night; though the cold was an illimitable number of degrees below zero, and the wolves came and blew under the door as soon as Father Moriarty began singing.

Lord Barnstaple was married at Montreal by his father-in-law, Mr. Mordaunt; he returned to England and holds his present position, about which we need say nothing. Mr. Mordaunt never returned; he says that, with all its faults, Ontario is dearer to him than any land in the world. He lives with his son Charles, who, if he had been here, might have been a third-rate clerk. I asked an old friend the other day what Mr. Mordaunt was like now? He said, "A man swift and eager in doing good."

Father Moriarty is in great trouble about the infallibility pronunciation. He will have nothing to do with it at all. But I think that Father Moriarty is a man who can take very good care of himself in a free country. He knows as well as we do, that the first real freedom dates from Christianity, and that whatever churches may have done with our charter since then, our charter remains indefeasible. Christianity means freedom; and so we may wish both Father Moriarty and Mr. Mordaunt many happy Christmases, even though the snow is piled high over the roof tree, and the wolves are smelling and blowing round the door.

Cornhill Magazine.

SPAIN: HER MANNERS AND AMUSEMENTS.

In our recent imperfect but (we venture to say) impartial sketch of Spain's social condition, we found ourselves obliged to leave for separate treatment those lighter, gayer aspects of her domestic and familiar life which illustrate, if they do not explain, the politics, morals, and economy of a nation. Every change, in fact, in a people's history is accompanied with a corresponding change in its manners and amusements; and this is one of the reasons why the very gravest blockhead—if he has sense at all—is forced to admit that novels, essays, satires, and all that we class under light literature, is not without solid value for the student of a nation's development. When Scotland—a country which is so far like Spain (without admitting the soundness of Mr. Buckle's curious parallel between the two), that it has a strongly-marked type of history and character, was passing from an unusually rough and poor Catholic country into the respectable and prosperous Presbyterian land which we know—what happened?

what continued to happen for a long time? All the familiar sports were made war upon, and many of them destroyed, as if you had blown away the purple crown from the thistle, and left nothing but the prickles. In that highly curious legal compilation, where most Scottish gentlemen may find some of their ancestors mentioned — *Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*—we come across the setting up of a "Robin Hude," and the "singing round simmer trees," punished as offenses against the State and law. As the severity wore off, new forms of recreation came up. And just so in England, and all over the world, forms of ceremony, habits of dress, and types of festal indulgence have been modified along with the political institutions, and in an always recognizable harmony with the modification. It is not so great a thing to be noble in France, or elsewhere, as it was when only nobles wore red heels to their boots, or carried swords, ruffles and lace, or were expected to be able to bow gracefully, and dance a minuet. These are small things in themselves, but their disappearance is related to the abolition of privileges and rotten boroughs, and the increased strength of dissent, as well as to the introduction of monkey-jackets, short pipes, and the politer forms of slang.

Now, Spain is an interesting country (though, in other respects dull enough to live in all the year round), just because she is slowly, and in a late period of history, going through the kind of changes which, to countries in advance of her, are matters of history and antiquarianism. One sees everywhere, in things tragic, and in things commonplace, the relics of bygone days—oddities of conduct, or custom, which might serve to furnish materials to editors of our old English satirists and playwrights. Enter the Cortes. A chancellor of the exchequer is explaining why he resigns—he compares himself to a shipwrecked mariner clinging to a plank, with a dark sky overhead, and a wild sea around. In plain English, he does not think that he has been properly supported by his colleagues. Pass into the street. The first acquaintance you meet parts assuring you that he is at the feet of the lady—he means that he desires to be remembered to your wife. Visit a prison. It is in the condition of our prisons before Howard's time; a country town, its smells would kill Mr. Chadwick. Go on board a man-of-war. She is an iron-clad of the first magnitude; but she is built in England, and is navigated upon the calculations of English astronomers, while her compasses were made at Marseilles. Yet the theory of the nation is that it has a fine navy of its own, and the squadron which retired from before Callao, while batteries were still firing, is spoken of as we hardly speak of the squadrons of Blake and Nelson. There is the queerest possible mixture of antique formal bombast with an adoption ready-made of the inventions of other nations, and with a practical barbarism in the roads, water-supply, hotels, postal communication, paving, mendicancy, and such points, wonderful to behold. The universal triumph of the new over the old is not, in Spain, as with us, a triumph by way of absorption, where the old accepts something of the new, and lasts; or the new receives from the old in establishing itself a part of its substance and color. In Spain the two elements battle eternally, each being of an extreme and unyielding type; or when one of the two gains a good start, it rushes into extremes and leaves the other helpless and silent. Every tendency is in excess. Marquesses of Carabas are confronted by *sans culottes*—the monks of Erasmus and Rabelias are jostled by phamphleteers of the latest French infidel pattern. There are railways (constructed by foreigners), but they are, in many parts, not fenced in, to the grievous peril and occasional destruction of old women who jog placidly across them upon overloaded donkeys. So great was the interruption to Spanish country ideas of the railways that, at first, the peasantry, charmed by the sight of a level road, used to walk upon them, and only gradually learned to move out of the way when they heard the whistle—their first impression being that the train ought to stop to let them change their position at perfect leisure. Tramways are now being introduced into the large cities, and not long since the first tramway omnibus at Madrid had to be protected by police. The Madrid populace had nothing to say against it,

except that it was an innovation. But that was quite enough in a country where foreigners are stared at like wild beasts (and fleeced, if they don't look out, like tame ones), and where a foreigner is always taken at first for a Frenchman, because France is near, and all beyond is *terra incognita*. This jumbling together of the changes imported from abroad with the traditions of local superstition and Gothic and Moorish customs and ideas—this array of obsolete prejudices and ignorances alongside finance operations worthy of the latest dodges of Chapel Court—that it is which makes Spain an amusing country—a land of the comic no less than of the serious picturesque, Indeed, Spain has never yet had justice done her from a humorous point of view. Ford has admirable flashes of witty sarcasm, but they are fitful and desultory, and his main and serious business is with the past. Writers of Southey's school deal only with the romantic, like Washington Irving; while Théophile Gautier, in his brilliant little volume, cares for nothing but the quaint and picturesque, barbarous or not. He was, in fact, delighted to find that you could get with so much ease from the life of the boulevards into a life that had little more in common with it—Madrid once quitted—than Tunis or Bagdad.

There are two elements in Spanish life equally distinct from that of England, the one which is Spanish purely, the other which Spain has in common more or less with the Latin races generally. And there is still the third element—the provincial—to be allowed for, according to its importance, as necessity requires. But the last is of little consequence for our present purpose, since it is certain that, however strong the differences between province and province in Spain, Spaniards are much more like each other, come from where they may, than they are like any other nation. Barcelona is considerably "French," for instance, in some respects, and there are ten or twelve thousand French subjects in it. But the French are not less foreigners in everything than the far scantier English, and a Frenchman would feel insulted rather than otherwise, if you took him for a Catalan. No doubt a Catalan woman, again, with her large feet, raucous voice, and over-dressed look, is at least as unlike the fairy-light, vivacious Andalusian, whose delicacy Gautier compares to that of the build of the Arab horse, as she is unlike the smart Parisian, neat in dress and lively of tongue. But she has the same kind of traditional ideas, and the same kind of social habits and education as the Andalusian; and these broad resemblances, based upon history and politics, are the essential things to be considered when national character is discussed.

Spanish manners are gradually changing, as Mr. Ford saw them changing among the generation which has now nearly passed away. But enough remains to show their feudal type tinged with Orientalism. The regular Castilian grandee, the hidalgo of old days, whom Raleigh knew, was something between a pasha of the best Osmanli breed and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He was grave and impassive, but he loved adventure; was ready to fight for his king or his mistress; and was punctilious in all that regards ceremony and courtesy. And, to this day, in districts quite remote from the Castiles, one still sees that a figure of this kind is the ideal upon which the manners of society have been formed. The unreality of the whole affair only reveals itself and suggests ludicrous emotions gradually. At first there is something imposing in a solemnity which seems raised above all that is little, and attractive in a politeness which places the house where you visit—*á la disposicion de Usted*—at the disposition of your worship or grace. "I kiss the feet of your grace, lady," says the gentleman. "I kiss the hand of your grace, cavalier," answers the lady. "*Guste Usted á comer?*" is the invitation to eat, given by everybody, as he moves off to his meal, or, more briefly, "*Guste Usted?*" if it makes its appearance while you happen to be in the house. Even an old woman eating a sardine upon a bit of bread in her shop, makes the offer to a casual customer. So in smaller matters. A Spaniard raises his hat slightly on entering the waiting-room of the railway-station, and salutes the strangers whom he finds in a railway carriage. It is, perhaps, on paper, however, that the true Spanish ceremoniousness comes out

best. A letter has B. S. M——, kisses his hands (the use of the third person, by the way, adds greatly to all these effects), even on the outside. And the style is that of a dispatch rather than of every-day concerns. Nothing is mentioned without some swelling epithet of praise. You read of "this cultivated and enlightened city"—a city where you may hunt all day in vain for a novel of George Sand's. A warehouse, as likely as not, is an *illustrious warehouse*, or a *renowned place of industry*. The biographer of a local worthy will talk of the elevated rank of his family, and in the next paragraph you find, most probably, that he was the son of a rather well-to-do apothecary.

All exaggeration of this kind is akin to the exaggeration just described in the manners of every-day life. It rests upon a vanity without limit, which flourishes in proportion to the isolation and ignorance of the untraveled, unread community in which it grows. Nay, the very politeness of which we hear so much springs more from vanity than from kindness. We are a *pueblo hidalgo*—a people of nobles and cavaliers—and it is our duty to bow and smile, and bandy fine phrases; *this* is the sentiment that a studious observer finds, by degrees, to lie at the bottom of a society which is, so to speak, always on parade. Otherwise, something in the way of services, or good offices, or hospitality, would follow upon these mighty professions, which foreigners of all nations know never to be the case. Meanwhile, politeness in forms, the ceremonious part of politeness, by no means exhausts the range of that civilized virtue. We must not forget that "manners," likes *mores*, is a word with two significations, of which one is more important than the other. When Cowper says of his brother—

> Peace to the memory of a man of worth.
> A man of letters, and of manners too—

he is not thinking only of the kind of way in which his brother carried himself in a drawing-room or a stage coach. And we confess that we should relish Spain's high-flown courtesy better if the same men who are "at the feet" of women would learn not to stare brutally at them—sometimes, indeed, to speak to them—in the *Almedas*, *Ramblas*, or *Plazas* of Spanish cities. As a rule, no young ladies can walk alone in such cities, and this is not merely a part of the semi-Oriental watchfulness exercised over them, but a practical precaution due to experience. What fruit the watchfulness, assisted by the confessional, bears in the after and married life of Spanish women let the well-known *mores* of Madrid tell. But to waive these too large and too delicate questions, and to return to Spanish manners in the lighter sense of the word, the reader must not fancy that the man who kisses his hands, on paper, will not thrust him to the wall (if big enough) should there be anything like pressure at a railway, an opera, or a ball. The courtesy of the country is a courtesy of forms, holding good when the forms can be complied with easily and comfortably, but giving way under the least pressure of selfishness. We have seen ladies looking vainly for seats in a splendid café, glittering with mirrors and gilding, and frequented by the best society—the *sociedad elegante*. Not a swarthy *caballero* moved, but all remained smoking (and spitting) at their ease. Yet such men, knowing—literally—less about Europe than an educated Hindoo, would be sure to uphold Spanish manners as something unique. The truth is, that it is a mere delusion either that the manners of the grandees are equal to those of well-bred Englishmen, or that the general masses of Spain are more civil and agreeable than those of England. The inflated bowing and complimenting style of "deportment" has a certain "high-life-below-stairs" character now-a-days in Spain. It looks as if it were a bad imitation of the Oriental stateliness of the Moor, and the feudal pride of the Goth, by their horse-boys and valets. And it is based upon an assertion of self, closely connected with envy. Everybody would like to be *hidalgo*, in order that nobody may be *hidalgo*.

The mixture of sentiments upon which all this rests is by no means to be considered unimportant, or valuable only as illustrating the manners of the country. It has an influence upon Spain's politics and fortunes. The ex-Queen would not have held out so long if she had not been *muy Española* in these matters as in

others. A good anecdote is told of her from this point of view. When she was in the Biscayan provinces in the autumn of 1868, before the revolution broke out, but when the atmosphere was felt to be charged with coming storm, her Majesty paid a visit to one of her men-of-war. The captain received her as became her rank, and their chat was agreeable. "But does not your Majesty know," said the officer, presently, "that you are in my power here, and that I can sail away with you to Cadiz, or anywhere that I like? "Of course, I know it," Queen Isabel answered; "but I also know that you are *caballero Español*, and that, therefore, it would be impossible for you to do such a thing!" One of the charms of her Majesty was a sweet voice, and doubtless this went for something in the effect of her little speech. But the essence of it was the artfully matter-of-course appeal to the captain's *caballerosidad*. And it may fairly be doubted whether Spain is yet ripe enough for a full appreciation of the far simpler, but essentially truer, type of kingly politeness, shown by Amadeo the First, in his September Progress. In time his dynasty, if it lasts, may supply a new ideal of conduct to the upper and middle classes. It would be a great blessing; for the present obsolete and imitative one directly supports the pretentiousness, isolation, indolence, the want of respect for enterprise, industry, knowledge and good faith, which make the Spanish name so cheap and the Spanish loans so dear.

The strange want of hospitality among the Spaniards is so distinctly a national feature that it deserves a few words to itself. The odd thing is, that they lay claim to it, along with all other virtues; and that hospitality is attributed, in public, to cities in which nobody receives a stranger, just as culture to cities where there are no pictures nor books. The pretense in this matter is perhaps the queerest of all pretenses. The foreigner is told that a house is "at his disposition," and the quantity of house-property he acquires of this very peculiar kind is respectable. But he is not expected to call at his house, and he is never invited specially to it. This is more or less true of all Spain; less true, perhaps, of Madrid than of other cities; and less true of the Biscayan provinces, or Andalusia, than of Catalonia; but true, in the main, of the whole peninsula. Where did this strange element come from? It is not "Latin," for the Romans were dinner-givers from the beginning, like the Greeks, and much of the best fun of the comic writers, from Plautus to Petronius, turns upon that side of their sociable and brilliant life. It is not "Oriental." The Arab is ready with his tent, his bread and salt, and dates; and, in calling upon a pasha, if you are not sure of kabobs or pillau, you are at least never dismissed without pipes and coffee. It is not "Gothic." The Goth was of many varieties and of many lands, but he was always more or less given to keeping open house; and Adam Smith has taken the trouble to give a philosophical explanation of the hearty welcome and honest cheer of the old mediæval life. The truth seems to be, that the races enumerated, being conquerors only, and no way related to the bulk of the indigenous population, which was far more numerous, never penetrated deeper in their influence than a little below the surface, and thus affected the formal manners of Spain, without much actual impression upon the national character. Scratch a Russian, said Napoleon, and you find a Tartar. Scratch a Spaniard, he might have said, and you find an Iberian. We certainly have known and seen incidents of Spanish hospitality worthy of the Iberians of Strabo. In one case a Spanish family asked some foreigners to a dance. The dancing went cheerfully on till about half-past one, when the lady of the house bowed affectionately to her friends by way of bowing them out. The family, she said, were going to supper! Yet families of this kind have no objection whatever to sup—aye, and right well, too—at the foreigner's expense. We remember a Yankee man-of-war giving a ball in a Spanish Mediterranean port. Yankee officers are well paid, and the most cheerful of hosts. Champagne cocktails are found to enliven the eagle, and are freely supplied to the friends of that bird. So the supper was excellent, and the effect upon the Spaniards was extraordinary. Stout old ladies were heard exclaiming, through mouthfuls of

unwonted fowl and tongue, that if they had thought it was to be anything like *this*, they would have brought *Tio Jorge* —Uncle George. Where was he on such an occasion? Why was not he having a slice off the *estranjero?* The nephews of these old girls, meanwhile, organized a cutting-out expedition, and having discovered where more champagne was, made a gallant attack upon the stores. A British vessel on the Mediterranean station, detached to the coast of Spain, sometimes makes the mistake of attempting to begin friendly relations by a ball. The result, in every instance, is the same. The society of the place flocks to the entertainment, and the entertainers never hear of their guests afterward.

Some vestiges still exist, however, of a friendly little custom which was wearing out in Mr. Ford's time. It has happened to ourselves, at least once, to find, on settling with the *mozo* at a *café*, that our shot had been paid by a Spaniard, who had done us that honor from observing (we fear from our accent) that we were strangers in the land. Once, also, in another city, at a *table-d'hôte*, some officers sent the waiter round with their sherry bottle, the contents of which were all the more welcome because good sherry can hardly be got, except by ordering it expressly from Andalusia, and average sherry is as dear as in London. These humane practices, though falling into desuetude, are not extinct; and the foreigner who finds himself dining in public, may send a glass of champagne to a lady without impertinence, and it will be a good preparation for a little chat. The Spaniards are sociable when thrown in one's way in traveling, in hotels, etc., and are not haunted by the reserve which Johnson used to blame our people for, nor by the inward pressure of class feeling from which many honest Britons suffer. Unfortunately, traveling is very uncomfortable work in Spain; and a *table-d'hôte* makes severe demands upon the stomach, the nerves, and the temper. To see a knife used as if the man using it were a professional cut-throat about to practice on himself: to see such a man spit freely during the meal; to have a whiff of his tobacco-smoke flying lightly over your omelette—these are among the pangs of exile! We welcome, therefore, a new edition of a Spanish cookery-book,* which (in the interest of our readers) we bought the other day, and which contains some excellent observations on behavior at table.

"The man who is not a good gastronome," says our writer, "uses the same spoon for every plate, strikes his fork against his teeth, and picks them with it into the bargain." This unhappy being is warned that such things are ridiculous and disagreeable among people of fashion —*gente de moda*. The good gastronome is next brought forward to set him an example. *He* employs spoon and knife on proper occasions, according to the dish —well aware that if he makes a mistake in helping fruit, ices, or pastry, he is giving proof that he has not been brought up in a house where such dishes are known. Haste in sitting down, the choice of a seat that does not belong to him, an ostentation of puerile appetite, eyes greedily fixed on the eatables, and a gluttonous air, *un aire guloso*, are all avoided by *el buen gartrônomo*. To eat in a hurry argues misery and hunger, and that the guest has only come to eat. Nor is silence to be maintained; the guest is to enliven the table with jokes and festive conversation, since it is no place for treating of serious events; yet he is not to be a mere buffoon, lest the terrible suspicion should be aroused that the wine has got into his head. Those who follow exactly these precepts, maintaining self-possession and decency, and using tooth-picks (adroitly introduced in the concluding paragraph), will enjoy the pleasures of the table—"celebrating them with the enchantments of festive poetry, and being at the same time the delight of society." (p. 50.)

In this little treatise we recognize the spirit of a man of genius, and a reformer, animated by a true ambition for the improvement of his race; a man, in fact, whom we do not hesitate to rank with the patriots of the revolution that it fell to our lot to witness in 1868. Such changes as he recommends in Spanish habits, will, no doubt, be brought about slowly, and they are—to employ a figure which our readers may have heard before

* *Nuevo Arte de Cocina, Teórico y Práctico.* Por Juan Altimiras. (1871.)

—steps in the right direction. Of the cookery receipts of our friend we cannot speak so well as of his labors in the cause of the moral reform of the table. He is too fond of garlic (*ajo*), that *cicutis allium nocentius* which is so disagreeable an element in the dishes, and the breaths, of the sweet south. He is for destroying the flavor of partridges by cooking them with sardines inside, with laurel-leaves, orange-juice, and what not. But, indeed, cookery is at as low an ebb as any other art in Spain. The materials for the artist are inferior to begin with. The meat and poultry are badly fed; the sea-coast people fish as little as possible; even the fruit is poor from want of cultivation—and that in a country where oranges ripen in the open air. It is often difficult to get fresh butter in the greatest cities, where an oil unsavory enough to spoil an Englishman's salad, serves as the native substitute. Thick chocolate, *bacalao* or salt-fish, a *puchero* or stew, supplying first a rather watery soup and then some stringy *bouilli*, make up, with tomatoes, olives, and cakes, the ordinary fare of a Spanish household. Foreigners cannot take to it kindly, unless by begining young; but they can do no better except by resorting to some *restaurant* kept by a Frenchman; or laboring to dine in the English manner in second-rate style, at prices for which excellent provender can be obtained in London. The inferiority of kid to Scotch or Welsh mutton; of ewe-cheese and goats' milk to the produce of British dairies; the total absence of such things as salmon, grouse, pheasants, venison, etc., not to mention the humbler luxuries, gooseberries, and ginger-beer (in a climate, too, so suggestive of *shandy-gaff!*); these are not considerations to be despised by any means. On the other hand, it is difficult to master such "acquired tastes" as a taste for snails (*caracoles*), although the ancients not only ate them, but had *cochlearia*, or *cochlearum vivaria*, in which to keep and fatten them. The Spaniards are fond of snails in soup and other forms. And after a thunder-storm, with its wild showers, has passed away, you may see the lights of the snail-gatherers twinkling along the hill-sides, in the evening, as they search for their prey in the moist earth.

We may, perhaps, at the risk of over-refining, connect the comparative discomfort of Spain home-life at once with the vulgarities of the *table-d'hôte*, and the tumid extravagance of the politeness of the streets. Simplicity in good breeding is one of the last results of refinement, and refinement begins at home. The lowest vulgarity is to put a diamond ring on dirty fingers, and the exact analogy to this is the affectation of stately manners by people whose domestic habits are sordid; their rooms musty, and so arranged that the very kitchen itself is in awkward proximity to the most incongruous parts of the building. In the promenade, however, the corridors of the theater, and so forth, the sham-baronial ideal resumes its ascendancy; and throughout the country, manners are colored by the prevailing influence of non-domestic habits. Hence the increasing *dressiness* of Spanish women, whose *naturaleza*—their most famous charm—is observed to be losing its delicate bloom, and going the way of the mantilla. Just at present, we are glad to say that there is a reaction in favor of the veil; but the general tendency of the times is to supersede the old poetry of traditional Spanish costume by all the showy extravagances of the modes. These destroy the grace of the Andaluzas, and turn into grotesque comedy the prosaic common-place of the Catalanas. As for the men, their dress, now, is in a general way imitated from the French; and about as "romantic" as if it had been modelled upon those queer sketches of men of fashion, which adorn the windows of enterprising Jew tailors in some quarters of our own capital. It is curious to see how dependent the Spanish are upon the French—whom they dislike so cordially—for the little things as well as the great things of life. We showed in our last paper that they only know English books, and only a few of them, by translations made *through* the French. Even French fans are easier to get than Spanish, in a country where fans are universally carried, indoors and out-of-doors, and are as indispensable as petticoats.

We might almost say that, now-a-days, the one *entirely distinctive* feature of Spanish life left is the bull-fight. And this is a very significant fact. It shows

that the essential Spanish character still remains unchanged, however much the novelties of external speculations and external habits may play upon and modify the country. Nay, the barbarism of the national sport has been adapted to the new world of railways in a business-like way; and from one point of view, it has expanded itself, and gained in strength, within the life-time of the present generation. The sport (originally, as we all know, a Moorish one) was long confined to Andalusia and Madrid, or chiefly cherished in those parts of Spain. It was a new thing in Barcelona so lately as 1835, and the massacres there, that year, began with the dragging of a bull that had displeased the populace through the streets—no uncommon introduction to Spanish tumults generally. What would England say if Manchester should suddenty take up the prize-ring, or announce to the public the establishment of a new league for the restoration of bear-baiting and cock-fighting? Now Catalonia is a Spanish Lancashire, with Barcelona for its Manchester, as Mr. Ford observes; and yet it not only adopted this old African recreation so recently, as we have seen, but its bull-ring is the second in size of all Spain. It holds some eleven thousand spectators, and there are bull-fights in it every year. Having naturalized the bull-fight, Catalonla in a few years more accepted the railway system; and the railways of Spain have assisted in keeping bull-fighting up, for the "stars" of the ring go "starring" the provinces, when Madrid and Seville can spare them, just as our actors go to Liverpool and Edinburgh, and take the bulls with them. The bulls are at first left in some field near the city in which they are to perform and to be performed upon; and we once knew an Englishman, when out shooting, drop upon a collection of them, to which he bid a civil and very rapid farewell.

The town is soon extensively covered with play-bills, in which a bull with formidable horns is a prominent object. The public is informed from what breeding-grounds the animals come, the best being as well known as the stables of our trainers of race-horses. A list of the different classes of performers follows; and tickets are sold at confectioners' and elsewhere. The entertainment is always presided over by competent authority, generally the civil governor; and thus the State makes itself responsible for the effect upon the popular character of the amusement.

The perverse sentimentalism with which things Spanish are usually regarded by the wandering British tourist weighs upon us at this point. Shall we be thought destitute of a feeling for the picturesque, or cynical, or effeminate, or all three, if we venture to say in plain English that we think the Spanish bull-fight a degrading, savage, and rather stupid and tiresome exhibition? Be it so, if so it must be. But the truth is, that no writer has yet taken, not the bull, but the bull-fight by the horns properly. Even the admirable Ford is too lenient, which is not his usual fault—although, by the way, his comparative gentleness on this point will not atone, in Spanish eyes, for his loyal labors in honor of the campaigns of the Duke of Wellington. Already, in his time, within thirty years, the graves of our peninsular heroes (when they did get graves) required an Old Mortality.

"But the bull-fight is such a capital thing to describe!" Yes; and that is precisely why we do not choose to describe it. An honest description would be sickening. It would be a picture of a shambles; a lively sketch of a knackers' yard; something that would not be allowed to be hung up in a Smithfield tap-room. It may seem unfair to say that the modern bull-fight is a show, where people go to see broken-down cab-horses ripped up by half-wild bulls. But this is the exact truth, nevertheless; and the proof of it is, that all compromises, all displays of trained bulls or bulls with tipped horns; mere feats of manly agility and grace, unaccompanied with downright slaughter, flanks streaming with gore, and entrails trailing in the dust—all such displays, of which torture forms no part, fall utterly flat, and hardly meet any patronage. The yells for "*caballos*" when the carnage runs short, show what the public want; and they are content to wait for the concluding chapter, the butchery of the bull, till they have seen some more screws kicking in anguish upon the sand. Anciently, as still in

theory, the bull-fight was a combat between a well-mounted and skillful horseman, with assistants on foot, and a wild animal. But it has degenerated, like everything else, till the pleasure of seeing a screw's side turned to receive the bull's horns has become the essential pleasure of the holiday. If the bull stops to gore a half-dead horse, in running round the arena, there is a general laugh. Surely, there is nothing either picturesque or skillful in a detail like that?

And, indeed, the "picturesque" and "skillful" elements of this decrepit game are what writers for effect most exaggerate. The sweeping circles of a Southern crowd, rising row above row under a sky of milky blue, do undoubtedly produce an effect; but it is essentially an effect of the moment. The mass of spectators is temporarily impressive, but when you examine it, however briefly, the ruffianly elements stand forth so prominently, that the poetry vanishes, and a reaction against the mere brute force of numbers rises strongly within you. Then, as to the skill displayed. It sometimes happens that the bull is "got at" before he is let out, and more or less disabled by some cowardly blow. But in any case the odds are so conclusively and overwhelmingly against him, that "*fight*" is not the proper word for the game; and that so far from regarding the bull as an enemy, you find yourself wishing that, once in a way, he would get the best of it, and hint a little lesson of humanity to his tormentors by giving them a friendly poke in the ribs. No doubt there are pretty interludes. It is pretty to see the *banderilleros* charge the bull—light as dancing-girls, steady as riflemen—and dart the gaudy *banderillas* of gay color and keen edge into his dense hide. It is exciting also, and without the coarse excitement of mere cruelty, to watch a wary performer, handkerchief in hand, receive a bull's charge, sitting on a chair, and evade it at the last instant by the most dexterous bound aside that one can imagine. But all such little touches are few and rare; and the steady rending of horses' bellies, the successive butchery of bull after bull, make up the real staple of the afternoon's pleasure, and are at once loathsome and wearisome. The bull, of course, ought to die at last by one subtle thrust—*buen estoque*. But such artistic stabs of the *matador* are rare. The majority of bulls are killed by repeated blows, and many of them with a poniard or dagger. The dragging away of the huge carcass by a train of mules galloping and jingling their bells is a favorite part of the display. When an unpopular man is assassinated in Spain, or a criminal's body falls into the hands of the *populacho*, a dragging of the poor, dying victim, or the more fortunate corpse by the heels, *more taurorum*, is still common. Cases of it have happened more than once not far from where we are writing, since the Revolution of 1868.

Perhaps the best omen regarding the future of the bull-fight is a certain sensitiveness among the better educated Spaniards to the opinion of foreigners regarding it. They are glad to see Englishmen going there, but would find it difficult to prove that Englishmen of good condition and culture, or still less, English women, ever make a habit of going. To do a thing from curiosity, in order to acquire a right to criticise it, once in a way, is a very different matter from doing a thing for pleasure, and as an amusement in harmony with a man's ordinary occupations. But the Spaniard is most unlucky when his *Españolismo* prompts him to defend his national sport, which, he often says, a foreigner thinks barbarous because he is not "used" to it; as if all nations had not once been "used" to practices which their mature taste rejects, while the suggestion that the habit is good because it is a habit, begs the question in the most barefaced manner. Finding this position untenable—for, indeed, reasoning is not his *forte*, and his isolation in Europe makes it difficult to him to understand European feeling—our Spaniard carries the war into the British camp, and boldly affirms that what bull-fights are to Spain prize-fights are to England. But, even admitting all that can be said against the prize-ring, when was it ever such a national institution, so powerful for influence over popular character, as the bull-ring? When did Queen Victoria ever take her young consort to see Tom Spring set-to with Deaf Burke (we beg pardon of these great men's memories if this be an anachronism),

which would have been just what the new King of Spain felt obliged to do, in the same position, t'other day? What would the most faithful Liberal journals say, if the wives of the prime minister and other members of the Cabinet were to prepare the colors for a couple of bruisers about to meet each other, before twelve thousand or fourteen thousand people, in Hyde Park?

But, although some Spaniards begin to see that the bull-fight is an obsolete and demoralizing barbarism, there is little chance of its disappearing for generations to come. It will probably outlast the carnival, which decays with the decaying severity of the Lent, for which it is a preparation. Besides, the carnival appeals to the love of fun and color only; whereas deeper and more enduring Spanish instincts are gratified by the bestial joys of the arena. The Barcelona carnival is the most famous of Spain. The Rambla, with its long carriage-roads running alongside the trees which border its central promenade, is admirably suited to the grotesque and vivacious show. There, during the crowning three days, flow in steady streams, round and round, the motly equipages of the procession; and of those who came out to see the general harlequinade. Mounted Indians, Moorish chiefs, and figures in antique uniforms, ride by on horseback; while carriages containing the most dissimilar groups—a British swell sitting silent and *blasé* beside his haughty spouse, niggers, maskers with hideous noses in striped garments, and fighting parties armed with pellets of white dust, roll on in unbroken line. The balconies are crowded from end to end; the central promenade likewise; and the roar which passes along the line seems to shake the leaves of the sycamore trees. The roar is loudest at the points, where, from clubs or hotels, a knot of warriors has planted itself to defy the war-chariots passing below. The heroes in the latter spring to their feet, and launch at the hostile balcony a glittering snowy shower, which is replied to with equal force. More gentle combatants drop upon a passing carriage a rain of spring-flowers, or dart at a mounted officer a malignant sugar-plum. Satire plays a part in the carnival as in the ancient *Saturnalia;* and it quickly felt the operation of the Revolution. Byron tells us in *Beppo* of the Venice Carnival:

All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose.
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,
Therefore take heed, ye free-thinkers, I charge ye.

But Spain, too, has her free-thinkers, *libre pensadores* (there is a regular association of them in Barcelona), and the Revolution has made public demonstrations easier for them. So at Barcelona, in the carnival, a coach-full of burlesque priests may be seen among the other oddities — the maskers, with squeaking voices, sitting on the sides of their friends carriages, and the rest. We must not touch on the obscene element, characteristic of Southern corruption, from which the carnival is not altogether free. It exists, however; and we may mention as a slight trait of Spanish manners, that a ball is given by the richer Spanish youths at carnival times, the tickets to which might be seized in England, under Lord Campbell's act.

By out-of-door amusements, as we call them in England, the Spaniards would mean almost exactly the contrary of what we do, if they used the expression. It is extraordinary how little they walk, ride, shoot, swim, or use any kind of exercise. At their schools the youngsters have sometimes a garden; but it is as little a scene of gymnastics, as of Athenian conversations of philosophy. The absurd custom, too, at their schools, of putting in uniform lads destined to be pettifoggers, or half-trained doctors, tends to foster an early priggism, to keep them out of harmony with nature, and so to prepare them to seek relief from premature ennui in premature vice. For this want of exercise, "the climate" is the excuse; as "the government" is for other kinds of individual inferiority. And one excuse is as absurd as the other. Some parts of the summer are severly hot, though even in them the mornings are delicious. But there are several winter months, when any sort of open air exertion is not only possible, but delightful. In the long run, the climate is emphatically "temperate," running to no great excess either way; and would be still more enjoyable, and would be free from its occasional dangers, if the best use

were made of it. Yet, although bragged of on the one hand, it is, on the other, cruelly accountable for the most various short-comings. Even educated Spaniards will tell you that "the climate" is too hot for severe labors in letters or the sciences. Ask him, "How then did the Greeks and Romans manage to do these things?" and the answer will be the usual shrug of the shoulders—which, according to the occasion, serves to express contented ignorance, defeat, indifference, or despair. But shoulders were made, not to be shrugged, but to bear burdens; and till the Spaniard understands this, Spanish constitutions will be mere ceremonies, and Spanish boasts idle as the smoke of cigarettes.

Of course, a few persons here and there dabble even in field-sports. We once heard a landed proprietor proving at much length, to a large group in a club, that in order to hit a bird flying rapidly across you, you must aim somewhat ahead of it. Here, at least, was a discovery of no common merit. So, again, a young man, "bucketing" up and down the road on a hack trained in the military style, may be seen occasionally. Nay, a horse-race absolutely was started in one great city, being held in nothing less than a hipódromo, for any race-course of an inferior dignity of appellation would have been unworthy of the national preëminence. The running was comic. But the Spaniards were so delighted that they got up hurdle-races also, at the first of which three out of four riders were spilt, and one of them seriously hurt. We have not heard of any further efforts. By the way, a lady's riding in Spain is a kind of portent, and attracts about as much attention as a comet.

With regard to swimming, the same deficiencies prevail. Nothing can be meaner than the provision made for bathing on the shores of the Mediterranean. With what regret one looks back to the bright-colored white-awninged shore-boats of Malta, and their neat ladders, in which one was rowed out to old Bighi Bay, to take a glorious header in the sparkling blue! On the Spanish coast, mean, dirty boats for the purpose are difficult to get and dear to hire. The bathing-machine, again, Cockney, but comfortable, is unknown. There are buildings on the beach with cabins (and a bench common to the public), from which you descend by bars and ropes. The Spaniard usually holds on by a rope, and dips under at intervals; or if he tries to swim, girds himself with *calabazas* (pumpkins or gourds), suggesting as he floats with his friends, that a market-boat has been capsized among them. Bathing is more a sanitary matter than anything else with them, and lasts but a short part of their long warm summer. The domestic tub, regular with an English gentleman as his daily bread, is in Spain hardly known.

What, then, are the "sports?" Well, there is shooting at rabbits and pigeons carefully tethered within easy range. And there are dog-fights (*riñados de perros*), chiefly on Sundays. And there are baitings of calves by dogs. And there are combats in which two or three dogs as let loose upon a donkey, the noble animal defending himself with his heels. Cock-fighting, too, exists, although not on any brilliant scale. There is, in fact, nothing *thorough* in Spanish amusements, brutal or otherwise. And those we have just enumerated are, to do the people justice, not the pleasures of any great number of the people. The many hours they spend out of the house are spent, by preference, in strolling, gossiping, sitting under the trees, until the time has come, according to the season, for the theaters of the city, or the garden-theaters of the suburbs.

The famous old Spanish drama has had a fate not unlike its own rival in Europe—our own. But most of us Englishmen have had twenty good opportunities of hearing Shakespeare, or Massinger, for one which most Spaniards have had of hearing Calderon or Lope. The old plays are scarce ever played in Spain; nor is there (on the other hand) either that critical study of them by individuals, or that vague, general respectable acquaintance with them in society, which in some degree atones to our old English dramatists for their absence from the stage. Spain, however, has little society-pieces by living writers which are well spoken of; and which hold their own fairly against the competition of the serious opera of Italy, and the

comic opera of France. It is characteristic of Spain, where the *gradiose* enjoys a kind of worship, that although she cannot afford (that fatal *falta de recursos* which the stranger hears of as the explanation of everything!) to engage the highest singers, she has, in the *Liceo* of Barcelona, perhaps, the largest opera house in Europe. The house is really magnificent. But being above the natural wants of the city, so much of its cost fell upon rich men, who hold, as proprietors, the best boxes, that no management can afford to vie with the great cities of Europe in bidding for artists. The roominess of this place is something surprising. There are two or three sitting-rooms behind some boxes, where cards and cigars can be as comfortably enjoyed as at a club, and every box has at least one, where you can escape from the performance if it happens to be a bore. It is pleasant to know that Spaniards do not absolutely smoke within the theater itself. But between every act what a rush there is to the lobbies, and what a platoon-firing—the rattle of chatter with rolls of smoke—begins!

The Spaniard listens with much gravity to music. He esteems himself a critical connoisseur; is as severe upon a false note as upon a bad peseta; and hisses unmercifully. There is no more tenderness for a tenor, than for a *toro*, if either of them fails in what is expected from him. The Spaniard is not looking at the matter, in either case, as one of taste only, but as one of money, and he rigidly exacts his money's worth. The loose liberality in matters of cash that is seen in the North, is only found among Cubans. But a Cuban hardly cares to be called a Spaniard. To him, Cuba is "my country," and he spends his dollars like a Yankee.

The influence of France, so frequently touched upon in these papers, has given an actress who finds her audience heavy, a sure charm for awakening it in our days. The opera, which ought to be comic, is—let us suppose—hanging fire. Clouds are gathering over the dusky faces. Fans move more impatiently than usual. "*Ay, dios mio!*" exclaims Dolores, wearily. "*Madre de Dios!*" sighs Pilar. And the young ladies in green silk in yonder box, who are supposed each to have a herd of ten thousand cattle for dowry, in South America, flirt with more activity than ever. Suddenly the orchestra strikes up a few bars of a peculiarly lively tune. The actress, seizing her dress, and thrusting forward one leg with a familiar and beloved gesture, dances two or three—and only two or three—steps in front of the chief comic man. The whole scene changes as if by magic. A delirium of delight seizes the audience. It is the *cancan!* But the delight is brief, for, as we all know, *moralidad* is one of the watchwords (perhaps the most amusing one) of the Revolution, and the civil governor has ordered that the *cancan* shall not be danced. Spaniards, with all their rant about liberty nowadays, take quite kindly to being policed. The habit of obedience to the man in office lies deep in their blood. So a "moral" governor just prohibits a dance, or shuts up a club where he thinks there is too much gambling, by his own fiat. And it is difficult to see how a country like Spain could be ruled in any other way. She is scarcely more fit for self-government, in our British sense, than the Zoological Gardens.

Apropos of gambling, let us notice the extraordinary prevalence of it in Spain. More than anything else, it is supposed to have ruined the fortunes of the nobility; and the most famous modern soldiers, whose names are in everybody's mouth, have been notorious for it. All Spaniards are believed to like it, from the urchin who puts in his *cuartos* at a wheel of fortune or a raffle, to the grandee who stakes his *onzas* (sixteen-dollar gold-pieces, fair to see!) on the turn of a card. San Sebastian is now the summer headquarters of gaming, but it goes on all over the country. Cards are more played than anything else in Spain. The pack consists of forty-eight, divided into *espadas*, or swords (spades?); *oros*, circular pieces of gold; *copas*, or cups; and *bastos*, clubs. The court-cards are *rey*, the king, *sota*, the knave, and a mounted figure, *caballo*, which makes up for the want of a queen. The ace is called *as*. In regular gambling, *monte*, where the mere draw of a card settles the gain or loss, is one of the best-known games. But the game answering to our whist, and which may be played for high or nominal stakes equally, is

tresillo. In *tresillo* there are three players—the fourth hand being in common. The first player *nominates* trumps, according to the strength of his hand; but may be superseded by the second player, if he, with the help of the common hand, finds himself still stronger in any class of card. Trumps once constituted, the game goes on in a general way like whist. Long before dark, you may see respectable old Spanish fogies at their *casino* or *circulo*, employed upon this game. The Spaniards do not attempt clubs upon the English scale; nor can you get anything in the way of refreshment there, except what may be conveniently brought in from a *café*. But the rooms are handsome. There are Madrid and French newspapers—most probably, also, *The Times* and *Illustrated London News*, and sometimes *Punch*. Not, of course, that you would find these luxuries in such sleepy old capitals as Zaragoza and Pamplona, where a dignified indifference to modern life prevails, and the narrow antique streets, with their quaint population gazing at the stranger, hardly seem to belong to the century. Yet every Spanish town has its *café*, with its loungers and players at dominoes, its glasses of hot milk, orgeat, and rose syrup, and its endless clatter amidst clouds of tobacco-smoke. Even a revolution or insurrection does not disturb the current of existence in a Spanish city as much as the reader may perhaps suppose. You hear that barricades are being erected in such and such a quarter. The population are ordered to keep in-doors after a signal gun from the citadel. Troops bivouac in front of your house; musketry is heard in the distance. But, next morning, the cooks are all going to market, for "there is always an hour allowed for that," says your *cocinera*, who has seen her country ruined and saved a dozen times, and never found that it much affected the price of tunny-fish, kid, or tomatoes. The cooks well in, firing recommences, and "prodigies of valor" are declared by the local papers to be going on on both sides. "Both are valiant," exclaims the editor, urging peace. In a little while all is over. The revolt has failed. Nobody seems to know that any soldier has been hurt, although there are rumors that a poor wine-shop keeper has been killed in cold blood, because the black stains on his hands were mistaken for marks of gunpowder. The captain-general rides through the city with a showy staff behind him. Order is safe. The captain-general is to have the grand cross of *Juana la Loca*. Shops and theaters open again; and the foreigner finds that he has added one more little chapter to his experience of the Manners and Amusements of Spain.

London Society.

ABOUT CATS.

"DIED, in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, Mrs. Gregg, a single lady, between fifty and sixty years of age, remarkable for her benevolence to cats, no fewer than eighty being entertained under her hospital roof at the same time . . . . . Her maids being frequently tired of their attendance on such a numerous household, she was reduced at last to take a black woman to attend upon and feed them." She left this sable attendant an annuity, conditional on the due care and sustenance of the cats.

So said Sylvanus Urban, eighty years ago. And there have been other cases nearly similar; such as that of a gentleman at Hackney, who earned for himself the soubriquet of Cat Norris, on account of the numerous cats which he cherished. Grimalkin once now and then attracts a spurt of popular attention; and it is perhaps right that it should be so, for he appears to have had a good many hard rubs to bear. If cattle shows, horse shows, pigeon shows, poultry shows, bird shows and dog shows—even baby shows and barmaid shows—why not cat shows? If people persist in doubting whether there has ever been such a being as a tortoise-shell tom cat, why should not others

try to answer the question in the affirmative? If Persian cats are shorter in the back and longer in the legs than others, why should we not know it? Did a cat ever live twenty-six months without drink? and has a cat ever been known to exceed thirty years of age? and was there not a remarkable police-court case lately, touching the personal identity of a white Persian cat? If we like such subjects, have we not a right to discuss them?

The tortoise-shell problem is one of the toughest relating to cats. Every one admits that the combination of red and yellow in the male animal, if observable at all, is very rare, and the rarity gives rise to a high commercial value—just as in the case of old pictures, old china, and uniques of various kinds. Some breeders have found that, cross how they might, they can never produce this phenomenon; if tom, then a few black and white hairs mixed with the yellow and red; if no black or white, then tom's sister, perhaps, but not tom. Some persons have suspected, and even asserted, that nitrate of silver is occasionally used to sophisticate the color of tom's coat. There was once a tortoise-shell cat named Dick; but the animal lost both name and fame on becoming the mother of a litter of kittens. The *Times* newspaper has not been without its allusions to this subject. In one issue there was an announcement:

"A handsome tortoise-shell tom cat to be disposed of on reasonable terms." In another: "To be sold, a real tortoise-shell tom cat, fifteen months old, and eight pounds weight;" and diligent readers of the paper could doubtless find other examples. About sixty years ago there was one of these rarities sold by auction in London, and fetched such an enormous price as to become quite a public topic. Mr. Bannister, the comedian, made fun about it in an entertainment called the "Budget," while song books and broadsheets revelled in the song of "The Tortoise-shell Tom Cat," or, in another form, "Tommy Tortoise-shell." The song puts the cat into a catalogue issued by Mr. Cats-eye of Cateaton street; and brings in the syllable *cat* in plentiful abundance. Men, as well as women, it seems, helped to run up the biddings to more than two hundred guineas:

"E'en nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the fashion caught as well
As ladies in their biddings for this purring piece of tortoise-shell!"

Four other lines ran thus:

"Of its beauty and its quality 'tis true he told us fine tales;
But as for me I would as soon have bought a cat-o'-nine-tails.
I would not give for all the cats in Christendom so vast a fee
To save them from the cataracts or Catalin's catastrophe!"

Not only the tortoise-shell, but the yellow, and also the tri-colored, are subject to the same problem; are there any toms included in the number? Again, white cats are reputed to be always deaf and dumb; but some possessors assert that their *protégés* are as wide awake as any other cats. Again, there is the problem about tails. We all hear of the flagellatory cat-o'-nine-tails; but are there any cats wholly without such appendages? There are, unquestionably, cats in the Isle of Man thus bereft; and hence the saying, that "Manx cats are tailless;" but whether a cat once lost her tail by accident, and thus established a new breed, or whether, as has been rumored, crafty and cruel rogues sometimes curtail poor puss, in order to obtain a high price for a so-called Manx cat, are matters open for discussion.

According to Pennant, King Howel laid down a good stiff value for cats in Wales nine hundred years ago: "The price of a kitling before it could see was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse, twopence;" provided the little one passed a good examination by certain tests. "If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milk ewe, its fleece and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat, suspended by its tail—the head touching the floor—would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail."

Pussy has unquestionably been a favorite with many persons. Witness Mrs. Gregg and Cat Norris; and witness Richard Robert Jones, an eccentric who died in 1826, and who kept copies of all the pictures and all the verses he could meet with about cats. One of Gray's lighter minor poems, his "Ode on the Death of

a Favorite Cat," gives a pleasant picture of a well-fed and well-treated puss:

> "Her conscious tail her joy declared;
> The fair round face, the snowy beard;
> The velvet of her paws,
> Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
> Her ears of jet and emerald eyes,
> She saw—and purr'd applause."

She was looking at her own reflected image in a stream; she saw two fish swim by, and dipped down her paw to catch them; but overtoppled, fell into the water, and was drowned.

On the other hand, some persons have a great antipathy to cats. Such is said to have been the case with Napoleon. A story is told that, after his brilliant victory at Wagram, and while temporarily sojourning at the humbled Emperor of Austria's palace at Schönbrunn, he one night called out hastily in his bedroom for assistance. An equerry or aid-de-camp entered, and found his potent master half-undressed, agitated, perspiring, and dealing intended blows at something or other. In truth, a cat had secreted herself behind some tapestry hangings in the room, and Napoleon was making desperate lunges at her through the hangings, almost as much in terror as puss herself.

But the modes of making use of a cat as a symbol, metaphor, representative, or type, are much more varied than the actual show either of fondness or aversion; although, it must be confessed, puss is seldom complimented on these occasions. As to the signs of taverns, such as the "Salutation and Cat," "Cat and Bagpipes," and "Cat and Fiddle," much conjecture has been hazarded concerning their origin, but without any very definite result. Some of the learned say that "Cat and Fiddle" comes from "Catan Fidéle"—faithful Catherine; but this leaves unexplained our old familiar,

> "Hey diddle diddle,
> The cat and the fiddle," etc.

Not less difficult is it to trace the origin of certain old saws and sayings—such as this, that if you butter a cat's feet, she will become domesticated in your house; or this, that if a cat sneezes or coughs, every person in the house will soon catch cold. Then, what is the meaning of "Cat's cradle," that wonderful see-saw of thread or string in which children delight, and which they often call "Scratch cradle?" Some think that it ought to be "Cratch cradle," cratch being still a name for the hay-rack over the manger in a stable; and that it was associated, in mediæval times, with some rude semblance to the holy manger; if so, cats have evidently nothing to do with the matter. The old saying that "Cats suck the breath of infants, and so kill them," is sometimes attended with discomfort to puss, who is hurried away from the soft surroundings of baby, lest she should verify the proverb. Why is a particular game called Cat? No one knows. It has something of cricket, something of trap-ball, but is neither; what we know is, that the little bit of wood called the cat is troublesome to passers by. The term gib cat, once applied to tom, is supposed to have come from Sibert, familiar for Gilbert; but this does not help us much, for it leaves unexplained why a tom cat should be called Gilbert. Then there is the simile, or standard of comparison, known as the Kilkenny cats, implying mutual destruction; the story being that two cats belonging to that locality fought so long and so fiercely that nothing was left but a bit of one tail. A Kilkenny man, within the last few years, has expressed an opinion that the saying had an origin which had nothing to do with cats. Many generations ago, there were two distinct municipal or corporate bodies in that city, called respectively Kilkenny and Irishtown; the boundaries of their jurisdictions had never been marked out or clearly defined; they were at litigation on the subject for nearly three hundred years, until both were nearly ruined by law expenses.

Nobody knows why a particular kind of whistle is named a cat call. Addison, in his humorous and sarcastic essay on this subject, in the *Spectator*, contrives to glide from cat calls to cats. "A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes, from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the cat call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal." He observes, very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds and other me-

lodious animals. "And what," says he, "more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat, that lived under the same roof with them?" He added, "that the cat has contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string music in general."

Art-connoisseurs are acquainted with a picture by Breughel called the "Cats' Concert," in which about a dozen cats are assembled before an open music-book; the music, as is denoted by a small sketch, is a song about mice and cats; most of the cats are singing, with humorously varied expressions of countenance; one is blowing a horn or trumpet, one wears spectacles, and two or three are beating time with a front paw. Something approaching to this was actually attempted at one time at Paris; a cat concert, or "Concert Miaulant," was got up, in which several cats were placed in a row, with a monkey as conductor; when he beat time they mewed, the drollery depending chiefly on the different tones and qualities of the cats' voices. Whether it is the voice, or the manner, there is something that has tempted the more spiteful class of satirists to liken women to cats. For instance, Huddesford, who, in the early part of the present century, wrote a "Monody on the Death of Dick, an Academical Cat," launches out into this diatribe against various kinds of women:

"Calumnious cats, who circulate *faux pas*,
And reputations maul with murd'rous claws;
Shrill cats, whom fierce domestic brawls delight;
Cross cats, who nothing want but teeth to bite;
Starch cats, of puritanic aspect sad;
And learned cats, who talk their husbands mad;
Confounded cats, who cough, and crow, and cry;
And maudlin cats, who drink eternally;
Fastidious cats, who pine for costly cates;
And jealous cats, who catechise their mates;
Cat-prudes, who, when they're asked the question, squall,
And ne'er give answer categorical;
Uncleanly cats, who never pare their nails;
Cat gossips, full of Canterbury tales;
Cat grandames, vexed with asthmas and catarrhs;
And superstitious cats, who curse their stars!"

A more pleasant bit of fun, with which Thomas Hood enriched his "Comic Annual," is a letter supposed to be written by one Thomas Frost, to the Secretary of the Horticultural Society, revealing a most unexpected value of dead cats in gardening. "I partickly wish the Satiety to be called to consider the Case what follows, as I think might be maid Transaxtionable in the nex Reports. My Wyf had a Tomb. Cat that dyd. Being a torture Shell, and a Grate faverit, we had him berried in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the Mould, I had the Carks deposited under the roots of a Gozberry Bush. The Frute being up to then of the Smooth Kind. But the next Seson's Frute after the Cat was berried, the Gozberries was all hairy—and more Remarkable the Catpilers of the same Bush was All of the same hairy discription."

The instinct of the cat has not escaped the attention of naturalists. Every one agrees that the dog is far more intelligent, faithful, unselfish—attached to his master by something more than mere cupboard love. Still there are occasional instances of puss coming forward as a thinking being, laying plans, and adapting means to ends. As to cats suckling the young of other species of animals, this may possibly arise from some kind of maternal yearning, not simply such as we might call kindness of motive. At Guildford, some years ago, a boy brought in-doors a couple of blind young rabbits; the father, rather brutally, gave them to a cat, under the supposition that she would summarily treat them as rats; instead of which she suckled them and took care of them. At Overton, in Hampshire, a cat suckled her own kitten and a squirrel at the same time. In White's "Natural History of Selborne" an incident is related of a cat who had been robbed (in a way familiarly known to most households) of her kittens, nursing a young leveret which had lost its mother. The marvel to Gilbert White was that a carnivorous animal should thus suckle one of the graminivorous order. At Woodbridge, in Suffolk, a hen died, leaving two eggs to bemoan their loss. The eggs were placed under a cat when suckling her kittens; the warmth hatched the eggs, the chicks came forth, and the cat looked after them as attentively as after her own kittens.

Poor puss sometimes looks as though she would, if she could, tell her troubles to those around her. A kitten died, one day, a natural and not a violent death; the cat brought it in-doors in her mouth, laid it at her mistress' feet, and moaningly looked up for sympathy. The instinct of dogs in finding their way to places under circumstances which would baffle their masters, is paralleled in one instance, if not in many, by the cat. A certain puss had her kitten taken away from her, put into a basket, and carried three miles off, to the other extremity of a large town. Puss disappeared some time afterward; but when the street door was opened in the morning, in she composedly walked, with her kitten dangling from her mouth, and replaced it on her own particular cushion. How she had managed her night journey no one knew. A child six years old ran a splinter in his foot, sat down on the floor, and cried so lustily as to wake a cat who was sleeping by the fireside; the cat got up, went to the child (who was a playmate of hers), gave him a good hearty cuff on the cheek with her paw, returned to the fireside and resumed her nap, as if under the belief that the unusually loud crying was merely the result of "tantrums." A cat belonging to a convent received her food only when the bell rang at meal times. One day she happened to be shut out at this critical period. On gaining admission, an hour or two afterward, she saw no trace of any allowance on her platter; whereupon she set the bell ringing, much to the astonishment of the establishment generally. The *Scotsman* newspaper, in 1816, told an anecdote of a cat that was left on shore by mere accident, much to the regret of the ship-master. When he returned to Aberdour from his voyage, about a month afterward, puss at once walked on board with a kitten, and went directly down to the cabin. It was ascertained that she had lived in a neighboring wood, coming to have a peep at all the vessels that entered the harbor, but paying no further attention to any except the one which she regarded as her home. And here we may remark that there is said to be a law or rule that if a live cat is found in an abandoned ship it will prevent the vessel from being treated as derelict, or the property of the finder. If it be so, the rule probably applies to other live animals beside cats; at any rate, it is known that ship-owners and ship-masters like to have a cat on board. One more instance of thought, sagacity, or whatever we may call it. A certain pantry window in the country was frequently found to be broken, and was as frequently mended; to guard it, a board was nailed across the lower part of the sash. One night the master of the house, when in bed, heard taps against the pantry window, just below him. On looking out he saw a cat with her (or his) hind feet on the pantry sill, the left front paw clinging to the top edge of the board as a holdfast, and hammering away against one of the panes of glass with a small stone held in the right paw.

There is some justification for the belief that a new career of honor is opening for puss. Cat shows are likely to become institutions among us. When the Crystal Palace folk entered upon this matter, half a year ago, there were no data from which the probable degree of success could be inferred. It was not known whether the owners of fine or rare cats would submit them to public view. But they *did;* and the display was a success. The famous question of questions was not quite solved. There was a tortoise-shell tom, but it was admitted that he had a few white hairs about him. People flocked in very large numbers to the north nave of the palace, where the cats were ranged in cages; and newspapers and family circles were, for a week afterward, discussing the merits of the Duchess of Sutherland's British wild-cat, the white Persian cats, the blue-eyed deaf cats, the Siamese cat with the puppy pug-like nose, cats without tails, cats with superabundant toes, cats with less than the proper number of toes, cats weighing more than twenty-one pounds each, cats with the brown tabby coat, so rarely seen. And so, this first cat show having been a success, a second was determined on; and still more decidedly is pussy now in favor than before. The cats were vastly more numerous; and so were the visitors. No fewer than three hundred and forty-nine mewing, purring beauties competed for public admiration and favor, reclining

pleasantly on their cushions. The animals were grouped in forty classes, and three prizes were given in each class; so that about every third exhibitor had a prize, of course much to his or her satisfaction. The short-haired and the long-haired were duly classified; while the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offered prizes for choice examples of workmen's cats. Good; kindness to animals ennobles a dustman and duke alike. The brown, blue, and gray tabbies were in strong muster; the rare mauve color was present; the Australian and the Abyssinian had not been forgotten; there was a cream color, which the enraptured owner valued at one hundred pounds; there were twenty-pound cats, and—oh, rarity of rarities!—a real tortoise-shell tom, in whose coat not one white hair could be found!

PHILO-FELIS.

The Dark Blue.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

A COMPARISON drawn between the audiences of to-day, and those of even thirty or forty years ago, will show remarkable changes. But if we carry back our comparisons a century or two the change of manners is almost incredible. The audiences who now frequent the most plebeian of east end, or transpontine theaters, are incomparably better behaved than were the fine ladies and gentlemen who patronized Garrick; and these, again, appear refined when placed side by side with those who saw Burbage, or even Betterton act.

Yet in some of the descriptions bequeathed to us by the old writers of the playgoers of their time, there are points which might be excellently applied to certain would-be wits and critics of our generation. Here is a passage extracted from Ben Jonson's "His Case is Altered." One of the characters is speaking of the gallants at a new play, "They have taken such a habit of dislike in all things that they will approve nothing, be it ever so conceited and elaborate. . . A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out in the throng there as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing, and sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years, at a Parliament time or so, will be as deep-mired in censuring as the best."

These gentlemen would frequently read during the whole performance, never once deigning to cast a look upon the stage; or play cards, and converse loudly. At holiday times the "groundlings" were usually riotous in their behavior, frequently compelling the actors to change the performance advertised for any other play they chose to call for, besides pelting and hooting them unmercifully, and sometimes even destroying the interior of the theater.

Approbation and disapprobation were then as now expressed by clappings of hands, hisses, groans, and even the word "the goose" was as well known in Shakespeare's time as in our own. Smoking and nut-cracking were freely indulged in, and orange and refreshment vendors plied their trade as briskly in the Globe or the Blackfriars, as they do now in the Surrey or the Victoria.

Here is a picture of an audience of the latter part of the sixteenth century, taken from Gosson's "School of Abuse" (1587): "In our assemblies of plays in London you shall see such heaving and shouting, such pitching and shouldering to sit by the women, such care for their garments that they be not trod on, such eyes to their laps that no chips light on them, such mashing in their ears I know not what, such giving them pippins to pass the time, such playing at foot saunt without cards, such tickling, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedy to mark their behavior."

Here is a companion painting of the age of Charles the Second, taken from

Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties Servants:" "In front of the house Nell Gwynne is seen prattling with the young fops, or lying across any two of them that she may hold converse with a third; the wits are criticising the actors, or conversing with the vizards in the pit; ladies of quality and good character could then appear in masks unattended. Such ladies entered into struggles of wit with the fine gentlemen, bantering them unmercifully, calling them by their names, but refusing to reveal their own, the audience oftener listening to their disputes rather than to the actors, while the fine gentlemen talked loudly with pretty orange girls as they combed their periwigs." Lord Foppington says: "A man must endeavor to look wholesome lest he make so nauseous a figure in the sidebox that the ladies should be compelled to look at the play."

Every part of the theater was open to the fine gentlemen. In the tiring rooms of the actresses they passed the time between the acts, while the stage itself was the most fashionable part of the auditorium. Here crowded the gallants, at times in such numbers as to seriously impede the action of the play, not scrupling to address their conversation to the actresses, even in the most tragic scenes. In 1704, Queen Anne issued a decree forbidding the presence of the public upon the stage. But the rule was soon broken, and in 1732, at Convent Garden, ten shillings and sixpence was charged for a stage seat.

In the time of Dryden the performances commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Our ancestors seem to have been no more particular about desecrating their theaters with vulgar and inferior entertainments than we are ourselves. During the last years of the seventeenth century business so declined at Drury Lane that it was thought necessary to support it by the introduction of dancers, tumblers, strong men, and quadrupeds. When Betterton played Othello at the Haymarket, in 1709, a Mr. Higgins, a posture-master, gave performances *between the acts!* One night, about the middle of the last century, a notorious quack-doctress, Mrs. Mapp, headed the Drury Lane bill with her name, as patroness, and drew a crowded house; a song being sung in her honor between the pieces. About the same period it was announced that four Indian chiefs would visit the same theater on a certain night. The house was crowded, but the chiefs, sitting quietly in their box, were not visible to the gallery. This raised the ire of the celestials, who declared that having paid their money to see the illustrious foreigners, the performance should not proceed until they did see them. The end of it was that the unfortunate chiefs were compelled to leave their box, and seat themselves in a row upon the stage for general inspection.

One formidable abuse which disgraced our theaters from their first foundation until within the memory of many still living, seems to have utterly disappeared. I allude to the theatrical riot. Some of these disturbances were so famous in their time, that they have become a matter of history. One of the earliest theatrical riots of which we have any record, occurrred on Shrove Tuesday, in the year 1617, and was raised by those firebrands of ancient London, the apprentices, who, in a spirit of, as far as we can learn, mere wanton mischief, attacked and nearly destroyed the cockpit theater in Drury Lane. Payne Collier gives an elaborate description of the event in his "Annals of the Stage."

But these disturbances were more frequently the work of the fine gentlemen, the bucks and bloods, than of the *canaille.* The theater was frequently the scene of their perpetual brawls and duels. An angry word was usually the prologue to a sword thrust, and sometimes not finding sufficient room in the pit, the then resort of the gallants and wits—the Sedleys the Etheriges and the Buckinghams—the disputants would spring upon the stage in the midst of the performances, and fall to a cut-and-thrust with sometimes fatal effect. In 1679, some tipsy gentlemen rushed into Lincoln's Inn Theater, with drawn swords and lighted torches, uttering cries against the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was present at the time and extremely unpopular. They thrust at the audience, threw their torches on the stage, and endeavored to fire the building. In 1721, a certain nobleman crossed the stage to speak to a gentleman

who was on the opposite side, during the performance of Macbeth, while the thane and his lady were upon the stage; Rich, the manager, was so indignant at this conduct that he forbade the delinquent to ever again appear behind the scenes. The answer to the interdiction was a blow in the face. Rich drew his sword, the actors supported him, and succeeded in driving the nobleman and his friends out of the theater. But they soon returned, reinforced in numbers, entered the front of the house, smashed the mirrors and mouldings, and endeavored to set fire to the building. The military were called in, the rioters captured, and the house closed for a week. From that time a guard was appointed to attend at the patent theaters during the performance, a custom which has come down to the present day. In 1754 Garrick brought out a magnificent ballet pantomime, with French dancers. War having just broken out with France, this engagement excited the indignant patriotism of the pit. A riot ensued, the boxes took part with the dancers, gentlemen incited on by the ladies, drew their swords and leaped into the pit; the gallery shouted with delight, and pelted both parties, but the pit carried the day, and after smashing everything breakable they could lay hands upon, proceeded in a body to Southampton street, and broke all the windows in Garrick's house. If, in those days, a quiet man ventured to differ in opinion with the bullies of the pit, they pulled his nose, and otherwise maltreated him; but they only grinned when the gentry in the boxes found it convenient to spit upon their heads. A favorite amusement of the roughs was to pelt the actresses' dresses with oranges.

One of the most pestilent annoyances of the theater was the nobleman's footman; he frequently occupied his master's place in the boxes until the arrival of the latter, where he lounged, spit and threw orange-peel upon the humbler occupants of the pit, and exaggerated all the ill-breeding of "my lord." The upper gallery, to which they were admitted gratis, was set apart for these gentry, and was the noisest part of the house. At length they carried their riotous behavior to such a height that a courageous manager resolved to withdraw the privilege. This caused, in 1736, a terrible riot, which, notwithstanding the presence of the Prince of Wales, proceeded to the most audacious lengths. The audience took part against the footmen, but the latter mustered strong, and a battle royal ensued, which ended in the defeat of Jeames, and the consignment of eighteen of their number to Newgate. Upon the occasion of the production of the farce of "High Life Below Stairs," that severe satire upon their order, they made a last effort to recover their lost power, and rushed in numbers nightly to the theater to hiss it down.

Riots were occasionally brought about by the opposing claims of popular artistes. In 1704 the town was divided upon the merits of Cuzzoni and Faustina, two opera singers, a difference of opinion which occasioned nightly disturbances at the Opera House, much to the annoyance of neutral people, who came only to hear the singing. The one faction was headed by the Countess of Pembroke, the other by the Countess of Burlington and Lady Delaware, those ladies leading from their boxes the contending shrieks and hisses! More than half a century later, Macklin being dismissed by Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane, appealed to the town and raised a body of partisans, who endeavored by nightly disturbances and interruptions of the performance, to compel his reëngagement; but Fleetwood replied by hiring a body of professional pugilists, who pummelled the rioters into silence.

In 1809 occurred the celebrated O. P., or old price riots. These were occasioned by Kemble raising the prices of admission to the new Covent Garden Theater, the boxes being raised from six to seven shillings; the pit from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings. The public felt itself offended at the erection of a third tier of boxes, which was let at twelve thousand a year, and also at the engagement of Madame Catalani. During sixty-one nights the performance was carried on in dumb show, the voices of the actors, among whom were John Kemble, Cooke, Munden, Charles Kemble, Liston, Mrs. Siddons, being drowned by hoots, hisses, cat-calls, watchmen's rattles, coachmen's horns, dustmen's bells, and the monotonous stamp and frantic vio-

lence of a species of Carmagnole, called the O. P. dance. The newspapers teemed with squibs and pasquinades against the manager. Placards and gross caricatures of Kemble and his sister were distributed about the town, and men wore the letters O. P. upon their hats and waistcoats; and, in spite of Kemble's unyielding firmness, in spite of constables, warrants, continued arrests, prize-fighters and even soldiers, these atrocious proceedings ended in the triumph of the rioters.

In 1810 the Giroux riots broke out at the Surrey, then under Elliston's management, in consequence of Miss Giroux, a favorite dancer, having been displaced by Miss Taylor, a rival terpsichore. These riots were carried on through a number of nights to almost as great an excess as those just described. The appearance of either lady was the signal for a deafening uproar of cheers, applause, groans and howls; Elliston was hissed and pelted off the stage when he attempted to address the audience; two public houses in the neighborhood altered their signs to "Giroux" and "Taylor," and became the houses of call for the opposing factions; crowds waited nightly at the stage door to hiss or cheer each of the rivals as she entered the theater; a song, entitled "The Rival Queens," was sung at the Obelisk in Blackfriars road; hats bore impressions of G. and T., etc. The affair ultimately came to a trial at Westminster, but it was arranged by an apology.

Although we must congratulate ourselves that we are able to visit the theater without witnessing such scenes, yet with its mischievous propensities seem to have departed all the enthusiasm of the London audience. May not the inferior acting of the modern stage owe something to the frigidity of its patronizers? Colley Cibber says: "Public approbation is the warm weather of the theatrical plant, which will soon bring it forward to whatever perfection nature has designed it." Excitement is the very breath of an actor's nostrils, and without applause there can be no excitement. Apathy is infectious, and is quickly communicated from the audience to the actor.

It is said that Barry's utterance of "Oh, look there!" in the "Earl of Essex," caused the critics to burst into tears, and then shake the house with their applause. Many wonderful stories are told of Mrs. Siddons' power over the emotions of her audience. It is said that when she played Jane Shore the men wept, the ladies sobbed, and shrieked, and fainted. During her performance as Mrs. Beverly, in the "Gamester," the pit used to yell at and curse and threaten the villain Stukely; while timid people, afraid of the excitement, would remain in the lobbies, and peer through the small windows of the box-doors, content to watch the varying expressions of her countenance. At sanctimonious Edinburgh the general assembly of the kirk was obliged to arrange its meetings with reference to her acting. Crowds would assemble round the theater door at noon; after the play was over servants would take up their position on the outside for the night, in order to be the first to secure places in the morning. Bannister, speaking of Mrs. Barry, the wife of silver-tongued Barry, not the *protégé* of Rochester, relates that he had seen half the pit start up at her "Is he alive?" of Lady Randolph.

This extreme sensitiveness was shared in an almost equal degree by the actors themselves. Mrs. Bellamy was so overcome by Woffington's acting as Jocasta, in "Œdipus," while playing Eurydice to her, that she fainted away upon the stage. Miss O'Neill was frequently carried off she stage lifeless after the curtain had fallen upon her Isabella or Jane Shore. Mrs. Siddons, in "Tamerlane," fell back fainting, overcome by her own acting. So powerful was the effect of the elder Kean's acting in Sir Giles Overreach upon Mrs. Glover that she swooned before the audience.

Similar anecdotes are related of Master Betty and Garrick; when the latter left the stage Johnson said the gaiety of the nation was eclipsed. His farewell, and that of Mrs. Siddons, were marked by such grief and frantic enthusiasm as we can form no conception of. We have none such *artistes* now to be enthusiastic about; but, if we had, would they stir the cold blood of our modern playgoers? Unquestionable not.

Even the gallery has ceased to be deluded "by the cunning of the scene." What has become of the jovial sailor, who used to spring upon the stage and

pull out his prize-money to pay the hard-hearted creditor of some distressed heroine or aged man? Nobody now hisses Iago nor warns Othello. Even the stout old lady, in coal-scuttle bonnet, with gin-bottle and a basket of provisions sufficient to keep a family for a week, who used to threaten the "willan" with her umbrella, has only one representative left—Mrs. Brown. The very school-boy in the boxes looks *blasé*. The stage has lost its *reality*. This is largely owing to the influence of burlesque, which, not confining itself to the laudable purpose of exposing the absurdities of transpontine melodrama, has held up to ridicule everything that is noble in poetry and exalted in sentiment.

The universal ambition to march shoulder to shoulder with the class above us in the social scale, the besetting and most dangerous sin of the age prompting, as it does, every man and woman to live beyond his or her means, servant girls to dress like their mistresses, tradesmen to ape their customers, and the moderately-wealthy to rival the millionaire, has wrought great changes in theatrical audiences. The frequenters of *the gallery* of the old Haymarket theater were those who sit in *the dress-circle* nowadays—professional men, lawyers, doctors, poets, merchants and their wives; the pit was the resort of the critics and the wits; while the boxes were tenanted only by the aristocracy.

Fifty years ago a tradesman never dreamed of entering any other part of a theater than the pit; now his wife and daughters would blush to be detected in the upper boxes. You may behold the young lady who weighed your mutton in the morning seated in the dress-circle in the evening, arrayed in opera-cloak and white kid gloves.

Orchestra stalls have banished the old pit, once the most intelligent part of the house, while a low-priced gallery has admitted an element of ignorance, the presence and importance of which is glaringly apparent in the constant use by dramatic writers of Whitechapel slang, and startling appeals to the virtues and sufferings of that idol of the day—"the workingman"—now considered, by actors and authors, so necessary to insure the success of pieces, and which is slowly but surely banishing all intelligence from the stage.

In the small towns of the agricultural districts still linger some remnants of the old-fashioned audience of our fathers' days. There, managers are still dependent upon the patronage of the surrounding gentry. Upon the bespeak nights there are great gatherings, presenting curious studies of character to those used to the dull monotony of town audiences. First and foremost there is the old playgoer who has ceased to frequent the theater save on such particular occasions, who shakes his head at all modern acting, and after the play adjourns to the bar parlor of the hotel to solemnly smoke a long pipe, and tell long stories about the actors of his youth. Then there are the serious people who object to such places, and have only come because Mr. So-and-So presented them with tickets; old ladies and gentlemen of extremely sour aspects, who never relax the preparatory moral look with which they await the shocking things they are convinced all plays are filled with. Then there are the serious young men of Christian associations, and the serious young ladies who with much difficulty, and after many anxious inquiries as to whether there would be anything improper, have been prevailed upon to take tickets in honor of the patron, but who, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, look at first extremely uncomfortable, in anticipation of something dreadfully wicked coming every moment; thawing, however, gradually into a state of high delight. Nor must we forget the pleasant buxom people who do not visit the theater very often, but when they do, thoroughly enjoy themselves; these are always accompanied by happy-faced children, who make the house ring with their boisterous merriment. Besides these, there are all the Misters and Misses and Mrs. Somebodys, who go only because all the other Misters and Misses and Mrs. Somebodys go, and the farmers in the pit, who laugh until they are purple in the face at the comedy, but grow uneasy at the serious portions of the play—the rustics in the gallery who have been treated by the masters, who stare at their stage in open-mouthed wonder. And lastly, the mag-

nate of the night, the sir or the lord, who sits in the box, surrounded by his friends, really enjoying the performance, upon whom all eyes are frequently turned. Of course everybody laughs when he laughs, and everybody applauds when he applauds. The town-bred may laugh at these unsophisticated people, but there will be found amongst them many of taste and education, who would not endure the slang trash of a burlesque, or the exciting rubbish of sensation dramas, but who can still relish the polished wit of our elder playwrights.

A notable contrast to this picture is to be found in the brutal audiences of the manufacturing towns of the midlands and the north, into the theaters of which, always excepting the great towns, respectability seldom enters. To gratify the taste of a threepenny gallery, the most bloodthirsty of dramas and the most stilted of actors must be provided. I remember hearing a north countryman sum up his praise of an actor in these words: "Eh, he's a foine actor, look what big legs a's got!" When Charles Matthews visited the potteries, on a starring engagement of two nights, he was regarded by the pit and gallery as a positive swindle. "Call that acting?" cried a fellow, "I wouldn't go to see such a muff again if I was paid for it!"

Any dissertation upon audiences would be incomplete without a passing glance at the manager's *bête noire*—the order audience. Of all human assemblies that is the dullest, except when packed to make a new play or a new artiste. There is an unmistakable look about the order, a look of sponged, furbished-up silk, suits of black revived by ammonia, a wet towelling of hats, mouldy gloves which have long laid hidden in dark drawers, gloves worn with closed hands to conceal the dilapidations and abbreviated fingers; in short, a general appearance of seediness, dry rot and uncomfortableness, and over all an air of dull dejection. Orders never applaud, and are always dissatisfied. Oblige a friend with an order, ask him next morning how he liked the play, he will be sure to find a hundred faults with that which would have delighted him, *had he paid.*

It has been said that the stage influences the manners and morals of the age; the reverse of the axiom would be nearer the truth. There has been a great deal of rubbish talked and written of late, to the effect that theatrical managers should produce such works only, without regard to the question of profit or loss, as would tend to the elevation of public taste. But where is the money to come from for such Quixotic speculations? If the public will have hashed-up novels, gorgeous scenery, trained supers, and very bad actors; turpentine, tow and red-fire; burlesques dished up from materials used for the hundredth time, which have not even the merit of being funny; and prefer to actresses pretty-faced dolls, who pay to act, whose only ideas of art are a tow-colored wig and a liberal display of legs, arms, and bust; and whose talents lie in leering at the stalls, slang songs, vulgar dances, and imitations of the idiotcies of inane concert hall singers —I repeat, if the public is satisfied with these things, the manager will naturally say 'What is it to me while my treasury fills? Managers and authors of the present day are neither better nor worse than were their predecessors of two or three centuries back. Shakespeare, Alleyne, Dryden, Congreve, and Sheridan catered and wrote to please the public taste as much as do Chatterton, Swanborough, Halliday, Burnand and Byron.

To conclude, with the words of that shrewd observer and admirable judge of all things histrionic, Colley Cibber, "It is not to the actor, therefore, but to the vitiated and low taste of the spectator, that the corruptions of the stage (of what kind soever) have been owing. If the public, by whom they must live, had spirit enough to discountenance and declare against all the trash and fopperies they have been so frequently fond of, both the actors and authors, to the best of their powers, must naturally serve their daily table with sound and wholesome diet."

When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he at first listened to him attentively, and then interrupted him. "Is there not," said he, "a fair side also to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."

Dark Blue.

THE LAST MAN OF MEXICAN CAMP.

MEXICAN CAMP was a nest of snow-white miners' tents huddled down in a dimple of the Sierras. If you had stood near the flag-pole in the center of the camp, on which the stars and stripes were raised or lowered on the arrival or departure of the mustang express, the only regular thread connecting the camp with the outer world, and looked intently west, you might have seen, on a day of singular clearness, beyond some new-born cities, the flash of the Pacific in the sun. At your back mountains black with pine and cedar, then bold and gray with granite, basalt and cinder, then white with everlasting snow, had made you feel strong and secure of intrusion in the rear. Close about you, on the hillsides and in the gulch, you would have seen trees lifting their limbs above the heads of thousands of men who knew for the time no other sheltering; while at your feet in the gulch, and as far down as the eye could follow it, the little muddy stream struggled on through little fleets of tin and iron pans, great Mexican wooden bowls, and through cradles, tarns and sluices. You had seen long gray lines of Mexican mules stringing around the mountain, winding into the camp with their heavy burdens, and heard the shouts, spiced thick with oaths, of the tawny packers. You had heard the sound of the hammer and ax on every hand; for a new city had been born, as it were, the night before, and this was its first struggle, cry, and reaching of uncertain hands. All day, on either side the stream, sat a wall of men washing for gold. The Mexican and the American were side by side that had been breast to breast at Monteray; the lawyer wrought beside his client; the porter found his strong arms made him the superior here to the dainty gentleman to whose wants he had once ministered.

That was a democracy pure and simple. Life, energy, earnestness! That was the beginning of a race in life in which all had an even start. What an impulse it was! It inspired the most sluggish. It thrilled the most indifferent, dignified and ennobled the basest soul that was there. Mexican Camp has perished, but it has left its lesson, a verdict clear and unqualified in favor of the absolute equality of men, without any recommendation of mercy to masters.

Each man, peer or peon, had his six feet of ground. That was made the law at a miners' meeting held around the flag-staff the day it was raised; at which Kangaroo Brown presided with uncommon dignity, considering his long term of service at Sydney, not to mention the many indiscretions laid to his charge before leaving his native country, at his country's expense, for his country's good. It was at first passed that a miner should hold five feet only, but a Yankee, who had an uncommonly rich claim, moved a reconsideration, and, without waiting to get a second, made a speech and put his own motion. This was his speech and motion, delivered at the top of his voice: "Boys, I go you a foot better. Blast it, let's give a fellow enough to be buried in, anyhow. All those what say six feet make it manifest by saying 'I.'"

There was a chorus. "The I's have it, and six feet is the law; and I now declare this meeting adjourned *sine die;*" and the convict chairman descended from the pine stump, where he had stood in his shirt-sleeves, took up his pick and pan, and divested of his authority of an hour, entered his claim and bent his back to his toil, as did the thousands of men around him.

As a truthful chronicler, I am bound to say that Sunday never did much for the miner on the Pacific. The fault, of course, was the mode of its observance. But there is a promise. The old order of things is passing away; most of the old miners, too—let this be said with reverence—have passed away with their camps. On that day, as it was, as a rule all went to town, and the streets became a sea of bearded men. Not a boy, not a woman in sight. On that day was perpetrated nine-tenths of the crimes. Provisions for the week were bought, gold dust sold or sent away by express to the

dependent ones at home, and then the miner gave himself up to the only diversions the country appeared to him to afford—cards and intoxication. The men of the Pacific were originally a peculiarly grand body of heroes. The weak of nerve never started, and the weak of body died on the journey there, and the result was a selection of men mighty for good or evil. They were unlike all other men. For example, the noisy border ruffians of the Mississippi bar-room or western frontier has no counterpart in California. The desperado of the Pacific disdains words. A half-dozen Germans or Irish will make more commotion over the price of a glass than will a camp of Californians in a misunderstanding that ends in as many deaths.

"Are you heeled? then draw," comes quick as thought, and unless a sharp negative is thrown in against the question, shot after shot follows till some one falls. Shootists of the Pacific also have their rules of etiquette. In the face of a thousand pictures and publications to the contrary, I protest that they rarely carry six-shooters except when traveling, and that it is considered in as bad taste to display a pistol as to enter a lady's parlor wearing spurs. A man who wears a six-shooter and bowie-knife publishes himself as a verdant immigrant, and is despised for his display. Nor is the desperado of the Pacific the bearded, uncouth ruffian he is represented. He is, in fact, neither loud in dress or manner, but is partial to French boots, patronizes the barber, has even been known to wear kid gloves, and is in outward appearance a gentleman.

Mexican Camp flourished like a palm for many years, then like all Placo mining camps, it began to decline. The gold was washed from the best parts of the gulch, and the best men of the camp, one by one, returned to their homes, in other lands, or retired to camps deeper in the mountains, as their fortunes directed. As the Saxon went out the Celestial came in, but gave no new blood to the camp. Vacant cabins and adobe chimneys stood all up and down the gulch, and lizards sunned themselves upon them undisturbed. The butcher, the great autocrat of the mining camp, began to come round with his laden mules but twice a week, instead of twice a day. A bad sign for the camp.

But there was one cabin that was never vacant, it stood apart from town, on the brown-hill-side, and as it was one of the first, so it promised to be the last of the camp. It always had an ugly bull-dog tied to the door, and was itself a low, suspicious-looking structure, that year by year sank lower, as the grass grew taller around it, till it seemed trying to hide in the chaparral. It had but one occupant, a silent, selfish man who never came out by day, except to busy himself alone in his claim at work. Nothing was known of him at all save the story that he had killed his partner in a gambling-house, away back somewhere, in '49. He was shunned and feared by all, and he approached and spoke to no one except the butcher, the grocer and express-man, and to these only briefly on business. I believe, however, that the old outcast, known as Forty-nine Jimmy, sometimes sat on the bank, and talked to the murderer, at work in his claim. It was even said that Forty-nine was on fair terms with the dog at the door, but as this was doubted by the man who kept the only saloon now remaining in Mexican camp, and consequently an authority, the report was not believed.

Let it be here observed that when a mining camp sinks to the chronic state of decay that this now presented, the men remaining in it, as a rule, are idlers, and by no means representative miners. Their relation to the real, living, wide-awake, energetic miner, is about that of the miserable Indians that consent to settle on a reservation as compared to the wild sons of the woods, who retire before their foes to the mountains.

This solitary man of the savage dog was known as "The Gopher." That was not the name given him by his parents, but it was the name Mexican Camp had given him for a generation, and it was now the only name by which he was known. The amount of gold which he had hoarded and hidden away in that dismal old cabin, through years and years of incessant toil, was computed to be enormous.

Year after year the grass stole farther down from the hill-tops, to where it had been driven, as it were, in the early set-

tlement of the camp, until at last it environed the few remaining cabins as if they were besieged, and it stood up tall and undisturbed in the only remaining street. Still, regularly three times a day the smoke curled up from "The Gopher's" cabin, and the bull-dog kept unbroken watch at the door.

A quartz lode had been struck a little way further up the gulch, and a rival town established. The proprietors named the new camp "Orodelphi," but the man of the saloon of Mexican Camp, who always insisted he was born a poet, called it "Hogem." It stuck like wax, and "Hogem" is the only name by which the little town is known to this day.

One evening there was consternation among the idlers of Mexican Camp. It was announced that the last saloon was to be removed to Hogem. A remonstrance was talked of; but when a man, known as the "Judge," from his calm demeanor in the face of the gravest trouble, urged that the calamity was not so great after all, since each man could easily transport his blankets and frying-pan to the vacant cabins at Hogem, no more was said.

The next winter "The Gopher" was left utterly alone, and in the January spring that followed, the grass and clover crept down strong and thick from the hills, and spread in pretty carpets across the unmeasured streets of the once populous and prosperous Mexican Camp. Little gray-horned toads sunned themselves on the great flat rocks that had served for hearthstones, and the wild hop-vines clambered up and across the toppling and shapeless chimneys.

About this time a closely contested election drew near. It was a bold and original thought of a candidate to approach "The Gopher," and solicit his vote. His friends shook their heads, but his case was desperate, and he ventured down upon the old gray cabin, hiding, as it were, in the grass and chaparral. The dog protested, and the office-seeker was proceeding to knock his ugly teeth down his throat, with a pick-handle, when the door opened, and he found the muzzle of a double-barrelled shot gun in his face. The candidate did not stay to urge his claims, and the Gopher's politics remained a mystery.

I know but one more incident that broke the dreary monotony in the life of this selfish and singular man. One dark night, two men of questionable character were found in the trail, trying to drag themselves to Hogem. They were riddled with shot like a cullender. They had been prospecting around for the Gopher's gold, and received their "baptism of fire" in attempting to descend his chimney.

Here, in this land of the sun, the days trench deep into the nights of northern countries, and birds and beasts retire before the sunset—a habit which the transplanted Saxon declines to adopt.

Some idlers sat at sunset on the verandah of the saloon at Hogem, looking down the gulch as the manzinnetta smoke curled up from the Gopher's cabin.

There is an hour when the best that is in man comes to the surface; sometimes the outcroppings are not promising of any great inner wealth, but the indications, whatever they may be, are not false. It is dulce and drift coming to the surface when the storm of the day is over, yet the best thoughts are never uttered, often because no fit words are found to array them in; oftener because no fit ear is found to receive them.

A sailor broke silence. "Looks like a Fiji camp on a South Sea island.

"Robinson Crusoe—the last man of Mexican Camp—the last rose of summer." This was said by a young man who had sent some verses to the *Hangtown Weekly*.

"Looks to me, in its crow's nest of chaparral, like the lucky ace of spades," added a man who sat apart, contemplating the wax under the nail of his right fore-finger.

The school-master here picked up the ace of hearts, drew out his pencil, and figured rapidly.

"There!" he cried, flourishing the card, "I put it at an ounce a day for eighteen years, and that is the result."

The figures astonished them all. It was decided that the old miser had at least a mule-load of gold in his cabin.

"It is my opinion," said the 'squire, who was small of stature, and consequently insolent and impertinent, "he had ought to be taken up, tried, and hung for killing his partner in '49."

"The time has run out," said the coroner, who now came up, adjusting a tall hat, to which he was evidently not accustomed. "The time for such cases by the law made and provided, has run out, and it is my opinion it can't be did."

Not long after this it was discovered that the Gopher was not at work. Then it came out that he was very ill, and that old Forty-nine was seen to enter his cabin.

Early one frosty morning in the fall following, old Forty-nine Jimmy sat by the door of the saloon at Hogem. He held an old bull-dog by a tow string, and both man and dog were pictures of distress, as they shivered from the keen cold wind that came pitching down from the snow peaks. As I approached, the man shivered till his old teeth chattered, and, clutching at his string, looked helplessly over his shoulder at the uncompromising bar-keeper, who had just arisen and opened the door to let out the bad odors of his den. The dog shivered too, and came up and sat down close enough to receive the sympathetic hand of old Forty-nine on his broad bowed head. This man was a relic and a wreck. Nearly twenty years of miner's life and labor in the mountains, interrupted only by periodical sprees, governed in their duration solely by the results of his last "clear up," had made him one of a type of men known only to the Pacific. True he had failed to negotiate with the savage cinnamon-headed vender of poison, but he was no beggar. It was simply a failure to obtain a Wall street accommodation in a small way. I doubt if the bristle-haired bar-keeper himself questioned the honesty of Forty-nine. It was only a question of ability to pay, and the decision of the autrocrat had been promptly and firmly given against the applicant. Perhaps, in strict justice to the red-haired wretch that washed his tumblers and watched for victims that frosty morning, I should say that appearances were certainly against Forty-nine. It is nothing at all against a brave, frugal gold miner, lifting his heart out of and over the Sierras to a group awaiting him away in the East, to be found wearing patches on his clothes, and even patches on the patches; in fact, I have known many who, coupling a quaint humor with economy, wore, neatly stitched on that portion of a certain garment most liable to wear and tear when the owner had only boulders and hard benches to sit upon, the last week's flour-sack, bearing this inscription in bold, black letters, "Warranted superfine, 50 lbs." But Forty-nine had not even a patch; therefore no flour-sack; *ergo*, no flour. The most certain sign of the total wreck of a California miner is the absence of top boots. When all other signs fail, this one is infallible. You can with tolerable certainty, in the placer mines, tell how a miner's claim is paying by the condition and quality of his top boots. Forty-nine had no boots, only a pair of slippers improvised from "what had been," and between the top of these and the legs of his pantaloons there was no compromise across the naked, cold, blue ankles. These signs, together with a buttonless blue shirt that showed his hairy bosom, a frightful beard, and hair beneath a hat that drooped like a wilted palm leaf, were the circumstantial evidences from which Judge Bar-keep made his decision.

It would, perhaps, be much pleasanter for us all if we could know that such men were a race to themselves; that they never saw civilization; that there never was a time when they were petted by pretty sisters, and sat, pure and strong, the central figures of Christian households; or, at least, we would like to think that they grew up on the border and belonged there. But the truth is, nine cases out of ten, they come of the gentlest blood and life. The border men, born and bred in storms, never get discouraged; it is the man of culture, refinement, and sensitive nature, that falls from the front in the hard-fought battles of the West.

This man's brow was broad and full; had his beard and hair been combed and cared for, his head had looked a very picture. But, after all, there was one weak point in his face. He had a small, hesitating nose.

As a rule, in any great struggle involving any degree of strategy and strength, the small nose must go to the wall. It may have pluck, spirit, refinement, sensitiveness, and, in fact, to the casual observer, every quality requisite

to success, but somehow invariably at the very crisis it gives way. Small noses are a failure. This is the verdict of history. Give me a man, or woman either, with a big nose—not a nose of flesh, not a loose, flabby nose, like a camel's lip, or a thin, starved nose that the eyes have crowded out and forced into prominence, but a full, strong, substantial nose, that is willing and able to take the lead; one that asserts itself boldly between the eyes and reaches up toward the brows, and has room enough to sit down there and be at home. Give me a man, or woman either, with a nose like that, and I will have a nose that will accomplish something. I grant you that such a nose may be a knave; it may be equally a genius; but is never a coward or a fool —never!

In the strong stream of miner's life as it was, no man could stand still. He either went up or down. The strong, and not always the best, went up; the weak, which often embraced the gentlest and sweetest natures, were borne down and stranded here and there all along the river.

I have noticed that those who stop, stand, and look longest at the tempting display of viands in cook-shop windows, are those that have not a penny to purchase with. Perhaps there was something of this nature in old Forty-nine that impelled him to look again and again over his shoulder, as he clutched tighter to the tow string, at the cinnamon-headed bottle-washer behind the bar at Hogem.

As I stood before this man, he turned his eyes from the bar-keeper and lifted them helplessly to mine—"Charlie is dead!"

"Charlie who? Who is Charlie?"

"Charlie Godfrey, the Gopher, and here is his dog;" and as he spoke, the dog, as if knowing his master's name, and feeling his loss, crouched close to the old man's legs.

A new commotion in Hogem. Say what you will of gold, whenever anyone shuts his eyes, and turns forever from it as if in contempt, his name, for a day at least, assumes a majesty proportionate with the amount he has left behind and seems to despise.

The coroner, who was a standing candidate for a higher office, marshaled the leading spirits at Hogem, and proceeded to the cabin where the dead man lay. He felt that his reputation was at stake, and entering the cabin, said, in a solemn voice, "In the name of the law, I take possession of this premises." Some one at the door, evidently not a friend to the coroner's political aspirations, called out, "Oh, what a hat." The officer was not abashed, but towered up till his tall hat touched the roof, and repeated, "In the name of the law, I take possession of this premises." This time there was no response or note of derision, and it was quietly conceded that the Gopher and all his gold were in the hands of the coroner.

The cabin was a true and perfect relic of what might, geologically speaking, be termed a period in the plastic formation of the republic. Great pine logs, one above the other, formed three of its walls; the fourth was made up by a fireplace constructed of boulders and adobe. The bed had but one post; a pine slab, supported by legs set in center of the earthen floor, formed a table; the windows were holes, chiseled out between the logs, that could be closed with wooden plugs in darkness or danger. Let these cabins not be despised. Their builders have done more for the commerce of the world than is supposed. Some day some cunning and earnest hand will picture them faithfully, and they will not be forgotten.

It is to be admitted that the dead man did not look so terrible, even in death, as the mind had pictured him. His unclosed eyes looked straight at those who came only to reproach him, and wonder where his money was buried, till they were abashed.

Standing there, the jury, under the direction of the coroner, gave a verdict of "death from general debility." Some one tried to bring the coroner into contempt again by afterward calling attention to the fact that he had forgotten to swear the jury; but the officer replied, "it is not necessary in such cases, by the law made and provided," and so was counted wise and correct.

They bore the body of the last man of Mexican camp to the grave-yard on the hill; may be a little nearer to heaven. How odd that nearly all grave-yards are

on a hill. The rank of chief mourners was assigned to Forty-nine and the dog. Whether this place was given because Forty-nine was the only personal acquaintance of the deceased, or whether the dog quietly asserted a right that no one cared to dispute, is not certain; most likely it was one of these things that naturally, and therefore correctly, adjust themselves.

When these bearded men in blue shirts rested their burden at the open grave, they looked at each other, and there was an unpleasant pause. Perhaps they thought of the Christian burial service in other lands, and felt that something was wanting. At last Forty-nine stole up close to the head of the grave, hesitated, lifted and laid aside his old slouch hat, and looking straight down into the earth, said, in a low and helpless way, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;" hesitated again, and then continued: "The mustard and the clover seed are but little things, and no man can tell one fron the other; yet bury them in the uttermost parts of the earth, and each will bring its kind perfect and beautiful. And—and—man is surely more than a little seed—and—and;" here he broke down utterly, and knelt and kissed the face of the dead.

The men looked away for awhile as if to objects in the horizon, and then, without looking at each other or breaking silence, lowered the unshapely box, caught up the spades, and found a positive relief in heaping the grave.

The coroner, as in duty bound, or, as he expressed it, "as required by the law in such cases made and provided," directed his attention to a search for the buried treasure. Yeast powder boxes, oyster cans, and sardine boxes, old boots, and quicksilver tanks, were carried out to the light and inspected, without results. "In the straw of the bunk," said the coroner; and blankets, bunk, and straw were carried out to the sun, but not an ounce of gold. To make sure against the intrusion of the ill-disposed, the unwearied coroner slept on the spot. The next day the hearth was taken up carefully, piece by piece, but only crickets clad in black, and little pink-eyed mice, met the eager eyes of the men. At last some one suggested "that as the hard-baked earthen floor was the last place in which one would look for hidden treasures, that was probably the first and only place in which the Gopher had buried his gold." The thought made the coroner enthusiastic. He sent for picks, and if I must tell the truth, and the whole truth, he sent also for whisky. By sunset the entire earthen floor had been dug to the depth of many feet, and emptied outside the door. Not a farthing's worth of gold was found. The next day the chimney was taken down. Lizards, dust of adobes, but nothing more. I am bound to say that about this time the memory of the man just taken to the hill was held in but little respect, and that a good or bad name, as far as the over-zealous coroner was concerned, depended entirely on the final results of the search. It seemed but one more thing remained to be done, that was to remove the cabin. Shingle by shingle, log by log, the structure was leveled. Wood rat, kangaroo mice, horned toads, a rattlesnake or two, and that was all. Not an ounce of gold was found in the last cabin of Mexican Camp.

The flat was then staked off as mining ground by some enterprising strangers, and they began in the center to sluice it to the bed rock. They sluiced up the gulch for a month, and then down the gulch for a month, until the whole hillside was scalped, as it were, to the bone, and the treasure hunters were bankrupt, but not even so much as the color of the dead man's gold was found.

Hogem was disgusted, and the Gopher was voted a worse man dead than living. It began to be noticed, however, that Forty-nine had mended somewhat in his personal appearance since the death of the Gopher, and it was whispered that he knew where the treasure was. Some even went so far as to say he had the whole pile of it in his possession. And in justice to Hogem, it must be observed she was not without grounds to go upon in her suspicions. For was not Forty-nine near the man at his death? And if he could get his dog, why not get his gold also?

One night Forty-nine, holding fast to a tow string, shuffled up to me in the saloon, and timidly plucking my sleeve, said:

"Going away, I hear?"

"Yes."

"To the States?"

"Yes."

"Near to Boston?"

"May be."

"Well, then, look here; come with me." And with an old dog bumping his head against his heels, he led the way out of the door down the gulch to his cabin. He pulled the latch-string, entered, and finally struck a light. Sticking the candle in a whisky bottle that stood on the greasy table in the center of the earthen floor, he picked up the tow string, and pointing to the bunk in the corner, we sat down together, and the old dog rested his nose between the old man's legs.

After looking about the cabin in nervous silence for a time, Forty-nine arose with a look of resolution, handed me his string, stepped to a niche in the wall, and taking an old crevicing knife, stuck it in stoutly above the latch.

"This means something," said I to myself. "Here will be a revelation." And I confess that a vision of the Gopher's gold bags crossed my mind with striking vividness. After while the old man came back, took up the whisky bottle, removed the candle from its neck, and holding the bottle up between his face and the light which he held in the other hand, seemed to decide some weighty proposition by the run of the bubbles in the bottle, and then turned and offered it to me in silence. On my declining his kindness, he hurriedly took his string, whilst the old dog again thrust his nose between his knees.

"You see"—and the man leaned over to me, and began in a whisper and with a strangeness of manner that suggested his mind was wandering—"you see we all came out from Boston together—Godfrey, that's the Gopher, Wilson, that's Curly, and I. Things didn't go right with me there after I came away, so I just let them drift here. Lost my grip, as they say; didn't have any snap any more, as people call it. Godfrey and Wilson got on very well, though, till Wilson was killed."

"Till the Gopher killed him?" I added.

"Well, now, there's where it is," said old Forty-nine, and he shuddered. The dog, too, seemed to grow nervous, and crowded his ugly head up tighter between the old man's legs.

Inartistic as it is, I must add that here he again handed me the string, and, rising slowly, went deliberately through the process of removing the candle and contemplating the contents of the bottle. Again I declined his offer. I was wondering in which part of that wretched cabin were the bags of gold.

The man sat down and continued his story exactly as before.

"There's where it is. Godfrey did not kill Wilson. The Gopher did not kill Curly no more than did you. You see, Curly was young. A bright, beautiful, sunny-faced boy, that had been petted to death by his mother and a house full of sisters, and somehow out here he fell to gambling and taking a drink too much, and one night, when Godfrey tried to get him away from a game, a set of roughs got up a row, upset the table, and Curly got knifed by some one of the set, who made a rumpus to get a grab at the money. Godfrey was holding the boy at the time to keep him from striking, for he was mad with drink. Poor Curly only said, "Don't let them know it at home," and died in his arms. Everybody was stranger to everybody there, and no one took stock in that which did not directly concern him. People said Godfrey was right; that it was a case of self-defense; and Godfrey never said a word, never denied he killed him, but went back to the cabin, took possession of everything, and had it all his own way. He worked like a Chinaman, and never took any part in miner's meetings, or anything of the kind, and people began to fear and shun him. By-and-by all his old acquaintances had gone but me, and he was only known as the Gopher."

Again Forty-nine paused, and the dog crept closer than before, as if he knew the name of his master.

Once more the man arose, lifted the candle, contemplated the beads in the bottle as before, and returned. He did not sit down, but took up and pulled back the blankets at the end of the bunk.

"I thought as much," said I to myself. "The gold is hidden in the straw."

"Look at them.' And he threw down a bundle of papers, and held the dim candle for me to read.

There were hundreds of letters, all written in a woman's graceful hand, some addressed to Godfrey, and some to Wilson. Now and then there was one with a border of black, telling that some one at home no longer waited his return. Some of the letters I read. "Come home! come home!" was at the bottom of them all. I chanced on one addressed to Wilson, of a recent date, thanking him with all a mother's and sister's tenderness for the money he had so constantly sent them through all the many years. I did not understand it, and looked up at Forty-nine. He bent over me, as I sat on the bunk beside the letters, with his candle.

"That was it, you see; that was it. As Godfrey—that's the Gopher—is dead, and can send them no more money, and as you was a going to the States, I thought best that you should drop in and tell the two families, gently, somehow, that they both are dead. Say that they died together. He sent them the last ounce he had the week before he died, and made me take these letters to keep them away from the coroner, so that he might not know his address, and so that they might not know at home that Curly had died long ago, and died a gambler. Take one of the letters along, and that will tell you where they are."

Again old Forty-nine resumed the tow-string. He looked toward the door, and when I had stepped across the sill he put out the light, and we stood together.

The old dog knew there was but the one place for his master outside his cabin at such a time, and, blind leading the blind, thither he led us through the dark. JOAQUIN MILLER.

Cornhill Magazine.

METEORS—SEED-BEARING AND OTHERWISE.

ASTRONOMERS are but now beginning to recognize the full significance of those strange discoveries which have been made respecting meteors during this last four or five years. The aspect of meteoric astronomy has been completely changed by the labors of Adams, Leverrier, Schiaparelli, and a host of other inquirers; while a variety of interesting conclusions which are deducible from the recent discoveries, remain as yet unnoticed, simply because so much has to be done in setting the new facts into order. Startling as was the suggestion recently thrown out by Sir W. Thomson —that meteors in long-past ages brought to our earth the seeds of life from worlds that had been shatterred into fragments —we believe that even more surprising inferences will be legitimately deduced from what has been learned of late respecting meteors. Time only is needed, that, in the first place, the actual condition of the solar system, as respects these bodies, may be more satisfactorily determined; and that, in the second place, the former condition of our system, and the condition to which it is tending, may be thence ascertained.

We do not purpose here to trace out the progress of those labors by which our present knowledge of the nature of meteors and of the part they play in the economy of the solar system has been gained. The history of those researches is full of interest, not only on account of the strangeness of the facts to which astronomers have been led, but also on account of the singular coincidences which have marked the progress of inquiry. At one time, it is a great display of shooting-stars which takes place just as astronomers required special information respecting meteoric showers; at another, a bright comet—the only comet of the 650 hitherto detected which could give certain information—appears at the very time when the information was needed; and yet another, precisely when astronomers were inquiring about another comet supposed to have escaped detection (if it had, indeed, any real existence), they find that that very comet had been seen, its path calculated, and even

its constitution determined, only a few months before. Such coincidences as these, the assiduity displayed by Adams, Leverrier, and their fellow-workers, and the singular conclusions to which their labors point, undoubtedly cause the account of the last few years of meteoric research to form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of astronomy.

But the narrative of these matters has been given elsewhere, and is doubtless already familiar to most of those who will read these pages. It would also occupy more space than can here be spared. We purpose to consider at present rather the conclusions to which recent discoveries have led, than the history of the inquiries of which those discoveries were the reward.

The first, and in some respects the most striking, feature of the new meteoric astronomy, is the amazing extent of the paths on which meteors travel. There was something very startling in the conclusion to which astronomers had been already led, that meteors are bodies which, before encountering our earth, have traveled on paths comparable in extent with hers. That a tiny body—a body so light, in many instances, that a child could play with it—should for countless ages have swept around the sun on a path many millions of miles in diameter; that, in fact, such a body should have been in reality a planet, was certainly a most surprising theory. But now we know that, so far as orbital range is concerned, our earth sinks into utter insignificance beside most, if not all, of these meteoric bodies. Astronomers have only been able to determine the real paths of two meteoric systems; but these two systems afford very significant evidence respecting their fellow-systems. The members of one—the November system—travel to a distance exceeding that at which remote Uranus pursues his gloomy career; the members of the other —the August family of meteors—pass to a distance far exceeding even that of Neptune. As it is wholly unlikely that the two meteor systems first successfully dealt with are the most extended of all those which the earth encounters, the conclusion may fairly be accepted that there are meteor systems whose members travel to distances exceeding even the enormous range of the August meteor.

But there is evidence of meteoric ranges compared with which the distances just referred to are literally as nothing. It is in considering such ranges, as we shall presently see, that we touch on the question of seed-bearing meteors.

When as yet astronomers had no proof that any meteors travel on such wide paths as we have mentioned, no great reliance was placed upon the estimates of meteoric velocities, as deduced from actual observation, and some seeming discrepancies in the results was held sufficient reasons for regarding those estimates as unreliable. For if the estimates were accepted, some very startling conclusions had to be accepted with them. Let it be remembered that a body which crosses the earth's track cannot possibly have a velocity exceeding a certain definite amount, *if* it has reached the earth's course under the sole influence of the sun's attraction. If the sun draws meteors from surrounding space, then every one of those meteors will show by its rate of motion that it has been gathered in by the sun's might as a ruler of matter. The planets, indeed, may help the sun to some small extent; but as a rule we may leave their influence out of consideration so far as meteoric velocities are concerned. What opinion, however, are we to form if any meteors show a rate of motion exceeding that which the sun can impart to them? If observers, having carefully watched a meteor's fiery course from two stations, deduce by calculations of a simple and convincing kind a rate of motion which is greater than that due to solar attraction, where are we to find the "power" which has caused the meteor to travel with that extra velocity?

Now the most careful observations of meteoric movements do actually show, in many instances, a rate of motion exceeding by many miles per second that which astronomers can fairly account for. Our earth moves at the rate of eighteen miles per second, and a meteor drawn in by the sun's might from a distance exceeding even stellar distances, would cross the earth's track at the rate of about twenty-six miles per second. Supposing the meteor to meet the earth full tilt, there

would result but a velocity of forty-four miles per second, for the earth's attraction on the meteor would not appreciably increase its velocity. But careful observers tell us that some meteors travel through the air at the rate of sixty, or even seventy or eighty, miles per second. The extra velocity is a peculiarity too well supported by the evidence to be neglected. An explanation must undoubtedly be sought for. But whence is this explanation to be obtained?

There are other bodies in the universe which exert a mightier attraction than our sun, and are, therefore, capable of imparting greater velocities. The star Sirus, for example, must force those meteoric bodies which circle around it to travel at a rate exceeding more than tenfold, at the very least, the velocities imparted to meteors by our sun's influence. It might seem, then, that we need only look to the larger stars—to those suns, that is, which are more massive than our own sun—for the source of these perplexing meteoric velocities. *This* would be sufficiently amazing. We should be compelled to believe in meteoric voyages, compared with which the journeys of the August and November meteors would be altogether insignificant. We should have to regard some at least of the meteors which our earth encounters as bodies which had traversed the inconceivable distances separating our solar system from the stars. And the wonder would be enhanced by the consideration that a million of years would be insufficient for the least of those tremendous voyages.

But even this explanation is insufficient. It must be accepted as true so far as it extends. Those meteors which enter the earthly atmosphere with the velocities spoken of *must* have come from extra-solar space; they *must* be visitants from the domain of other suns. This is as certain as the conclusions of astronomers respecting the past and future motions of the planets themselves. But this stupendous fact leaves the vast velocities of the meteors still unexplained. And for this simple reason: Through Sirius and Arcturus certainly, and many other stars probably, are capable of giving to meteors traveling toward them velocities which far exceed those which our sun can impart, yet the velocities those mighty orbs impart they also take away. Conceive for a moment the case of a meteoric body at rest in space, and about as far from Sirius as the nearest fixed star is from the sun. Sirius would draw that body toward himself, at first slowly, and afterward more quickly, and in the course of about a hundred thousand years the body would be urging its way with inconceivable velocity amidst the planetary domain ruled over by that glorious sun. We can conceive that it would be so far distributed on its course as not to plunge straight upon the surface of Sirius (as it would certainly do if undisturbed), but that, wheeling at its highest speed close around his mighty globe, it would pass away precisely as a comet passes away from our sun after circling closely round him. At the moment of nearest approach the body would travel at the rate of about five thousand miles per second (at a moderate computation), and this velocity is far greater than any possessed by meteors which approach our own sun. But as the meteor swept away from Sirius, the same surpassing might which had given to the meteor this amazing velocity would continually reduce the meteor's speed. The reduction of speed in retreat would correspond exactly with the acquisition of speed in approach; and when at length the meteor had reached its original distance, although it would not be reduced strictly to rest as at first, yet the motion it would possess (due solely to the disturbing action exerted upon it while traversing the Sirian planetary scheme) would be slower than the motion of the most sluggish river. It could never carry to other systems any appreciable portion of the velocity it had acquired while traversing the system of which Sirius is the ruling center.

Our difficulty remains, then, still unexplained. But before searching anew for an explanation, we may note another very curious inference from what has already been shown. We have seen that meteoric bodies which travel with such enormous velocities as have been noted in some instances, must certainly have come from the domain of another sun than ours. But precisely as meteors approach our sun, and then pass away for ever, so meteors that come to us from the domains of other stars must, in many

instances, have passed into those domains from the domains of yet other stars. Nor can it be regarded as likely in the nature of things that only some two or three such voyages have been performed. On the contrary, it must be regarded as almost certain that, in some cases, meteors traverse inter-stellar spaces many hundreds of times, visiting each time a different stellar domain—and perhaps even completing more than one circuit around some stars. Remembering that the least interval in which a body can pass from the domain of one star to that of another is about a million of years, we begin to recognize the wonderful antiquity of many of those bodies which have been thought fit emblems of all that is transient and perishable.

But it is when we seek for an explanation of the excess of velocity that we are led to the most startling conclusion. Let it be remembered that this excess of velocity is now regarded by astronomers as a real fact, because the observations which had been considered as doubtful have been confirmed by what has been proved respecting certain meteoric systems. There is such a perfect accordance between the estimated and the actual speed with which the August and November meteors pass through our atmosphere that estimates of the yet higher velocities with which some meteors move cannot be looked on with suspicion. We shall presently see also that there are independent reasons for believing in these amazing velocities.

Let us premise that Dr. Mayer, in his celebrated inquiry into the part which meteors play in the economy of the universe, has set the excessive velocities of some meteors among the mysteries of the Cosmos; and that, so far as we are aware, no explanation has ever been given of the phenomenon.

Still there are two explanations which seem to be available, though one only, as we judge, is of itself sufficient to account for the peculiarity we are considering. Probably both must in any case be admitted.

The first relates to a fact which is itself among the most amazing with which astronomers have to deal. All the stars are in rapid motion, though seemingly fixed. Amidst those depths where all appears at rest motions are taking place which are so rapid that the mind is utterly unable to conceive them. Masses millions of times larger than our earth are urging their swift career through space with velocities compared with which all the forms of motions with which we are familiar are as absolute rest. Now, it is a well-know law of motion that each kind of movement possessed by a body takes place independently of all others. The moon circles round the earth as if the earth were not circling round the sun. A body would circle round the moon while she circles round the earth (and with the earth around the sun), precisely as though the moon were at perfect rest. So that the motions of the bodies dependent on any star take place quite independently of the motion by which the star is sweeping amid the depths of the star-system. Our earth, for instance, pursues her course round the sun as steadily as though the sun were at perfect rest, instead of being in rapid motion with all his *cortège* of planets. And the power which a star has of communicating velocity to an approaching dependent body, and of withdrawing velocity from a receding body, has no reference to the motion which the body shares with the star. Take the case of Sirius, for instance. In what we said of him above we regarded him as at rest; and we stated, justly, that he could communicate to a body approaching him from a state of rest an enormous velocity, the whole of which he would withdraw during the recession of the body. But Sirius is, in reality, traveling with great velocity amid the star-depths; and if we conceive the case of a meteoric body circling close around Sirius with the enormous velocity already referred to, we must remember further that that body shares also with Sirius the great velocity wherewith the star is being carried through space. The first velocity Sirius has himself communicated, and he not only can, but will, withdraw it wholly from the meteor; but the other velocity he has not imparted, and neither can he withdraw it. The meteor will pass away, and will be reduced to all but rest with respect to Sirius—that is, to a condition in which it neither approaches nor recedes from the star; but this very state of rest with

respect to Sirius implies an enormous velocity with respect to space. Precisely as a body at rest on Sirius, or within his mass, is being carried at the rate of some thirty miles per second through space, so would our meteor possess this enormous real velocity, though reduced to all but absolute rest with respect to Sirius.

Now, bodies passing from the domain of one star to that of another must carry with them this balance of motion which their late ruler has been unable to touch. The effect will be different according to the manner in which they enter the domain of their new ruler; but it may happen in many cases that they will appear to move with the whole of this velocity as an excess of motion over and above that due to the sway of the star ruling them for the time being.

At first sight, it seems as though we have here a sufficient explanation of the peculiarity we are considering. It will presently be shown that some difficulties still remain. But before passing on, let us consider the strange explanation we have been dealing with.

It is, in the first place, a surprising circumstance that the stars should travel so swiftly as they do, amid the depths of space. We do not here speak of this circumstance as surprising merely in the sense in which so many astronomical facts are surprising. It is startling to consider that Sirius is more than a thousand times more massive than our sun, or that the sun is more than a million times larger than the earth on which we live. But there is nothing in these or similar facts, which is not in accordance with our ideas respecting the constitution of the universe. In the rapid motions of the stars, however, there is a source of grave perplexity, in the circumstance that motion is a measure of force, and we cannot understand what the force can be which has produced these motions. The mutual attractions of the stars are utterly unequal to the generation of velocities so enormous. The stars which are the next neighbors of any given star are those which tend most effectually to excite motion in that star; and their attractions counteract each other because acting in different directions. But supposing all these stars removed to one side of the first, so as to combine their attractions upon it, even *then*, at the enormous real distances separating the stars from each other, the resulting motions would not be comparable with those which actually exist. Thus we have, in the motions of the fixed stars, the evidence of a mighty force other (it would seem) than gravity, and perhaps acting according to other laws.

Now, if the assumed explanation of the rapid motions of meteors be correct, these bodies bring before us, in the most direct possible manner, the effects of this mighty force. They penetrate the atmosphere of our earth with velocities generated either by attracting bodies—non-luminous stars for instance—other than those we are cognizant of, or else by forms of force distinct from the attraction of gravity. Here, then, we have a conception respecting these bodies which is even more startling than the conception that they may be fragments of an exploded world, or that they may bear with them the germs of life. It is true that we know of no instance in which a world has exploded, for astronomers no longer imagine that the asteriods are fragments of a world which once traveled between the paths of Mars and Jupiter; nor is it very easy to conceive how the germs of living things can be preserved under the conditions to which meteors are subject. But volcanic action shows us at least how worlds might be supposed to explode; for we commonly compare a volcano to a safety-valve, and the purpose of a safety-valve is to prevent explosions. And, again, the idea of the conveyance of the germs of life from place to place is one with which we are sufficiently familiar. But in the motions of the meteors we have evidence either of the existence of bodies differing from all with which we are acquainted—more massive than the suns, but as opaque as the planets—or else of the action of a force mightier than the force of gravity.

While we may admit, however, that in many instances the great velocities of meteoric bodies may be due to the proper motions of those stars from whose domains the meteors have reached our earth, yet it is difficult to regard this explanation as altogether sufficient. In the first place, there are few stars whose motions are large enough to avail for our

purpose. Sirius has a rate of motion altogether exceptional; and it is probable that the average rate of stellar motion does not exceed four or five miles per second. And again, only a small proportion of the meteoric bodies coming from the domain of one star to that of another would show traces of the kind of motion we have been considering. Certainly very few would show an excess of velocity corresponding to the rate of seventy or eighty miles per second, with which meteors have been observed to traverse our atmosphere.

The second explanation of which we have spoken seems required, to interpret what still remains unaccounted for. This explanation is so startling that at first sight few would be disposed to admit it as even a possibility. However, when theories so surprising as Sir W. Thomson's hypothesis of seed-bearing meteorites are submitted to the gravest scientific assemblies, we need not fear to present even so startling a theory as the one we are about to deal with, more especially as we shall be able to exhibit certain very singular evidences in its favor.

The second explanation is this: that a large proportion of our meteoric visitations have been expelled or erupted from the stars—including our own sun.

The most obvious objection to this hypothesis resides in the fact that what appears an utterly incredible velocity must be communicated to the expelled matter in order to render the explanation available. It is necessary that the stellar volcanoes should propel meteoric matter from their interior with a velocity sufficient to free the missiles forever thereafter from the control of their parent star. Now, to take the case of our own sun, any matter shot forth from his interior at a rate of less than 380 miles per second would return to him again under the influence of his far-reaching attraction. It would, if undisturbed by planetary attraction, return (after a long excursion) in such sort as to strike his surface as squarely as it had left that surface. But even taking into account all disturbing forces, it would still return to the sun. A velocity exceeding that just named would free the erupted matter from the sun's influence—to this extent, at least, that though the sun would continually retard the motion of the receding matter, he would never be able to destroy that motion or change it into a motion of approach. But it seems incredible that any forces residing in the sun should be competent to propel matter from his globe at a rate so enormous.

And yet the evidence obtained during the past few years respecting the motion of the solar prominences seems to show that a velocity fully as great as that which we have spoken of may be imparted to matter expelled from the sun's substance. It is generally admitted that the prominences are due to some eruptive, or at least repulsive, force exerted by the sun. They have been seen to form like jets from a fountain, rushing forth with incredible velocity, till they have attained their greatest height, and then falling back, more or less rapidly, toward the sun's surface. Now estimates have been formed respecting their velocity by direct observation, the powers of the spectroscope availing for this purpose. But we have in the height to which the prominences attain the most satisfactory evidence of the velocity with which the gas comprising them has been propelled from the sun's interior. Assuming only that the prominences are formed of projected matter, we can as certainly determine the rate of propulsion as we can determine at what rate a cannon-ball must be propelled vertically upward from the earth's surface to reach a given height. At least, we can determine the lowest velocity which would suffice—supposing we see the full height of the prominences, and nothing happens to check the upward motion of their gaseous substance. But as surely as we know that a cannon-ball must be fired at a much higher velocity to attain a given height through the air than would suffice if it could be fired in a vacuum, so also we can infer that whatever velocity we deduce for the prominence matter, regarding it as projected through vacant space, must fall very far short of the real velocity. May we not even go further, and consider rather the velocity with which the smoke leaves the mouth of the cannon as compared with that necessary to carry a projectile only to the height reached by the smoke? If we accept this view, and certainly the constitution

of the prominences favors the supposition, we should decide that there can be scarcely any comparison between the velocity with which the matter of the prominences is projected from the sun's interior and that which would carry a projectile in a vacuum to the observed height of the prominences.

Now the largest prominence yet seen had the enormous height of 160,000 miles; and a projectile from the sun would require a velocity of 200 miles per second at starting, to attain, even through vacant space, to this vast height. It will scarcely be thought too daring to assert that the matter of this prominence must have had at least twice this velocity at starting, under the actual circumstances of resistance to which its motion was exposed. Here, then, we have evidence of a propelling force in the sun, fully equal to the discharge of meteoric matter in such sort as never to return either actually to his globe or on an orbital path close by him. If the same discharge which propelled the gaseous substance of the great prominence to a height of 160,000 miles, carried some denser substance along with it (which seems not only credible, but exceedingly likely), and if that substance by virtue of its density passed with much less loss of velocity through the solar atmosphere (as a cannon-ball retains much more of its velocity than the gases propelled along with it), then, unquestionably, the sun rejected that matter *forever* from his substance on the day that the great prominence was formed. The gas of the prominence was checked in its outward course by the resisting solar atmosphere, the denser matter only by the sun's attractive force; and this force, inconceivably mighty though it is, could only deprive the departing matter of a portion of its velocity. A portion amounting to about 125 miles per second would still remain, and would carry the erupted matter away through space until it entered the domains of some other sun.

It will be observed that, startling though the theory may seem, there is nothing forced about any of the suppositions on which it is based.. The theory that the solar prominences are phenomena of eruption is regarded by the leading observers of these objects as highly probable, if not certain. The aspect of these strange formations shows that they are flung through a resisting medium, and therefore it is certain that they must be projected much more swiftly than we should infer by merely regarding them as projectiles flung through a vacuum. It seems highly probable that, as in the case of terrestrial volcanoes and geysers, denser matter is flung forth along with the gases of the prominences. And it is certain that such matter, like the ball from a cannon or stones and cinders from a volcano, would be much less affected by the resistance of the atmosphere than the lighter gaseous matter projected along with it. Admitting these four postulates, of which two are highly probable, and two certainly just, it follows, as an inevitable conclusion, that the sun rejects matter from his substance—such rejection being final, owing to the enormous velocity imparted to the erupted matter. And if the sun thus rejects matter, so also do those other suns, the stars. Let us add to this reasoning two facts which have been regarded as severally sufficient to establish the strange theory that many meteors, if not most or even all, have been expelled from the interior of the suns which people space.

One of the most eminent microscopists living, and perhaps the most eminent of all who have applied the microscope to the study of rock-substances—Sorby, of Sheffield—has arrived at the conclusion that the structure of meteorites "cannot be explained in a satisfactory manner, except by supposing that their constituents were originally in the state of vapor, as they now exist in the atmosphere of the sun."

Again, the late Professor Graham, one of the most eminent chemists of our time, was led to a similar conclusion by the chemical analysis of a meteor. He had found that the iron of the Lenarto meteor contains much more hydrogen ("occluded" in its substance) than can be forced into the substance of malleable iron. "It has been found difficult," he says, "to impregnate malleable iron with more than its own volume of hydrogen, under the pressure of our atmosphere. Now, the meteoric iron (this Lenarto iron is remarkably pure and malleable) gave

up about three times that amount, without being fully exhausted. The inference is, that *the meteorite was extruded from a dense atmosphere of hydrogen gas*, for which we must look beyond the light cometary matter floating about within the limits of our solar system. . . . Hydrogen has been recognized in the spectrum analysis of the light of the fixed stars by Messrs. Huggins and Miller. The same gas constitutes, according to the wide researches of Father Secchi, the principal elements of a numerous class of stars of which Alpha Lyræ is the type. The iron of Lenarto has, no doubt, come from such an atmosphere in which hydrogen greatly prevailed. This meteorite may be looked upon *as holding imprisoned within it and bearing to us the hydrogen of the stars.*"

We do not indeed suppose that all meteors have had an origin of this sort. It is almost impossible to examine the facts which have been made known respecting meteors without arriving at the conclusion that no inconsiderable proportion of these bodies have not as yet formed part of any of the more massive orbs which are spread throughout the realms of space. It would seem as though two processes were simultaneously at work. On the one hand, there is an aggregating process, by which meteoric matter is brought to the surface of orbs, such as the sun and his fellow suns, our earth and other planets, the moon and other orbs which, like her, circle around the members of our own and other solar systems. On the other, there seems to be a process of rejection by which meteoric matter is continually being projected from the substance of the sun and the countless millions of other suns which constitute our galactic system.

We may remark, in passing, that it is not as yet clear whether comets, which are undoubtedly associated with meteors in some unexplained way, are to be regarded as composed of matter which has never yet belonged to the substance of a sun, or as composed of sun-rejected matter. But the paths followed by some comets would lead to the conclusion that these comets at least have been projected with considerable velocity from the interior of stars. It is well known that some of the comets which have appeared in our skies have been found to traverse paths so shaped that the comet cannot possibly return to our sun's neighborhood. When a comet has a path of this sort, we see that it does not belong to our sun's domain, for it is free, after its visit, to retire into the depths of space; nor can the comet have belonged to the domain of the sun it last visited, for otherwise it would not have been free to visit our sun's realm; and tracing back the comet's course through as many visits to different star domains as fancy may suggest, we yet never find that it could have belonged to the domain of any star. The only conceivable explanation of its first appearance on the stellar scene seems to be that which regards it as ejected bodily from some orb among those which shine amid the depths surrounding us. It may seem fanciful to recognize the action of the same sort of repulsive force which first ejected the comet, in the repulsive effect undoubtedly exercised on the matter composing the tails of comets which approach our sun. Yet, after all, this repulsive effect, and the enormous velocity of motion which it is capable of producing (as Sir John Herschel has shown) may afford perhaps the most satisfactory solution of the difficulties we have been considering.

The seed-bearing meteors of Sir W. Thomson, if their existence be admitted, must be regarded as holding an intermediate position between the two classes of meteors above referred to. They have neither been for all ages unattached wanderers through space, nor certainly have they been rejected from the fiery interior of a sun such as ours. In fact, Sir W. Thomson tells us very definitely what they are—they are the fragments of worlds which have been destroyed by collision. It is desirable to present Sir W. Thomson's reasoning in his own words (according to the fullest reports), because full justice has not always been done to him when his startling hypothesis has been described or summarized. The theory is amazing enough even as he presents it; but it is rendered utterly absurd by some of the modifications which it has received in the mouths of exponents.

Let us first consider how the theory was suggested. The questions which

have recently been raised respecting the origin of life, could scarcely pass unnoticed in a review of the scientific work of the past year. Accordingly, Sir W. Thompson, as president of the British association, seemed invited to their discussion. "How did life originate," he asks, "upon the earth? Tracing the physical history of the earth backward, we are brought to a red-hot melted globe on which no life could exist. Hence, when the earth was first fit for life, there was no living thing on it. There were rocks, water, air all round, warmed and illuminated by a brilliant sun, ready to become a garden. Did grass, and trees, and flowers spring into existence, in all the fulness of a ripe beauty, by a fiat of Creative power? or did vegetation, growing up from seed sown, spread and multiply over the whole earth? Science is bound, by the everlasting law of honor, to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it. If a probable solution, consistent with the ordinary course of nature, can be found, we must not invoke an abnormal act of Creative power."

He then proceeds to consider under what circumstances regions which in some respects resemble, or may be supposed to resemble, the lately cooled earth, become under our eyes the abode of abundant life. "When a lava stream flows down the side of Vesuvius or Etna it quickly cools and becomes solid; and after a few weeks or years it teems with vegetable and animal life, which—for it—originated by the transport of seed and ova, and by the migration of individual living creatures. When a volcanic island springs up from the sea, and after a few years is found clothed with vegetation, we do not hesitate to assume that seed has been wafted to it through the air, or floated to it on (natural) rafts."

"Is it not possible," he proceeds to ask, "and, if possible, is it not probable, that the beginning of vegetable life on the earth is to be similarly explained? Every year thousands, probably millions, of fragments of solid matter fall on the earth. Whence come these fragments? What is the previous history of any one of them? Was it created in the beginning of time an amorphous mass? This idea is so unacceptable that, tacitly or explicitly, all men discard it. It is often assumed that all, *and it is certain that some*, meteoric stones are fragments which had been broken off from greater masses and launched free into space. It is as sure that collisions must occur between great masses moving through space, as it is that ships steered without intelligence directed to prevent collision could not cross and recross the Atlantic for thousands of years with immunity from collisions. When two great masses come into collision in space, it is certain that a large part of each is melted; but it seems also quite certain that, in many cases, a large quantity of *débris* must be shot forth in all directions, much of which may have experienced no greater violence than individual pieces of rocks experience in a landslip or in blasting by gunpowder. Should the time *when this earth comes into collision with another body*, comparable in dimensions to itself, be when it is still clothed as at present with vegetation, many great and small fragments, carrying seed and living plants and animals, would, undoubtedly, be scattered through space. Hence, and because we all confidently believe that there are at present, and have been from time immemorial, many worlds of life besides our own, we must regard it as *probable in the higher degree* that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space. If at the present instant no life existed upon this earth, one such stone falling upon it might, by what we blindly call natural causes, lead to its becoming covered with vegetation. I am fully conscious," adds the learned mathematician, in conclusion, "that many scientific objections can be urged against this hypothesis; but I believe them to be all answerable—the theory that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world may seem wild and visionary; all I maintain is, that it is not unscientific."

Before considering the statement as to the movements of masses through space, on which, as on certainties, Sir W. Thompson has based his hypothesis, it may be well to touch briefly on a few incidental considerations. In the first place, it will be noticed that the hypoth-

esis, accepts to the full principle of development as respects life on the earth. For it professes only to explain how the earth may become covered with vegetation, that vegetation being presumably developed from a few primal forms, introduced by meteoric agency. The lower forms of animal life would then be developed from certain forms of vegetable life, and thence higher forms of animal life, and (on our earth at least) man as the higher form. It is, again, to be noticed that the theory does not profess to explain the origin of life generally, but the origin of life upon our earth. Of the two orbs whose collision led to the scattering of seed-bearing meteorites for our earth's benefit, one, at least, must have been already the abode of life. The difficulty of the problem discussed by Biogenists and Abiogenists is removed but a step, and remains untouched for one who is ready, with Sir W. Thomson, to adopt as an article of scientific faith, true through all space and through all time, the theory that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life. Nor must the fact remain unnoticed that meteors have never been found which either contain or show traces of having once contained the germs of life. It might be expected that, if a globe so vast as our earth could be peopled with all the forms of vegetable and animal life now existing on its surface, through the agency of meteoric stones, some signs of the seed-bearing character of meteors would be recognized by microscopists. Yet neither the solid bulk of meteoric stones, nor the light meteoric dust which seems to be at all times sinking through the air, has revealed, under the closest microscopic scrutiny, the slightest trace which could be regarded as confirmatory of Sir W. Thompson's hypothesis.

But the hypothesis is so clearly expressed as to leave us in no doubt of the nature of these probabilities, possibilities, and certainties, in which its author believes. We need not pass backward to the former history of our own earth, but may proceed to discuss its future fate, as predicted according to this hypothesis. Our earth is certainly to "come into collision with another body comparable in dimensions with itself," and then (if only the earth is in its present condition, as respects the existence of life upon its surface) "many great and small fragments, carrying seed, and living plants and animals, will undoubtedly be scattered through space."

Now, we venture directly to deny this proposition that the earth will one day *certainly* come into collision with another. It does not seem to us certain even that, amid all the orbs which people the infinity of space, there are two (tenanted by living creatures) which will, even in the infinity of future time, be destroyed by collision. It is absolutely certain that all the primary orbs of our solar system are safe from *mutual* collision or dangerous approach; the moons of Saturn equally safe, and so also the moons of Uranus. Now, so far as analogy can guide us, the suns which form our galaxy must be regarded as equally safe from mutual collision or dangerous approach. Simply by virtue of their motions under the action of gravity, they must be held —judging from analogy—to traverse paths as free from mutual intersections as the paths of the primary orbs of the solar system. If this is so, the worlds over which any sun bears sway are as safe from all risk of collisions with worlds belonging to the domain of other suns as are the moons of Jupiter from risk of collision with the moons of Saturn. It may well be, or rather it is highly probable, so far as all known analogies are concerned, that every risk of collision between worlds belonging to different systems is thus removed. But even if it were not so, if there really is a possibility that some worlds may come into collision and be destroyed, it assuredly cannot be predicted as a certainty respecting any given world—our own, for example—that it will be destroyed by collision at some future date, however distant. Amidst the star-depths, with their uncounted millions of suns—each, perhaps, the center of a scheme no less important or more important than our solar system—where does Sir W. Thomson find the suns which, by their close proximity to each other, seem to countenance his hypothesis? Not surely among the double, or multiple stars; for whatever collisions may occur among their dependent orbs must be regarded as mere family contests not competent to affect other systems. *Where*

then? Astronomy answers confidently that there is no evidence of the sort.

But let us grant, for a moment, that our earth has come into collision with another world, and that many great and small fragments, carrying seed, and living plants and animals, are scattered through space by the collision, and let us endeavor to ascertain the condition under which one of these fragments may carry the germs of life to some distant world. It need scarcely be said that the living plants and animals would quickly perish, so that we have only to consider the possibilities relating to the vegetable germs. Now we have no means of determining exactly how long a vegetable germ may retain potential life. Corn-seeds from the Pyramids have germinated, under suitable conditions, here in England, and in our own age; and it is conceivable that the thousands of years which have elapsed in this instance might become millions of years without the vitality of the seeds being affected. Furthermore, it is conceivable that seeds may bear strongly-marked vicissitudes of cold and heat without the destruction of the vital principle contained in them. Yet, when we learn that the fragments of our destroyed earth would be millions of years amid the cold of space (a cold far below the freezing-point), before they approached the domain of another star—even though they made for the nearest star in the heavens—we certainly are not led to entertain a very strong conviction that they would germinate in the first world they chanced to encounter there, or that they would become the means "by what we blindly call natural causes, of its becoming covered with vegetation." But we have further to consider that if our earth were scattered into a million fragments, the chances would be many millions of millions to one against any one of these fragments following a course which would lead it to collision with some world, after but *one* interstellar voyage. It is altogether more probable that every one of the fragments would visit in succession many stars, occupying millions of years in flitting from one to the next, sweeping so closely around some as to be melted, or even vaporized, and subject during the intermediate millions of years to a degree of cold of which we can form no adequate conception. It is over-daring to assert that no germs would retain the vital principle after such a series of voyages?

It seems to us that astronomers are not free to admit the existence of a class of meteors intermediate to those already considered. There are meteors which bear strongly-marked traces of having been ejected from other suns than ours; and, on the other hand, there are meteors which would seem not to have as yet formed part of any large orb in space. But we have abundant reasons for questioning whether any meteors are fragments of worlds which have once been the abode of life; while assuredly we seem entitled to reject decisively the theory that such fragments could bear the seeds of life to other worlds. The great mystery of the origin of life upon our own earth has not yet been solved, nor has a path toward its solution been discovered; and even if the strange hypothesis we have been considering had appeared admissible, the mystery of the origin of life in the universe would have remained as inscrutable as ever. The great problem which is at present engaging the attention of biologists—the question whether all the forms of life now existing on the earth have been developed from a few simple forms, or even one—would in fact be replaced by this infinitely more stupendous problem, the question whether all the forms of life existing in all the worlds throughout space have had their origin in some primal form existing at an infinitely remote epoch. And one circumstance, which to some extent gives countenance to the hypothesis of development, even to the mind of those who desire to form the noblest conceptions of the nature of the Diety, is wanting from this amazing extension or perversion of the hypothesis. Development, rightly understood, implies the perfect working of laws assigned to the universe in the beginning by the Creator; but, according to this new doctrine of development, life passes from world to world in a series of catastrophes. It was rightly objected by Leibnitz, that the views of some religious men in his day implied that the machine of the universe required continual winding-up; but this is little to the teaching

of the new hypothesis, according to which the progress of the universe is only secured by repeated collisions. Others, again, have urged that Nature, so far as we can comprehend her acting, seems, "in filling a wine glass, to upset a gallon;" but it was left to this theory to show that she must destroy two worlds in order to plant a few moss-seeds in a new one.

[NOTE.—Since the above pages were written, Professor Young has witnessed a solar eruption in which glowing hydrogen passed from a height of 100,000 to a height of 200,000 miles in ten minutes. The last-named height would imply ejection at the rate of 213 miles per second; but the present writer has found, after a careful calculation, that matter ejected at this rate would occupy twenty-six minutes in traversing the observed distance. Hence the velocity *must* have enormously exceeded 213 miles per second, and atmospheric resistance *must* have acted, depriving the up-flung hydrogen of a portion of its excessive velocity, and limiting its range of flight. More condensed matter, flung up along with the hydrogen, would retain a much larger share of the original velocity, which probably exceeded 500 miles per second. Such matter passed for ever from the sun's domain.]

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE CURRENT STREET BALLADS OF IRELAND.

AMONG the series of ballads composed by Mr. Thackeray, the reader may recollect the Molony division, supposed to be the contributions of an Irish minstrel who had a trick of putting his social, political and sentimental views into verses of a very quaint and original pattern. Maginn, Father Prout and Lover, had indeed previously discovered the humorous value of the notion which consisted in nothing more than giving a certain artistic expression to forms of lyrical doggrel which were extremely popular in Ireland. It is curious enough that the taste for these old effusions still survives amongst a people who are becoming thoroughly anglicized in most of their habits and customs. The fairies have gone from the land, the holy wells are neglected, the cry of the Banshee is never heard, the wakes are decorous, the Chincauns have abandoned the hills, the waters of Killarney are deserted by the equestrian spectre of O'Donoghue, but the ballad—the Molony ballad—flourishes as briskly as ever. At the race-courses, fairs and regattas, the ballad minstrel is certain of bringing about him or her a large audience, and may be seen disposing of the wares in thick sheaves at the close of each ditty. The peasantry, when coming to the market town for small purchases, invariably bring back in a basket or wallet, the newest ballad; and in the cabins, and even farm-houses, a few of the broadsheets will be found pasted on the walls under the colored effigy of a saint performing a miracle, or of Napoleon prancing over the peaks of the Alps on a steed. It should be noted that the Irish street ballad has nothing but its bad type and paper in common with the Catnach doggerel sung by the bawling vagabonds who hawk gallows and gutter literature about London. It is rarely indeed coarse; it is never consciously blasphemous. The ruffians in college gowns who here attend park meetings, chanting a mock litany and mock hymns, would be stripped of their trappings, and probably put under a pump, by an Irish mob, before they had well roared through the introduction of their entertainment. The audience of the Irish ballad-monger and singer never relish an indecent or irreverent allusion. They enjoy fun, pathos, and an odd kind of gentility—yes, gentility is the word—in the verses. The ballads are thickly ornamented with big words thrown into them, for the sake of display rather than of sense. They have an air of ragged, boastful scholarship, that is quite indescribable. References to classic deities and names are abundant; and Virgil, Ovid and Homer are alluded to in a tone of confident acquaintance with these writers. The fact is, that most of the older ballads were manufactured by the hedge school-masters and poor scholars, as they were called. The hedge-schoolmaster wags not unfrequently an aspirant

for admission to Maynooth, who underwent a severe course of self-preparation by acquiring some knowledge of Latin and Greek. Having failed in his main enterprise, having discovered that he had no "vocation," the rejected or disappointed candidate for the priesthood, unfit for field labor, and too old to learn a trade, possessing pedantic pride in his learning, such as it was, usually set up as a teacher of the rustics, and as the local bard and poet of his parish. To him we are probably indebted for the mythological machinery of the ballad. This element has been restrained in the current lyrics with singular fidelity to the traditional construction of the lays of the ditch-pedagogues.

The passion of love forms, of course, one of the principal themes of the Irish ballad-monger. He treats the subject generally with a modest gallantry and distance which is now out of date with poets. His alarms, distractions, and fevers are expressed in language suggestive of our modish period, when ladies and gentlemen addressed each other as nymphs and swains. These songs remind you at once of the coffee-house Eclogues in which battered town toasts and hooped beauties were depicted listening to the flageolets of shepherds, and the elegant miseries of rural lovers with Virgilian titles. The minstrel seldom very much despairs or threatens to die when deceived, or when the object of his affection is inaccessible. Here is a stanza from "The Western Cottage Maid," a popular Munster lyric, in which the reader will perceive how completly naturalized the celebrities of heathenesse are in the productions to which I refer:

"It was in the month of May, when lambkins sport and play,
As I roved out for sweet recreation,
I espied a lovely maid sequestered in a shade;
On her beauty I gazed with admiration.
How graceful and divine, how benignant and sublime,
More delicious than the fragrance of Flora;
More splendid, tall, and straight, than the poet can implicate
Of the celebrated beauty called Pandora.
To see her rolling eyes, like stars in azure skies,
Or bright Cynthia when ascending from the ocean;
To see her golden hair hang on her shoulders fair;
She's an ornament of beauty and proportion."

In another song the poet describes a catastrophe which occured to him in the character of a sportsman. While on a shooting expedition he sees his mistress taking shelter from the rain under a tree. She has turned her apron over her head, and in this guise he mistakes her for a swan in the dusk, and kills her on the spot. The moral of the tragic story is contained in the opening verse:

"Come, all ye wild fowlers that follow the gun,
Beware of late shooting at the setting of the sun.
It is on a misfortune that happened of late
On Molly Bawn Gowrie, and her fortune was great."

The ballad of "Molly Astore" is a high favorite, possessing an amount of literary polish and careful rhythm which raises it above the level of its order:

"As down on Banna's banks I strayed
One morning in May,
The little birds with blithiest notes
Made vocal every spray;
They sung their little tales of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er.
A grammachree, Ma Colleen Ogue,
Ma Molly Astore!

"The daisy pied and all the sweets
The days of nature yield,
The primrose pale, the violet blue,
Lay scattered o'er the field:
Such fragrance on the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
A grammachre, Ma Colleen Ogue,
Ma Molly Astore!

"Oh, had I all the flocks that grazed
On yonder yellow hill,
Or lowed for me the numerous herds
That yon green pastures fill,
For her I love I'd freely part
My kind and fleecy store.
A grammachree, etc.

"Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
For thee I'll ever mourn;
While life remains in Patrick's breast
For thee 'twill ever burn.
Tho' thou art false, may Heaven pour
Its choicest blessings down.
A grammachree, Ma Colleen Ogue,
Ma Molly Astore!"

Many of the love lyrics allude to the good fortune which sometimes befell farmers' boys, by ladies of rank and station marrying them off-hand, and then starting with them for America.

"You lovers now, both one and all,
Attend unto my theme;
There is none on earth can pity me
But them that feel the pain.

I lived between Rathcormac
And the town of sweet Fermoy,
But now I'm in America
With my father's servant boy!"

Ladies are in these effusions generally distinguished by their complexions; thus we get the "Colleen Bawn" (the fair girl), the "Colleen Rhue" (the red-haired girl). The "Colleen Rhue" is a very old and popular composition. It should be understood that the word Rhue does not signify brown or auburn, but that downright red that was so fashionable a dye for the hair a few seasons ago in London, and which is said to have been the color of those tresses which Paris admired on Helen. There is a prevalent opinion in the country that the red-haired people are descendants from the Danes, but the belief at any rate does not seem to have created a prejudice against them, as the bards constantly refer in the most enthusiastic terms to the women of this complexion. In the "Colleen Rhue" we have the poet describing how he walked out on a summer's morning, and suddenly beheld a lovely creature approaching him, whom he addresses in a mythological vien of compliment:

"Are you Aurora or the goddess Flora,
Aurenana (*sic*) or Venus bright,
Or Helen fair, that goddess rare,
That Paris stole from Grecian sight?

"Kind sir, be easy, and do not tease me,
With your false praises so jestingly.
I'm not Aurora, or the goddess Flora,
But a rural female to all men's view,
And my appellation is the Colleen Rhue.

"Was I Hector, that noble victor,
Who died a prey to the Grecian skill,
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various,
As an arbitrator on Ida's hill,
I'd range through Asia, likewise Arabia,
Or Pennsylvania, seeking for you,
Or seek burning regions, like famed Orpheus,
For one embrace of thee, Colleen Rhue."

The lady rejects these advances with considerable warmth, and the poet apostrophises the gods, begs of them to take pity on his sufferings, and assist him in finding a mistress who will not treat him as cruelly as the red-haired girl:

"Now, ye gods and goddesses, whose power is prevailing,
Give ear, I pray you, to my sorrowful tale;
Likewise, ye Muses, who ne'er refuses,
The wounds of Cupid I pray to heal.

"A peregrination to a foreign nation,
My determination, I hope, will prove true,
In hopes to find a maid more kind,
Than that blooming fair one, sweet Colleen Rhue."

A ballad known as the "Mountain Phœnix" is of a more practical turn, and celebrates the domestic felicity of a personage who has the good fortune to be married to a "juvenile damsel" who is as learned in household duties as Mrs. Primrose, and who is also an accomplished artist in embroidery.

"She'd draw with her needle the map of old Erin,
The Garden of Eden, and the Temple of Rome,
The ship in full sail when she's plowing the ocean,
The fox in the chase, and the goose that he stole.
How happy I feel when I'm out in the garden,
To know that young Peggy is cheerful at home;
She's at work in the house or she's rocking the cradle,
Or singing a song the child to console.
She's always in humor and never contrary,
But smiling and pleasing wherever she go,
And she nurses the baby without hesitation,
While we feel as content as the king on his throne."

The Irish peasant's interest in field sports—hunting especially—is strong enough to establish a sentiment of admiration and respect for each local master of foxhounds; and hence we find a section of the ballad literature devoted to chronicling performances in the pig skin. The point at which the hounds meet in Ireland is attended by a host of enthusiastic idlers, who will ever run on foot for a considerable distance after the chase, neglecting their work with a happy-go-lucky indifference as to the result, which renders their enjoyment of the recreation as complete as if they could afford to command it at pleasure. It is difficult to conceive, much more to depict, the intense concern and emotion with which they will watch the career of a certain racehorse, especially if the horse bears an Irish name; the delight with which they will hang on the skirts of a coursing match, or volunteer as beaters and game-carriers for the fowler. Unlike the English peasantry or yeoman classes, the Irish farmer or peasant is almost invariably ignorant of the gambling associations of the Cup events, or of the perilous excitements of poaching. The ballad-mongers, in preparing sporting lyrics for their patrons,

always confine themselves to the healthy and legitimate aspects of the different pursuits which they chronicle. The "County Galway Blazers" have had as many songs written about them as would fill a volume. I suspect that the masters of the renowned pack must have kept a poet for the kennel, who was probably changed during successive administrations of the hunt. A catalogue of names hints at individual subsidies to the bard, demanded on the principle of contributions to a book of peerage, or on the plan of supplying a church window with stained glass by charging certain willing parishioners for the honor of exhibiting their coats of arms in the transparency.

"Hark, the morning breeze salutes the slumbering trees;
The ant and humming-bees their labor doth begin.
The lark aloft doth wing, and cheerfully doth sing,
To praise our potent King while sluggards sleep in sin.
The shepherds' lutes distil their dancing canticle;
The stag ascends the hill while the fox runs through the dew;
Poor puss in terror flies, her footsteps in disguise.
Arise, ye Blazers, rise, and take the morning dew!

"These Blazers we can trace from a great Milesian race,
Whose birth without disgrace our poet can extol;
Great Burkes and Blakes, you know, young Kirwan also,
Great Persse of Roxboro', where peers did often call.
There's Yelvertons and Bradys, Walshes, Darcys, Dalys,
Butlers, Lamberts, Halys, and Dillons likewise;
There's Nugents, Kellys, Frenches, Rathburnis, Trenches,
Hamiltons and Lynches, all where Reynard dies!"

"Russell's Hunt" is worth quoting a verse of, if only to show the ingenious manner in which the poet casts away the trammels of rhyme:

"Ye Muses nine, your aid incline while I relate of hunting,
Brave Michael Russell of Ballinabowla exceeds all other sportsmen.
For fishing, fowling, coursing, grousing, and hunting in due season,
For steeple-chase, fox-hunting race, all other men has headed."

Attached to nearly every town is a minstrel, who is invariably supplied with at least one ditty descriptive of the landscape and romantic attractions of the locality. This ballad is mostly inscribed "In Praise"—of Cork, of Dublin, or wherever the place it was fitted for might be. Not only the towns, but rivers and country seats and mansions have their "praises" chaunted. Kilkee (a small watering-place in Clare) is thus celebrated:

"Kilkee by the ocean, you're handsome
In the west of the land co. Clare,
Where statesmen and ladies of honor
They go for to take the fresh air.
The breeze from the green swelling water
Is good for the health to repair,
And houses quite fit for an earl
You will find in Kilkee, I declare."

The concluding verse finishes with a rather equivocal hint as to the impression made on a visitor by Kilkee on the whole:

"The strand is the finest for certain
That ever mine eyes did behold,
And boxes for ladies while bathing,
In case that the day may be cold!
So when you repair to your lodging,
The natives are generous and kind;
No doubt but you'll give them your blessing
The day that you leave them behind."

Of the river Lee there are hundreds of "praises." Here is a specimen of one, which is being constantly re-issued:

"On the banks of the Lee the angler finds pleasure,
Casting his fly with judgment and skill;
Each purling fine stream he can fish at his leisure,
The salmon and trout he is certain to kill.
The lark and sweet linnet to the sportsman give pleasure,
The blackbird and thrush in sweet concert together,
The woodcock and partridge, the grouse and the plover,
The fowler can meet on the banks of the Lee."

It is difficult at present to find any traces of political street ballads in Ireland. The prosecutions for seditious literature, and the zeal of the constabulary in arresting the few musical apostles of rebellion, appear to have effectually prevented the manufacture or performance of Tyburn doggerels. The national poems of the newspapers—many of them exceedingly vehement and pathetic pro-

ductions—do not in reality touch the masses of the people. They form the reading of the artisans and shopmen, who indulge in more or less sentimental patriotism. In the former periods of insurrection this was not the case. The masses of the people, the peasantry especially, were regularly instructed in treason by the wandering ballad-singers, who were coached and crammed by the leaders of movements against English rule. The ballads were then either sung in the Irish language, or the translations were veiled in the most cautious manner, like the Charlie songs, and the different Stuart toasts of Jacobites. Many of these compositions were never committed to print, but were handed on from bard to bard, from one fireside to another. There are still extant some pieces of this character, containing old allusions, regrets, and legends, which are scarce understood by those who deliver them. It is worthy of note that the so-called national melodies of Ireland, which are accepted as expositions of Irish life and character, are, as far as the letter-press is concerned, as unlike reality, as unsympathetic with Irish feeling, as the Irish stage heroes of Mr. Boucicault are to the Wicklow or Tipperary farmers. They are never heard out of the drawing-room or middle-class junketings; the people know absolutely nothing about them, and would not care for them if they did. Moore's butterfly and filagree fancies would be quite unintelligible to the Irish peasant, although he might recognize some of the music, which has been clipped and trimmed, and often spoiled, to make a cage for Thomas Little's humming-birds. Moore's Melodies are as Irish as his Oriental poems are Oriental, and are glittering with fatal prettinesses and conceits which give them a perfumed, mincing and artificial air, which renders the association between his verses and the music an alliance so incongruous that its perpetration is rather a scandal than a compliment. Again, the poets of the *Nation* or the *Irishman*, whose literary craft and tone is as completely Anglican as if they resided in London, never seemed to have studied the art of giving form, in a candid and characteristic manner, to the native humors and peculiar aspirations of their countrymen. For example, they never address them in that brogue and broken English which contains as many bright and passionate phrases as the Scotch used by Burns. Lover, Ferguson, Dr. Anster, D. F. McCarthy, "Speranza," and several contemporary contributors to the Dublin national press, have written ballads and versified legends of unusual spirit and feeling; but not a line of theirs is to be found in the farm-houses or cabins of the peasantry, where the "Colleen Rhue," "Molly Astore," or the "Shan Van Voght" are familiar names. The only political street ballads of current interest that I could pick up were cautiously and obscurely worded, except, perhaps, "The Green Hills of Holy Old Ireland," which I imagine must never have been sung within earshot of a policeman:

"Oh give me a rifle and away I will go
To the green hills of holy old Ireland,
Her freedom to win and to close with the foe
On the green hills of holy old Ireland.
For a soldier am I of Dame Nature's own mould,
Like my father, a rebel, fast, fiery, and bold,
And a rebel I'll be till in death I lie cold
On the green hills of holy old Ireland!

"Oh give me a pike with a shaft long and straight,
On the green hills of holy old Ireland,
Like those that my grandsires bore in '98
On the green hills of holy old Ireland.
For vengeance and Erin with vigor and zest,
In the work that's to free this fair Isle of the West,
'Twill oft find a sheath in the proud foeman's breast,
On the green hills of holy old Ireland!

"Oh give me the tribute of some silent tear
On the green hills of holy old Ireland,
When the freedom we won has brought plenty and cheer
On the green hills of holy old Ireland.
Where the sun-burst shall wave as the flag of the free,
Like the proud stars and stripes on the mighty blue sea,
And a newly-made nation a grave gives to me,
On the green hills of holy old Ireland!"

The execution of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, at Manchester, in 1867, was the occasion of a series of ballads, to which there are constant additions. The broadsheets are usually ornamented with a margin of black, and with a blurred illustration of a cross. "A New Song Sympathizing with the Fenian Exiles" is introduced with a warning prologue, touching the advisibility of being on the

watch for spies, and is probably intended as a hint to the crowd in the vicinity of the performer that they should give him notice if they observed a suspicious and unsympathizing listener amongst the audience:

"My Irish friends, come rally round,
To those few verses I'll expound,
About the way that we have found,
To keep ourselves from danger.
The mouth that's shut will catch no flies;
Beware of greedy Castle spies;
We just cause have to sympathise
With dogs kept in a manger."

A few, very few, lyrics are devoted to the memory of O'Connell. I find none relative to the Mitchell and Meagher rebellion of '48. The people seem to have a much more distinct recollection of '98, although it must be now traditional. The rebellion of '98 was a rebellion in the overt sense of the word. It stirred the country from end to end, and was felt vertically through every social stratum. The attempt at insurrection in '48, and the more recent outbreaks of disaffection, were confined to limited political sections, and were unmarked by any notable enterprises, or by any striking severities on the part of the executive, such as would have developed those wails of anguish and rage which were drawn from the Irish people by the truculent vigor of the government when the penal laws were in force. The leaders of the '48 movement were more industrious as poets and orators than as rebels, but their verses and speeches were in reality of English texture, and as much literary exercises as McCaulay's Lays of Rome, or Aytoun's Lays of the Cavaliers. The people—the peasantry—are as unacquainted with the ballads of Thomas Davis as they are with the poems of Alfred Tennyson. I could only make out a single ballad, manfully and confessedly the composition of a gentleman who was imprisoned for treason-felony, and who has since been released. The subject of the poem relates to the misfortunes of an Irish soldier in the British army; and it enforces, with no little ingenuity and point, the moral that an Irishman should never enlist in the British service. "Patrick Sheehan" returns from the wars a blind pauper:

"A poor neglected mendicant I wander through the street,
My nine months' pension being out—I beg from all I meet.
As I joined my country's tyrants, my face I ne'er will show
Among the kind old neighbors in the Glen of A-herlow.

"Then, Irish youths, dear countymen, take heed of what I say,
For if you join the English ranks you'll surely rue the day;
And whenever you are tempted a soldiering to go,
Remember poor blind Sheehan or the Glen of A-herlow!"

The land question formed the motive of many suggestive lyrics; but the most telling and effective were sung, not published. The propagandists of the serviceable agitation were discreet enough not to compromise their cause by inviting the alliance of the minstrels who chanted the praises of "Rory of the Hill." I have been informed, however, that in several Tipperary market towns short methods with landlords have been not unfrequently expressed in an operatic style. This, at any rate, is mild enough:

"Ye landlords, now on you I call,
Attend unto this statement;
With your tenantry at once agree,
And give them an abatement!
Our gracious Queen will sign the bill
When she hears about the movement,
And likewise say landlords must pay
For every improvement!

"The hand of God that holds the rod
Is sure, but may be tedious;
His holy will it must be done,
And stand throughout all ages.
The poison-blast, thank God, is passed,
The hurricane is over;
All tyrant landlords must consent,
Or fly into Hanover!"

Polemical topics are not popular as a rule with the ballad minstrels. Years ago there was a famous controversial duel between a priest and a parson in Dublin, respectively named Pope and Maguire; and the details of the encounter with casuistical single-sticks or shillalahs were dwelt upon with unction and perseverance by the street bards. The memory of the engagement has now apparently passed off, but a small triumph of mixed proselytism and romance has been celebrated in "A New Song, called the Lady's Conversion to Catholicity."

The lady argues for the doctrines of her church against her lover, who gets the best of the dispute in the end. She surrenders in the following terms:

"She says, my dearest Johnny, *if all you say be true*,
I see it would be folly not to go so far with you.
I'll forsake my religion, though my friends will me disown,
While I live I'll be contented, and die in the Church of Rome.

"This couple they got married, and may they have success,
Unknown to friends and parents, they do one creed profess.
Altho' she was hard-hearted, at length she did resign.
And now she is converted—which was not her design."

"A Sorrowful Lamentation on George Henry Moore" runs thus:

"Now, you gods and goddesses,
Assist my slender quill;
Likewise, ye gentle Muses,
These lines for to fulfill.
It is of a worthy gentleman
I sing and deep deplore,
His name is George Henry Moore,
A true member for Mayo."

The Irish disposition to treat death with levity comes, I believe, in a great degree from a sort of nervous reaction. There are few people who have a more profound consciousness of the unsightliness of mere physical decay, and in some ballads I have come across expressions of this feeling of a terrible and even revolting intensity. The writers of these dismal chants dwell with the unction of Monk Levis upon charnel objects and incidents. Effusions of this character are mostly composed and sung in the Irish language. One of an inoffensive kind, "O'Reilly's Penance," has been translated literally, and is indeed a very odd and striking production. It opens with a reference to the "death of the bolster," *i. e.*, death in a sick bed, which has to be undergone, and then ensues a quaint looking back, as it were, of the spirit at the tenement it has abandoned:

"When my corpse shall be laid on a table along the room,
With a white shroud on me down to my feet,
My lawful wife by me, and she crying bitterly,
And my dear loving children making their moans,
The night of my wake there will be pipes and tobacco cut,
Snuff on a plate on the table for fashion's sake,
Mould candles in rows like torches, watching me,
And I cold in my coffin by the dawn of the day.

"It's the green table (the grave) we face most bashfully,
Where our good and bad actions are tried aright.
Our Saviour, so glorious, will then come forward,
Like beams of the sun, and dressed all in white,
With His gold arm-chair and His table of silver,
Far brighter than amber, our souls to delight.
Then all wicked creatures will be shaking and shivering,
For hell will be open ready to swallow them.

"The great accounting day will be on Mount Calvary.
On Monday morning at a trembling hour,
The trumpet will sound to awake our slumbers,
All at the age of thirty-three years old.
The blazing planets will fall from the firmaments,
The earth will be shaken with earthquakes and whirlwinds,
But small numbers are branded to stand on the right."

As a rule, religious topics or matters connected with them are not made the subjects of the popular ballads. The only exception to the practice is to be observed in association with the Pope and his political troubles. His holiness is to depend for the restoration of the provinces he has lost upon Marshal MacMahon.

"The Christian faith by great St. Patrick
To us was preached in days of yore,
The cross he planted to be our standard,
Under which we'll die for the Church of Rome.
Our Holy Father, Christ's vicar, told us
That the Church of Rome cannot be defied,
For the hand of God it is her protection,
And MacMahon brave will our Pope reinstate."

Garibaldi is an object of supreme dislike and execration to the Irish peasantry. The general impression about him is that he is a renegade Roman Catholic, and an assassin and blasphemer by trade. When he lost favor with the Italian Government, the Irish street minstrel seized the opportunity at once, and came out with "The Downfall of Garibaldi:"

"You Roman Catholics, now attend
Unto these verses I have penned;
It's joyful news, you may depend,
Concerning Garabaldi!

"The traitor he is caught at last,
And into prison he is cast:
He'll surely pay for what is past
The villain Garabaldi!

CHORUS.

Let us rejoice, both one and all,
From Kerry unto Donegal,
While I relate the sad downfall
Of General Garabaldi!

"In deeds of blood he took delight,
He thought too long he had been quiet;
I think the Pope I'll put to flight,
Said General Garabaldi!

"With this design, as you may see,
Sardinia's King would not agree;
Proclaimed a rebel for to be
Was General Garabaldi!

"The knave resolved to have his way,
The King's command would not obey,
And then, without much more delay,
He fought against Sardinia!

"The battle raged with sword and gun,
There he was wounded with his son,
We hear his glass is nearly run.
Alas! poor Garabaldi!

"Now, of his wounds if he should die,
We'll dress in black, you may rely,
And rub an onion to each eye,
As we weep for Garabaldi!"

The side taken by the Irish people with reference to the late war has been consistently French, and the peasantry would not believe in the disasters of the nation, which they always regarded as in possession of an invincible army. The Germans are hated. Martin Luther was a German, and the Hessian troops imported into Ireland in '98 committed excesses, the recollection of which has been preserved in a proverb. The finer lines of politics are not considered in the matter at all; the Irish hold to their sympathies with, and admiration for, the French, through good report and evil report, never wavering in faith, hoping against hope, reading victories backward in the most loyal adhesion to their sentimental attachment. The prowess of Sarsfield's brigade, the names of MacMahon, O'Reilly, Kavanagh and Dillon, in the French service; the weak and probably dishonest efforts at invasion of Ireland by Napoleon; the French aid to the Irish during the famine; the influence of the St. Omertrained priests, who have almost now died off, but whose culture and manners were thoroughly appreciated by their flocks—these circumstances, taken together, will assist the reader in estimating the measure of partisan feeling for France which exists in Ireland. The failure of MacMahon was felt almost as profoundly in Dublin amongst certain classes as it was in Paris. The number of pieces of occasion on the war, and their singular confusion of facts, would defy classification. The minstrels usually descend into the theological drift at the close of their performances:

"If other Power's don't give them aid,
I'm sure the French are not afraid;
We wish them well—may they succeed,
For they believe the Roman Creed!

"And now to end my warlike theme,
The French and Irish are the same;
And for their welfare now we hope,
Because they love the present Pope!"

Prize-fighting has never flourished in Ireland. An Irishman is never mercenary where hard hitting is concerned, and the system and organization of the ring is virtually unknown in the island. The transplanted Irishman, however, occasionally distinguishes himself in the profession of slogging, and his foreign reputation is at once seized upon in his native country as a fact to be proud of from a national and patriotic rather than from a P. R. aspect. Tradition and ballads inform us of a tremendous set-to on the Curragh of Kildare, between Cooper of England, and Donnelly of Ireland, when Donnelly won the victory and the heart of a countess who saw him fight. The giant Baldwin, or O'Baldwin, who two years ago was, from stress of police and the unaccommodating disposition of railway directors, unable to bring off his tussle for the belt in London, paid a visit to Ireland, where he met with a warm reception from the peasantry of his natal parish, and a local poet laid the following tributes of rhymes at his feet:

"You lovers of all manly art and self-defense, attend
The praises of a hero brave that lately I have penned.
His name is Edward Baldwin, from the town of sweet Lismore;
He now has challenged England for £1000 and more.

"Now, to conclude and finish, and end my fighting song,
Let us drink unto brave Baldwin and Dan Donnelly that's gone;
For so true and brave two Irishmen ne'er fought on British shore,
Not forgetting brave John Morrissey, a native of Templemore."

The dog-tax has inspired a bard to protest against it in the following fashion:

"You dog-fanciers of Ireland of every degree, sir.
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me, sir,
It's about the dog's I'm going to sing—don't think that I am larking,
You must all pay two and sixpence if you keep a dog for barking.
With your bow-wow-wow."

During the siege of Paris, the street minstrels continued to prophesy victory for the French, and defeat to the Prussians constantly.

"They think to conquer Paris, but its walls are very strong,
Brave Trochu and his army will die there to a man;
He's sworn that the Crown Prince and his army he will defeat,
And what won't die outside the walls will fall in the retreat."

"A new song on the recapture of Orleans by the French;" by John O'Callaghan, had a great run of popularity last year. The chorus, "Fagimind suir mar a Ta shea," is not easily translatable; it signifies literally "leave things as they are," but it has an aside meaning implying a threat and punishment.

"War to the knife now in France is the cry;
Onward to glory, to conquer, or die.
The Prussians and Germans in turn do fly,
I'm told they are falling in swarms;
I think they had better get ready in time,
And make no delay, but run back to the Rhine;
For as sure as the sun in the heavens do shine,
They'll get Fagimind suir mar a Ta shea.

"Here's a health to the French who were never afraid,
And that fortune may learn the young Irish brigade.
My curse on the blackguards who basely betrayed
The soldiers of France and its people.
When the Prussians are beaten and peace is proclaimed,
The Sardinian devil the Frenchmen will tame,
To imprison the Pope, sure he thought it no shame,
He'll get Fagimind suir mar a Ta shea."

It will be understood that all the extracts in the foregoing pages are strictly taken from the common street ballads. They may serve to give the English reader a novel insight into certain obscure phases of Irish humor and sentiment. The airs to which the verses are sung are almost invariably in minor keys, and are often, I suspect, the inspirations of a moment, especially when the ballad is bran-new and unattached by tradition to a popular melody. The singer walks slowly along while performing the ditty, and offers copies for sale without interrupting his chant. A crowd strolls after him, and for one who comes to buy, twenty stay to listen. You might safely purchase the entire contents of the minstrel's portfolio or wallet without finding a single verse of a coarse description. The good time for the bard is the season of the contested election. He is then regularly retained, and has his selected opponent, with whom he may probably attempt conclusions in the style of the pipers in the "Fair Maid of Perth." These election lyrics are ferocious and eloquent in denunciation, to a degree that often verges on what might be termed the poetry of unlimited abuse; but the street minstrel is decidedly most amusing when he treats of sporting, religion, war, love and politics, in the original fashion which the reader has just had an opportunity of inspecting.

WILLIAM BARRY.

Temple Bar.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "COMETH UP AS A FLOWER," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

It is time to go to the ball; all are ready; all are in the hall save Lenore. The men have each two pairs of white kid gloves in their pocket; one has plain gold studs, the other diamond and black enamel; but, oh, how poor, how small are man's highest adornments compared to woman's! At his best, in his dress of greatest ceremony, he is but a scrimping, black-forked biped, compared to the indefinite volume, the many-colored majesty, of beflounced, belaced, beflowered woman.

"Did you tell her we were all waiting?" asks Sylvia, in a tone of impatience.

"I did," replies Jemima, stepping

leisurely down stairs with a large mat, which her train has carried down from the upper regions, attached to her tail.

"And what did she say?"

"She said, 'hurry no man's cattle!'"

"Was she nearly ready?"

"I don't know."

"What was she doing?"

"She was advancing and retreating before her long glass, ascertaining whether her petticoats were all of a length."

"There is plenty of time," says Scrope; "not ten yet. I remember once going to a ball in the country, and finding myself the first person there. It was an awful sensation!"

"Are you sure that I should not look better with a *fichu?*" says Sylvia, in an anxious aside, to her sister, getting out of earshot of the men, and craning her throat to get a view, over her shoulder-blades, at the back of her own neck. "Am I too *decolletee* behind? You know that there is nothing in life I have such a horror of as being called a 'frisky matron!'"

"It does look rather *juvenile*, perhaps," replies Jemima, unkindly saying the exact reverse of what she knows is expected of her.

"'*Juvenile!*' Oh, that was not what I meant in the least! I asked Charlie Scrope what he thought" (smiling a little), "and he said, 'You look *awfully jolly!*' He said it *quite loud.* I am sure I don't know what Paul could have thought. I suppose one ought not to have asked him his opinion, poor boy, because he *always* thinks one looks nice, whatever one has on."

"Does he?" "Jemima" (lowering her voice, and speaking with eager sincerity), "promise to tell me everything that you hear anybody say of *me* to-night, and I will promise to tell you everything I hear anybody say of *you.*"

Jemima does not answer; her eyes are fixed on the stairs, on which a vision has appeared, above whose head two lady's-maids are triumphantly holding flat candlesticks, to aid the bright gaslight which is already illumining her; a vision, like a summer night, dark, yet softly splendid. Lenore, all in black, with great silver lilies starring her hair, shining on her breast, garlanding her skirts. As she comes stepping daintily down, she does not look conscious—*very* handsome people seldom do; it is a prerogative reserved for faintly and doubtfully pretty ones. In her hand she carries a huge bouquet of white and purple flowers. All stare at her; but she seems to see only Paul. She goes straight up to him, her eyes shining like soft lamps, and her cheeks all rosy with happiness.

"Thank you *so* much," she says in a low voice. "I was surprised—and yet *not* surprised—when Nicholls came to my room and said, 'Here's a bouquet for you, ma'am.' I knew in a minute, of course. I did not even take the trouble to ask whom it was from; I *knew* naturally."

As she talks, Paul's complexion varies and his countenance changes; but she goes on, without giving him time to speak.

"How did you come to know all my favorite flowers? was it intuition, or did I ever tell you? I forget. Violets, Roman narcissi, white hyacinths—all the scents that I am most wild about. There!" (holding up the bouquet to his face) "you may have *one* sniff, one *little* sniff at it—only a little one, mind!"

"Lenore," says Paul in a mortified voice, looking red and miserable, "it was not I. I know nothing about it. To tell you the truth, I never thought of such a thing!"

Had they been alone he would have added fond apologies; would have told her—what was the truth—that had he thought they would have given her pleasure, he would have bought her a thousand bouqets, each much bigger than a haystack; would have sent to Kamschatka for them, did bigger, fairer flowers grow there than here; but, as three people are by, his pride restrains him.

"*Not you?*" repeats Lenore, in a blank voice, as her arm and the now valueless posy drops to her side. "Who was it, then? Oh, of course," (following Scrope, who has turned to the fire to hide the scarlet tinge that has spread from the crown of his head to the nape of his neck) "it was *you!* I am right *this* time! Thanks so much for thinking of me."

She stretches out her hand to him, but her voice quivers.

These little disappointments are sometimes acute, as a needle, though but a small weapon, can give a sharp prick.

There is nothing further to delay the cloaking and shawling, which forthwith takes place. Paul and Lenore stand together alone for a minute.

"They have no longer the same smell," says the girl, eyeing her nosegay with a disenchanted look; "the narcissi's petals are already beginning to look yellow and the maiden hair to shrivel. Oh, you bad, *bad* Paul! just as I began to think that you must really be getting a little fond of me!"

"Don't talk such nonsense," replies Paul, brusquely; "cannot you see with half an eye that I am in a greater rage with myself than you can possibly be with me? But Lenore" (hesitating a little), "now that you know that *I*—fool that I was—did not get it for you, are you still going to take it?"

"Of course I am," replies Lenore, decisively, "though it is the bouquet of disappointment it gives a nice finish to one's toilet; if" (with a coquettish pout) "one is not provided with *legitimate* bouquets one must console oneself with illegitimate ones."

It is an Infirmary Ball; one of those balls, therefore, at which, in *theory*, gentle and simple meet and frolic with happy equality and unity; at which, in *practice*, the gentle glide gracefully about at the top of the room, and the simple plunge and caper at the bottom. There is more air, more space, more everything that is desirable, at the lower end near the doors, but to remain at that end is to confess an affinity with the butchers, the bakers, the haberdashers, of the good city of Norley. At the expense of any amount of elbowing, pushing, bruising, one must work one's way up to where one's peers sit enthroned on red-cloth benches. They are rather late. Slowly they work up. Paul escorts Lenore; Scrope, Sylvia; Jemima, herself. A galop is playing, and a hundred, two hundred people, are floundering, flying, and bounding round, as nature and their dancing-master have taught them. Little women burying their noses in big men's coatsleeves; big women trying not to rest their chins on the top of little men's heads; men who hold their partner's hand out, like a pump handle, sawing the air with it up and down; men who hold their partner's hand on their own hip, describing an acute angle with the elbow; men who hug their partners like polar bears; men who hold their partners uncomfortably tumbling out of their arms, as if they were afraid of coming near them; men who run round their partners, men who kick, men who scratch, men who knock knees—every variety, in fact, of the human animal, rushing violently round, doing their best to make themselves giddy and tear their clothes.

"Are you going to dance this with me, or are you not?" asks Lenore, impatiently; "because, if not, I will ask some one else—I mean, I will make some one else ask me." "Of course I am."

"What are you waiting for then? why don't you start? I am mad to begin! Tum te tum! if they play this air when I am in my coffin, I shall jump up and galop in my shroud."

In a second more the black and silver gown has joined the merry mad rout of reds and blues and greens and whites. After half a dozen turns Lenore pants a little, and says, "Stop."

"That means that I dance badly," says Paul, releasing her from his arms.

"It means that I am never long-winded; doctors often say that I ought not to dance."

"Not really?" incredulously looking at her cheeks, carnationed by the movement of the dance—at her great clear eyes. "I say, Lenore, do I dance very atrociously? It is a thing that I do not do once in a month of Sundays."

"Not *very*," replies Lenore, rather slowly; "you have not quite got into my step yet, but that will come." (Then, seeing him look a little mortified,) "You are not like Major Webster, who leaps his own height in the air every step he takes, and gets round the room in three *bounds*, like a kangaroo."

Paul laughs. "This *is* modest praise."

Meanwhile Sylvia has been safely piloted to the top of the room, and enthroned between Mrs. Webster and another diamond dowager. Jemima and Miss Webster remain standing. To take a seat is virtually to confess yourself shelved; to remain standing, is an advertisement that you are still to be had.

"You won't take a turn, I suppose?" Scrope says to Mrs. Prodgers, as he prepares to saunter away.

She has so often announced her intention of not dancing that he thinks the invitation—in itself dissuasively worded—may be safely hazarded. But human prescience is often at fault.

"Would you mind holding my bouquet for me, dear Mrs. Webster?" says Sylvia, getting down with some alacrity from her bench. "Thanks so much! You see" (with a little affected shrug), "I am fated not to be left in peace. It seems a little hard upon the girls, doesn't it? but one cannot *pass on* one's partners, can one? they would not like it. I assure you I had no more idea of dancing—but one gets so tired of saying 'No,' 'No,' 'No,'—such an old friend, too—you need not smile—he is, *really!*"

"Quite right, my dear, quite right!" replies Mrs. Webster, nodding good-humoredly. She is very comfortably perched herself, and she has long given up her daughter as a bad job. "I only wish that Miss Jemima could find a partner, too—where is James?" (standing up on the raised foot-board, whence she can get a commanding view over the company's heads); "he was here a minute ago, and he had no partner then—his had thrown him over—I am sure he would be most happy!"

"Oh! no, no, no, thanks!" replies Jemima, in a frenzy at the thought of being crammed down James' unwilling throat. "I am quite happy, I assure you? I *like* looking on; it amuses me, and some one will be sure to turn up just now."

Miss Webster smiles; she always does; she has smiled through eight-and-thirty years of hope deferred. Callow boys and fat old married men are her sheet-anchor, and she is on the look out for such now.

The dance ends; the sound of scampering and shuffling ceases suddenly; people's voices drop from *bawling* pitch to their natural key; everybody streams to the doors. The house seems to have been built for the express purpose of furthering love-making. From the ball-room long corridors diverge in every direction, dimly lit; and out of these corridors open many quiet rooms, also dimly lit.

"Let us go into the passages!" cries Lenore, "and I will show you all the holes and corners, where I perpetrated my worst atrocities in flirtation last year."

"On the same principle, I suppose," replies Paul, laughing, "which makes a man always take his second wife to visit the tomb of his first?"

They find a bench, retired, yet not lonely, where, in shade themselves, they can see men and girls, men and girls, men and girls, go trooping by; couples flirting, couples not flirting, couples trying to flirt, couples trying *not* to flirt. It is a bench that only holds two people; well armed, well cushioned, where, half hidden behind Lenore's spread fan, they lean together and whisper gaily.

"Paul! Paul! do you see that girl?—how dirty the body of her dress is?"

"Cannot say that I remarked it."

"It *is*, though; as dirty as the ground. She and her sisters always make a point of coming to these balls in filthy dresses, to mark the distinction between themselves and the clean, crisp townspeople."

"It is patrician dirt, is it? I respect it."

"Do you see that big person in pink? Last year she went to the Assembly in a wreath of *mistletoe;* you may imagine the consequences."

Paul laughs.

"Her partner always gets very drunk. Last time I saw him was in the Ansons' supper-room; he was sitting on a lump of ice, crying bitterly."

"Lenore, why are you hiding your face?"

"Hush! hush! young Anson is coming this way; he would be sure to ask me to dance, and dancing with him is like going into a *battle*, without the glory."

Young Anson passes safely by, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left.

"I breathe again. Paul!" (edging a little nearer to him, and dropping her voice, more for the pleasure of whispering than from any dread of being overheard); "Paul, do you mean to let me dance when we are married?"

"H'm! I shall see."

"We shall not be able to go to many balls," says Lenore, sighing, "for we shall have no clothes."

"Speak for yourself."

"We must stay at home, and have tea

and shrimps; of course, we shall not be able to afford dinner."

"Shall not we?" (looking rather aghast). "Does dinner cost more than tea and shrimps?"

"Of course it does; shrimps are only fourpence a pint."

Paul shudders.

"Could not you make it *prawns?*"

"Certainly not; tea and shrimps it must be—perhaps watercresses in the height of the season—after tea, you will read the paper in carpet slippers—not the *Times*—we shall not be able to afford the *Times*—but some penny paper—and I shall sit opposite you, with my hair *flat to my head, and low down over my ears* —is not that it?—hemming a duster!"

"I do not believe you *can* hem."

The music has struck up again; lancers, this time. Fewer couples trail and saunter by; most have returned to the ballroom. The fiddles' sharp loud squeak comes more softly to their ears; the merry cadence and marked time of the lancers; then the little pause in the music, that tells one, without one's seeing, that the girls are all courtesying, and the men, with arms linked together, are galloping madly round, like savages before a wooden god.

Lenore's eyes dance softly, too, in this dusk place.

"Lenore, I have a favor to ask you."

"Not a very big one, I hope."

"*You* will think it immense."

"What is it?"

"That you will dance with no one but me, to-night."

He had expected her to accede with eager alacrity, but on the contrary, she says nothing.

"I know that I dance badly, *vilely*," continues Paul, coloring a little. "I have long suspected it, and to-night" (laughing a little) "I learned it *for a certainty*, from your face, and from the eagerness with which you engaged me in conversation in the pauses of the dance, to hinder me from starting afresh. But why *should* we dance? *Could* we be better off than we are now?"

"Not easily," she says, and says it truly; but she still evades replying to his request.

"I want to have a feast of your society to-night," says Paul, earnestly; "think what a fast I have had—six months! We seem to know each other so little yet, and even *there*," (giving a vague nod to express Sylvia's abode), "jolly as it is, we never seem to get five minutes' talk without Jemima bouncing in at one door, or Sylvia ambling in at another, or those imps of Satan rushing in and playing the devil's tattoo on one's shins."

"Children of Belial?" says Lenore, tersely. "Good heavens, Paul! how I hate the young of the human species!" Don't you?"

Paul looks rather shocked. "Don't say that—it is unwomanly."

"Of course," retorts she, sarcastically, "to a man they may be imps of Satan, but to the ideal woman they must always be cherubs—biting, kicking, scratching cherubs—but *cherubs* always. By-the-by, Paul" (with a sudden change of tone), "how *is* the ideal woman? Have you seen her lately?"

Paul turns his head away, and says, "fiddlesticks?"

"Paul, Paul! I have an idea! How red you are! Look me in the face—don't turn the back of your head to me. Is it *she* that wears her hair flat, and eschews *frisettes?*"

Paul turns round as bidden. His face is undeniably red; he is not laughing, and his eyes are rather defiant. "What if it is?"

"Does she wear a poke bonnet?"

"Perhaps!"

"And a gray cloak down to her heels?"

"Well?"

"I know all about her," says Lenore resentfully, her eyes flashing and cheeks ablaze; "a puritanical little prig?"

"I don't see what good it does you abusing a person you have never seen," says Paul, in a rather surly voice, "nor what it has to say to you whether you are willing to sacrifice this one evening to me or not."

"Certainly not," replies the girl, angrily; "Why should I? What have you done to deserve it? Yesterday you scolded me till I cried—everybody saw my red eyes; to-day you forgot the common civility of getting me a bouquet; and you are always trotting out another woman's virtues and beauties at my expense. *Certainly not!* I will dance like a Mœnad with all my old friends."

Paul's forehead wrinkles into a frown, and his mouth turns down, as is his way when extremely vexed. "All right! Do!" he says, in a constrained voice. She had spoken with petulant half-meaning; had expected to be coaxed, entreated, scolded even, out of her perverse determination; but he employs neither coaxing, entreaties nor scoldings—he acquiesces with dumb pride. They sit side by side in sullen silence, till disturbed by the sound of approaching voices, feet, and the long rustle and swish of a woman's infinite gown.

"You must take me back to the ball-room," Sylvia is saying, as she flutters her fan and smiles; "you must indeed. If people come out and find us sauntering about here they will be sure to say that I am flirting with you, and there is nothing in life that I should dislike so much as that—oh! here you are!"

Both are too sulky to answer.

"Not been dancing? Very wise of you! Look how much better you have come off than I! in ribbons—absolutely in tatters. And Charlie has got a yard and a half of me in his pocket, have not you?" She looks up at him playfully, with round complacent eyes, and then stops suddenly.

To even Sylvia's comprehension it is evident that he has not heard a word she has been saying; his eyes are fixed with steady intentness on Lenore. Paul is gazing vacantly down the long vista of the fast refilling corridors. "Are you engaged for the next dance, Miss Lenore?"

"What is it?" (nonchalantly) a "quadrille?"

"It is a waltz."

She peeps at Paul, out of the corner of one eye; not a sign of relenting on the ill-tempered gravity of his face. Well! she can be as cross and sulky as he, at a pinch.

"No—I am not."

"Will you let me have it?"

"Certainly."

"Shall I be likely to find you here still after I have taken Mrs. Prodgers back to the ball-room?"

"I will not trouble you," replies Sylvia, rather offended at the slight hint of anxiety to be rid of her, unintentionally implied in these last words. "I am going" (with a coquettish smile) "to put myself under Paul's protection. Do you hear, Paul? I am going to put myself under your protection. You are not going to dance? No? Neither will I. We will sit here and criticise everybody—yes, we will talk you both well over" (shaking her bouquet at Scrope); "if your ears burn you will know what to attribute it to."

Lenore has risen, and while Sylvia is speaking she bends and whispers maliciously to Paul, "Pleasant meditations on poke bonnets and flat heads to you!"

He does not take the slightest notice.

She puts her hand on Scrope's arm and walks off. Twice, thrice, she looks back, but not once has she the satisfaction of detecting her lover's eyes wistfully seeking hers. Silently they enter the ball-room and join the just beginning whirl. Lenore is thoroughly out of tune—angry with herself, enraged with Paul, furious with Scrope. If any hole can be picked in his performance, he may be quite sure that she will not spare him. She is, however, deprived of that satisfaction. Scrope's performance is as much above praise as Paul's was below blame. He dances superbly. It is a small accomplishment, and does not add much to a man's social value, but in a ball-room it is the giver of great joy. Once in his arms, a delightful sense of security and strength comes over Scrope's partner; a blessed certainty of immunity from jostling; of being borne along steadily, rapidly, buoyantly, with the swift smoothness of a swallow's flight; all trouble taken off her hands, and only pleasure left. Lenore loves dancing *intensely;* with an intensity, indeed, seldom met with among sad and sober Englishwoman. On her, the mere music, motion and measure of the dance have an effect verging on intoxication. Down the long room they fly together; the floor seems nothing to them; they are floating on air, while the music swells loud and sighs faint, bursts into mad merriment and dies in voluptuous complaints. Lenore has forgotten her anger—has forgotten even Paul; all feelings are merged in one of acute sensuous enjoyment—a feeling languid, yet exciting; luxurious, yet exhilarating. Many couples who set off at

the same time as they did are standing still to rest, panting and breathless; but they still fly on, with untired joyous grace.

"Shall we stop? Am I tiring you?" Scrope asks.

"No, no! Go on, go on!"

"I wish to heavens that it could go on *forever!*" says the young man, losing his head, and foolishly whispering into the white ear that is so temptingly close to his face.

The spell is broken.

"Stop!" says Lenore imperatively. He obeys, and stands gravely beside her, his broad chest heaving a little with his late exertions; some strong suppressed excitement giving an expression, painful yet eminently becoming to his straight-cut Greek face.

"I thought you said you were not tired?"

"No more I am."

"Why did you say 'stop' then?"

"Because you were beginning to be a fool."

"I began that long ago; six months ago, in church; in Guingamp cathedral—if you wish to be exact."

"You went on being a fool, then?"

"I said that I wished this waltz could last for ever, and I stick to it," says the young man, doggedly. "I do wish it."

"Tastes differ," says Lenore, scornfully. "I know nothing that I should dislike more than an eternity of capering with you."

He bites his lip hard, but attempts no retort.

"Shall we take another turn?" says Lenore, presently; mollified by his silence, after an interval spent by her in tapping with her feet and beating time to the music. "That is to say, if you will promise not to be a fool."

"I promise nothing."

"Well, then, we must risk it, I suppose," replies she, with a careless laugh. "Mind, it is no compliment to you. It is solely for my own satisfaction; for though you be a fool you dance like a seraph, and I cannot bear to lose a bar of this."

Away, again, light as a feather; as if blown by the breath of the music. Once off—her anger unroused again by any rash remarks from her her partner—the same sense of delicious enervation as before steals over Lenore. It is like floating on a summer sea, as the music whispers, whispers, then laughs out and triumphs, in a loud, glad clash.

And Scrope—every dog has his day, they say, and this is his. It is a wretched little day; but still it is his. She may be Paul's for all after life—nay, she will be, of course; who can hinder her? But for these divine mad minutes she is his! It is not *Paul's* arm that is around her waist; it is not *Paul's* heart against which hers is panting; it is not *Paul's* shoulder on which the milk-white beauty of her arm is lying. All earthly pleasures must end, and a waltz is, in its very essence, one of the shortest. The music ceases. As they turn toward the door they come face to face with Paul. He makes as though he would pass them without speaking; but Lenore addresses him:

"What have you done with Sylvia?"

"She is dancing."

"And you? Why are not you?"

"Because I *hate* it!" (emphatically.)

"You might have given Jemima a turn; she very seldom gets a partner, and she likes dancing."

"Even with *me?*" (with a sneer.)

"I wish you a better temper," says Lenore, hastily, moving on.

They pass out into the passage.

"Why have you come here?" cries the girl, fretfully; "it is draughty. I shiver; let us go back to Sylvia—to Mrs. Webster—*anywhere!*"

"You do not shiver when you are with other men," says Scrope, resentfully.

"*Other* men do not stare at one, as if they were going to *eat* one!" cries the girl, indignantly. "Good heavens, Charlie! how much better I liked you when you were only a stupid, silent, sulky boy, before you adopted these unpleasant man's airs."

In defiance of appearances, Scrope stands stock still; he is young enough to be galled by allusions to his age.

"Lenore," he says, almost imperatively, "stop gibing at me; after to-night, I give you *carte blanche* to abuse me as much as you please behind my my back—to mimic me for your friends' amusement—to show me up in as humiliating a light as it pleases you—you are

quite capable of it—but, *for to-night, be civil.*

"Mend your own manners, then," cries the girl, tartly. "Who gave you leave to call me 'Lenore?' For the last few days I have remarked that you have been slurring over the 'Miss;' please to replace my style and title immediately."

"Is it worth while," asks the young fellow more calmly, but with great bitterness; "is it worth while accustoming oneself to call you 'Miss,' when you will soon be 'Mrs.?' For all my future life, I swear to you, I will try to think of you only as 'Mrs. Le Mesurier;' but, for to-night, be *Lenore*, plain *Lenore!*"

For all answer, she bursts out laughing. "Excuse me; it is rude, I know; but you reminded me so forcibly of the tale of the man at a ball, who, when the music stopped suddenly, was heard saying to his partner, at the top of his voice: 'Do not call me Mr. Smith; call me *plain William!*' and, as he was remarkably ugly, he was called '*plain William*' ever after."

CHAPTER IX.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

In the meantime, Mrs. Prodgers has been restored to her eminent position on the bench; she has been danced and talked and walked about, into a state of even more than her common complaisance.

Jemima still stands where she left her.

"Have you been dancing, dear? Yes? Oh, I am *so* glad—I thought you would. I don't know what has come to the people to-night; they would tear one in pieces, if one would let them. *One* thing I *do* set my face against, and that is, those passages. I said to young Anson, 'There is no one fonder of laughing and talking, and fun, than I am, but if you talk from now till doomsday you will not persuade me to sit out with you.' I daresay there is no harm in it *really*, but people do let their tongues run on so, when a person is young and tolerable good looking."

Jemima makes no answer.

Sylvia's conversation is like a Gregorian chant; there is a certain sameness about it.

Miss Webster has been waltzing with an Eton boy, in a round jacket; her shins are black with bruises, her elbow is scratched, but, at least, she has not been a wallflower.

Another galop strikes up. Sylvia's talk drops into silence; she fiddles with her bouquet, and tries to look as if she would not dance if she were asked. Men hurry hither and thither, seeking for their promised partners; raising and dashing in the same instant false hopes in unengaged girls, by making apparently straight for them, and then flying off at a tangent on discovering that they are not the right ones. Jemima scans the crowd to see whether she can discover any one likely to ask her (in many women the love of dancing survives the probability of being invited), but finding no one, resigns herself with philosophy to her fate. Other people's enjoyment is not so good as one's own, but it is perhaps better than none. It is some people's lot to be spectators through life. She looks on. The pink calico, the laurels, the mirrors, the pretty rose-red ladies, the plunging grocers and floundering groceresses; a tremendous *thud!*—two people fallen like a log; now sprawling in a confused heap of broadcloth and illusion on the floor; the lady has ingeniously wound herself, like swaddling clothes, round her 'squire's legs; she is unwound, feels for her head, settles her wreath, and off again! There are so many people, and they go so quickly, that it is difficult to follow any one; a blue couple, a pink couple, a white couple; they dazzle the eye-balls with the celerity with which they shoot across them! A black couple—taller than most of the others; the soft sparkle of silver flowers flashing like meteors down the room.

Why, it is Lenore! Lenore and Scrope again!

"I thought I had understood that your sister's *fiancé* was a *plain* man," says an old woman, who, unable to find room on a bench, is standing behind Jemima, and tapping her on her bare shoulder to attract attention.

"Quite the contrary" (with a complimentary smile). "Have you ever seen him?" asks Jemima.

"Is not it he with whom she is dancing?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"Really? What a stupid mistake!

thought it must be, because I have always seen them together. A cousin, no doubt?"

Jemima does not relieve her curiosity. She affects not to hear.

Turning her head aside a little, she finds Paul at her elbow. Judging by his face he has heard, apparently.

"Oh, there you are!" cries Sylvia, catching sight of him at the same moment and resuming her animation. "You are in disgrace, do you know, *deep* disgrace? You have not asked me to dance *once* to-night" (looking at him with large round eyes, and smiling archly).

Paul smiles too, but not very cheerfully.

"My dancing is such that it is only on *very* old acquaintance that I dare inflict it."

"I saw you dancing with Lenore."

He shrugs his shoulders.

I believe I *did* shamble round the room once or twice, but it was not a very successful experiment."

After the dance, which is surely ten minutes longer than any galop that ever was played before, after a prolonged stroll in the corridors, after tea, Lenore returns to her *chaperone;* returns, laughing and flushed, but with a look of uneasy excitement underlying the surface merriment of her face.

Paul has been waiting, with no outward sign of impatience on his grave sad face. He goes up to her.

"May I have five minutes' talk with you?" he asks formally.

She takes his arm and they walk off.

Neither speaks till they reach the bench on which, in the earlier and happier part of the evening, they had sat together, gaily chattering. Then Paul addresses her with cutting, cold politeness.

"May I ask, Lenore, what is inducing you to make yourself so remarkable with Scrope to-night? Is it solely for your own satisfaction, or for the double pleasure of amusing yourself and annoying me?"

The opening is not conciliatory. The color rushes red and headlong to Lenore's cheeks: she flings up her proud head.

"I killed two birds with one stone," she says, in angry jest; "he dances like an *archangel,* and it makes you jealous."

"I do not doubt your first assertion," says Paul, more coldly than ever, "and I fully agree with your last; perhaps I am more prone to jealousy than other men. I have not been so used to women and their ways. But I confess I do not enjoy seeing my future wife hauled about by a man who is (as is evident to the most casual observer) making passionate and unrestrained love to her."

She is about to interrupt him, but he stops her.

"I confess I do *not* relish seeing him pointed out as occupying the position which, till to-night, I supposed was mine."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean" (in a tone where the persuasive is quite swamped in the imperative) "that I distinctly *object* to your dancing with Scrope."

"That is unfortunate," retorts Lenore, to whose ears the imperative has been, from her youth up, an unknown mood, and whose gorge has always risen at the faintest attempt at coercion, "for I have every intention of dancing with him again—once—twice—if not more."

"After the opinion I have just expressed?" cries Paul, his anger effectually breaking through the armor of his coldness, voice raised, and gray eyes lightening.

"Most decidedly," she answers, with distinct emphasis. "I am not in the habit of breaking my word, and last night I promised him that, on condition that he leaves Sylvia's house to-morrow, I would waltz four times with him to-night—and waltz four times with him I will!"

"You *promised* him?" repeats Paul, hardly any longer master of his indignation. "Am I to understand that you have been *making terms—bargaining* with him? How ought his comings or goings to affect you?"

"In this way," she answers, her lips quivering with anger, but articulating with slow clearness. "I have, or fancy I have, a considerable regard for you and a slight regard for him, and I have no wish to see you kick each other downstairs—a *dénoûment* which is only a question of time as long as you are in the same house."

"Lenore!" (snatching her hand, and

holding it with almost painful tightness, while his eyes glow bright and deeply angry in this dim place,) "are you mad, or are you bent on driving *me* mad? After what has often passed between us about that fellow, can you *dare* to tell me to my face that you have a regard for him? Whom the gods wish to destroy they first deprive of understanding."

"*Dare!*" she says, while her eyes meet his unflinchingly, though, within, her spirit quails—her heart yearns to him in his honest anger. "What an ugly word! Yes, I *do* dare! why should not I? He is handsome, and I love to look at beautiful things and people; he admires me blindly, and admiration is food and drink to me; he can see no fault in me, and I hate to be eternally carped at, and picked holes in!"

"I see," says Paul, dropping her hand, and speaking in a tone of smothered resentment, which (if she could but have understood it) was more alarming than his outspoken anger, "I understand; you cannot see our unsuitability more clearly than I do; from the first I felt it profoundly, and every day I live I feel it more. But, Lenore, why" (grasping her arm with unconscious fierceness), "why—if, from the first, you only meant to torment me—why did you *make* me love you? There were hundreds of other victims that would have done you more credit. Why could you not leave *me* alone?"

"*Leave you alone!*" (turning white as as a sheet); "what do you mean?"

"I mean," he answers firmly, "what you know as well as I do, that you could have hindered me from loving you, if you had wished; I was not given to falling in love; till I met you I hated ladies' society; I avoided women; I did not understand them, and they thought me a bore. I left them alone, and they left me alone; until you—solely for the gratification of your own vanity, as I now see—*made* me love you, against my wish, against my better judgment, as, for the same reason, no doubt, you have now made Scrope."

She sits, with her head bent, silent; she cannot command her voice to answer.

"He is a more creditable conquest than I, I own," continues Paul bitterly; "but for all that you will be the ruin of him. When he joined me at Dinan he was as nice a boy and as good a fellow as ever lived; I looked upon him as a brother, and *he*—he swore by me! You have made me detest the sight of him! I congratulate you on your handiwork."

She lifts her eyes to him, all the softness gone out of them, scintillating with anger. "Have you done?" she asks in a choked voice; "have you insulted me enough for one day?"

"I have not insulted you," he answers resolutely, "unless God's truth be an insult; I never was a good hand at telling smooth lies; my love for you has never been blind enough to hinder my seeing that you are, in some respects, different from what I could wish you to be; if it is an insult to tell you so, I can only say it would have been a thousand times better if we had never met."

A pain like a knife goes through her HEART, but she makes no sign.

"I quite agree with you," she answers, commanding her voice into calmness by an immense effort; "will you be so kind as to take me back to Sylvia?"

He gives her his arm, and they begin to retrace their steps; but before they have gone six paces he turns aside into one of the rooms that open out of the passage. It is empty; he shuts the door. His soul is in a tumult; full, not indeed of the unnamed pain of Lenore's, but of confusion and doubt. If he marries this woman he will be a miserable man; he has long suspected it, and choked back the suspicion; to-night he has realized it—but yet—but yet—she is as beautiful as a summer moonrise—he cannot give her up without an effort. They are as much alone as if they were on a desert island; he stands facing her.

"Lenore," he says, earnestly, "let us understand one another. If this is only a silly quarrel, for Heaven's sake let us make it up; if it is only a capricious way of trying how much I can stand, I tell you candidly that I am at the end of my tether; I will not bear a feather's weight more! Lenore, am I unreasonable? I like a quiet life, and I want to trust my wife absolutely, and to believe in her as I believe in God. Tell me, did you mean the things you said just now, or were you only angry? If you were, I am the last person that has any right to blame you.

Oh, my dear, think before you answer me! Our whole two lives hang upon it."

She looks at him. His face is stern and resolute and deeply angered; but is it not also tender? She is all but melted; in a second more she would have been sobbing on his heart, but in the instant of hesitation his former words, "You *made* me love you," recur to her, being profound resentment with them. "I *did* mean them," she answers passionately. "I *do* mean them; it is so pleasant to me to find any one to like me *spontaneously* that I naturally prize their society,"

His face pales and changes, it is no longer tender; it is *only* stern.

"All right," he says coldly; "you are at least explicit. It has come to this, then, Lenore—you must choose between Scrope and me. I am far from saying that he is not a fitter mate for you than I. He is young, he is good looking, he is rich, he has everything to catch a woman's eye and gain a woman's heart; and I ——" (looking down and sighing), "well, I suppose I have not much. It has been as great a wonder to me as to the rest of the world what you could have seen in me—you know, I told you before I'm not up to woman's ways—but one thing is certain," (lifting his head again, and speaking with firm emphasis), "*I will go shares with no man;* I will have *all* or *none*. As long as you are my betrothed wife I *forbid* you to dance with Scrope."

"And I decline to be forbidden," she cries, maddened by rage—by the internal knowledge of being in the wrong, and—oh, far worst, and cruelest of all—by the conviction that he does not love her well enough to take her, faults and all—that he will have her on his own terms or not at all, that he is going—if she persist in her pride—to give her up, and that the giving her up will not cost him his life—will not break his heart, or even cause it very mortal pain. "I deny your right to employ such a word to me; if I were a hundred times your wife, I should refuse to be ordered about like a dog. If you expect the tame docility of a slave, you had better go to your cousin for it, for you certainly will not get it from me."

He bows gravely.

"It is fortunate, at least, that we have discovered the discrepancy of our ideas of marriage before it is too late. Thank you, at least, for telling me now, instead of later."

"Yes," she answers, breathing hard and short; her face altered and contorted by the fatal excitement that is hurrying her to her destruction; "if I *made* you love me, as you generously say, I will, at least, not *make* you marry me."

He stands mute, all his face white and quivering, unable to master himself enough to reply to her gibes with calmness, and not willing to descend to the unmanliness of recrimination. Then at length he speaks, with a slow and bitter smile:

"You have given me a lesson that I shall not forget in a hurry. I confess that I had not thought myself a vain man, but to-night has proved me to have been egregiously misled by my own conceit. Do you know—you will hardly believe me—laugh at me, I give you leave—but for the last six months I have been reproaching myself with the thought that, well and heartily as I loved you, you loved me even better—that you were giving more than you received! I am disabused! Lenore," (speaking very slowly, and planting each word like a sword-thrust in her heart), "you are incapable of loving any one but yourself—anything but your own will. *I have done with you!*"

As he speaks, unmindful of the usages of society, forgetting that she has asked him to take her back to her chaperone, he turns to leave her; at the door he pauses to take one good-bye look at the fair, proud woman he has resigned. Her eyes are gazing vacantly at him, and her lips seem moving. In a moment more he is gone. She remains in the same position in which he left her; she does not move a finger. Her great wide eyes keep staring at the door by which he went out, and her lips repeating his last words, "I have done with you—done with you—done with you!" They do not convey the slightest meaning to her mind. By dint of saying them over and over again, they grow to sound unfamiliar, grotesque. She half laughs. How long she remains in this semi-stunned state she does not know; the fiddles squeak distantly, and the people pass and repass,

but she heeds neither. She is recalled to herself at last by the entrance of a man, who first looks in uncertainly, and then comes in joyfully—Scrope.

"Why, here you are!" he cries cheerfully. "I have been hunting high and low for you. I thought you were with Le Mesurier; this is our dance—Good God!" (with an abrupt change of tone), "what has happened?"

His voice brings her back to her right mind—brings the bitter, bitter truth rolling over her soul like a black flood. Paul gone—gone for good!—gone with a look of inexorable displeasure on his face, and she herself has thrown him away.

"What has happened?" she says, in a sharp, harsh voice. "Do you ask that? Why, just this" (laughing rather wildly), "I have been amusing myself cutting my own throat. That is what has happened, and I have to thank *you* for it."

He looks at her in unbounded astonishment. Has she gone mad, as her words seem to imply?

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," she answers, speaking more collectedly, "that Paul is gone—he does not like me any longer—he has *done with me!*"

"WHAT!"

"Don't look *glad!*" she cries, excitedly. "How *dare* you? If you look glad I shall *kill* you!"

"I am not looking glad. What should I look glad for? I don't know what you are talking about."

"You have got your wish," she says, rising and speaking with slow vindictiveness. "You have parted us! It is what you have been aiming at all along. I hope you are pleased."

"Do you mean to say that you have been quarreling about me again?"

"Yes, I do!" she answers, panting, and looking at him always with dilated eyes; "you knew we should. That was why you remained here when I *begged* you to go, when any *gentleman* would have *died* sooner than stay."

The young man bites his lip till it bleeds; he clenches his hands convulsively; he writhes under her insults; but he makes no retort.

"Was it because you danced with me?" he asks quietly, after an interval.

"You know it was," she answers petulently. "Why do you keep worrying me with these questions? He told me not to dance with you, and I said I would; I thought it was fine to have a spirit—you have always told me, all of you, what a fine spirit I had. Well, God knows" (laughing harshly), "I have been spirited enough to-night!

A little silence.

"If he had but known," she says, looking scornfully at her companion, "how *small* the sacrifice was that he asked of me, he would not have insisted so much upon it."

Scrope's endurance fails a little.

"You are making mountains of molehills," he says impatiently. "As far as I can understand, you have had a little misunderstanding—I do not see how any one could well live with you without having them—a misunderstanding which you will make up within the first five minutes of your next meeting—that is all."

"It is *not* all!" she answers persistently. "We have had a hundred such misunderstandings, as you describe—they were always my fault, always—and made them up again; but this was different; when he turned at the door and looked at me, I felt that it was all over with me." As she speaks, she sinks upon the sofa again; her arms fall heavily to her side; the listlessness of despair is expressed in her whole attitude.

"Fiddlesticks!" replies Scrope, rather brusquely. "A man throw a girl over to whom he is passionately attached, because she says a few nasty things to him—more especially" (smiling, a little maliciously), "when she has rather got into a habit of saying nasty things to everybody! A very likely tale. No, no; though you are engaged to Paul, and I am not, I think I know him a little better than you do, still."

She shakes her head; his words convey neither conviction nor comfort to her mind.

"Listen!" says the young man, eagerly, sitting down on the sofa beside her. "Since I came into this room you have been unciviller to me than ever woman was to man before; once or twice I have felt as if I should like to kill you, or myself, or both; but you said one true

thing—it *is* I have brought this on you; and so, I suppose" (rather ruefully), "the least I can do is to try to put things straight again for you; I will go and look for him—he cannot have gone far; most likely" (smiling a little derisively), "I shall find him in the supper-room—and I will bring him back to you, see if I don't."

"Will you?" she says, with a bitter smile. "There will be two to that bargain!"

Before she can say more he is gone.

The minutes pass: five, ten; she sits with her eyes riveted on the door, saying over to herself: "There is no hope—there is no hope;" but all the while hope is there. After a space, which the clock announces to be a quarter of an hour, but which is marked on the dial-plate of her heart as ten years, Scrope re-enters—alone.

"I could not find him, anywhere," he says, advancing, with his eyes on the ground; "he has gone. For Heaven's sake, keep up" (seeing her face change and quiver convulsively). "Don't look so miserable! It is only the delay of a few hours—it will be all right to-morrow morning."

"It will *never* be all right again," she cries, bursting into violent weeping and throwing her head down on the hard horsehair bolster of the sofa. "Oh, Paul! Paul!"

The sight of her misery sets him beside himself. He flings himself on his knees beside her, catches hold of one of her hands, that is hanging down limp and nerveless, and rashly trusting to her absorption kisses it over and over again. After all, it is only white kid that gets the benefit of his caresses.

His action rouses her—she sits upright; the lightning flashes at him from her drowned eyes; the hot carnation scorches up the tears on her cheeks.

"How *dare* you?" she cries wildly, tearing her hand out of his grasp. "I shall always *hate* my hand for having been kissed by you—*you* who have brought me to this! If I did not know that it was useless to ask any favor of you, I would beg you, at least, to relieve me of the sight of you."

He rises to his feet; a spasm contracts his angry, beautiful face.

"I'm going, never fear. I begin to agree with you, that I cannot be a gentleman, or I should have gone long ago." After a pause: "I have sent for my things from your sister's house; I shall go to London by the next train."

"Thank God, at least for that," she says, fiercely. "The last and only boon I have to ask of you is, that I may never set eyes on you again."

He bows: "I promise you that you shall not, *unless you send for me!*"

She laughs insultingly: "You will wait some time, if you wait for that."

"Lenore!" (taking her hand whether she will or no, while his eyes burn, savage and passionate, into hers), "you will make some one *murder* you, some day. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER X.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

"Quite incomprehensible," says Sylvia, slightly shaking her head, and turning the tap of the urn on to the recipient teapot.

We are at breakfast; breakfast after a ball is a languid feast; one looks green, one is yawning, one drinks two cups of tea instead of one. From another evil, to which some people are subject, I am free—I never suffer from the cramps that result from over-dancing. Sylvia and I are the only ones that have yet made our appearance; after all, there are only two more to appear—Paul and Lenore—for Mr. Scrope has gone overnight, or rather this morning, and it is *apropos* of his departure that Sylvia is, for the fiftieth time, expressing her astonishment, her displeasure, her remorse.

"So ill-bred," she continues, nibbling a piece of toast; "so unlike him. I have always said what a particular gentlemanlike boy Charlie Scrope was! Do you know, Jemima, it has struck me once or twice that perhaps he was hurt at my refusing so point-blank to sit out in the corridors with him? Very unreasonable of him if he was so, for I meant nothing personal to him; I said the same to them all."

I shake my head with an air of superior information.

"It was not quite such a sudden thought as all that; earlier in the day he had settled to go."

"And never mentioned it to me?"

cries my sister, raising her voice a little, and coloring. Most extraordinary! Now I come to think of it, Jemima, he has been very odd and *distrait* for a week past; several times when I spoke to him he answered quite *à tort et à travers*, and once or twice he did not answer at all."

"They are all alike; determination of *Lenore* to the brain; when Lenore is in the room they *never* answer me. I am quite used to it; are not you? For the last five years I have walked through life with a gooseberry bush in my hand."

"She is very nice-looking, of course," says Sylvia, in a rather demurring voice, not seeming particularly to relish the being put, by implication, in the same boat with me. "I am sure I am the last person to gainsay that; nobody *can* accuse me of not being willing to admit other people's good looks; but there is no denying that she is on too large a scale to suit some people's tastes; many *men* prefer something more *petite* and *mignonne*."

"Do they," say I, skeptically. "I do not know. It seems to me that most men like a woman that there is a good deal of."

"I do not think I quite like the way she did her hair last night," says Sylvia, taking some honey and looking at it pensively, as it slides in a long string from the spoon; "too much scratched off her face."

With what clever stroke of caustic wit or incisive irony I might have parried this thrust will never now be certainly known, for at this moment a footman enters with a note, which he hands to Sylvia. She opens it and reads; apparently it does not take long to peruse.

"Are *all* the people run mad?" she cries, in a tone of peevish astonishment, tossing it over to me. I pick it up:—

"DEAR MRS. PRODGERS—I must apologise to you for leaving your house so suddenly and at so untimely an hour; but the fact is, I am unavoidably called away. Thank you over and over again for all the kindness and hospitality you have shown me.

"I remain, yours very truly,
"PAUL LE MESURIER."

"Is Mr. Le Mesurier gone?" cry I to the footman, who is in the act of leaving the room.

"Yes, 'm."

"What time did he go?"

"About seven, 'm. I heard him telling the driver that he must catch the 7:25 up-train from Norley."

"I wonder did he and Charlie travel together?" say I, *sotto voce*, tickled, despite myself, by the notion of the rivals boxed up together, within the narrow precints of a smoking-carriage, for all the long transit between Norley and London.

"Did he leave nothing besides this?" cries Sylvia, in indignant excitement, holding up the little billet between her finger and thumb; "no message—nothing?"

"I believe, 'm, there was a letter for Miss Lenore."

"Where is it?—what has become of it? Bring it here."

"If you please, 'm, I think Nicholls took it up to Miss Lenore an hour ago."

He retires, inwardly amused, interested, compassionate, no doubt; outwardly as absolutely indifferent to the joys, the sorrows, the deaths, the marriages, the jiltings, and being jilteds of his family, as is incumbent on any servant who wishes to keep his situation.

The urn sputters and fizzes; the pug sits on his haunches, with his blear eyes rolling, and gives a short suppressed bark, that means "Muffin." We stare at one another.

"I thought there was something wrong last night, when Lenore said he had gone home with a headache," say I, with that sort of back-handed prophecy—that "told-you-so" wisdom—for which women are so remarkable.

"So did I," says Sylvia, determined not to be behind-hand in sapience.

Again we stare at one another, with our toast dropped from our fingers, and our tea quickly cooling in the frosty morning air.

"I think I will go and see how she is getting on," I say, rising.

"So will I," says Sylvia, rising too.

This is not quite what I wish; but it cannot be helped. As we pass the nursery, the children hearing our footsteps, shoot out like bombshells, and join us.

By the time we reach Lenore's door we form quite a considerable *cortege*, both as to noise and numbers.

I knock—no answer. I knock again.

"Lenore, may I come in?" Still no answer. I try the handle—it is locked. I announce the fact.

"How very odd!" says Sylvia, rattling the handle in her turn. "Lenore! Lenore! we are all come to see you. Let us in!"

I do not myself think this form of request likely to invite compliance, but whether it is or not, it meets with no better success than its predecessors.

"Do you think she can have got out of the window?" suggests my sister, beginning to look rather tragic.

"Absurd! Why should she?"

Again we knock and rattle, each one in turn, and then all together. No result.

"Suppose you look through the keyhole, Jemima?" says Sylvia.

I comply. A keyhole is an unsatisfactory vehicle for exercising sight. At my first glance, I see nothing; at my second, I dimly discern what looks like a rose-colored heap lying on the hearthrug—Lenore has a rose-colored dressing-gown.

"She is lying on the hearthrug," I announce, in a whisper. "Poor soul! I am afraid that she is taking it sadly to heart."

"Lying on the hearthrug!" repeats Sylvia, turning rather pale, and clutching my arm. "Good heavens! Jemima, I hope she has not—has not—put—put an end to herself?"

"Fiddlesticks!" cry I, angrily. "Why should she? How could she? Swallowed the poker, I suppose, or cut her throat with a small-tooth comb."

Sylvia applies her eye, in turn, to the keyhole.

"Lenore!" (raising her voice) "why are you lying on the hearthrug? What are you doing? You are frightening us all out of our wits. Open the door this instant!"

We hear a noise inside; in a moment more the door is flung roughly open, and Lenore confronts us in her dressing-gown—her undressed hair falling in a long, bright brown shower about her face, which is ash-white. Her eyes are red, and her eyelids redder—the first are half and the latter *double* their normal size.

"What do you want?" she says, hoarsely. "Why are you making this noise? What has brought you all here?"

A daunted silence falls upon us for a moment—then Sylvia speaks:

"Nothing particular, dear; we only wanted to know what has made Paul take himself off so suddenly, and we thought you might be able to tell us?"

"I neither know nor care," she answers fiercely; but I see both lips and eyelids twitching."

"Aunty Lenore, how red your nose is!" cries Bobby, with all that delicacy for other's feelings—that charming reticence, so characteristic of infancy—staring at her the while, with eyes as black and round as the plums in a Christmas pudding. The last straw breaks the camel's back.

"Had not you better send for the servants and the stablemen, the dogs and the parrot?" cries Lenore, turning savagely to Sylvia. "It is a pity that you should not have every living thing in the house to gape at me."

"Go down-stairs," said I, pleadingly, "and take the children with you. I will be down directly; perhaps she will let me speak to her myself."

With many demurrings, both of word and look, Sylvia complies, and retires with her offspring. I follow Lenore into her room, and close the door.

"Is it true?" I say compassionately, taking her hot, reluctant hand.

"Is what true?"

"That he is gone?"

"I really cannot say; I have not been to look for him," she answers in a devil-may-care voice, averting her eyes.

"Lenore!" I cry, reproachfully, "what is the good of keeping up this affectation with me? It is all very well before Sylvia; but have you forgotten that night at Morlaix, when you were so happy, and when you came and told me all about it?"

"I remember," she answers, with a hard laugh; "and how pleased you were at being waked out of your beauty-sleep, and how kind and complimentary you were about him."

"I was not kind," I answer, rather crestfallen. "I was sleepy, and very ill-natured, and rather envious; but I am not ill-natured now. I would help you, if I knew how; and though you are determined to hide it from me, I know what you are feeling."

"Then you know more than I do myself," replies my sister, quite collectedly. "I give you my word of honor, at the present moment I feel absolutely nothing."

I am not generally short of words, but I can find none now.

"When I first got *that*," she continues, nodding her head toward a note, which lies open on the dressing-table—"you know I had been buoying myself up with hope all night, because he came back here, instead of going straight away—I thought it a good sign—but when I got that, I think I must have gone mad for five minutes—do people ever go mad for such a short time? I found myself down on the hearth-rug, beating my head against the floor. That was wise, was not it? So likely to bring him back. Jemima!" (grasping my arm with her burning hand), "I am going to tell you a secret; if I could have found anything to do it with, I should have tried to put an end to myself. I should have done it in a bungling, journeyman way, and very likely, when I got into the other world, I should have been sorry that I had not staid here; still, I should have tried; but you see" (laughing) "it is difficult for the best-intentioned person to commit suicide with a cake of Windsor soap or a back-hair glass!"

"Lenore!" I cry angrily, "you frighten me! Why do not you cry? Why do you laugh? I wish you would not look so odd!"

"Do I look odd?" she says, rising and going over to the long *cheval* glass. "Well—yes!" (making a derisive bow to her swollen, disfigured image) "a charming-looking person! the belle of the ball! I always told Paul" (a sharp contraction of the muscles of her face as she speaks his name) "that I looked nothing without my plaits."

I stand stupidly staring at her, with my hands clasped.

"If you want to ask any questions, *now* is your time," she continues, calmly; "it will be back on me just now—rushing, tearing back; but for the moment I feel as little as you do, or if possible, less; I say over 'Paul is gone!' and then 'Charlie is gone!' and the one fact seems as little afflicting as the other."

"Lenore, are you speaking truth?" I cry, incredulously. "You look as if you were! Tell me, if you are sure you can bear to do it, how was it? You know I am quite in the dark—how did it come about?"

"Incompatibility of opinion about Mr. Scrope," she answers, with a forced laugh; then sinking down on the floor, hiding her face in the folds of my gown like a child. "I do not think I *will* tell you, after all!" she says, moaning; "when one's ship has gone down, what is the good of going into the details of the wreck?" At the last word she breaks into tumultuous weeping.

"Perhaps it has not gone down," say I, eagerly. "Who knows? Let me see the note. May I?" (stretching out my hand to take it).

"If you like" (then laughing again painfully between her sobs); "it is not so affectionate that one need be ashamed of showing it."

I pick it up eagerly. It is not very tidily written—scratchily rather, and shakily—several of the little words are left out:

DECEMBER 28th, 5½ A. M.

"I would not have come back here last night, if I could have helped it, but it was unavoidable. I shall, at least, not intrude upon your sight again, as I shall be gone hours before you are up. I will send back your letters in a day or two; also, if you *insist* upon it, your photographs. Do not send back *anything* of mine—it is the last favor I ask of you.—P. LE M."

I touch Lenore's heaving shoulder. "Look up!" I say, cheerfully, "I am in better spirits. There is hope!"

She lifts her heavy head. "Hope of what?"

Poor soul! The tears are running flat races down her cheeks, coursing down her nose, and making hot wet spots on the breast of her smart rose dressing-gown.

"He is angry," I say, smiling; "there is always hope when a man is angry."

She does not answer in words, but she draws herself up into a kneeling posture, and clutches my arm with painful tightness, while a little red creeps into her cheeks; there is already plenty in her nose and eyes. With her loose stream-

ing hair, and upward wet eyes, she looks a Magdalen all over. The old painters, if you remark, have a knack of making their Magdalens' noses a little red.

"If you wish it, and are willing to take him on his own terms, I believe you may get him back."

Still she says nothing; only the clasp on my arm tightens, till I wriggle uncomfortably under it.

"You must, of course, write at once," I say, in a matter-of-fact voice, "and tell him that you are sorry, and that you will never do *it*—whatever *it* was—again."

"*Say I am sorry?*" cries Lenore, starting to her feet; "eat dirt, and go, like a whipped child, with its finger in its mouth, and say, 'I'll be good!' *Not if I know it!*"

She no longer looks like a Magdalen, or, if she does, it was a very restive one.

"Very well," say I, coolly; "if you prefer your pride to your lover, of course it is a matter of taste which is best worth keeping. I have no more to say."

No answer.

"I see," continue I, with affected enthusiasm, "you are conscious that you were in the right, and that he was so completely in the wrong that the first advance *must* come from him. I understand, of course! I respect you."

"Do not," cries Lenore, gruffly. "I was not in the right—am I ever? But the knowing that one is in the wrong does not make it any the easier to say it."

"There are so many ways of implying a thing without exactly saying it."

Silence.

"My dear child," I say, stretching out my hand to take one of hers, which is twisting and turning its fellow about; "the question is, how can you live best: with your dignity and without Paul, or with Paul and without your dignity?"

She falls on her knees beside me again; she buries her face in my lap.

"Jemima, never tell anybody, and if you are asked, say that it is not so; and never remind me, when you get angry, that I have said it: but—but" (very indistinctly) "I would eat all the dirt that ever was in all the world to get him back again—there!" (looking up and coloring violently). "Was there ever a case on record of anybody having said anything so mean?"

I shrug my shoulders. "What does it matter about being mean, so as one is happy?" say I, with a philosophy of doubtful morality if carried out to its final consequences. "Write, *write*, WRITE; and, if possible" (picking up the note again and laughing), "write with a better pen than he did, Lenore" (examining it more narrowly). "I do believe he *cried* over it. Look! what a suspicious blot over the 'P.'!"

"Only a sputtering pen or bad blotting-paper," replies Lenore. But she is laughing too, and there is an alertness in her gait as she walks across the room in strong contrast to the heavy droop of her attitude five minutes ago. "Jemima" (her poor red eyes sparkling again, and a tender tremor about the quivering corners of her mouth), "I will write. God knows what will come of it, or how I shall bear the waiting for the answer; but—I will write."

"Do," say I; and then I draw an armchair to the fire, and Lenore sits down to the writing-table. The opening sentences seem to be hatched with difficulty, but after them her pen runs glibly enough: it is going to be a longer letter than his. "Lenore," say I, presently, turning my head round, and speaking diffidently, "I think that, on the supposition that this may not bring him back—a most improbable one, but still possible—I—I (do not be angry)—I would not make it *too* affectionate." She flushes scarlet, reads it hastily over, then tears it into a thousand bits, and, running over to the fire, tosses the fragments in. "Nor too cold," I subjoin, rather startled at the effect of my caution. "Do not you understand?" I continue, eagerly. "The kind of letter you should write is one that, if he is so disposed, will bring him back again; and that, if he is *not* so disposed, will not make you hot to think of having sent it."

To compose such a letter as I have thus described seems a hard task. The hearth is strewn with little shreds of paper before one, that hits the golden mean between the fond and the frigid, is written fairly out without blots or erasures.

"Will you read it?" asks my sister, holding it out rather reluctantly to me,

when it is at length finished. "I think I had rather you did not, but you may, if you wish."

I shake my head, and swallow down my curiosity: "Why should I? It is between you and him; what has a third person to do with it?"

She turns away relieved, folds it up, directs it, and fastens the envelope. "Jemima," she says, clasping my arms with her two hot slender hands, while her great solemn eyes fix themselves, feverish and miserably excited, on mine, "the responsibility of this lies with you. I do not know whether it is affectionate or not; I cannot judge—I hardly know what is in it; but if it fail, the shame of it will *kill* me.

CHAPTER XI.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

At the lowest calculation there must be forty-eight hours between the sending of any letter by post and the receiving of the answer. In most cases cases sixteen or eighteen of these hours are slidden over in sleep; but in a great anxiety who *can* sleep? In heavy grief one *may* sleep—probably one will; when hope has stolen out of sight, and despair sits by us with veiled head, then one sleeps most deeply. Sometimes in slumber God gives us back our dead; him that but yesterday we coldly kissed in his strait shroud, we see coming toward us with life-colored lips and open eyes; the dead never come back to us *dead;* always they are alive—talking, smiling, occupied in some commonplace employment, making some foolish tender jest. But sleep refuses to come to the troubled, who have yet an uneasy hope; she will not be made use of merely as a bridge over obnoxious hours; she will be loved and wooed for herself, or else she will stand relentlessly apart. I think that there are very few of the thousands of minutes that constitute those forty-eight hours that do not find Lenore consciously, broadly wakeful. She refuses all proposals that tend to divert her thoughts by exercise or employment; she will not walk—she will not drive; she will not even come down stairs. All day long she sits in the window-seat in her room—sits there, with drooped figure and carelessly dressed hair; her eyes fixed alternately on the brown winter outside, or the avenue by which all carriages and all foot-passengers must approach the house, and on the watch which lies on the table before her, as if by looking she could make the slow hands pass more swiftly over the dial-plate. Oh, unwise Lenore! to wish to hurry the feet of the swift minutes! They may seem unsweet, nay, most bitter, according to our present gauge of sweet and sour; but oh! are they worse—are they worse than the deep, timeless grave, and the leaden-colored shores of eternity, toward which, in their flitting, they carry us? Once, coming in suddenly, I find her with all Paul's letters strewn round her; she is reading them all through in order—from the first seasick note he wrote her from Jersey on his homeward journey, to the three scrawling, galloping lines which, less than a week ago, announced the train and the hour which were to bring him back to her. I think, poor soul! she is trying to extract more love than is in them from the loving phrases that fill them. The short winter day treads heavily past to his rest, and the night comes—the winter night in its dull endlessness—then the dim, late morning light. Lenore makes no complaint, and cuts me short when I begin inquiries; but I *know* she has not slept. The postman comes and goes without any special interest attaching to him; it is impossible that he can bring anything yet.

Another day walks past with lagging feet. Lenore will not move, will not eat; all her life seems to have passed into the eyes which *grow* to the face of the watch that ticks ever before her. She has turned Paul's picture, which hangs opposite her bed, to the wall; when I ask her why she has done it, she answers that, unless he is hers, she has no business to look at him.

The second slow day dies; its life is so faint and dark that there is but little difference between it and its death. Sylvia and I dine *tête-à-tête*, and get over our dinner with a surprising and feminine celerity. It is astonishing how the presence of even one man prolongs the duration of dinner; is it from the comparative immensity of man's appetite, or from the stimulus and gentle fillip that his company gives to conversation? We yawn through the evening, and at ten retire to such warm depths of silky sleep

as one experiences only in frosty weather. It is rarely indeed that others' griefs keep one awake. Our letters arrive mostly at half-past seven; it is some time before that hour, and in my curtained and sheltered room absolute darkness still reigns, when I drowsily hear a footstep passing along the corridor outside my door. From some half-unconscious, half-dreamful impulse, I jump up and run to the door, open it, and look out into the black chillness outside.

"Lenore, is that you?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?" (my teeth chattering so as to make me almost entirely unintelligible).

"What is that to you?" Tired of her incivilities, sleepy and shivering, I prepare to shut the door in a huff. "I am going to see whether the postman is *dead*, that he is so long in coming," she says, in a quick, excited voice.

"It is not nearly time for him! it is the middle of the night!"

"It *must* be time for him," she says, petulantly; "it must be *three years* since he was here last!"

"You will be frozen," I say, laying my hand, in the dark, on the thin shawl that covers her shoulders; "have my sealskin!" She does not heed me. "Jemima!" (I cannot see her face, but I hear the quick sobbing breaths with which she speaks)—"if it does not come to-day, my reason will tell me that it is because he is not at home, and that it has had to be forwarded to him; but all the same—reason, or no reason—if it does not come, I shall *go mad!*"

Before I can reply, she is gone. I shiver back into bed: I find it as deeply, downily warm as I left it; but the delicious languor, these mi-unconsciousness, fast melting into total unconsciousness, that such warmth and softness woo, declines to come again. I find myself, with my head raised every minute from the pillow, listening for that back-coming footfall. It seems a long time coming; perhaps it is only half an hour really: at last I hear it—I spring to the door.

"Well?"

A gray figure runs past me, with its head bent, but answers nothing. I snatch up a dressing-gown, and run, *ventre à terre*, after it, half-afraid of finding the door locked, when I reach my sister's room. It is not—it is ajar; I enter. The sick dwarf light creeps in by the latticed window-panes; the dead fire's ashes lie whitely gray upon the hearth; the table is gray, the chairs are gray, and on one of them a gray figure lies still and stiff, with gray hands covering its face.

"What is it?—what is it?" I cry horribly excited, running up to her. She drops her hands into her lap; in the dim light I see her great shining eyes, brimming over with anger and despair, flame into mine.

"It is all your fault!" she says, hoarsely; "*you* did it! I have lain down in the gutter, and he has walked over me, and it is *your* doing!"

"*What!*"

"If you had left me alone, if you had not meddled—you were always a meddler, always—I might have gone through my life, hating myself, knowing that I had been my own death, finding no taste in anything; but at least I should not have had to get red whenever I thought of myself—at least I should not have made overtures that have been declined. I should not have asked a man to marry me, and been politely, but firmly, *rejected*——Good God!" (breaking off suddenly, and clenching her hands above her head)—it cannot be *me* that this has happened to—it *must* be somebody else. *I* that always held my head so high!"

"What are you talking about?" I stammer; "he cannot—he has not——"

"Has not he?" she answers, bitterly. "There! read! Can you see?" (walking over to the curtain and pulling it back), "—— '*My dear Miss Herrick!*' When I got as far as that I knew it was all over with me! His 'dear Miss Herrick!' 'My dear Miss Herrick!' 'my dear Mr. Le Mesurier! Oh, my God!" She throws herself on the floor, and buries her face in the carpet, while her hands dig themselves into it, like those of a man in the death agony. After all, why should the soul's death be accompanied with throes less bitter than the body's?

"How can I read it?" I cry, impatiently, "you are holding it!" and, indeed, as she lies prostrate on the floor, it is crumpled up in one of her clenched hands. She raises herself, and straightens out the creased paper.

"Look!" she says, striking it with her forefinger. "See how straight the lines run—how firmly the letters are formed—it might be a thesis instead of a death-warrant! Do you see any blots *here?*—do you think he cried over *this?*"

"Give it me!" I say, eagerly stretching out my hand; "let me see it!"

"*Never!*" she answers, tearing it sharply across, and then again across, and then again; "it is between him and me—the last thing that ever will be!"

I kneel down beside her in silence in the cold gray dawn, and put my arm round her.

"Be satisfied with knowing the upshot!" she says, with a dreary smile. "He says it very kindly, very prettily, in a very good bold hand, and he takes six pages to say it in; but, all the same, the drift is, 'I have had enough of you!'"

"Is it possible?" I exclaim, with a gasp, and a bitter sense of regret at my share in the business.

"It was not his *real* reason for leaving me," says Lenore, sitting on the floor, and rambling on to herself, half under her breath. "It was only a blind—how dull of me to be taken in!—a pretext for getting back to *her*. Yes, I understand—I understand. I suppose I do get wearisome after a time—but" (with a long low moan) "it was such a little, *little* time!"

A pause.

"She made use of those six months, did not she?—did not cry at him, and throw herself at his head, as I did; but stole up to him, modestly, with her eyes down, so that he did not find it out—she always *was* his *beau ideal* of feminine excellence—yes, yes———" (running dreamily over in her mind his long-past phrases) "'eyes like shot partridge'—'not at all clever'—'does not say much'—'very loving.'—Yes! his *beau ideal!* meek, dowdy, mealy-mouthed! He would have kept to her always, if I had let her alone. I am glad I did not. I had my day!—I had my day!"

Her hands embrace her knees; she begins to rock gently backward and forward.

"Stole him away! bit by bit—bit by bit!" she continues, sighing softly. "Jemima!" (her tone altering, and her eyes glittering with a passion of despairing jealousy) "that cousin is a sweet woman—I know she is—charitable as Dorcas—patient as Griselda—she will help him in everything good, and hinder him in everything ill. If I thought she was a bad woman, and that he would repent it, I could bear it better! Oh, my God! he will never be punished!—men never are! Every day of his life he will be gladder and gladder that he is rid of me—he will tell her so—while I—while I——" She raises her voice wildly at the last words.

"Stop!" I cry, angry and frightened. "Don't look so odd! For God's sake, see him as he is—look at him as other people do—a man your inferior in every respect, and who never really loved you!"

No sooner are the words out of my mouth, then I see that I have been guilty of one of my many breaches of tact.

"How *dare* you say that?" she cries, griping my arm. "If you wish to say such things, say them to some one else! do not *venture* to say them to me! If you are going to tell such cruel lies, leave my room this instant!——*Never really loved me!* Much you know about it—you, whom nobody ever loved! Do you think *I* could have been mistaken!—I, who was with him all day—who watched his face every minute? He *did* love me! he *did!* he DID! Not blindly, not foolishly: he saw—he saw he could not help seeing—that every second thing I did, every second word I said—was wrong and unladylike; but he was making me better—every day he was making me better! If he had married me, I should have been a good woman, and he would have taken me to heaven with him!"

"I am not so sure that he is going there himself!" I say, spitefully.

"Say that you did not mean it—say that you do not think it *really!*" continues my sister, with an anguish of entreaty in her tone, and in the haggard loveliness of her face. "You know" (with a wild smile), "he has taken away the present and the future! If you take away the past, too—if you take away that day at Huelgoat—that day—that day" (wandering off into memory again) "when I knelt on the cushion of little marsh-flowers by the brook, and the children went by to pick bilberries: if you take away *that* day, and the days at Morlaix,

and the day when we stood by Châteaubriand's tomb, and saw the waves and the sea-mews below us, and planned how we should walk on through life, and to heaven together—if you take *them* away from me, what is there left me but to curse God and die?"

I shudder, and cry, "Hush—hush!" but she pays no attention to me.

"She might as well have left him to me," she continues presently, pushing Paul's betrothal ring absently up and down her finger; "she could have done so well without him! She is a good religious woman, and has another happy world to look forward to, while I—I have only this. You see, Jemima, it is only we wicked people that *can* lose all at one blow."

"My child!—my child!" I cry, snatching her two hands; "what are you talking about? I do not want to preach to you, and you would not listen to me if I did, but you frighten me; it is like *daring* God to do worse to you. How *can* you have lost all as long as you are still within the bounds of His great clemency—as long as you are still outside hell's gates?"

"*Am I?*" she says, with a flickering, haggard smile; "are you so sure of that? As I came along the meadows this morning, I have an idea that I had a good notion how they feel down below. Bah!" (jumping up, and walking to the window) "do not look so scared! not sleeping and not eating makes one light-headed. I am getting quite rantipole. Get me something to drink—cognac—sal-volatile—it does not matter what, so as it is strong!"

I hurry back to my own room, pour some sal-volatile and water into a glass, and return with it to her. I find her lying languidly back in an arm-chair, pale and worn-out, but with open eyes, and a set stony face. She drinks eagerly, and then gives a long low sigh.

"Poor soul!—poor soul!" I say pitifully, stroking her loose tossed hair. "I dare say you think it is easy enough to bear other people's troubles, and as you said just now, since I never was loved myself, I cannot enter into your feelings; but still, do you know, Lenore, I think no one can well be sorrier for you than I am?"

"Really!" (with an air of most weary indifference).

"Lenore, you are not a weak woman—I know that; don't let him have the satisfaction of thinking that you take it to heart! Show him what stuff you are made of, by bearing it bravely!"

"Make an effort, in fact, like Mrs. Dombey," says my sister, smiling sarcastically; "or rather *un*like Mrs. Dombey. Never fear! Have you lived with me nineteen years, and have you yet to learn that I am not the sort of a woman to go about with my pocket-handkerchief to my eyes, whimpering because I have been *jilted?*—yes, let us call things by their right name—*jilted!*" As she speaks, a deep carnation flush of shame spreads over her white cheeks. "Go now," she says imperatively; "leave me! There, you need not look toward the windows as if you thought I was going to throw myself out of one of them—see, they are all bolted—and I would not make such a clumsy ending for the world."

I move, unwilling and slow, toward the door. She calls after me:

"Jemima, if ever you tell anyone how you have seen me, and what things you have heard from me during the last forty-eight hours, I shall kill you. Let them think I have had influenza—mumps—any disease you choose; but let no one ever guess that I have been pining three whole days for *love*. Bah! it makes me laugh to think of it!"

"Are you *sure* I can do nothing for you?" I ask, staring uncomfortably at her forlorn white face.

"Certain!" she answers, emphatically. "I must fight it out by myself; it is a case where neither man, woman, nor child can help me!"

"If neither man, woman, nor child can help you," I say, hesitatingly, yet eagerly, "why not go to *God?*"

She shrugs her shoulders: "It is a sort of trouble that God would not care about!"

"What are you saying?" I cry. "Is God, like a man, *capricious* in His pity?"

"I think so," she answers, listlessly; "at least, I know He does not pity me."

I am too shocked to make any rejoinder.

"I have set up an idol in the place of God," she says, gravely. "Can I

expect God to be sorry because it is knocked down? There—go! You are a good woman in your way, and I rather like you, but you'll never make your fortune as a preacher!"

Sadly I obey her. During the long, weary day I go about heart-sore and anxious. I do not go near her room myself, nor do I allow any one else to do so; but my heart is gnawed by a painful curiosity, to know what terrible death-fight of the soul is raging within those quiet walls.

As Sylvia and I sat moping and flat by the drawing-room fire before dinner, what is my surprise to see the door open and admit Lenore, who enters with a brisk step and a matter-of-fact air!

"Good morning, Sylvia; rather late in the day to say 'good morning'—is not it? I have registered a vow never to go to a ball again; it has taken me three whole days to recover from the last one!"

She says it rather as if it were a lesson learnt by rote, but she looks alert and upright; her cheeks are colored with pink, and her eyes are neither lackluster nor wet.

"Aunty Lenore!" cries Bobby, who has been raging round the room with a luckless kitten (mewing with pain and exasperation, and with all its claws out), clutched round the neck with strangling tightness in his cruel little arms. He drops the kitten, which instantly makes off with its tail straight up. "Aunty Lenore!" rushing at her, and boisterously embracing her knees, to the injury of her crisp muslin dress: then, with a sudden and ingenious connection of ideas, "where is Uncle Paul?"

With a sudden impulse she pushes the child violently away. I see her face writhe, and the pupils of her eyes darken and flash; but in an instant, controlling herself, she speaks calmly:

"He is gone! He is not 'Uncle Paul' any longer—and—and—don't bother about him!"

As we pass through the hall to dinner, I see a letter, in Lenore's handwriting, lying on the hall-table. I glance inquisitively at it; it is addressed to—

"CHARLES SCROPE, ESQ.,
"Limmer's Hotel."

All The Year Round.

THE TWO THREADS.

A BABE, who crept from the downy nest
Fond hands had loved to deck,
Glowing and sweet from its rosy rest,
To cling, caressing and caressed,
To its gentle mother's neck.
Another, who shrank in its squalid lair,
In the noisy crowded court,
Dreading to waken to curse and blow,
The woman, whose life of sin and woe,
Won from sleep a respite short.
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

A girl, in her graceful, guarded home,
Mid sunshine, and birds, and flowers,
Whose fair face brightened as she heard
Her gallant lover's wooing word,
In the fragrant, gloaming hours.
Another, tossed out, a nameless waif,
On the awful sea of life,
Mid poverty, ignorance, and wrong;
Young pulses beating full and strong
For the fierce, unaided strife.
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

A wife, beside her household hearth,
In her happy matron pride,
Raising her infant in her arms,
Showing its thousand baby charms
To the father at her side.
Another, who stood on the river's banks,
Hearing her weakling's cries;
Thinking "a plunge would end for both,
Cruelty, hunger, and broken troth,
Harsh earth, and iron skies."
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

Her children's children at her knee,
With friends and kindred round,
An aged woman with silver hair,
Passing from life, mid the love and prayer
That her gracious evening crowned.
Another, crouched by the stinted warmth
Of the workhouse homeless hearth,
Her bitter fare unkindly given;
Knowing as little of joys in Heaven
As of gladness on the earth.
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

A soul that sprang from the rose-strewn turf,
With its carven cross adorned.
Another, that left its pauper's grave,
Where rank and coarse the grasses wave,
O'er rest, unnamed, unmourned.
And two, who sought their Redeemer's feet,
By His saving blood to plead,
May He in His mercy guide us all,
For sunbeams and shadows strangely fall;
The riddle is hard to read.
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

St. Paul.

THE LATEST TOURNAMENT.

AN IDYLL OF THE QUEEN.

(*Respectfully Inscribed to Alfred Tennyson, Esq., Poet Laureate.*)

BERNALET, whom the Irish for a joke
Had made mock-knight of William's Table Round,
At Westminister, within the gardens there,
Skipt, snapt his fingers, chuckled, smoked his weed;
When to him, on the prandial side of noon,
Sir Tyke, a something addle-headed knight,
Hard-grain'd, dull-eyed, no genius, somewhat pale
From thoughts of brickbats whirling round his head,
Stept forth, and grasping in his dexter hand
A Red Cap with a circlet labled "Guy,"
Said, "Wherefore dost thou chuckle so, Sir Fool?"

For William and Sir Foster riding once
Thro' England, with great Boblo in their rear
Pricking full speed upon a bicycle,
Saw on a doorstep, wailing in the wind,
An infant, bare and red as Gloucester cheese:
And William said, "Gadzooks, what child is this?"
And when Sir Foster answered back, "Methinks
'Tis *Ginx's Baby!*" the great William smiled;
But Boblo, hastening to them, cried, "Nay, nay,
No Ginx's baby this, but bastard child
Of that false Frenchman, that most caitiff knave,
Sir Sans-Culotte, who, flying to his lair,
Hath left this offspring to the wintry wind,
For see it bears the Red Cap on its head
Whereon is written the inscription, 'Guy,'
And round its neck a circlet with the word
'Democracy,' and innocently it smiles
In the wild tempest, quietly a babe
Not knowing its own mind;" and William took
The babe, and in the arms of the great Queen
Placed it an alien, and she smiled upon it,
And named it by a new name, "Loyalty;"
But suddenly, in spite of all her care,
It perish'd; and the Fool's-cap left behind
Vexed her with thought of its inglorious birth,
And to the people's William with a sigh
She gave it, saying, "Take the cap of red,
The fool's-cap take of the dead Loyalty,
And give a joust and let thy knights contend,
And let the circlet be his meed who wins."

Thereon a cry ran thro' the mighty land,
And all the land was vocal like the sea,
And in the empty hall of Westminister
Expectancy sat like a crouching hound
And waited; and the knights put gaily on
Armor of blue-books, ribs and helms of law,
And weapon'd with the spears of sharp debate
Waited, and the large hours rolled westward slow.

But, on the 'tother side of the great day
Preceding that, or, less ambiguously,
The morning just behind the day before,
To Carlton House there stagger'd eagerly,
With broken nose and one black jellied eye,
His teeth knocked down to his œsophagus,
His raiment rent, his face with filth besmear'd
A churl, to whom Sir William angrily,
"My churl, for whom I've passed so many bills,
What ails thee? who hath spoiled heaven's image here?"

Then with his loose teeth ratling in his throat
Like dice within a box, sputtered the churl,
"O William, this maimed likeness thou dost see
Is Codger's, his who many a day hath spent
Waxing his thread and stitching shoes for men,
And humming bitter songs to thy dispraise;
And I have come from an accursed Hole
Deep in the dark where damned duffers herd,
Led by Red Bradawl that most bastard knight,
Who, finding me too tedious and too fair,
Logical, subtle, sticking to my last,
And seeing that the Reading scum and scurf
Had set upon me, lick'd me nigh to death,
Mock'd, spat upon, and hounded me to Hell,
Hath driven me loathing to thy presence, saying,
'Go, with those stripes and bruises on thy nob,
And tell the people's William we have raised
A Table mightier than his Table Round,
Tho' set within a pot-house, smear'd with beer,
Dirty and stinking of tobacco fume;
And whatsoever he and his have sworn,
Good, bad, wrong, right, true, false, it matters not,
We roughs have sworn precisely the reverse;
And tell him, O thou slowest of our horde,
Our Hole is full of doffers, like his house,
But ours are worthier, seeing they profess
The honest creed of duffers short of cash;
And say, ours are adventurers, like his,
But ours are truer, seeing all the world
Knoweth their need; and say, his hour is come,
The rowdies are upon him, his deep game
All up, and though he quotes my saws and songs,
Naught shall avail his cunning any more.'"

Then William said: "Dress this poor devil's wounds!
The rowdies raise their many heads once more,
Queen Mobbe sits famined by her factory fire,
The land is full of curs, lean Communists,
Mad atheists, watery spouters, men of lust,
Twaddle and Treason of one long embrace
Have borne the squalling bastard Anarchy,
And I conjure you, O my faithful knights,
Be firm, stick close, be constant, and strike home;
And thou, Sir Foster, mightiest of my knights,
To-morrow sit enchair'd and judge the jousts,
Nor mingle with them, for it were not well
Thou shouldst contend with lesser than myself."

And when the morning of the Tournament,
By Whig and Red and Tory named alike
The Tournament of the Dead Loyalty,

Brake forth, 'twas windy weather, and the hens
Ruffled their feathers round them in the cold;
And forth the people streamed from street and lane,
The blind man and the cripple, old and young,
The penny-a-liner, and the wights who draw
Cuts for the papers called illustrated;
And to his lofty seat Sir Foster moved,
And saw the ladies round him gaily dight,
And thousands in the colors of the Queen.

A costermonger's donkey from the midst
Brayed prelude, and all voices asinine
Reëchoed, with a roar from mouth to mouth;
And in a sullen growl the roar began,
And one by one the armed duffers dropt.
Sir Foster gazed with a sad-omen'd eye
And saw the laws of joust and tournament
All broken, heard the oaths and shallow lies,
The blasphemy of cowards in disguise
Against the fair fame of the stainless Queen;
And more than once a stricken warrior shrieked
Cursing the people's William's gentle eyes;
And once a teapot helm was cloven and showed
Fawcep—a narrow face; and all at once
He heard the donkey bray most hideously,
And saw the ass's ears prick up like reeds,
And lo! there entered, in a court suit worn
Of late in humble motion to the Queen,
With gems and baubles all emblazoned,
(Given to his sire for services received
By liberal hands of perished Royalty),
Star'd with the badge of Royal Commissioner
Liege to the glittering grounds of Kensington,
With one word "Baronet" written on his breast
Proudly paraded in the garish light—
A pigmy shape—Sir Tyke—just come post haste
From preaching in the shambles and the slums
To ignorant heads, blind eyes, and famish'd mouths,
Sedition, treason, crown'd with one blind thrust
Against the gentle fame of the great Queen;
And him Sir Foster knew, and longed to thrash,
But laughed to see the pigmy staggering
Under his breast-plate, much too big for him,
Helm'd with a pot and armed with his lance,
"Statistics," which at the first eager touch
Was shiver'd into splinters on his breast.
And Foster laugh'd and all the people laugh'd
In concert, and the donkey brayed once more;
And not a knight of all within the lists
Could strike, but each, for laughter, held his sides,
And laugh'd and laugh'd, and all the assembly laugh'd,
And all cried, "Give the prize unto Sir Tyke!
For not a knight of all can hold his own
For laughter! Give the boy his lollipop!
Give it, Sir Foster, he hath fairly won."

So Sir Tyke won, and him Sir Foster gave
The fool's-cap, with the proud inscription GUY,
Saying only, "Verily, brother, thou hast won,
Take it and wear, but question thine own heart
If thou forsooth hast gained it honestly."
And he, Sir Tyke, made answer red with wrath:
"Thou tossest it too me too scornfully,
Yet think not I have failed to see, O knight,
Tho' thou stand'st fair with the democracy,
The great and growing love thou bear'st the Queen;
Enough, farewell! thou know'st what thou art,
Right arm of William in the field of fame;
Be happy in thy great Queen as I in mine."

Wherefore it came to pass that Bernalet,
Chuckling the next day down by Westminster,
Beheld Sir Tyke approaching, bearing proud
The red cap and its circlet; and Sir Tyke
Cried loudly, "Wherefore dost thou chuckle fool?"
And Bernalet puffed out a wreath of smoke,
Saying, "Perchance to see thy chuckle-head!
Or, possibly, because I find myself,
Albeit the world hath deem'd me only fool,
The wisest knight of all the Table Round."
And Bernalet, still smoking, chuckled on.
"I'faith," cried Tyke, and smiling, chuckled too,
"Thou makest merry in thy heart to see
How bravely I have won the tourney prize."
But Bernalet grew somewhat grave and scowl'd,
Saying, "I had rather sit with toads and frogs
And croak in yonder Hole at Majesty,
Than chuckle broken music like to thine,
O chuckle-head!" "What music?" cried Sir Tyke,
"What music have I broken, tell me fool?"
And Bernalet, snapping his fingers, said,
"The Queen's! Whose name thou, sitting with Queen Mobbe
Yonder among the slums of Newcastle,
Yea, and at Bolton, where the brickbats flew,
Blasphemedst to a low and sordid tune!"
Then cried Sir Tyke: "Would I might strangle thee;
Why do I stoop to reason with a fool?
But listen—reach thine ears—and I will sing;
And tell me if my notes be false or true."

"Free speech—free sneer—we strike because we may;
Her voice is husht, she cannot strike again;
The tune is loud; hark how the donkeys bray—
New gibes, new lies—we care not how they stain;
New dust, new mud, to cast from day to day,
Old lies will do to dig from earth again;
Free speech—free sneer—we strike because we may."

He ceased, and cried, "Why hast thou stopt thine ears?
I made the song, and hold its music true."
But Bernalet, with brow still darkening, cried,
"Friend, dost thou mark yonder white-headed boy
Making dirt pies without the garden rail?
And dost thou note his little dirty hands
Are naturally white as driven snow?
And lo! his little sister cometh near,
In pinafore most innocently clad,
Her face clean-shining from the morning scrub,
And straight at her he casteth mud and lies,
And laugheth, and the sweetling is defiled."
Then Tyke cried: "Is the mud that I and mine
Cast dirtier than thy jests have been, O fool?"
And "Yea a thousand fold," the fool replied.
"Boy, I have wallow'd in the popular filth
Yonder among the swine at Waterford—

Yea, I have wallow'd, but at last am washed.
Out of the dry drugs of Democracy
I drank, but pish! the tast was very mire,
'Twere well if thou wouldst wash thyself as well,
Or go in concert with thy brother swine,
Grunt wallowing that stale ditty I have heard
About the people's William—go thy way
And babble of him, and out of every sty
Echoes most loud will come to answer thee."
"Fool," said Sir Tyke, "why dost thou care to name
Great William: dost thou deem him fool like thee?"
And Bernalet tossed away his weed and cried,
"Aye, by the rood a fool, the first of fools!
Believing he can make of thistles figs,
Men from mere swine, souls from splay-footed geese,
Truth-loving knights from mouldy fortune-hunters,
And liberal minds from underlings like thee.
A fool—ay—long live William, King of Fools!"

Then these twain parted, and Sir Tyke fared forth
Northward, and pricking thro' a lonely town,
He saw a widow sitting on a step
And weeping, and he asked, "Why weepest thou?"
And she replied, "Because my man was slain,
Victim he fell to that wild malcontent
Who goeth up and down the land in arms
Setting the foolish people by the ears
With quips and foolish words that make them mad."
And Tyke with features buried in his cloak
Rode musing: "Trouble grows. What an Queen Mobbe
Should learn to hate me? That were dangerous.
Should love me over much? That were a bore.
I would—I would not—nay in honest sooth
I know not if I would not or I would—
My bosom aches, and I am malcontent."

And mid the red blaze of a hundred fires,
With hollow clang of iron in her ears,
And dismal sounds like voices in a dream,
Queen Mobbe, the faithless mistress of King Bull,
Sat, clad from head to foot in crimson red,
Musing; and when the mite Sir Tyke approached
The giant queen, with mad and hungry eyes,
Rush'd out and met him, towering in the flare
Above the pallid pigmy at her feet,
And crying, "No, not John! don't say 'tis John!
But, nay, he never comes so jauntily.
My little one, hop-o'-my-thumb, my life,
Embrace me." And when the pigmy sought in vain
To girdle the great waist, she only laughed
And raised him as a babe in her twain arms,
Holding him trembling to her mighty lips,
Till in a flutter at her passionate eyes,
Sir Tyke cried, trembling wildly through and through,
"O, sweetest, let me down! Thou frightenest me!
Thou hast been drinking, and thine eyes are wild!"

Then with a hollow laugh and hiccup cried
The Queen, "He druv me to it, he—even John!
I hate his blunt speech and his decent ways,
His pride, and when I drinks he thrashes me;
And he has fulsome talk of 'rights' and 'law'
And 'duty,' and he hates all idle words.
Didst thou not meet him? O my pet, beware!
He hath a thousand ways to end thy life—
John's ways, by love, is sudden, swift and sure,
Beware of him, beware his booted toe.
O sweet, my heart is full of hate for John,
And that's the reason why I dote on thee."

Then, taking him, her lover, in her lap,
And fixing him with one lack-luster eye,
"Hast thou been faithful?" thickly asked the Queen;
"O boy, hast thou been faithful, tell me true?"

And he half sullen, pursing out his lips,
Said, "Pray the powers may take good care of thee
When thou art old and powerless, undertrod,
And love for thee no more is profitable"——
And she much anger'd screamed, "O recreant!
Dost thou look forward to so sad a time?
O sneak, slack courtesy forsooth is thine—
The greater man the greater courtesy—
But thou, from herding ever with the swine,
Morning and night, art swinish grown thyself.
Unsay the words: swear thou wilt love me ever.
Thy tongue is false: speak falsely: I'll believe."

Then Sir Tyke, kicking moodily, sucked his thumb.
"O bother! didst thou keep thy troth to John?
Swear to thee—verily, I have sworn enough;
And since I break mine oaths what use to swear?
I swore allegiance unto William once,
And seeing that, the churls of Chelsea straight
Elected me their knight; but lo! how soon,
When I had gained mine end, I was forsworn.
Ay, once I honor'd William, kissed his feet,
And saw him raised on high with tight-drawn lips,
Weary lack-luster eye, and peevish cheek,
A mighty man of pure and narrow mind,
High-soul'd and wholly ignorant of the world;
And all his followers lorded him as king,
And swollen with glory he did public deeds
Surpassing e'en himself, eclipsing all
In the white radiance of his pride and power;
And then the barbed tongue of scandal rose,
And round his feet sedition like a snake
Hissed stingless; and I turned from him to thee,
Finding more comfort in thy wild great eyes
Than in the still face of the people's head.
Vows? vows? Bow-vows! Nothing I know of vows.
I am thy puppy, and my bark is this—
In politics we love but where we gain;
And therefore is my gain so large in thee,
Seeing that 'tis not bounded save by gain."

Then she with flashing eyes said gruffly, "Good!
Now what if I should turn away from *thee*
To some one thrice as noble as thyself;
For instance, to Sir Foster—he indeed,
The knightliest of all great William's knights—

Say that I loved *him*, would thou think it strange?"
But Sir Tyke smiled, and toying with her curls,
Cried wildly, "Let us liquor! Give me drink.
For being liquor'd, dearest, I will swear
Whate'er thou pleasest, and be fond for ever."

So setting her pigmy lover on his legs,
Queen Mobbe the mighty to the cupboard went,
And spread the board with regal gin and beer,
Pipes and tobacco; and she gravely lit
Her cutty, and her lover lit a clay,
Gasping, red-eyed, because the smoke was strong;
And Mobbe cried: "This, now, I call sociable!
Cheer up my pretty, here's the sort of life
We'll live together!" And they ogling smoked,
Now talking o'er the questions of the day,
Now mocking at the thought of King John Bull,
His great thick legs, his ribston-pippin face,
His quivering paunch, his quick and crusty speech,
Tyke, with pipe of clay held out at length,
Cough'd, gasp'd, flush'd, choked, then cleared his throat and sang.

"Ay, ay, my eye—the wind that blows men higher!
A place above, a muddy place below!
Ay, ay, my eye—a place is my desire,
And one is lost, and one is near I know;
Ay, ay, my eye—the winds that bring but ill!
One way was clean, the other way is mire,
And one is lost, and one I shrink from still.
Ay, ay, my eye! the wind I raised will blow!"

Then as she kissed him, in his hand Sir Tyke
Lifted the fool's-cap. "Ha!" she smiling cried
A little thickly, "do mine eyes behold,
The sign of some new order which the Queen
Hath for thy sake, my pretty one, devised?"
"Not so," he answered, "'tis the cap of red,
Wov'n of French hearts and dyed in human blood,
Won by the poppet in the tournament,
And hither brought, a loving gift, to thee."

She stoop'd, he stood on tiptoe, and on her head
Placed it; and as he fell upon her neck.
Kissed her, and drank her liquor-reeking breath;
Behind them rose a shadow on the wall
As of a plump top-booted yeoman's leg,
Bent in the act to kick. "John's way!" cried John,
And kicked the screaming pigmy down the stairs.

That night came William home, and while he walked
Through the dense darkness of the London fog,
And heard the news-boys hollow in the mist,
Crying, "Echo, Echo!" like to hideous elves,
Around his knees one clung and sobbed, and he
Question'd, "What art thou?" And a voice replied:
"O William! I am Bernalet the Fool!
And I shall never make thee smile again."

Belgravia.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN WESTMINSTER.

BY J. S. LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," ETC.

THIRTY years ago an elderly man to whom I paid quarterly a small annuity charged on some property of mine, came on the quarter-day to receive it. He was a dry, sad, quiet man, who had known better days, and had always maintained an unexceptionable character. No better authority could be imagined for a ghost story.

He told me one, though with a manifest reluctance; he was drawn into the narration by his choosing to explain what I should not have remarked, that he had called two days earlier than that week after the strict day of payment, which he had usually allowed to elapse. His reason was a sudden determination to change his lodgings, and the consequent necessity of paying his rent a little before it was due.

He lodged in a dark street in Westminster, in a spacious old house, very warm, being wainscoted from top to bottom, and furnished with no undue abundance of windows, and those fitted with thick sashes and small panes.

This house was, as the bills upon the windows testified, offered to be sold or let. But no one seemed to care to look at it.

A thin matron, in rusty black silk, very taciturn, with large, steady, alarmed eyes, that seemed to look in your face to read what you might have seen in the dark rooms and passages through which you had passed, was in charge of it, with a solitary "maid-of-all-work" under her command. My poor friend had taken lodgings in this house, on account of their extraordinary cheapness. He had occupied them for nearly a year without the slightest disturbance, and was the only tenant, under rent, in the house. He had two rooms; a sitting-room, and a bed-room with a closet opening from it, in which he kept his books

and papers locked up. He had gone to his bed, having also locked the outer door. Unable to sleep, he had lighted a candle, and after having read for a time, had laid the book beside him. He heard the old clock at the stair-head strike one; and very shortly after, to his alarm, he saw the closet-door, which he thought he had locked, open stealthily, and a slight dark man, particularly sinister, and somewhat about fifty, dressed in mourning of a very antique fashion, such a suit as we see in Hogarth, enter the room on tip-toe. He was followed by an elder man, stout, and blotched with scurvy, and whose features, fixed as a corpse's, were stamped with dreadful force with a character of sensuality and villainy.

This old man wore a flowered-silk dressing-gown and ruffles, and he remarked a gold ring on his finger, and on his head a cap of velvet, such as, in the days of perukes, gentlemen wore in undress.

This direful old man carried in his ringed and ruffled hand a coil of rope; and these two figures crossed the floor diagonally, passing the foot of his bed, from the closet-door at the farther end of the room, at the left, near the window, to the door opening upon the lobby, close to the bed's head, at his right.

He did not attempt to describe his sensations as these figures passed so near him. He merely said, that so far from sleeping in that room again, no consideration the world could offer would induce him so much as to enter it again alone, even in the daylight. He found both doors, that of the closet and that of the room opening upon the lobby, in the morning fast locked, as he had left them before going to bed.

In answer to a question of mine, he said that neither appeared the least conscious of his presence. They did not seem to glide, but walked as living men do, and he felt a vibration of the floor as they crossed it. He so obviously suffered from speaking about the apparitions, that I asked him no more questions.

There were in his description, however, certain coincidences so very singular, as to induce me, by that very post, to write to a friend very much my senior, then living in a remote part of England, for the information which I knew he could give me. He had himself more than once pointed out that old house to my attention, and had told me, though very briefly, the strange story which I now asked him to give me in greater detail.

His answer satisfied me; and the following pages convey its substance.

Your letter (he wrote) tells me you desire some particulars about the closing years of the life of Mr. Justice Harbottle, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. You refer, of course, to the extraordinary occurrences that made that period of his life long after a theme for "winter's tales" and metaphysical speculation. I happen to know perhaps more than any other man living of these mysterious particulars.

The old family mansion, when I revisited London, more than thirty years ago, I examined for the last time. During the years that have passed since then, I hear that improvement, with its preliminary demolitions, has been doing wonders for the quarter of Westminster in which it stood. If I were quite certain that the house had been taken down, I should have no difficulty about naming the street in which it stood. As what I have to tell, however, is not likely to improve its letting value, and as I should not care to get into trouble, I prefer being silent on that particular point.

How old the house was, I can't tell. People said it was built by Roger Harbottle, a Turkey merchant, in the reign of King James I. I am not a good opinion upon such questions; but having been in it, though in its forlorn and deserted state, I can tell you in a general way what it was like. It was built of dark-red brick, and the door and windows were faced with stone that had turned yellow by time. It receded some feet from the line of the other houses in the street; and it had a florid and fanciful rail of iron about the broad steps that invited your ascent to the hall door, in which were fixed, under a file of lamps, among scrolls and twisted leaves, two immense "extinguishers," like the conical caps of fairies, into which, in old times, the footmen used to thrust their flambeaux when their chairs or coaches had set down their great people, in the hall or at the steps, as the case might

be. That hall is square and paneled up to the ceiling, and has a large fire-place. Two or three stately old rooms open from it at each side. The windows of these are tall, with many small panes. Passing through the arch at the back of the hall, you come upon the wide and heavy well-staircase. There is a back staircase also. The mansion is large, and has not as much light, by any means, in proportion to its extent, as modern houses enjoy. When I saw it, it had long been untenanted, and had the gloomy reputation beside of a haunted house. Cobwebs floated from the ceilings or spanned the corners of the cornices, and dust lay thick over everything. The windows were stained with the dust and rain of fifty years, and darkness had thus grown darker.

When I made it my first visit, it was in company with my father, when I was still a boy, in the year 1808. I was about twelve years old, and my imagination impressible, as it always is at that age. I looked about me with great awe. I was here in the very center and scene of those occurrences which I had heard recounted at the fireside at home, with so delightful a horror.

My father was an old bachelor of nearly sixty when he married. He had, when a child, seen Judge Harbottle on the bench in his robes and wig a dozen times at least before his death, which took place in 1748, and his appearance made a powerful and unpleasant impression, not only on his imagination, but upon his nerves.

The judge was at that time a man of some sixty-seven years. He had a great mulberry-colored face, a pendulous nose, small fierce eyes, and a grim and brutal mouth. My father, who was young at the time, thought it the most formidable face he had ever seen; for there were evidences of intellectual power in the formation and lines of the forehead. His voice was loud and harsh, and gave effect to the sarcasm which was his habitual weapon on the bench.

This old gentleman had the reputation of being about the wickedest man in England. Even on the bench he now and then showed his scorn of opinion. He had carried cases his own way, it was said, in spite of counsel, authorities, and even of juries, by a sort of cajolery, violence and bamboozling, that somehow confused and overpowered resistance. He had never actually committed himself; he was too cunning to do that. He had the character of being, however, a dangerous and unscrupulous judge; but his character did not trouble him. The associates he chose for his hours of relaxation cared as little as he did about it.

One night during the session of 1746 this old judge went down in his chair to wait in one of the rooms of the House of Lords for the result of a division in which he and his order were interested.

This was over, he was about to return to his house close by, in his chair; but the night had become so soft and fine that he changed his mind, sent it home empty, and with two footmen, each with a flambeau, set out on foot in preference. Gout had made him rather a slow pedestrian. It took him some time to get through the two or three streets he had to pass before reaching his house.

In one of these narrow streets of tall houses, perfectly silent at that hour, he overtook, slowly as he was walking, a very singular-looking old gentleman.

He had a bottle-green coat on, with a cape to it, and large stone buttons, a broad-leafed low-crowned hat, from under which a big powdered wig escaped; he stooped very much, and supported his bending knees with the aid of a crutch-handled cane, and so shuffled and tottered along painfully.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said this old man in a very quavering voice, as the burly judge came up with him, and he extended his hand feebly toward his arm.

Mr. Justice Harbottle saw that the man was by no means poorly dressed, and his manner that of a gentleman.

The judge stopped short, and said, in his harsh peremptory tones, "Well, sir, how can I serve you?"

"Can you direct me to Judge Harbottle's house? I have some intelligence of the very last importance to communicate to him."

"Can you tell it before witnesses?" asked the judge.

"By no means; it must reach *his* ear only," quavered the old man earnestly.

"If that be so, sir, you have only to accompany me a few steps farther to reach

my house, and obtain a private audience; for I am Judge Harbottle."

With this invitation the infirm gentleman in the white wig complied very readily; and in another minute the stranger stood in what was then termed the front parlor of the judge's house, *tête-à-tête* with that shrewd and dangerous functionary.

He had to sit down, being very much exhausted, and unable for a little time to speak; and then he had a fit of coughing, and after that a fit of gasping; and thus two or three minutes passed, during which the judge dropped his roquelaure on an arm-chair, and threw his cocked hat over that.

The venerable pedestrian in the white wig quickly recovered his voice. With closed doors they remained together for some time.

There were guests waiting in the drawing-rooms, and the sound of men's voices laughing, and then of a female voice singing to a harpsichord, were heard distinctly in the hall over the stairs; for old Judge Harbottle had arranged one of his dubious jollifications, such as might well make the hair of godly men's heads stand upright, for that night.

This old gentleman in the powdered white wig, that rested on his stooped shoulders, must have had something to say that interested the judge very much; for he would not have parted on easy terms with the ten minutes and upward which that conference filched from the sort of revelry in which he most delighted, and in which he was the roaring king, and in some sort the tyrant, also, of his company.

The footman who showed the aged gentleman out observed that the judge's mulberry-colored face, pimples and all, were bleached to a dingy yellow, and there was the abstraction of agitated thought in his manner as he bid the stranger good-night. The servant saw that the conversation had been of serious import, and that the judge was frightened.

Instead of stumping up-stairs forthwith to his scandalous hilarities, his profane company, and his great china bowl of punch—the identical bowl from which a bygone bishop of London, good easy man, had baptized this judge's grandfather, now clinking round the rim with silver ladles, and hung with scrolls of lemon-peel—instead, I say, of stumping and clambering up the great staircase to the cavern of his Circean enchantment, he stood with his big nose flattened against the window-pane, watching the progress of the feeble old man, who clung stiffly to the iron rail as he got down, step by step, to the pavement.

The hall-door had hardly closed when the old judge was in the hall bawling hasty orders, with such stimulating expletives as old colonels under excitement sometimes indulge in now-a-days, with a stamp or two of his big foot, and a waving of his clenched fist in the air. He commanded the footman to overtake the old gentleman in the white wig, to offer him his protection on his way home, and in no case to show his face again without having ascertained where he lodged, and who he was, and all about him.

"By ——, sirrah! if you fail me in this you doff my livery to-night!"

Forth bounced the stalwart footman, with his heavy cane under his arm, and skipped down the steps, and looked up and down the street after the singular figure, so easy to recognize.

What were his adventures I shall not tell you just now.

The old man, in the conference to which he had been admitted in that stately paneled room, had just told the judge a very strange story. He might be himself a conspirator; he might possibly be crazed; or possibly his whole story was straight and true.

The aged gentleman in the bottle-green coat, on finding himself alone with Mr. Justice Harbottle, had become agitated. He said:

"There is, perhaps you are not aware, my lord, a prisoner in Shrewsbury jail, charged with having forged a bill of exchange for a hundred and twenty pounds, and his name is Lewis Pyneweck, a grocer of that town."

"Is there?" says the judge, who knew well that there was.

"Yes, my lord," says the old man.

"Then you had better say nothing to affect his case. If you do, by —— I'll

commit you; for I'm to try it," says the judge, with his terrible look and tone.

"I am not going to do anything of the kind, my lord; of him or his case I know nothing, and care nothing. But a fact has come to my knowledge which it behooves you to well consider."

"And what may that fact be?" inquired the judge; "I'm in haste, sir, and beg you will use dispatch."

"It has come to my knowledge, my lord, that a secret tribunal is in process of formation, the object of which is to take cognizance of the conduct of the judges; and first, of *your* conduct, my lord: it is a wicked conspiracy."

"Who are of it?" demands the judge.

"I know not a single name as yet. I know but the fact, my lord; it is most certainly true."

"I'll have you before the Privy Council, sir," says the judge.

"That is what I most desire; but not for a day or two, my lord."

"And why so?"

"I have not as yet a single name, as I told your lordship; but I expect to have a list of the most forward men in it, and some other papers connected with the plot, in two or three days."

"You said one or two just now."

"About that time, my lord."

"Is this a Jacobite plot?"

"In the main I think it is, my lord."

"Why, then, it is political. I have tried no State prisoners, nor am like to try any such. How, then, doth it concern me?"

"From what I can gather, my lord, there are those in it who desire private revenges upon certain judges."

"What do they call their cabal?"

"The High Court of Appeal, my lord."

"Who are you, sir? What is your name?"

"Hugh Peters, my lord."

"That should be a Whig name."

"It is, my lord."

"Where do you lodge, Mr. Peters?"

"In Thames street, my lord, over against the sign of the Three Kings."

"Three Kings? Take care one be not too many for you, Mr. Peters! How come you, being an honest Whig, as you say, to be privy to a Jacobite plot? Answer me that."

"My lord, a person in whom I take an interest has been seduced to take a part in it; and being frightened at the unexpected wickedness of their plans, he is resolved to become an informer for the Crown."

"He resolves like a wise man, sir. What does he say of the persons? Who are in the plot? Doth he know them?"

"Only two, my lord; but he will be introduced to the club in a few days, and he will then have a list, and more exact information of their plans, and above all of their oaths, and their hours and places of meeting, with which he wishes to be acquainted before they can have any suspicions of his intentions. And being so informed, to whom, think you, my lord, had he best go then?"

"To the king's attorney-general straight. But you say this concerns me, sir, in particular? How about this prisoner, Lewis Pyneweck? Is he one of them?"

"I can't tell, my lord; but for some reason, it is thought your lordship will be well advised if you try him not. For if you do, it is feared 'twill shorten your days."

"So far as I can learn, Mr. Peters, this business smells pretty strong of treason. The king's attorney-general will know how to deal with it. When shall I see you again, sir?"

"If you give me leave, my lord, either before your lordship's court sits, or after it rises, to-morrow. I should like to come and tell your lordship what has passed."

"Do so, Mr. Peters, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. And see you play me no trick, sir, in this matter; if you do, by ———, sir, I'll lay you by the heels!"

"You need fear no trick from me, my lord; had I not wished to serve you, and acquit my own conscience, I never would have come all this way to talk with your lordship."

"I'm willing to believe you, Mr. Peters; I'm willing to believe you, sir."

And upon this they parted.

"He has either painted his face, or he is consumedly sick," thought the old judge.

The light had shone more effectually upon his features as he turned to leave the room with a low bow, and they

looked, he fancied, unnaturally chalky.

"D— him!" said the judge ungraciously, as he began to scale the stairs; "he has half-spoiled my supper."

But if he had, no one but the judge himself perceived it, and the evidence was all, as anyone might perceive, the other way.

In the meantime, the footman dispatched in pursuit of Mr. Peters speedily overtook that feeble gentleman. The old man stopped when he heard the sound of pursuing steps, but any alarms that may have crossed his mind seemed to disappear on his recognizing the livery. He very gratefully accepted the proffered assistance, and placed his tremulous arm within the servant's for support. They had not gone far, however, when the old man stopped suddenly, saying:

"Dear me! as I live, I have dropped it. You heard it fall. My eyes, I fear, won't serve me, and I'm unable to stoop low enough; but if *you* will look, you shall have half the find. It is a guinea; I carried it in my glove."

The street was silent and deserted. The footman had hardly descended to what he termed his "hunkers," and begun to search the pavement about the spot which the old man indicated, when Mr. Peters, who seemed very much exhausted, and breathed with difficulty, struck him a violent blow, from above, over the back of the head, with a heavy instrument, and then another; and leaving him bleeding and senseless in the gutter, ran like a lamplighter down a lane to the right, and was gone.

When, an hour later, the watchman brought the man in livery home, still stupid and covered with blood, Judge Harbottle cursed his servant roundly, swore he was drunk, threatened him with an indictment for taking bribes to betray his master, and cheered him with a perspective of the broad street leading from the Old Bailey to Tyburn, the cart's tail, and the hangman's lash.

Notwithstanding this demonstration, the judge was pleased. It was a disguised "affidavit man," or footpad, no doubt, who had been employed to frighten him. That trick had fallen through.

A "court of appeal," such as the false Hugh Peters had indicated, with assassination for its sanction, would be an uncomfortable institution for a "hanging judge" like the Honorable Justice Harbottle. That sarcastic and ferocious administrator of the criminal code of England, at that time a rather pharisaical, bloody, and heinous system of justice, had reasons of his own for choosing to try that very Lewis Pyneweck, on whose behalf this audacious trick was devised. Try him he would. No living man should take that morsel out of his mouth.

Of Lewis Pyneweck of course, so far as the outer world could see, he knew nothing. He would try him after his fashion, without fear, favor, or affection.

But did he not remember a certain thin man, dressed in mourning, in whose house, in Shrewsbury, the judge's lodgings used to he, until a scandal of his ill-treating his wife came suddenly to light? A grocer with a demure look, a soft step, and a lean face as dark as mahogany, with a nose sharp and long, standing ever so little awry, and a pair of dark, steady brown eyes under thinly-traced black brows—a man whose thin lips wore always a faint, unpleasant smile.

Had not that scoundrel an account to settle with the judge? had he not been troublesome lately? and was not his name Lewis Pyneweck, some time grocer in Shrewsbury, and now prisoner in the jail of that town?

The reader may take it, if he pleases, as a sign that Judge Harbottle was a good Christian, that he suffered nothing ever from remorse. That was undoubtedly true. He had nevertheless done this grocer, forger, what you will, some five or six years before, a grievous wrong; but it was not that, but a possible scandal, and possible complications, that troubled the learned judge now.

Did he not, as a lawyer, know, that to bring a man from his shop to the dock, the chances must be at least ninety-nine out of a hundred that he is guilty?

A weak man like his learned brother Withershins was not a judge to keep the high-roads safe, and make crime tremble. Old Judge Harbottle was the man to make the evil-disposed quiver, and to refresh the world with showers of wicked blood, and, thus save the innocent, to the refrain of the ancient saw he loved to quote:

Foolish pity
Ruins a city.

In hanging that fellow he could not be wrong. The eye of a man accustomed to look upon the dock could not fail to read "villain" written sharp and clear in his plotting face. Of course he would try him, and no one else should.

A saucy-looking woman, still handsome, in a mob-cap, gay with blue ribbons, in a sacque of flowered silk, with lace and rings on, much too fine for the judge's housekeeper, which nevertheless she was, peeped into his study next morning, and seeing the judge alone, stepped in.

"Here's another letter from him, come by the post this morning. Can't you do nothing for him?" she said wheedlingly, with her arm over his neck, and her delicate finger and thumb fiddling with the lobe of his purple ear.

"I'll try," said Judge Harbottle, not raising his eyes from the paper he was reading.

"I knew you'd do what I asked you," she said.

The judge clapt his gouty claw over his heart, and made her an ironical bow.

"What," she asked, "will you do?"

"Hang him," said the judge with a chuckle.

"You don't mean to; no, you don't, my little man," said she, surveying herself in a mirror on the wall.

"I'm d—d but I think you're falling in love with your husband at last!" said Judge Harbottle.

"I'm blest but I think you're growing jealous of him," replied the lady with a laugh. "But no; he was always a bad one to me; I've done with him long ago."

"And he with you, by George! When he took your fortune and your spoons and your ear-rings, he had all he wanted of you. He drove you from his house; and when he discovered you had made yourself comfortable, and found a good situation, he'd have taken your guineas and your silver and your ear-rings over again, and then allowed you half-a-dozen years more to make a new harvest for his mill. You don't wish him good; if you say you do, you lie."

She laughed a wicked, saucy laugh, and gave the terrible Rhadamanthus a playful tap on the chops.

"He wants me to send him money to fee a counselor," she said, while her eyes wandered over the pictures on the wall, and back again to the looking-glass; and certainly she did not look as if his jeopardy troubled her very much.

"Confound his impudence, the *scoundrel!*" thundered the old judge, throwing himself back in his chair, as he used to do *in furore* on the bench, and the lines of his mouth looked brutal, and his eyes ready to leap from their sockets. "If you answer his letter from my house to please yourself, you'll write your next from somebody else's to please me. You understand, my pretty witch, I'll not be pestered. Come, no pouting; whimpering won't do. You don't care a brass farthing for the villain, body or soul. You came here but to make a row. You are one of Mother Carey's chickens; and where you come, the storm is up. Get you gone, baggage! get you *gone!*" he repeated, with a stamp, for a knock at the hall-door made her instantaneous disappearance indispensable.

I need hardly say that the venerable Hugh Peters did not appear again. The judge never mentioned him. But oddly enough, considering how he laughed to scorn the weak invention which had blown into dust at the very first puff, his white-wigged visitor and the conference in the dark front parlor was often in his memory.

His shrewd eye told him that, allowing for change of tints and such disguises as the playhouse affords every night, the features of this false old man, who had turned out too hard for his tall footman, were identical with those of Lewis Pyneweck.

Judge Harbottle made his registrar call upon the crown solicitor, and tell him that there was a man in town who bore a wonderful resemblance to a prisoner in Shrewsbury jail named Lewis Pyneweck, and to make inquiry through the post forthwith whether anyone was personating Pyneweck in prison, and whether he had thus or otherwise made his escape.

The prisoner was safe, however, and no question as to his identity.

In due time Judge Harbottle went circuit. In due time the judges were in Shrewsbury. News traveled slowly in those days, and newspapers, like the

wagons and stage-coaches, took matters easy. Mrs. Pyneweck, in the judge's house, with a diminished household—for the greater part of the judge's servants had gone with him; for he had given up riding circuit, and traveled in his coach in state—kept house rather solitarily at home.

In spite of quarrels, in spite of mutual injuries—some of them, inflicted by herself, enormous—in spite of a married life of spited bickerings—a life in which there seemed no love or liking or forbearance—for years, now that Pyneweck stood in near danger of death something like remorse came suddenly upon her. She knew that in Shrewsbury were transacting the scenes which were to determine his fate. She knew she did not love him; but she could not have supposed, even a fortnight before, that the hour of suspense could have affected her so powerfully.

She knew the day on which the trial was expected to take place. She could not get it out of her head for a minute; she felt faint as it drew toward evening.

Two or three days passed; and then she knew that the trial must be over by this time. There were floods between London and Shrewsbury, and news was long delayed. She wished the floods would last for ever. It was dreadful waiting to hear; dreadful to know that the event was over, and that she could not hear till self-willed rivers subsided; dreadful to know that they must subside and the news come at last.

She had some vague trust in the judge's good-nature, and much in the resources of chance and accident. She had contrived to send the money he wanted. He would not be without legal advice and energetic and skilled support.

At last the news did come—a long arrear, all in a gush: a letter from a female friend in Shrewsbury; a return of the sentences, sent up for the judge; and most important, because most easily got at, being told with great aplomb and brevity, the long-deferred intelligence of the Shrewsbury Assizes in the *Morning Advertiser*. Like an impatient reader of a novel, who reads the last page first, she read with dizzy eyes the list of the executions.

Two were respited, seven were hanged; and in that capital catalogue was this line:

"Lewis Pyneweck—forgery."

She had to read it half-a-dozen times over before she was sure she understood it. Here was the paragraph:

"*Sentence, Death*—7.

"Executed accordingly, on Friday, the 13th instant, to wit:

"Thomas Primer, *alias* Duck—highway robbery.

"Flora Guy—stealing to the value of 11*s.* 6*d.*

"Arthur Pounden—burglary.

"Matilda Mummery—riot.

"Lewis Pyneweck—forgery, bill of exchange."

And when she reached this, she read it over and over, feeling very cold and sick.

This buxom housekeeper was known in the house as Mrs. Carwell—Carwell being her maiden name, which she had resumed.

No one in the house except its master knew her history. Her introduction had been managed craftily. No one suspected that it had been concerted between her and the old reprobate in scarlet and ermine.

Flora Carwell ran up the stairs now, and took her little girl, hardly seven years of age, whom she met on the lobby, by the arm, and led her into her bedroom, without well knowing what she was doing, and sat down, placing the child before her. She was not able to speak. She held the child before her, and looked in the little girl's wondering face, and burst into tears of horror.

She thought the judge could have saved him. I dare say he could. For a time she was furious with him; and hugged and kissed her bewildered little girl, who returned her gaze with round large eyes.

That little girl had lost her father, and knew nothing of the matter. She had been always told that her father was dead long ago.

A woman, coarse, uneducated, vain and violent does not reason, or even feel very distinctly; but in these tears of consternation were mingling a self-upbraiding. She felt afraid of that little child.

But Mrs. Carwell was a person who lived not upon sentiment, but upon beef and pudding; she consoled herself with

punch; she did not trouble herself long even with resentments; she was a gross and material person, and could not mourn over the irrevocable for more than a limited number of hours, even if she would.

Judge Harbottle was soon in London again. Except the gout, this savage old epicurean never knew a day's sickness. He laughed and coaxed and bullied away the young woman's faint upbraidings, and in a little time Lewis Pyneweck troubled her no more; and the Judge secretly chuckled over the perfectly fair removal of a bore, who might have grown little by little into something very like a tyrant.

It was the lot of the judge, whose adventures I am now recounting, to try criminal cases at the Old Bailey shortly after his return. He had commenced his charge to the jury in a case of forgery, and was, after his wont, thundering dead against the prisoner, with many a hard aggravation and cynical gibe, when suddenly all died away in silence, and, instead of looking at the jury, the eloquent judge was gaping at some person in the body of the court.

Among the persons of small importance who stand and listen at the sides was one tall enough to show with a little prominence; a slight mean figure, dressed in seedy black, lean and dark of visage. He had just handed a letter to the crier, before he caught the judge's eye.

That judge descried, to his amazement, the features of Lewis Pyneweck. He has the usual faint thin-lipped smile; and with his blue chin raised in air, and as it seemed quite unconscious of the distinguished notice he has attracted, he was stretching his low cravat with his crooked fingers, while he slowly turned his head from side to side—a process which enabled the judge to see distinctly a stripe of swollen blue round his neck, which indicated, he thought, the grip of the rope.

This man, with a few others, had got a footing on a step, from which he could better see the court. He now stepped down, and the judge lost sight of him.

His lordship signed energetically with his hand in the direction in which this man had vanished. He turned to the tipstaff. His first effort to speak ended in a gasp. He cleared his throat, and told the astounded official to arrest that man who had interrupted the court.

"He's but this moment gone down *there*. Bring him in custody before me, within ten minutes' time, or I'll strip your gown from your shoulders, and fine the sheriff!" he thundered, while his eyes flashed round the court in search of that functionary.

Attorneys, counselors, idle spectators, gazed in the direction in which Mr. Justice Harbottle had shaken his gnarled old hand. They compared notes. Not one had seen any one making a disturbance. They asked one another if the judge was losing his head.

Nothing came of the search. His lordship concluded his charge a great deal more tamely; and when the jury retired, he stared round the court with a wandering mind, and looked as if he would not have given sixpence to have the prisoner hanged.

The judge had received the letter; had he known from whom it came, he would no doubt have read it instantaneously. As it was, he simply read the direction:

To the Honorable
The Lord Justice
Elijah Harbottle
One of his Majesty's Justices of
the Honorable Court of Common Pleas.

It remained forgotten in his pocket till he reached home.

When he pulled out that and others from the capacious pocket of his coat, it had its turn, as he sat in his library in his thick silk dressing-gown; and then he found its contents to be a closely-written letter, in a clerk's hand, and an inclosure in "secretary hand," as I believe the angular scrivinary of law-writing in those day was termed, engrossed on a bit of parchment about the size of this page. The letter said:

"Mr. Justice Harbottle,—My Lord:

"I am ordered by the High Court of Appeal to acquaint your lordship, in order to your better preparing yourself for your trial, that a true bill hath been sent down, and the indictment lieth against your lordship for the murder of one Lewis Pyneweck, of Shrewsbury, citizen, wrongfully executed for the forgery of a bill of exchange, on the —th day of ——— last, by reason of the wil-

ful perversion of the evidence, and the undue pressure put upon the jury, together with the illegal admission of evidence by your lordship, well knowing the same to be illegal, by all which the promoter of the prosecution of the said indictment, before the High Court of Appeal, hath lost his life.

"And the trial of the said indictment, I am further ordered to acquaint your lordship, is fixed for the 10th day of ——— next ensuing, by the right honorable the Lord Chief-Justice Twofold, of the court aforesaid, to wit, the High Court of Appeal, on which day it will most certainly take place. And I am further to acquaint your lordship, to prevent any surprise or miscariage, that your case stands first for the said day, and that the said High Court of Appeal sits day and night, and never rises; and herewith, by order of the said court, I furnish your lordship with a copy (extract) of the record in this case, except of the indictment, whereof, notwithstanding, the substance and effect is supplied to your lordship in this notice. And further I am to inform you, that in case the jury then to try your lordship should find you guilty, the right honorable the Lord Chief-Justice will, in passing sentence of death upon you, fix the day of execution for the 10th day of ———, being one calendar month after the day of your trial."

It was signed by

"CALEB SEARCHER,

"Officer of the Crown Solicitor in the Kingdom of Life and Death."

The judge glanced through the parchment.

"'Sblood! Do they think a man like me is to be bamboozled by their buffoonery?"

The judge's coarse features were wrung into one of his sneers; but he was pale. Possibly, after all, there was a conspiracy on foot. It was queer. Did they mean to pistol him in his carriage? or did they only aim at frightening him?

Judge Harbottle had more than enough of animal courage. He was not afraid of highwaymen, and he had fought more than his share of duels, being a foul-mouthed advocate while he held briefs at the bar. No one questioned his fighting qualities. But, with respect to this particular case of Pyneweck, he lived in a house of glass. Was there not his pretty, dark-eyed, over-dressed housekeeper, Mrs. Flora Carwell? Very easy for people who knew Shrewsbury to identify Mrs. Pyneweck, if once put upon the scent; and had he not stormed and worked hard in that case? Had he not made it hard sailing for the prisoner? Did he not know very well what the bar thought of it? It would be the worst scandal that ever blasted judge.

So much there was intimidating in the matter, but nothing more. The judge was a little bit gloomy for a day or two after, and more testy with every one than usual.

He locked up the papers; and about a week after he asked his housekeeper, one day, in the library:

"Had your husband ever a brother!"

Mrs. Carwell squalled on this sudden introduction of the funeral topic, and cried exemplary "piggins full," as the judge used pleasantly to say. But he was in no mood for trifling now, and he said sternly:

"Come, madam! this wearies me. Do it another time, and give me an answer to my question."

So she did.

Pyneweck had no brother living. He once had one; but he died in Jamaica.

"How do you know he is dead?" asked the judge.

"Because he told me so."

"Not the dead man?"

"Pyneweck told me so."

"Is that all?" sneered the judge.

He pondered this matter; and time went on.

The judge was growing a little morose and less enjoying. The subject struck nearer to his thoughts than he fancied it could have done. But so it is with most undivulged vexations, and there was no one to whom he could tell this one.

It was now the ninth; and Mr. Justice Harbottle was glad. He knew nothing would come of it. Still it bothered him; and to-morrow would see it well over.

Judge Harbottle went this night to the play at Drury-lane. He was one of those old fellows who care nothing for late hours, and occasional knocking about in pursuit of pleasure. He had appointed with two cronies of Lincoln's-

inn to come home in his coach with him to sup after the play.

They were not in his box, but were to meet him near the entrance, and to get into his carriage there; and Mr. Justice Harbottle, who hated waiting, was looking a little impatiently from the window.

The judge yawned.

He told the footman to watch for Counselor Thavies and Counselor Beller, who were coming; and, with another yawn, he laid his cocked-hat on his knees, closed his eyes, leaned back in his corner, wrapped his mantle closer about him, and began to think of pretty Mrs. Abington.

And being a man who could sleep like a sailor, at a moment's notice, he was thinking of taking a nap. Those fellows had no business keeping a judge waiting.

He heard their voices now. Those rake-hell counselors were laughing, and bantering, and sparring, after their wont. The carriage swayed and jerked as one got in, and then again as the other followed. The door clapped, and the coach was now jogging and rumbling over the pavement. The judge was a little bit sulky. He did not care to sit up and open his eyes. Let them suppose he was asleep. He heard them laugh with more malice than good-humor, he thought, as they observed it. He would give them a d—d hard knock or two when they got to his door, and till then he would counterfeit his nap.

The clocks were chiming twelve. Beller and Thavies were silent as tombstones. They were generally loquacious and merry rascals.

The judge suddenly felt himself roughly seized and thrust from his corner into the middle of the seat, and opening his eyes, instantly he found himself between his two companions.

Before he could blurt out the oath that was at his lips, he saw that they were two strangers—evil-looking fellows, each with a pistol in his hand, and dressed like Bow-street officers.

The judge clutched at the check-string. The coach pulled up. He stared about him. They were not among houses; but through the windows, under a broad moonlight, he saw a black moor stretching lifelessly from right to left, with rotting trees, pointing fantastic branches in the air, standing here and there in groups, as if they held up their arms in horrible welcome at the judge's coming.

A footman came to the window. He knew his long face and sunken eyes. He knew it was Dingly Chuff, fifteen years ago a footman in his service, whom he had turned off at a moment's notice, in a burst of jealousy, and indicted for a missing spoon. The man had died in a hospital; and yet this was *he!*

The judge drew back in utter amazement. His armed companions signed mutely; and they were again gliding over this unknown moor.

The bloated and gouty old man, in his horror, considered the question of resistance. But his athletic days were long over. This moor was a desert. There was no help to be had. He was in the hands of strange servants, even if his recognition turned out to be a delusion, and they were under the command of his captors. There was nothing for it but submission, for the present.

Suddenly the coach was brought nearly to a standstill, so that the prisoner saw an ominous sight from the window.

It was a gigantic gallows beside the road; it stood three-sided, and from each of its three broad beams at top depended in chains some eight or ten bodies, from several of which the cere-clothes had dropped away, leaving the skeletons swinging lightly by their chains. A tall ladder reached to the summit of the structure, and on the peat beneath lay bones.

On top of the dark transverse beam facing the road, from which, as from the other two completing the triangle of death, dangled a row of these unfortunates in chains, a hangman, with a pipe in his mouth, much as we see him in the famous print of the "Idle Apprentice," though here his perch was ever so much higher, was reclining at his ease and listlessly shying bones, from a little heap at his elbow, at the skeletons that hung round, bringing down now a rib or two, now a hand, now half a leg. A long-sighted man could have discerned that he was a dark fellow, lean; and from continually looking down on the earth from the elevation over which, in another

sense, he always hung, his nose, his lips, his chin were pendulous and loose, and drawn down into a monstrous grotesque.

This fellow took his pipe from his mouth on seeing the coach, stood up, and cut some solemn capers high on his beam, and shook a new rope in the air, crying with a voice high and distant as the caw of a raven hovering over a gibbet, "A rope for Judge Harbottle!"

The coach was now driving on at its old swift pace.

So high a gallows as that the judge had never, even in his most hilarious moments, dreamed of. He thought he must be raving. And the dead footman! He shook his ears and strained his eyelids; but if he was dreaming, he was not able to awake himself.

There was no good in threatening these scoundrels. A *brutum fulmen* might bring a real one on his head.

Any submission to get out of their hands; and then heaven and earth he would move to unearth and hunt them down.

Suddenly they drove round the corner of a vast white building, and under a *porte-cochère*.

The judge found himself in a corridor lighted with lamps, the walls of bare stone; it looked like a passage in a prison. His guards placed him in the hands of other people. Here and there he saw gigantically tall soldiers pacing to and fro, with muskets over their shoulders. He saw these by glimpses, round corners and at the ends of passages, but he did not actually pass them by.

And now, passing through a narrow door, he found himself in the dock, confronting a judge in his scarlet robes, in a large court house. There was nothing to elevate this temple of Themis above its vulgar kind elsewhere. Dingy enough it looked, in spite of candles lighted in decent abundance. A case had just closed, and the last juror's back was seen escaping through the door in the wall of the jury-box. There were some dozen barristers, some fiddling with pen and ink, others buried in briefs, some beckoning to their attorneys, of whom there were no lack; there were clerks to-ing and fro-ing, and the officers of the court, and the registrar, who was handing up a paper to the judge; and the tipstaff, who was presenting a note at the end of his wand to the king's counsel over the heads of the crowd between. If this was the High Court of Appeal, which never rose night or day, it might account for the pale and jaded aspect of everybody in it. An air of indescribable fatigue hung upon the pallid features of everybody here; no one ever smiled; all looked more or less secretly suffering.

"The King against Elijah Harbottle!" shouted the officer.

"Is the appellant Lewis Pyneweck in court?" asked Chief Justice Twofold, in a voice of thunder.

Up stood Pyneweck from his place at the table.

"Arraign the prisoner!" he roared; and Judge Harbottle felt the wood-work of the dock round him, and the floor, and the rails tremble in the vibrations of that tremendous voice.

The prisoner *in limine* objected to this pretended court, as being a sham, and non-existent in point of law; and then that, even if it were a court, constituted by law (the judge was growing dazed), it had not and could not have any jurisdiction to try him for his conduct on the bench.

Whereupon the chief-justice laughed suddenly, and every one in court, turning round upon the prisoner, laughed also, till the laugh grew and roared all round like a deafening peal of thunder; but though all the voices laughed, not a single face of all those that concentrated their gaze upon him looked like a laughing face. They all gaped dismally. The mirth subsided as suddenly as it began.

The indictment was read. Judge Harbottle actually pleaded! He pleaded "Not guilty." A jury was sworn. The trial proceeded. Judge Harbottle was bewildered. This could not be real. He must either be mad, or *going* mad, he thought.

One thing could not fail to strike even him. This Chief-Justice Twofold, who was knocking him about at every turn with sneer and gibe, and roaring him down with his tremendous voice, was a dilated effigy of himself; an image of Mr. Justice Harbottle, at least double his size, and with all his fierce coloring, and his ferocity of eye and visage, enhanced awfully in power.

Nothing the prisoner could argue, cite, or state was permitted to retard for a moment the march of the case toward its catastrophe.

The chief-justice seemed to feel his power over the jury, and to exult and riot in the display of it. He glared at them, he nodded to them; he seemed to have established an understanding with them. The lights were faint in that part of the court. The jurors were mere shadows, sitting in rows; the prisoner could see a dozen pair of white eyes shining, as it were phosphorically, out of the darkness; and whenever the judge in his charge, which was contemptuously brief, nodded and grinned and gibed, the prisoner could see, in the obscurity, by the dip of all these rows of eyes together, that the jury nodded in acquiescence.

And now the charge was over, the huge chief-justice leaned back panting and gloating on the prisoner. Every one in the court turned about, and gazed with steadfast hatred on the man in the dock. From the jury-box, where the twelve sworn brethren were whispering together, a sound in the general stillness like a prolonged "hiss-s-s!" was heard; and then, in answer to the challenge of the officer, "How say you, gentlemen of the jury, guilty or not guilty?" came in a melancholy voice the finding, "Guilty."

The place seemed to the eyes of the prisoner to grow gradually darker and darker, till he could discern nothing distinctly but the lumen of the strange eyes that were turned upon him from every bench and side and corner and gallery of the building. The prisoner doubtless thought he had quite enough to say, and conclusive, why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him; but the lord chief-justice puffed it contemptuously away, like so much smoke, and proceeded to pass sentence of death upon the prisoner, having named the 10th of the ensuing month for his execution.

Before he had recovered the stun of this ominous farce, in obedience to the mandate, "remove the prisoner," he was led from the dock. The lamps seemed all to have gone out, and there were stoves and charcoal-fires here and there, that threw a faint crimson light on the walls of the corridors through which he passed. The stones that composed them looked now enormous, cracked, and unhewn.

He came into a vaulted smithy, where two men, naked to the waist, with heads like bulls, round shoulders, and the arms of giants, were welding red-hot chains together with hammers that pelted like thunderbolts.

They looked on the prisoner with fierce red eyes, and rested on their hammers for a minute; and said the elder to his companion, "Take out Elijah Harbottles' gyves;" and with a pinchers he plucked the end which lay dazzling in the fire from the furnace.

"One end locks," said he, taking the cool end of the iron in one hand, while with a grip of a vice he seized the leg of the judge, and locked the ring round his ankle. "The other," he said with a grin, "is welded."

The iron band that was to form the ring for the other leg lay still red-hot upon the stone floor, with brilliant sparks sporting up and down its surface.

His companion in his gigantic hands seized the old judge's other leg, and pressed his foot immovably to the stone floor; while his senior in a twinkling, with a masterly application of pincers and hammer, sped the glowing bar round his ankle so tight that the skin and sinews smoked and bubbled again, and old Judge Harbottle uttered a yell that seemed to chill the very stones, and make the iron chains quiver on the wall.

Chains, vaults, smiths, and smithy all vanished in a moment; but the pain continued. Mr. Justice Harbottle was suffering torture all round the ankle on which the infernal smiths had just been operating.

His friends Thavies and Beller were startled by the judge's roar in the midst of their elegant trifling about a marriage *à-la-mode* case which was going on. The judge was in panic as well as pain. The street-lamps and the light of his own hall-door restored him.

"I'm very bad," growled he between his set teeth; "my foot's blazing. Who was he that hurt my foot? 'Tis the gout —'tis the gout!" he said, awaking completely. "How many hours have we been coming from the playhouse? 'Sblood, what has happened on the way? I've slept half the night!"

There had been no hitch or delay, and they had driven home at a good pace.

The judge, however, was in gout; he was feverish too; and the attack, though very short, was sharp; and when, in about a fortnight, it subsided, his ferocious joviality did not return. He could not get this dream, as he chose to call it, out of his head.

People remarked that the judge was in the vapors. His doctor said he should go for a fortnight to Buxton.

Whenever the judge fell into a brown study, he was always conning over the terms of the sentence pronounced upon him in his vision—"in one calendar month from the date of this day;" and then the usual form, "and you shall be hanged by the neck till you are dead," &c. "That will be the 10th—not much in the way of being hanged. I know what stuff dreams are, and I laugh at them; but this is continually in my thoughts, as if it forecast misfortune of some sort. I wish the day my dream gave me were passed and over. I wish I were well purged of my gout. I wish I were as I used to be. 'Tis nothing but vapors, nothing but a maggot." The parchment and letter which had announced his trial with many a snort and sneer he would read over and over again, and the scenery and poeple of his dream would rise about him in places the most unlikely, and steal him in a moment from all that surrounded him into a world of shadows.

The judge had lost his iron energy and banter. He was growing taciturn and morose. The bar remarked the change, as well they might. His friends thought him ill. The doctor said he was troubled with hypochondria, and that his gout was still lurking in his system, and ordered him to that ancient haunt of crutches and chalk-stones, Buxton.

The judge's spirits were very low; he was frightened about himself; and he described to his housekeeper, having sent for her to his study to drink a dish of tea, his strange dream in his drive home from Drury Lane playhouse. He was sinking into the state of nervous dejection in which men lose their faith in orthodox advice, and, in despair, consult quacks, astrologers, and nursery story-tellers. Could such a dream mean that he was to have a fit, and so die on the 10th? She did not think so. On the contrary, it was certain some good luck must happen on that day.

The judge kindled; and, for the first time these many days, he looked for a minute or two like himself, and he tapped her on the cheek with the hand that was not in flannel.

"Odsbud! odsheart! you dear rogue! I had forgot. There is young Tom—yellow Tom, my nephew, you know—lies sick at Harrogate; why shouldn't he go that day as well as another? And if he does, I get an estate by it! Why, lookee, I asked Dr. Hedstone yesterday if I was like to take a fit any time, and he laughed, and swore I was the last man in town to go off that way."

The judge sent most of his servants down to Buxton to make his lodgings and all things comfortable for him. He was to follow in a day or two.

It was now the 9th; and the next day well over, he might laugh at his visions and auguries.

On the evening of the 9th Dr. Hedstone's footman knocked at the judge's door. The doctor ran up the dusky stairs to the drawing-room. It was a March evening, near the hour of sunset, with an east wind whistling sharply through the chimney-stacks. A wood fire blazed cheerily on the hearth. And Judge Harbottle, in what was then called a brigadier-wig, with his red roquelaure on, helped the glowing effect of the darkened chamber, which looked red all over, like a room on fire.

The judge had his feet on a stool, and his huge, grim, purple face confronted the fire, and seemed to pant and swell, as the blaze alternately spread upward and collapsed. He had fallen again among his blue devils, and was thinking of retiring from the bench, and of fifty other gloomy things.

But the doctor, who was an energetic son of Æsculapius, would listen to no croaking; told the judge he was full of gout, and, in his present condition, no judge even of his case, but promised him leave to pronounce on all those melancholy questions a fortnight later.

In the meantime the judge must be very careful. He was overcharged with gout, and he must not provoke an attack,

till the waters of Buxton should do that office for him.

The doctor did not think him perhaps quite so well as he pretended, for he told him he wanted rest, and would be better if he went forthwith to his bed.

Mr. Gerningham, his valet, assisted him, and gave him his drops; and the judge told him to wait in his bed-room till he should go to sleep.

Three persons that night had specially odd stories to tell.

The housekeeper had got rid of the trouble of amusing her little girl at this anxious time by giving her leave to run about the sitting-rooms and look at the pictures and china, on the usual condition of touching nothing. It was not until the last gleam of sunset had for some time faded, and the twilight had so deepened that she could no longer discern the colors on the china figures on the chimney-piece or in the cabinets, that the child returned to the housekeeper's room to find her mother.

To her she related, after some prattle about the china, and the pictures, and the judge's two grand wigs in the dressing-room off the library, an adventure of an extraordinary kind.

In the hall was placed, as was customary in those times, the sedan-chair which the master of the house occasionally used, covered with stamped leather, and studded with gilt nails, and with its red silk blinds down. In this case, the doors of this old-fashioned conveyance were locked, the windows up, and, as I said, the blinds down, but not so closely that the curious child could not peep underneath one of them, and see into the interior.

A parting beam from the setting sun, admitted through the window of a back room, shot obliquely through the open door, and lighting on the chair, shone with a dull transparency through the crimson blind.

To her surprise, the child saw in the shadow a thin man, dressed in black, seated in it; he had sharp, dark features; his nose, she fancied, a little awry, and his brown eyes were looking straight before him; his hand was on his thigh, and he stirred no more than the waxen figure she had seen at Southwark fair.

A child is so often lectured for asking questions, and on the propriety of silence, and the superior wisdom of its elders, that it accepts most things at last in good faith; and the little girl acquiesced respectfully in the occupation of the chair by this mahogany-faced person as being all right and proper.

It was not until she asked her mother who this man was, and observed her scared face as she questioned her more minutely upon the appearance of the stranger, that she began to understand that she had seen something unaccountable.

Mrs. Carwell took the key of the chair from its nail over the footman's shelf, and led the child by the hand up to the hall, having a lighted candle in her other hand.

"Peep in, Margery, again, and try if there's anything there," she whispered, holding the candle near the blind so as to throw its light through its transparent curtain.

The child peeped, this time with a very solemn face, and intimated at once that he was gone.

"Look again, and be sure," urged her mother.

The little girl was quite certain; and Mrs. Carewell, with her mob-cap of lace, and cherry-colored ribbons, and her dark-brown hair, not yet powdered, over a very pale face, unlocked the door, looked in, and beheld emptiness.

"All a mistake, child, you see."

"*There*, ma'am! see there! He's gone round the corner," said the child.

"Where?" said Mrs. Carewell, stepping backward a step.

"Into that room."

"Tut, child! 'twas the shadow," cried Mrs. Carewell, angrily, because she was frightened. "I moved the candle." But she clutched one of the poles of the chair, which leant against the wall in the corner, and pounded the floor furiously with one end of it, being afraid to pass the open door the child had pointed to.

The cook and two kitchen-maids came running up-stairs, not knowing what to make of this unwonted alarm.

They all searched the room; but it was still and empty, and no sign of anyone's having been there.

Some people may suppose that the di-

rection given to her thoughts by this odd little incident will account for a very strange illusion which Mrs. Carwell herself experienced about two hours later.

She was going up the great staircase with a posset for the judge in a china bowl, on a little silver tray.

Across the top of the well-staircase there runs a massive oak rail; and, raising her eyes accidentally, she saw an extremely odd-looking stranger, slim and long, leaning carelessly over with a pipe between his finger and thumb. Nose, lips and chin seemed all to droop downward into extraordinary length, as he leant his odd peering face over the banister. In his other hand he held a coil of rope, one end of which escaped from under his elbow and hung over the rail.

Mrs. Carwell, who had no suspicion at the moment that he was not a real person, and fancied that he was some one employed in cording the luggage, called to know what he was doing there.

Instead of answering, he turned about and walked across the lobby at about the same leisurely pace that she walked at, and entered a room, into which she followed him. It was an uncarpeted and unfurnished room. An open trunk lay upon the floor empty, and beside it the coil of rope; but except herself there was no one in the room.

Mrs. Carwell was very much frightened, and now concluded that the child must have seen the same ghost that had just appeared to her. Perhaps, when she was able to think it over, it was a relief to believe so; for the face, figure, and dress described by the child were awfully like Pyneweck; and this certainly was not he.

Very much scared and very hysterical, Mrs. Carwell ran down to her room, afraid to look over her shoulder, and got some companions about her, and wept, and talked, and drank more than one cordial, and talked and wept again, and so on, until, in those early days, it was ten o'clock, and time to go to bed.

A scullery-maid remained up finishing some of her scouring and scalding for some time after the rest of the servants—who, as I said, were few in number—that night had got to their beds. This was a low-browed, broad-faced, intrepid wench with black hair, who did not "vally a ghost not a button," and treated the housekeeper's hysterics with measureless scorn.

But this skeptical heroine, at near twelve o'clock, being the only person awake and about, and the house within quite still, except for the uncertain wailing of the wintry winds, audible from outside, piping high among the roofs and chimneys, or rumbling at intervals, in under gusts, through the narrow channels of the streets, was herself destined to be more terrified than even was the housekeeper.

There was a back-kitchen in this house, and from this she heard a sound like the strokes of a hammer on metal. Sometimes a dozen in sequence, at regular intervals; sometimes fewer. She was surprised to see a dusky glow issuing from this room, as if from a charcoal fire.

Looking in, she beheld a monstrous figure, black as soot, over a furnace, beating with a mighty hammer the rings and rivets of a long iron chain, which he shifted on the huge stone of a disused jack that served him for an anvil.

The strokes, swift and heavy as they looked, sounded faint and distant. The man fixed his red eyes on her, and pointed to a coarse cloth which lay upon the flags, spread like a coverlet, with a great bulk like a huge bale stretched under it.

She said something in her panic to the unknown smith, who seemed to await only that to speak. What he said she did not tell; but he drew the cloth down from the feet, slowly disclosing the bloated features and body of the old judge, lying flat on his back, with his eyes open and quite dead. She remarked no more; but the servants in the room close by, startled from their sleep by a hideous scream, found her in a swoon on the flags where she had just witnessed this ghastly vision.

Startled by the girl's incoherent asseverations that she had seen the judge's corpse on the floor, two servants went rather frightened up-stairs to ascertain whether their master was well. He had a table with candles burning by his bed, and was getting on his clothes again; and he swore and cursed at them roundly in his old style, telling them that he had business, and that he would discharge on the spot any scoundrel among them who should dare to disturb him again.

So the invalid was left to his quietude.

In the morning it was rumored here and there in the street that the judge was dead. A servant was sent from the house, three doors away, by Counselor Traverse, to inquire at Judge Harbottle's hall-door.

The servant who opened it was pale and reserved, and would only say that the judge was ill. He had had a dangerous accident; Doctor Hedstone had been with him at seven o'clock in the morning.

There were averted looks, short answers, pale and frowning faces, and all the usual signs that there was a secret that sat heavily upon their minds, and the time for disclosing which had not yet come. That time would arrive when the coroner had arrived, and the mortal scandal that had befallen the house could be no longer hidden. For that morning Mr. Justice Harbottle had been found hanging by the neck from the banister at the top of the great staircase, and quite dead.

There was not the smallest sign of any struggle or resistance. There had not been heard a cry or any other noise in the slightest degree indicative of violence. There was medical evidence to show that, in his atrabilious state, it was quite on the cards that he might have made away with himself. The jury found accordingly that it was a case of suicide. But to those who were acquainted with the strange story which Judge Harbottle had related to at least two persons, the fact that the catastrophe occurred on the morning of the 10th March, seemed a startling coincidence.

A few days after, the pomp of a great funeral attended him to the grave; and so, in the language of Scripture, "the rich man died, and was buried."

Tinsley's Magazine.

LIFE IN THE CLOUDS.

I FEEL at this moment as if I were inhabiting Gulliver's Island of Laputa, which floated in the air. The island on which I am dwelling is ordinarily far above the clouds; now and then it seems floating in the midst of them. On occasions of unusual brightness of weather, the island, so generally far above the fleecy vapors of earth, seems to have rested on a steep mountain side, as if to give its inhabitants the privilege of enjoying for a time one of the greatest beauties of the nether world. And most exquisitely beautiful it is, this wondrous view over a lovely lake far, far below, encroached on by steep, wooded, village-haunted promontories—then upward over mountain sides, and grassy slopes, and pine forests, and rocky precipices of terrific depths—upward toward snow-sheltering clefts—and still upward, far beyond, to eternally snow-covered mountain summits. And on these occasions my mind gradually tones down to the more prosaic fact that I am not really dwelling on a severed floating island up in the air, but on a high platform on the Rigi mountain, overhanging the Lake of Lucerne, in Switzerland.

It is a strange little world—this world above the world—cut off from the world and apart from it; a world in itself—strange, but far from unpleasant. "Life in the clouds," on this little world of its own, has a fantastic charm for me. Its inhabitants may not be very aerial; its only dwelling, with its various compartments and dependencies, forming a small town or metropolis of our cloud island, may bear to many eyes only the appearance of a huge but not unpicturesque Swiss hotel. But the very fact of our living alternately above and in the clouds gives a misty mystery to all around, and imbues both dwelling and dwellers in this world with a peculiar tint of unreality and romance; at least to my eyes it does.

Before the long façade of the great building, with its balconies and galleries, stretches a large terrace. Traverse it to the balustrade which skirts it, and look down the abruptly-sloping mountain-side on the beautiful lake below. It is a giddy height. We are—how many thousand feet did some one say? I have forgotten—above the level of the sea. However that may be, the lake appears

miles below; the villages on its banks are composed of very tiny toy houses, taken out of that toy box lately brought from Nuremberg, which have slipped from careless fingers down into immeasurable depths, and nestled themselves below in picturesque groupings. Its promontories look like green crocodiles, floating on the waters and basking in the sun. Have they too, escaped from some toy Noah's Ark box and fallen into that little basin, called a lake, there far below? I suppose not. I do not recollect such unattractive animals as crocodiles in the arks of my childhood. But there are other tiny creatures on that water; these are alive and moving. They dart along with whitish heads and small dark bodies, and long diverging streaks, some glistening, some brown, behind them. They have a marvelous resemblance to dragon-flies skimming along the surface of a stream. But in time I find out that they are the numerous steamers continually traversing the lake. These little whitish heads are the awnings of the decks—those small dark bodies, the hulls; the glittering streaks, diverging wind-like, are the strong paddle ripples on the water; the brownish appendages are the streams of smoke from the funnels, with their reflections in its mirror. They are the only moving objects to be seen from our height, these steamer dragon-flies.

All the rest is still, except the shadows which are flitting over the mountains, when our clouds are high, and the clouds themselves, as they sweep up the mountains, or envelop their grandeurs for a time, or nestle down sleepily on hot summer mornings into valleys, and hollows, and ravine nooks, as if too lazy to pursue their destined avocations on so warm a day, and anxious for repose. All still, did I say? No; the scene is ever shifting, its aspect ever changing. Those great eternal mountains, fixed in their monstrous immobility, never wear the same features any two minutes of the day. Probably never, while the world lasts, will that form and color of the moment be quite the same again. The change is constant. Those distant snow mountains, peering up above with their white giant heads, now glitter in the midday sun, or darken their sides with broad sweeps of shadow, or blush in a pink glow to greet the rising sun, or burn with fire at its setting, or vary in tints of blue and green, caught only to be lost in a deep tone of gray, as the moon plays mad pranks with their summits by the night. Still? No; nothing is still in that great scene before us, although painted there for long ages past—for long ages still to come.

It is a bright morning; all is glorious sunlight in our little world. But that little world seems utterly cut off from the big world below. The whole space, on which we gaze down from our terrace, is filled with a huge sea of snow-white fleeciness. A monstrous feather-bed of cloud covers all below, smooth as a great snow-blanket spreading over a plain. Our own island glitters joyously in the radiant sun. Its peaks behind the house are bright and clear. In the far distance of the view before it, the mountain tops and the giant snow-ridges stand out with unusual sharpness of fine tone and color. Surely we *are* the inhabitants of a floating island; and there is another, yet more huge and rocky, floating in the space beyond.

Yet not quite so. Out of the monstrous bowl of curds beneath our terrace, and near our dwelling on the left as we look down, comes a small puff of darker vapor. It becomes larger, grows into a column, as it approaches nearer and nearer. Presently comes out of the white mass a strange form, rising from the clouds into the sunlight sideways, like the ghost in the *Corsican Brothers* on the stage. It develops itself as a covered car filled with men and women, who are coming to visit our world, and pushed upward by an engine, from the funnel of which comes the column of smoke, which we saw just now, piercing the white covering of cloud with so much difficulty. We are not, then, cut off from the lower world so utterly as might be thought. We are bound to it by a chain of railway which rises precipitously up to us from the lake below.

We grudge this binding chain which fetters us so strangely to the world below, as detrimental to all the poetry and romance of our own realm, and depriving our mountain home of half its charm of solitude and isolation; as Venice surely

must look with distaste on the railway bond which binds that poetical city of the sea—once riding unfettered in the waters—to a dull prosaic earth. Yet there it is; and we endeavor to make the best of it by admiring this marvel of modern science, and surely it is a marvel.

From the valley so far below creeps up this wondrous railway, straight up and up and up, disdaining all zigzag deviations in its boldness. Now it skirts terrific precipices on either side; how it darts out of a dark tunnel and traverses a steeply rising iron bridge, which seems hanging in the air, to an abrupt precipitous mountain ledge above. Now it scales a high hollow pass, more leisurely it would seem, but still with a wild boldness which might make strong nerves quiver to look at. We must admit, much as we shake our heads at the prosaic innovation, that it is a marvel; and, in franker mood, we may confess that it possesses a strange poetry of its own.

All is peculiar and unusual in this mountain railway. Each train consists of one car alone, pushed upward by an unusual engine. Car and engine are alike built askew; everything slopes out of the perpendicular. On the flat ground below, the passengers recline backward on the benches, which traverse the car from side to side. But now the engine groans and pushes forward its burden. In a few minutes the train is rising up the mountain side; and now engine, car, and passengers in their seats are in the due perpendicular. They have found their own level as they leave the level of the earth. Slowly climbs the train, as a snail up a steeply sloping wall. It is difficult to look on either side from the open car; the chasms and ravines along which the train is crawling are terrific. But the experienced tell us that all is safe, and that the teeth of the central cog-wheels, biting firmly into the iron grooves of the rail, prevent all danger. A man precedes the train, walking before it to see that all is in order. Safe enough, surely! Yet it is difficult to grasp the sense of safety on that iron tight-rope, which seems fitted only for the feats of a Blondin; and there is even a sense of relief when car and engine rise into a sheltering cloud, floating on the mountain-side, and the horrors of the unusual journey are shrouded to the view.

Such is our despised railway. It has a station close by the hotel-metropolis of our special little world. There are landed the new-comers to our sphere, who are novices to its aspect and its peculiar manners and customs.

What do they see?

Suppose the new-comers safely arrived, and domiciled in some compartment of this huge human rabbit-warren. They will naturally first turn their attention to the broad terrace flanking the façade of the building, and the wondrously beautiful view it affords. When satiated with gazing—if anybody ever can be satiated with a scene always fresh and new in its marvelous attractions—they may pay some attention to the façade of the building, and the lively grouping of the guests lounging before it, or seated at round tables by the long windows, sipping wine or coffee. The women here, with work in their hands—chiefly that eternal knitting, so dear to the hearts of German females—or with novels; the men there, with their no less eternal newspapers; the children bounding about in impromptu games of frisking—incomprehensible to older minds, that have forgotten how to frisk thus insanely—or with elastic balls, which seem endowed with a vitality of their own, and spring on startled heads, or gambol through unprepared legs, or dart suddenly over the balustrade, into the depths below. In the long gallery flanking the façade on the first floor are more would-be exclusive groups, before gorgeously curtained windows, through which perchance comes the sound of the piano or mingled voices. At the windows, dotted here and there, are more loungers, observing the scene on the terrace below. On all sides the observing mind may discover more or less patent flirtations, and bickerings, and jealousies, and heartburnings, and scandal-mongerings, and discreet but acrimonious little tattlings, and much-meaning smiles among old and middle-aged ladies, sipping their coffee, or knitting "for the dear life;" and would-be grave discussions among the men, who know but little of their argument; and mild coquetries, met by mild swagger, among the young-lady and young-gentleman

tribe; and, indeed, all the features of a miniature little world, doing its best to imitate all the foibles of the large world below. If the hour be after breakfast, dinner, or supper, there will probably be a German band braying away, more or less melodiously—you may generally make a safe bet on the "less"—overtures, waltzes, marches, plaintive German airs; for must not the little world give itself the same pretensions to such delights as any great Baden-Baden or Homburg of the nether sphere?

Suppose our new-comers satisfied with their inspection. Let them turn from the lively scene, and find their way through a few corridors and passages to the right of the façade. They will soon come on the gardens and walks, which would be the great public promenade of your fashionable German watering-places. But these have a charm of their own, which even the proudest of such resorts of fashion might well envy.

At the very outset the curious may stumble on a little chapel, picturesque and well appointed, nestled into a crevice in the rocks, which rise beetling above it. It has a quaint air of retiring modesty, like a shrinking mountain maid, and so pretty withal. Its bell, perched there on its metal roof, will toll to morning and evening prayer with a soothing sound.

A few steps more and the new-comers are in the grounds, called, far too depreciatingly, the Wilderness. Wilderness there is none; for all is trim, and deftly kept, and cultivated. As they lounge on, the mountain rises to the right, with paths cut boldly on its tree-studded sides; and benches are scattered here and there, whence the views of the lake and far-off mountains may be seen to best advantage. On the left, down the steep mountain-slope, run other paths, now up, now down, amidst the trees and grassy knolls, with shady nooks, and sheltered benches, and rustic pavilions, and strange wooden kiosks, galleried and balconied in reckless fashion, and streamlets, quaintly bridged over, and little bubbling fountains, and all sorts of pleasant vagaries of landscape gardening, at points where the landscape is sublime in its grandeur.

It is difficult to have enough of the Wilderness and all its charms, as our new-comers must own. But they must ramble on, some half a mile or so, now and then skirting a terraced precipice, or turning abrupt angles of the rocks, now gazing down on the lake, now shut out by pine woods from the fair scene. They will come at last on a point in the road—a broad ledge—and then a sudden turn down a rapid slope—all too near a perpendicular crag—and find themselves in a wooden pavilion, which in our world is called the *Känzlei* or Little Pulpit. Hence the view over the lakes, the villages, the distant towns, the mountains far and near, wooded, craggy, or besnowed forever, is one of the grandest in nature. It is here we come in groups and parties for our morning draught of nature before breakfast; here again in the evening to watch the glories of the sunsets, and bid our friend the sun good-night, as he sinks to bed behind those hills, so far away, that they look like a misty ocean in the distance. The summit of our highest peak, the Rigi Culm, may boast the traditional attraction of its sunrises; but nowhere, not even in the vaunted Culm, can sunsets be more gorgeous, more imposing, more sublime, than as seen from our own little Känzlei, where all the accessories of picturesque surroundings give a charm to the great scene, unknown on that bare summit which looks down on us.

But the new-comers soon cease to be novices in our little world; and, if they have any genial spirit in them, they quickly adapt themselves to our peculiar life. They plunge into new habits. They are up from their beds at early hours—undreamed of in town-life—at times when town-life still lies dreaming. They learn to swarm into the vast hall, where our meals are provided for us all, at unusual times, by our world's autocrat, and where some three hundred of us raise, with one accord, a din of clattering knives and plates, and of shrill voices drowning the clatter of steel and porcelain. They accept, like sheep, the necessity of being driven into their enormous pen, in order to breakfast at eight, dine at one, and sup at half past seven of the clock, whenever summoned to their food by clamorous bells. They will form parties to climb the mountain heights, or plunge into the valleys, or roam along the precipitous

mountain-sides to distant points of vantage and of lovely scenery, or pant to summits commanding wide panoramic views, and then picnic perhaps in a little village, with a tiny monastery nestled in a narrow valley hollow. They will chatter, and flirt, and talk delicious malice, and sip their wine or coffee on the terrace, and read, and play, or sing in the finely-furnished *salon*, and do as all other denizens of the little world have done before them. Then they will have their "other-world" pleasures too—after a modest fashion, may be, but still with a smack of the charm of variety about them. Wandering artists will offer concerts of song or *zither*, with attractions more or less melodious. In one room will be a sober rubber of whist; in another, impromptu balls, enlivened by quaint antics on the part of some of our inhabitants. On bright nights, when the moon rides so calmly in the heavens, so large and lustrous that we might imagine we were especially favored with an unusually gorgeous moon of our own, there will be dancing on the terrace, with crowds gathering round the dancers, all thrown into fantastic lights and shades by heaven's own great illumination. No; our pleasures are not altogether to be despised. Cavilers may sneer at our life in the clouds as "hum-drum," but we none of us can ever say with truth, the time hangs for one moment heavily on our hands.

Our inhabitants have the same mixture of temperaments and natures as in all worlds, above or below. The bright and dull; the clever and the commonplace; the pleasant and the objectionable; the serious and the lively, are all commingled after the customary fashion. Our little world would be no world were it not so. We have our characters, our oddities, our eccentricities, our incomprehensibilities, our mysteries, our caricatures, in more than usual profusion, may be. Viennese flirts, with scheming mothers; gorging Jews and Jewesses of marvelous unwieldiness; acrobatic-looking beings, of bold bearing, who tread to the rhythm of the music with measured, tight-rope step, and seem trained to cry "houp, houp!" to the "bare-backed steed;" spinsters, affecting the butterfly as adornment as in manner; mad youths, who seem to have found the secret of perpetual motion; outrageous coxcombs and hungry-looking students; stolid English country 'squires, along with dandy Prussian guardsmen, bursting with ineffable conceit; may be a low-church curate from the wilds, along with the high-church priest of our chapel. 'Tis "a mad world, my masters!" And so says a witty lady of my acquaintance, who whispers mysteriously in my ear that she has no doubt our world is strongly peopled by insane patients, sent up for cure from the world below, the more dangerous of the mad people being transferred, for more powerful treatment, to the heights of Culm, above us. Sometimes it would seem so.

Happy are those who, out of the strange medley, can win around them such companions as those with whom kind fate has favored me. The true type of the English mother, with her pleasant, kindly, unaffected lady daughters; the foreign professor, highly educated, well informed, unpedantic, genial, and good of heart; the best specimen of the youth of our day; and, above all, the lady of the world, witty without flippancy, humorous without vulgarity, satirical without malice, considerate without obtrusiveness, tender toward others' feelings, and charitable of mind without ostentation. The companionship of this last personage of my group is a source of everlasting entertainment. Sometimes she starts the conceit that in this aerial region above the clouds we are tended by aerial beings, simply called by the unpenetrating, waiters, *kellner*, or *garçons*, but in reality airy spirits, who have donned an earthly garb in consideration to earthly prejudices, and who would, as their real nature is, offer us nectar and ambrosia, were not our human tastes as yet too gross to accommodate themselves to more spiritual food than beef, or veal, or mutton, or wine, tea, and coffee. Sometimes she promulgates her firm conviction, that, if we poor mortals remain long enough above the earth, we shall be regenerated, not only in health and spirits—as we undoubtedly are—but in our corporeal attributes, and that wings will sprout from our shoulders, and make us all fitting mates for the spirit beings, who have folded their own wings beneath their

coats and waistcoats, in order to minister to our poor wants. She is not quite sure occasionally, that she does not feel her own wings already coming, and that the time may be nigh at hand when she can soar to realms above, and sit in Cassiopeia's chair when the last remnant of mortal weakness urges her to slumber by night, or borrow Orion's belt for grand occasions. Her freaks of fancy are infinite.

With such companions, when climbing propensities are strong on us, my road by chasm and precipice is daily cheered. One of our great excitements, ever varied, although ever the same in purpose, is to watch the pilgrims bound to the sight-seeing shrine of the Culm above, in order to worship the setting and the rising sun. By hundreds they come! They are landed at the second railway station, not far above our hotel-metropolis. We have mounted there to see them swarm out of their cars. Dozens of scantily-clothed workingmen await them on the narrow platform of the mountain, with horses, and *chaises à porteur* for those who cannot or will not trust to their own legs. Then bursts forth a din of many uncouth voices in rough, hard-sounding *patois* German, or in rudely acquired scraps of French or English. All are clamorous for hire. We amuse ourselves by studying the grotesque groups of the pilgrims, as, when the clamor is over, they are at last borne up the craggy mountain path. Manchester merchants with tall black hats and cruelly starched collars, on their horses, as scraggy as themselves; fat old ladies, weighing down the sturdy arms, and straining the broad shoulders of the panting bearers of their *chaises à porteur;* lanky Americans; fast young ladies with preposterous chignons; laughing youths all a-cock-horse; large-boned middle-aged spinsters, with botanizing tins slung round their protruding shoulders; muscular-Christianity divines, with the stiffest of white collars; young university men, affecting airs of members of the Alpine Club; and young ladies in true traveling guise, who will not be outdone by the male sex, all stumping up and up those craggy roads, with the universal *Alpen-stöcke* in their hands. It is with infinite zest that we watch the motley caravan, as it mounts higher and higher, now lost behind a turn of rock or clump of firs, now reappearing on a higher zigzag road, now winding up the still higher, barer pathway. Now and then we join the caravan, and become pilgrims with the others to the Mecca of the rising sun, although we have won our green turbans long ago. Merry remark on the eccentricities of our temporary companions cheers us by the way. We arrive, not without a struggle of wind and limb, on that summit which is the goal of all.

Here the scene is one of the wildest confusion. The shouting, screaming, pushing, and fighting to gain distracted waiters' ears and eyes, and insure beds for the night at the huge hotel, are deafening; the little observatory whence the wondrous panorama of a vast portion of Switzerland, its lakes and mountains and snow Alps, is to be best obtained, is crowded; the summit swarms on all sides. Surely there is an old-fashioned country fair around us. Mountebanks, peddlers, organ-men, Italian boys with monkeys, booths and benches for the sale of Swiss wares, photographs, and maps, abound. Is it thus that the pilgrims worship now, with din and clamor? But the sun is already setting in his grandeur, and with clouds in gorgeous array attending on his couch, behind yon western snow ridges. It is time for us to descend to our own little world, and resume in our quaint mountain home our "Life in the Clouds."

Dark Blue.

WINTER DAYS.

THE birds have flown:
Their barren nests are left alone,
Clinging to leafless bush or wind-tossed tree,
Mementoes mute of spring-time's blue and green,
Of fragrant orchards blossoming between
Brown, sun-warmed walls,
Of wide-swung doors and breezy halls,
And flower-beds decked to lure the drowsy bee.

But now, alas!
The blighting frost is on the grass.
Torn are the wither'd leaves from each loved tree:
The brooks are still, the woodlands dim and cold,
And harvest fields have yielded all their gold.
O, swift-winged bird!
To that bright land where now is heard
Thy tuneful lay, I'd gladly follow thee.

MAY MATHER.

The Spectator.

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF GEORGE ELIOT.

WE will not say that the writer who signs herself "George Eliot" is the only female humorist who has written in English, for there is much delicate and subtle humor in Miss Thackeray's fairy stories, much humor, usually of the broad and indelicate kind, in Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu's letters, and wonderful power of humorous observation in Miss Austen's novels; but undoubtedly George Eliot is the only woman of our time whose writings would be remembered for their humor alone, or whose sayings, just now collected into a volume by themselves, are at all likely, like Shakespeare's sayings, to pass into the substance of the language. Humor is not one of the feminine faculties, and least of all humor like George Eliot's humor, which is essentially an expression of shrewdness, of keen, hard sense, rising occasionally to the level of true, though usually earthly, wisdom. There is nothing exactly like it that we know of in our language. The author herself, to judge from occasional turns of style, has a notion that on this side of her head she has some relation to Thackeray; but Thackeray could no more have created Mrs. Poyser than George Eliot could have created Major Pendennis—he could not have made her so shrewd and incisive and witty, yet with so little of the anatomist about her inner character. Still less is she like Charles Lamb, whose grotesquely felicitous conceits are foreign to her whole style; or Charles Dickens, with his keen eye for the incongruities of the people and minds that he had known.

No character throughout George Eliot's long repertoire is in the least grotesque. There is a resemblance between her humor and that of Shakespeare, who might have written the wonderful scene in the inn parlor in "Silas Marner," a scene which of itself would stamp her rank as a dramatist; but Shakespeare is less dependent upon the relation of his humor to the mouth in which it is placed, and seldom gives such an impression of mere shrewdness, or approaches so close to the Scotch form of wit, the basis of which is worldly wisdom. This, for instance, is utterly Scotch—a perfect illustration of the word "pawky": "You're right there, Tookey: there's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself."

And no one ignorant of George Eliot, but familiar with that prince of the novelists who teach by innuendo, Galt, the one great humorist whom Englishmen have never recognized or have speedily forgotten, would doubt to whom to ascribe this saying of Dolly Winthrop herself, a character almost or quite unique in the literature of fiction:

"*Dolly.*—You must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name giv' it when it's christened. *Silas.*—My mother's name was Hephzibah, and my little sister was named after her. *Dolly.*—Eh! that's a hard name. I partly think it isn't a christened name. *Silas.*—It's a Bible name. *Dolly.*—*Then I've no call to speak again' it;* but you see I'm no scholard, and I'm slow at catching the words. My husband says I'm allays like as if I was putting the haft for the handle—that's what he says—for he's very sharp, God help him! But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like—wasn't it, Master Marner? *Silas.*—We called her Eppie. *Dolly.*—Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a deal handier."

This gibe, too, at old age might have appeared in Dean Ramsay's collection; though there is a touch of bitterness in it, a taste of vitriol, an appreciation of the evil side of human nature, ordinarily absent from Scotch humor, which, often severe, is very seldom cruel:—"It seems as if them as aren't wanted here are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' th' other world." "Annuitants never die" is the English form of that epigram, and though more direct and intelligible, is infinitely less shrewd, covers within its range much less of the discontent youth feels with age. "I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made them to match the men," is just one of

the sentences one would expect from those grand old women, the last generation of Scotch ladies, such as Scott knew and worshiped; and so is this illustration of the power of habit, an illustration curious for the brevity and force with which recognition of that power and dislike for it are both expressed. "A maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon." In many of Mrs. Poyser's best remarks the humor consists solely in the laughing surprise created by their unexpected shrewdness, in the wonder the reader feels at being compelled to give admiring assent to what, after all, is a very simple proposition: "If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner." "It's poor eating where the flavor o' the meat lies i' the cruets. There's folks as make bad butter, and trusten to the salt t' hide it." Or this, in condemnation of the habit of perpetually praising the dead: "It's but little good you'll do a-watering the last year's crop." Or this: "I know the way o' wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one, and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em." "If Old Harry's a mind to do a bit o' kindness for a holiday, like, who's got anything against it?" "As for age, what that's worth depends on the quality o' the liquor." This is the shrewdness of insight, not the shrewdness which comes of observation, like this description of a Scotch gardener, perhaps the very best description of that kind of conceited efficient ever put into words: "You're mighty fond o' Craig; but for my part I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow."

Nor is it the shrewdness born of long experience of men, like that which gives point to this profound saying of Rochefoucauld, in illustration of the effect of subservience upon manner: "Awkwardness sometimes disappears in the camp, never in the court;" or to this other—"rank is to merit what dress is to a pretty woman;" or to this—"however much we distrust the sincerity of others, we believe them most to be sincere when talking to ourselves;" or to this, perhaps the most subtly true remark even Rochefaucauld ever made—"we can forgive those who bore us, but never those who are bored by us." The humor here is clearly the result of knowledge so wide that all men who read its conclusion recognize that it is accurate, and it does not spring from any depth of mental power, as that of George Eliot seems to do, even when she is only shrewd, as in Mr. Tulliver's summary of the use of brain to women: "An over-'cute woman is no better nor a long-tailed sheep—she'll fetch none the bigger price for that."

Sometimes, however, George Eliot rises above this level, and then she curiously enough suggests, as Rochefoucauld always seems to us to do, not any rival humorist, but the one man whose writings, without being humorous, have had all the effect of humor on men's minds, the wise King of Israel. It is a curious bit of evidence for the tradition that Solomon wrote most of the proverbs which bear his name, and did not merely collect them, that the proverbs of the fine French gentleman are so like those of the first King of Israel who was porphyrogenitus, the indolent, sensual, luxurious sayer of sayings which, for their bourgeois shrewdness and adaptability to life, obtained acceptance among all peoples. "The wit of most women rather strengthens their folly than their reason" is a biting sentence that might have come out of the Proverbs, whose testimony as to woman is identical in spirit, though not of course in form, with Bartle Massey's famous diatribe against the sex in "Adam Bede:"

"Nonsense! It's the silliest lie a sensible man like you ever believed, to say a woman makes a house comfortable. It's a story got up, because the women are there, and something must be found for 'em to do. I tell you there isn't a thing under the sun that needs to be done at all, but what a man can do better than a woman, unless it's bearing children, and *they do that in a poor make-shift way;* it had better ha' been left to the men—it had better ha' been left to the men. I tell you, a woman 'ull bake you a pie every week of her life, and never come to see that the hotter th' oven the shorter the time. I tell you, a woman 'ull make your porridge every day for twenty years, and never think of measuring the proportion between the meal and the milk." . . . . . .

LITERARY NOTICES.

ENGLISH LESSONS FOR ENGLISH PEOPLE. By REV. EDWIN A. ABBOTT, M. A., Head Master of the city of London school, and J. R. SEELEY, M. A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Boston: Roberts' Brothers.

This is an excellent little volume, a very welcome contribution from two well cultured English scholars to the scanty stock of servicable books upon the use of the mother tongue. We do not recollect another just like it; it is not a grammar with long lists of verbs and pronouns, and useless and unintelligible rules, neither is it a new essay upon elegance of style; it is a practical text book, but it presupposes a knowledge of grammar and of English idiom in the reader, while also presuming that he is capable, as most of us are, of profiting by lessons. The object of the book is to smooth the reader's way over those difficulties and dangers which are most common and most serious among older writers as well as among beginners, even when grammatical accuracy has been attained.

The first part deals with difficulties in the use of words—"the cramping restriction of an insufficient vocabulary," ignorance of words, their meaning and their uses, and that slovenly half-understanding of words which leads to slovenly writing. The student is taught how to reach an accurate definition of a word, and how he may enlarge his vocabulary, and furnish himself naturally with those general or abstract terms which are often misunderstood and misused. Exercises interspersed throughout the pages serve to illustrate the teaching.

The second part deals with diction. It illustrates the distinction, so often overlooked, between the diction of prose and that of poetry, and endeavors to dissipate that unmanly dread of simplicity and of tautology which, with a fondness for unmeaning paraphrases and misplaced pleasantry, gives rise to that curse of contemporary literature, fine writing. It gives some practical rules for writing a long sentence clearly, examines the difference between slang conversation and written prose, and concludes with a useful chapter on simile and metaphor. This part we commend to the especial study of the gentlemen of the daily press.

The third part treats of metre. The three chapters under this head are among the most important in the book, though now-a-days, when the fresh poets are still studied with so much greater care than the great masters of English verse, we fear they will be thought by many unnecessarily elaborate. They are not so, however, and any one who would read poetry intelligently and musically, will find much to help him here. The fourth part treats of the different styles of composition, the appropriate subjects for each, and the arrangement of the subject matter; and an appendix gives a few most useful hints upon some errors in reasoning.

We have thus hurriedly reviewed the contents of a book which it has given us great pleasure to read, and which we should be glad to see in the hands not only of all young writers, but of readers as well, and especially of all teachers of English. The difficulties of which it treats are quite as real and quite as important as many points which receive an excessive attention in our text-books; as the authors say in their preface: "To use the right word in the right place is an accomplishment not less valuable than the knowledge of the truth carefully recorded in most English grammars, and often inflicted as a task upon younger pupils) that the plural of *cherub* is *cherubim*, and the femine of *bull* is *cow*."

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ENGLISH RURAL POETRY.

THERE was a time when the term rural poetry would have been regarded as synonymous, or nearly so, with pastoral poetry—that is to say, the most artificial verse ever written, and which, in its legitimate form, was "a slavish mimicry of classical remains," was confounded, as at the beginning of the last century, with the poetry that describes the simple sights, sounds and occupations of country life, the changes of the seasons, the color of wayside flowers, the song of birds, the beauty of woods and meadows, of rivers winding through rich pasture-lands, of sunny nooks, and shady lanes, and forest glades lying close to the haunts of rustics. Before Pope's time, and after it, a city poet, who knew nothing about the life of nature, or the ways of country livers, and who had probably never ventured beyond Epsom or Bath, would sing, as a matter of course, of shepherds and shepherdesses, and produce conventional pictures of the country unlike anything that ever existed outside a verse-maker's covers. Edmund Spenser, it is true, following the examples of Theocritus and Virgil, had long before introduced this grotesque form of composition; and a still greater poet had also given a slight sanction to it by the publication of his immortal *Lycidas;* but these poets—such is the power of genius—could make their shepherd swains discuss dogmatic theology while tending their sheep without raising a smile, the incongruity of the position being atoned for in these cases by the rare beauty of the song. In the splendid English which Dryden knew how to write, we can enjoy a fable in which the controversy between the Roman Catholic Church and the Church of England is discussed by a milk-white hind and a spotted panther.

The pastorals of Pope, although destitute, as Wharton has pointed out, of a single rural image that is new, possess a certain smoothness of versification. They are well-nigh unreadable now, and the praise they won at the time from able critics sounds ridiculous to us. Both the poetry and the criticisms upon it are as foreign to modern taste as the euphuism of Lyly; but that Pope satisfied a want of his age—which was eminently artificial and prosaic—is evident from the mass of so-called pastoral poetry that was issued during the first half of the last century. Nevertheless, Wordsworth is not far wrong in saying that, with one or two insignificant exceptions, "the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise*

Lost and the *Seasons*—that is to say, from 1667 to 1728—does not contain a single new image of external nature; and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the poet had been steadily fixed upon his object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination." He might have added—for the coincidence is striking—that the year in which Thomson published the *Seasons* in a complete form, Allan Ramsay produced his beautiful pastoral of the *Gentle Shepherd*, a poem which is remarkable in many ways, and especially as presenting pictures of rustic life free from the conventional diction and the allegorical personations which deform other pastorals. Ramsay's poem is written in the Scottish dialect: in English we have no poem of the kind at that period that can bear comparison with it, for the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, exquisite though it be, is wholly devoid of the realism demanded in such a work. Of the Elizabethan dramatists, by the way, few care to describe with accuracy the varied aspects of Nature. Jonson has some choice descriptive passages in his lyrical poems—(it was he who called the nightingale "the dear good angel of the spring;") but we recall in his dramas, and it may be questioned whether all the plays of Webster, Massinger, Middleton, Marlowe and Shirley, could supply a page of imagery drawn from the simple objects of rural life. Shakespeare, great in all ways, is preëminent also in what Lord Lytton somewhat thoughtlessly calls "the very lowest degree of poetry, viz., the descriptive." In perusing dramas like Ben Jonson's *Volpone* or his *Alchemist*, the reader breathes an indoor and somewhat confined atmosphere; in reading Shakespeare he feels as if every window were thrown open, as if he were inhaling the fresh and fragrant air of the country. And this feeling is often produced by a single line occurring in scenes which are far enough removed from the life of Nature, as, for instance, when in *Measure for Measure*, the Duke, conversing in a business way with the Provost, suddenly exclaims, "Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd," or when, in *Cymbeline*, the dull witted Cloten hires musicians to sing under Imogen's window that most delicious of Shakesperean songs, "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings." Shakespeare's rural descriptions are, as they should be, incidental; but these incidental touches suffice to make the reader feel the open-air influences to which we have alluded. His affection for the violet is as noteworthy as Chaucer's for the daisy, or Wordsworth's for the celandine; and in the description of wild flowers, of birds and animals, of country pursuits and pastimes, his accuracy is unrivaled. His *As You Like It* has been justly called a pastoral comedy. Milton, on the contrary, beautiful though many of his descriptive passages are, and notwithstanding the delicious rural charm that pervades his best descriptive poems—*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*—appears sometimes to have written from book knowledge rather than from actual observation, and his usual imagery is, therefore, occasionally defective. There are two writers, both of whom lived a little earlier than Milton, who deserve a rather prominent place as rural poets. We allude to William Browne, of Tavistock, and to Robert Herrick. Some years ago a folio edition of Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, with MSS. notes by Milton, was sold by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson. The notes are not critical, but they testify at least to the interest with which Milton had read the volume. In Milton's own works, however, we have stronger proofs than these notes afford, how carefully Browne's poetry was perused. There can be little doubt that the Fourth Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Pipe* suggested to the greater poet his peerless *Lycidas*, and in *Comus*, as well as *Paradise Regained*, we find traces of Browne's influence. All his poetry was produced in early life, and it won for him instant reputation, and the friendship of such men as Drayton, Ben Jonson and Chapman. Few readers would have the patience to read pastorals now, in which English shepherds and shepherdesses, English rivers and familiar country places are curiously associated with river-gods and wood-nymphs; yet the lover of poetry will find much in them to reward him for his toil. Picturesque descriptions, luxuriant fancy, and frequent felicity of expression, are to be found in *Britannia's Pastorals*. The

verse moves sometimes very sweetly, sometimes it is rugged and impeded, like a stream held in by rocks; but whether rough or smooth, it is rarely without vitality, and you feel that you are in the company of a poet, not of a mere versifier. If Keats owed much to Spenser, it is scarcely possible to doubt that he owed something to Browne. There are passages in *Endymion* which remind us strongly of the *Pastorals*, and the wonderful picture of Madeline in the *Eve of St. Agnes* was probably suggested by a description of Browne's, which, if marked by conceits, is not wholly without beauty:

And as a lovely maiden, pure and chaste,
With naked iv'ry neck and gown unlaced,
Within her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poor her garments to enrich her bed;
First puts she off her lily-silken gown,
That shrieks for sorrow as she lays it down;
And with her arms graceth a waistcoat fine,
Embracing her as it would ne'er untwine.
Her flaxen hair, ensnaring all beholders,
She next permits to wave about her shoulders.
* * * * *
Then on her head a dressing like a crown,
Her breasts all bare, her kirtle slipping down.
* * * * *
Prepares for sweetest rest while sylvans greet her,
And longingly the down-bed swells to meet her.

Browne, like most young poets, delights in simile, and uses it lavishly. His best bits of rural landscape or description are produced in this way, and indeed his pages are studded with similes like spring meadows with buttercups. Two or three examples will suffice as specimens of Browne's style. The following will remind the reader of a passage in Shakespeare:

As children on a play-day leave the schools,
And gladly run unto the swimming pools,
Or in the thickets all with nettles stung,
Rash to despoil some sweet thrush of her young;
Or with their hats (for fish) lade in a brook
Withouten pain; but when the morn doth look
Out of the eastern gates a snail would faster
Glide to the schools than they unto their master.

Then he describes girls bringing rushes in a wicker basket to strew before the path of a bride, and the lady of the May distributing her gifts—a garland to one, a carved hook to another, a kiss to a third, a garter to a fourth; he pictures the ballad-monger on a market day squeaking the sad choice of Tom the Miller "with as harsh a noise as ever cart-wheel made," the plowman unyoking his team, the dairy-maiden who "draws at the udder" when

The day is waxen old
And 'gins to shut in with the marigold;

and afterward "shortens the dew'd way" with a song newly learnt, and the melancholy angler (evidently Browne knew nothing of his contemporary Walton, the "common father of anglers," and the happiest of men) standing on a green bank with "a wriggling yellow worm thrust on his hook." We forget the dreary mythological rubbish which Browne inserts in his *Pastorals*, in the bright, accurate, and simple representations of English rural life with which his pages abound, and the hearty love he shows for the country, and especially for the beautiful county in which he was born, wins the sympathy of the reader. Here is a brief apostrophe to Devon, which, allowing for its quaintness, all Devonshire men will appreciate:

Hail thou, my native soil! Thou blessed plot,
Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
Show me, who can, so many crystal rills,
Such sweet-clothed valleys, or aspiring hills;
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines;
Such rocks, in whom the diamond fairly shines;
And if the earth can show the like again,
Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men;
Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
That by their power made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus.

Herrick, who lived for nineteen years in a Devonshire village—as vicar of Dean Prior—did not reciprocate Browne's feelings, but would seem, if some of his expressions may be trusted, to have found the country dull. He calls London his home, and the blest place of his nativity, and laments that a hard fate had condemned him to a long and irksome banishment. He describes the people as "currish," and "churlish as the seas," and sings in a sort of doggerel:

More discontents I never had
Since I was born than here,
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.

The lyrical sweetness of some of Herrick's verse is unmatched by any poet of his age. He sings, bird-like, without a care, and with a freedom that seems to

owe more to nature than to art. But it is the perfection of lyric art to appear artless, and in this respect he has, we think, scarcely a rival. Many of his love poems have a musical charm, a playful fancy, and at times a tenderness of feeling which take the reader captive. He will be alternately allured and repelled, won by dainty thoughts daintily expressed, and disgusted by a sensuality and coarseness which must have appeared strange even in Herrick's days as coming from the pen of a clergyman. In his *Noble Numbers*, however, the poet redeems to some extent the folly of what he calls his "unbaptized rhymes." His felicity of description as a rural poet seems to show that his dislike of rural life was more feigned than real. We cannot, indeed, agree with Mr. Robert Buchanan that "Herrick's best things are his poems in praise of the country life," because we hold that the lyric beauty of many of his love poems—*The Night Piece: To Julia, To Anthea, Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may*, for example—is of the rarest order, but doubtless many of his rural pictures are very charmingly colored. And they are true to the life. Herrick never produces fancy landscapes. He described what he saw, and it is evident that his knowledge of rural life was not gained through "the spectacles of books." In a pleasant piece called *The Country Life* he dwells upon its felicities with a feeling that could scarcely have been feigned, and observes—which is not quite true, by the way—that the farmer's lot is the happiest because the freest from care. The festivities of the country, many of them no longer known, are thus pithily enumerated:

For sports, for pageantry and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodills and daisies crown'd;
Thy wakes, thy quintels; here thou hast
Thy May-poles, too, with garlands grac't;
Thy morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;
Thy shearing-feasts, which never fail;
Thy Harvest Home; thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole;
Thy mummeries; thy Twelfth-tide kings
And queens; thy Christmas revellings;
Thy nut-brown mirth; thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.

In another piece he describes the *Harvest Home* as if many a time he had joined in the merriment; and in another, there is an invitation to his Corinna to go a-Maying, which, although written two hundred years since, has the fresh dew of youth and beauty about it still.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is gone up and gone to bring in May,
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we had left to dream:
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priests ere we can throw off sloth.
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;

and then he adds, with an epicurean conviction, that since the future will bring sorrow, and life is short, and our days "once lost can ne'er be found again," the present should be seized for enjoyment.

Come let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.

Strange that Herrick—whose *Hesperides* was the favorite volume of country gentlemen in the days of Charles II., whose songs were set to music by Henry Lawes and other musicians of the day, and who, with all his faults, literary and moral, was a true poet—should have been allowed no place in our anthologia, while such mean rhymsters as Smith, Duke, Halifax and Harte—men who never wrote a line betokening genius—have had their miserable productions mummified among the works of British poets. Both Herrick and Browne are included in the list of poets "sealed of the tribe of Ben," whom Jonson, in his mature age, and in the plentitude of his power, collected around him in the Apollo Club. The famous dramatist affirmed that Browne's worth was good "upon the exchange of letters." Browne returned the praise with interest, and Herrick, upon the death of Jonson, whom he terms "the arch-poet," pronounced that the glory of the stage had departed.

Ben Jonson, it will be remembered, walked to Scotland to see his friend Drummond of Hawthornden—a poet who lived, as he himself describes it, in

a "sweet, solitary place," and who might have known much of nature from direct intercourse; but his knowledge is bookish, and his sonnets, graceful though many of them be, are the fruits of culture, and exhibit a second-hand acquaintance with natural objects. Probably the most lovely piece of rural description produced by any of Drummond's contemporaries is the *Complete Angler* of Izaak Walton—a perfect prose pastoral, full of simplicity and tenderness and natural feeling, and of an intense enjoyment of nature in her simplest forms. Beautifully does Wordsworth say that "Fairer than Life itself is this sweet book" of Walton's; and the reader who is familiar with it will have marked the fine sympathy with which Mr. Field has expressed the feeling and poetry of the volume in his picture this year at the Royal Academy. Walton, who has left such valuable records of Hooker and Donne, of Sanderson, Wotton and George Herbert, appears to have known nothing of Milton, who was born fifteen years after him, and died nine years before him, nor of Marvel, who died four years after his friend, the great epic poet. It is probable that men were separated more widely in those days by theological and political differences than they were united by a common love of literature and learning. Milton, the iconoclast, the priest-hater, the friend of Cromwell, makes no allusion to the most eloquent writer of his or, perhaps, of any age—Jeremy Taylor; nor does Taylor, the Royal chaplain, betray the slighest acquaintance with the greatest of his contemporaries, and one of the greatest of English poets. Marvel made himself chiefly famous as a politician; but he claims our attention as having written a few beautiful poems, which are impregnated with a fine rural flavor. One of these—*Thoughts in a garden*—in which he speaks of the mind withdrawing into its happiness and

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade,

may be regarded, according to Mr. Palgrave—and we think he is right—"as a test of any reader's insight into the most poetical aspects of poetry."

It is possible, as we have seen, to discover many gems of rural verse hidden amidst the works of our earlier poets; but just as landscape painting in England may be said to have commenced with Gainsborough and Reynolds, although English landscape painters existed before their day, so, speaking broadly, may Thompson and Cowper be accounted the genuine fathers of English rural poetry. Their descriptions of nature are fuller, and, if we except the incidental touches of our greatest poets, more truthful than those produced at an earlier period, and they led to the more profound, and even more accurate, study of nature exhibited by Wordsworth, Shelley, Scott and Tennyson. Thomson's artificial diction, and his frequent conventionality of thought, have greatly lessened the popularity he once enjoyed. At the beginning of this century every school-girl possessed a copy of the *Seasons*, and could recite long passages from the poem. It is a pretty safe prediction to affirm that, at the close of it, if the *Seasons* are still found upon the shelf, they will be dust-covered, and unknown to all but students of poetry; yet Thomson did a great work in his time, for he brought nature nearer to us, and proved, what ought never to have needed proof, but seemed to have been long forgotten, that poetic thought can gain some of its richest nutriment from natural objects. Pope, who could not describe nature, spoke sneeringly of descriptive poetry; but no poet since Thomson's day has adopted Pope's view. Between the publication of the *Seasons* and of the *Task* lived two lyric poets, whose united verse can be compressed within a tiny volume. "A great wit," said Cowley, "is no more tied to live in a vast volume than in a gigantic body: on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates." This remark may be fittingly applied to Gray and Collins. They wrote very little, but what they did write is exquisite. Probably, the two best descriptive poems in the language are the *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* of Milton; but Gray's *Elegy* contains something more than description. The rural imagery of the piece is very lovely; but its pathetic sentiment touches every heart. So perfect is the poem, that there is not a line—scarcely, indeed, a word—that one could

wish to see altered; yet it is difficult to believe that Gray's taste was not a little finical when it led him to omit this lovely stanza—as beautiful, surely, as any one that is retained:

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whisp'ring from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

In Gray's *Odes*, by the way, noble though they be, there is not a little of what may fairly be called the jargon of poetry—a jargon that was not only admissible but even appreciated when Gray wrote. In these *Odes*, for instance, a cat is called a "hapless nymph," and a boy trundling a hoop is said "to chase the rolling circle's speed;" and these are but ordinary examples of the artificial style of composition in which Gray sometimes indulged. There is, perhaps, less of it in Collins, who, in two of the loveliest of his lyrics—the *Ode to the Brave* and the *Ode to Evening*—is wholly free from this vice. Poor Collins died in a mad-house in 1756, just a year before his contemporary, John Dyer, published *The Fleece*, a poem which, as the title implies, is specifically rural in character. It is a queer medley, for the writer not only aims at poetical description, but endeavors also in heavy blank verse to give a minute account of agricultural and manufacturing operations, which no man, however highly endowed, could treat poetically. The poem exhibits more of knowledge than of fancy, more of invention than imagination, but Dyer's *Grongar Hill* and his *Country Walk* are marked by an airiness of versification and a vividness of description which remind us of Thomas Wharton. Both Wharton and Dyer caught their best notes from *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso;* and Dyer, although he cannot flood his landscape with poetic light, has at least the power of bringing its separate features clearly before the eye.

With two signal exceptions, the poetry of the latter half of the last century bears few marks of high inspiration or of any special intercourse with nature. Then Dr. Johnson produced his *London* and *Vanity of Human Wishes*, weighty poems, both of them, but more remarkable for manly thought than for poetical imagination. Then Hayley sung his platitudes, and Darwin his *Botanic Garden*, and Bloomfield, a small rural poet, chirped feebly of the country, and Churchill ("the great Churchill," Cowper called him) wrote his scurrilous satires, and Goldsmith (of whom we shall have a word or two to say presently), whose exquisite felicity of style has secured to him a permanent place in literature, produced two beautiful poems, one of which deserves notice for its sweet pastoral passages. Then Falconer, who was destined to perish at sea, published *The Shipwreck*, and Grainger *The Sugar-Cane*, and Armstrong, according to Churchill's verdict, "taking leave of sense," read in verse:

Musty lecture on *Benovolence*,

and Kit Smart, the mad poet, whose dislike of clean linen was shared by Dr. Johnson, and who, before his confinement in a mad-house, used to walk for exercise to the ale-house, but was *carried* back again, published very indifferent odes, which his biographer mistook for fine poems. Smart also produced a Georgic called *The Hop Garden*, composed in an artificial pretentious style, which may, however, have done some service as showing how rural poetry ought not to be written. Imagine a man deliberately writing a long poem in blank verse, the average quality of which may be judged from the following passage:

———Select the choicest hop t' insert
Fresh in the opening glebe. Say, then, my Muse,
Its various kinds; and from the effete and vile
The eligible separate with care.
The noblest species is by Kentish wights
The Master-hop yclep'd. Nature to him
Has given a stouter stalk, patient of cold,
Or Phœbus; ev'n in youth his verdant blood
In brisk saltation circulates and flows
Indefinitely vigorous. The next
Is arid, fetid, infecund and gross,
Significantly styled the Friar. The last
Is called the Savage, who in every wood
And every hedge unintroduc'd intrudes.
When such the merit of the candidates,
Easy is the election.

No one who has not made it his painful task to turn over such lumber can imagine what a mass of similar rubbish is to be found in the closely-printed volumes which are said upon their title-pages to contain the works of the British poets. Of rural poetry—which, if the bull may be excused, is not poetry—the last cen-

tury produced a load large enough, if a man were doomed to read it all, to make him loathe the very thought of verse. Pastorals, Bucolics, Georgics, follow one another in dreary succession and in the futile effort of bad rhymesters to imitate good poets. Nature, which is supposed to form the subject of the verse, is left out of it altogether. The latter half of the century displayed on a wider scale than the preceding half the vices of these arid versifiers, but it produced, also, a Cowper and a Burns, two poets who, in conjunction with, but in a larger degree than Thomson, may be said to have commenced a new era in English poetry.

"What true and pretty pastoral images has Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village!*" said Burke. "They beat all; Pope, and Philips, and Spenser too, in my opinion." Goldsmith's pastoral images are pretty, and they are true—indeed, fitter epithets could not be applied to them. We may also readily admit that they beat Pope, who was the poet of society, and knew little of nature. Neither is it much to say that they beat Philips, too—"namby-pamby" Philips, whose pastorals were ridiculed so cleverly by Pope in the *Guardian;* but to compare Goldsmith's rural pictures with the broad and splendid landscape of Spenser is to confound things that essentially differ, unless, indeed, Burke had the *Shepherd's Calendar* in mind, and not the *Faerie Queene.*

Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* was published in 1770, the year in which Wordsworth was born; Cowper's *Task* appeared in 1785, and the influence of that poem on our poetical literature can scarcely be over-estimated. Mr. Lowell, whose critical judgment is almost always sound, has said that, in his opinion, "Cowper is still the best of our descriptive poets for everyday wear," and in these words he does justice to his homely and sterling qualities. Cowper frequently takes false views of politics and society; he has strong prejudices, great weaknesses, and for some of his mistakes we can only find an excuse in the malady that consumed him; but in his love and knowledge of nature he is always sympathetic, always veracious, and it is not difficult to credit his assertion that he took nothing at second-hand. A critic has said recently: "It is utterly idle to contend that Cowper came within leagues of Pope as a poet;" but, in spite of this decision, it is a question that from one point of view may be not unreasonably discussed. The influence of poets upon poets is, perhaps, the most striking proof of their genius. Spenser's power over his successors has been well-nigh limitless, and it may be safely said that the poetical sway of Cowper has not only been more beneficial, but also more extended than that of Pope, whose school, as Southey remarked, has produced no poet. Moreover, the genius of these poets lies in such different directions that they cannot fairly be compared. Cowper had not the delicate fancy displayed by Pope in the *Rape of the Lock*, nor had he the trenchant wit which entitles Pope to be ranked as our greatest satirist in verse; but, on the other hand, he had rare gifts scarcely known to his predecessor, a pathos surpassingly tender, a humor of which Pope had no trace, and, above all, the poet's gift, yet a gift denied to Pope, of describing and interpreting nature.

Of Crabbe, who followed Cowper, and who holds a distinct position among our descriptive poets, it has been well said that he handles life so as to take the bloom off it. His descriptions of scenery, like his descriptions of character, are wonderfully truthful, but, having no sense of beauty, he sees little that is not repulsive in either. Like Cowper, he is a matter-of-fact poet, but Cowper's humor saved him from the pitfalls into which Crabbe sometimes stumbled. Moreover, Cowper loved the scenery he described so accurately; Crabbe, with equal accuracy, is wanting in the love and enthusiasm which warmed the poet of *The Task.* Crabbe did not die until 1832, but he must be numbered with Cowper among the poets of the last century; for although his *Borough* appeared in 1810, twenty years after the publication of *The Village*, he had no share in the great poetical revolution which distinguished the earlier years of this century.

It was a wonderful period in our literature, and if it lacked some qualities of sterling value, it gave us much of which the eighteenth century was comparatively barren—splendor of imagination, a passionate force which imparted new life to language, an ardent love of

sounds and hues of nature. Always with him there is, to use his own words—

——Some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

And even when in the ardor of his love he prefers the knowledge to be gained from natural objects to that derived from books, it is because it will best teach him about man, the highest study of the poet:

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

It is scarcely needful to point out how the same feeling pervades the idyllic poetry of Mr. Tennyson. In some of those almost faultless poems which, like Wordsworth's *Brothers*, may, in the best sense of the word, be called pastorals—for example, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *The Miller's Daughter* and *The Brook*—it is interesting to note how closely linked is the human sympathy and the sympathy with nature, how the one love blends with and purifies the other. Can there be a more perfect rural picture than the following? Yet lovely as it is as a simple description, its beauty is enhanced a thousand fold when we remember how this outward joy and serenity is in harmony with the exultant bliss of the lover on that bright May morning:

——The steer forgot to graze,
And where the hedge-row cuts the path-way, stood,
Leaning his horns into the neighbor field,
And lowing to his fellows. From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves,
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he neared
His happy home, the ground. To left and right
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm;
The redcap whistled, and the nightingale
Sang loud, as though he were the bird of day.

Both Wordsworth and Tennyson are able by a line, almost by word, to transport the city-dweller into the open country, so that he hears the lowing of cattle, the music of birds and streams, scents the fragrance of flowers, and sees with the "inward eye" the forest glade and mountain valley. Indeed, so thoroughly have these poets, if the phrase may be allowed, taken possession of nature, that a lover of her and of them nature that produced as profound an influence in poetry as Turner exercised in plastic art, a width and freedom of range that would have dismayed the correct poetasters who followed in the wake of Pope.

The great poets of the age lived in the eye of nature. Wordsworth, the greatest of them all, studied his art out-of-doors. "Nine-tenths of my verses," he said, "have been murmured in the open air." Scott's poetry, like his prose, carries with it the scent of the heather. No one ever enjoyed scenery more, and few have described it with more accuracy and brightness of color. Coleridge, when he wrote his loveliest verse, was a country-liver. Shelley, who caught with unerring precision every aspect of nature, was a wanderer through the best portion of his brief life, and found his grave at last in the ocean that he loved so well. Keats, London born and bred, adored nature as a lover worships his mistress, and sings of her as though he had been cradled on her bosom; and Byron found his chief joy and his noblest inspiration from intercourse with the mighty mother. The spirit awakened by these illustrious men has been at work ever since, and the poets of our own day are remarkable beyond all save the greatest poets that have preceded them for a profound study of nature. It is not to men who are essentially rural poets that we must look for the best rural poetry, not to a Clare, truthful as his descriptions are, so much as to a Wordsworth; not to a Barnes, though his *Poems of Rural Life* display a freshness of thought and a fidelity of description worthy of high praise, so much as to a Mrs. Browning or a Mr. Tennyson. A great master of the greatest of all arts deals in the first place with human emotion, and to this his affection for nature must ever be subordinate. The beauty he sees around him suggests thoughts and gives a rich coloring to language, but to describe it can never be his highest object any more than it is the single aim of the artist to be a superb colorist. Wordsworth never forgets man in his intercourse with nature, and, indeed, the exquisite charm of his most exquisite descriptions consists in the way in which he blends the deepest feelings of the heart with the sights and

finds himself continually haunted by their music, or using their words, as he loiters leisurely through the country.

If he sees a row of pigeons deep in contemplation upon a cottage roof, he remembers how these birds have been described as "sunning their milky bosoms on the thatch;" in the solitude of forests he recalls Wordsworth's injunction to touch with gentle hand, "for there is a spirit in the woods;" the shrill crowing of the cock, returned as it so often is from adjoining farmsteads, suggests the couplet:—

> On tiptoe rear'd he strains his clarion throat,
> Threaten'd by faintly answering farms remote.

A stream that moves quietly along, "glideth at its own sweet will; wayside flowers, the daisy, the celandine, or the primrose, have each an appropriate line of commemoration, which the sight of them brings back to the memory; and who is there that, while listening to the sounds heard upon a warm day of summer in a lovely English park, has not echoed Mr. Tennyson's most musical couplet?—

> The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmuring of innumerable bees.

If Keats had lived out a full life, instead of gaining in early manhood "a grave among the eternal," it is probable that so dear a lover of nature would have enriched our poetical literature with rural imagery to as large an extent as Wordsworth or Tennyson. As it is, the small volume he has left behind him is brimful to overflowing of glorious poetry, and the fidelity of his descriptions is as remarkable as the richness of his imagination. Mrs. Browning had more leisure to complete her life's work, and in some respects the result is more satisfactory. She, like Keats, was a poet to the heart's core, and read love and politics and all great social questions in the light of a noble imagination. Like Keats, too, she knew much of nature, and her rural pictures are as faithful and accurate as if, like poor Clare, it had formed the one aim of her genius to "babble of green fields." It is impossible, in treating, of necessity very briefly and imperfectly, a large topic like English Rural Poetry, to do more than hint at subjects which might fairly demand a volume for their consideration. This much, perhaps, we have made clear, that the love of rural beauty and the knowledge of rural life have been most largely displayed by our poets within the present century, that it is not to the poets who have confined their attention to rural objects we must necessarily look for the finest examples of rural poetry, and that the artificial verse known under the name of pastoral was the result of a false conception, which the poets of this century have replaced by a true one. Goethe in his *Hermann and Dorothea* had shown how possible it was for a great poet to write a great pastoral poem. Wordsworth, in *The Brothers* already mentioned, in *Michael*, in the *Waggoner*, in the *Old Cumberland Beggar*, and other poems of similar character, has shown also that pastorals may be written which shall be wholly free from "the childish prattlement," as Cowper termed it, of these compositions, as produced by Shenstone, Cunningham, and other rhymesters. Mr. Tennyson, while maintaining an entirely original treatment, has followed in the same track, and so successfully that it is probable he is better known to some readers as the author of the poems we have already mentioned than as the poet of *In Memoriam*, of *Morte d'Arthur*, and of *Œnone*. We refrain from dwelling upon the rural poetry of other living poets; but did space permit, it would be interesting to point out how accurately and affectionately the simpler aspects of nature have been observed by Mr. Matthew Arnold (note particularly his *Scholar Gipsy*, with its lovely glimpses of Oxford scenery); by Mr. Buchanan, whose special gift it is to depict, as in *Willie Baird* and *Poet Andrew*, the scenes and passions of rural life; by Miss Jean Ingelow, whose charm as a versifier lies wholly, as it seems to us, in her idyllic pieces; and by other poets, who maintain more or less worthily the honor of English poetry. "The English Muse," says Mr. Emerson, "loves the farm-yard, the lane, and market. She says with De Stäel, 'I tramp in the mire with wooden shoes whenever they would force me into the clouds.'" The assertion is curiously one-sided: for the poets of this country —witness Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Shelley and Wordsworth—are distinguished beyond all others of the modern

world for splendor of imagination; but it may be said of them with truth that, while exercising the poet's highest faculty, they do not lose sight of the common ways of men and of what we in our ignorance are accustomed to call the common objects of nature. They

——Soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

Dark Blue.

FIXING THE DAY.

SAYS Patrick O'Brien to Kathleen Mulreddin,
"Now why *won't* you be fixin' the day of our weddin'?"

Says Kathleen, "Why, Pat, what a hurry you're in,
Can't you wait till the summer comes round to begin?"

"O no, Kathleen," says Pat, "In all sinse and all raison,
The winter's the properest marryin' saison;
For to comfort oneself from the frost and the rain,
There's nothing like weddin' in winter, 'tis plain."

KATHLEEN.

If it's only protection you want from the cowld,
There's a country they call the Equator, I'm tould,
That for single young men is kept hot through the year—
Where's the use of your marryin'? Be off wid you there.

PATRICK.

But there's also a spot not so frequently warmed,
Set aside for ould maids, called the Pole, I'm informed,
Where some mornin', if still she can't make up her mind,
A misfortunate colleen called Kathleen you'll find.

KATHLEEN.

Is it threat'nin' you are that *I'll* die an ould maid,
Who refused for your sake Mr. Lawrence McQuaide?
Thin I think I'll forgive him—for this I'll be bound,
That *he'd* wait like a lamb till the summer came round.

PATRICK.

Now it's thinkin' I am that this same Mr. Larry
Is what makes you so slow in agreeing to marry.

KATHLEEN.

And your wish to be settled wid *me* in such haste,
Doesn't prove that you're jealous of *him* in the laste.

PATRICK.

Well, we'll not say that Katleen will die an ould maid:

KATHLEEN.

And we'll bother no more about Larry McQuaide.

PATRICK.

But Kathleen, mavrone, sure then weddin's in spring,
When the Long Fast is out, are as common a thing—
As the turfs on a rick, or stones in a wall,
Why you might just as well not be married at all.
But a weddin', consider, at this side of Lent,
Would be thought such a far more surprisin' eviat;
So delightful to all at this dull time of year—
Now say "yes," for the sake of the neighbors, my dear.

KATHLEEN.

No, Patrick, we'll wed when the woods and the grass
Wave a welcome of purtiest green as we pass
Through the sweet cowslip meadow, and up by the mill,
To the chapel itself on the side of the hill;
Where the thorn that's now sighing a widow's lamint,
In a bridesmaid's costume 'll be smilin' contint;
Whilst the thrush and the blackbird pipe "Haste to the weddin'
Of Patrick O'Brien and Kathleen Mulreddin."

PATRICK.

Will you really promise that, Kathleen, you rogue?

KATHLEEN.

Whisper, Patrick, the contract I'll seal with—a *pogue*—(kisses him). SHIEL DHUV.

London Society.

THE MINSTREL'S THEME.

WERE I the fairest little flower
That e'er in garden grew,
I'd glow with pride 'neath sun and shower
Did I but bloom for you!

Were I the sweetest bird that sings
Upon the blossom'd tree,
I'd come from far on weary wings,
And warble, aye, to thee!

Were I the gentlest, fragrant breeze
That fills the summer air,
I'd come across the golden seas,
And linger round thy hair!

Alas! I'm but a minstrel boy,
Who sings his life away,
With not a note of hope or joy
In his sad roundelay!

Oh! quicken thou my wasted strains
With thy dark, glancing eye;
Or bid me seek far distant plains
To sing and fight and die.

A. LAMONT.

Tinsley's Magazine.

ONE WINTER NIGHT.

FIRST NARRATIVE.

THE wind blew keenly from the north, and cut like frozen knives. Out in the darkening street my horse and gig stood waiting, and the December twilight gathered.

"Why, bless me, Annie, I might be going to Japan," I exclaimed, buttoning my great coat hastily, not caring to show how unwilling I was to lose the warm touch of my young wife's loving hands. "Be quick, dear, and hand me over the case of watches from the hall table there."

"I wish you weren't going alone with these in your pocket, George," she said, looking upon the compact Geneva box in her hand up to my face; "it is worth more than sixty pounds, and I'm sure it isn't safe for you to carry it."

"Who's to know I carry it?" I laughed, as I packed it into the long inner pocket of my overcoat. "Besides, it will be worth less when I bring it back, so the danger will be less. Cheer up."

"Oh, George! its nearly dark already," broke in Annie, piteously, as she shudderingly turned in from the open doorway. "People oughtn't to hold clubs on Christmas Eve. I'm sure after attending to business all the week you ought to be left to rest and enjoy yourself on Saturday evening. And I'm doubly sure that after attending to it all the year you ought to be left to enjoy your Christmas Eve."

"I *shall* enjoy it, dear," I said, as cheerfully as if the words were not an egregious falsehood. "I shall enjoy my drive, and my hot supper at the Miners' Arms, and one or two other things. If it had been an engagement for this one night only I might have begged off; but you see, dear, it is the beginning of a year's engagement which I should not like to lose. Indeed, it may go on for years, and we are not rich enough *quite* yet to care to refuse a good prospect. Eh, love?"

"I don't know anything about it, except its disadvantages," fretted Annie.

"I will explain once more, dear," I answered, knowing she would like the few minutes' delay, "though I believe it is the hundred and fiftieth time I've done so. Twelve of the men at the Bog-mines have formed a club, which is to meet on the night of every fourth Saturday, at a little public house called the Miners' Arms. Here I am to join them with a good choice of silver watches on approval. They each pay in to me ten shillings, then draw lots, and the winner has a watch of the value of the six pounds. There will be one winner every night, and one watch sold, so at the end of the year each member will have a watch. They all go on paying through the year, but those who draw the lots of course get one less in number every month. Any one can have a watch of higher value than the six pounds by paying extra, so I take some with me that are more expensive. I hope you see the advantages, and will make the best of it, even on a bitter December night."

"George—but George," whined Annie as dismal after my satisfactory explanation as she had been before, "think of my having to spend Christmas Eve here all alone."

"Only a few hours, after all. I shall be home at midnight to let you in the Christmas, never fear."

"I don't believe you will, George. They will keep you, or it will snow, or something; and it is a long fifteen miles' drive each way. You can't be *sure* to be at home."

"I can, and will, dear. Why, how down-hearted you are; I don't think I ever saw you so before."

"I shall be so dreary and lonely and sad all night, George."

"No, you won't, love, because I shall be home by twelve to let in the Christmas. There, that's a promise, and you know whether I've ever broken a promise to you. Now let me go. The shop is to be shut early that the men may enjoy their Christmas beef and puddings and songs. But I hope they will have dispersed before I come home at midnight."

"*Quite* sure you'll be home then?" pleaded Annie, still detaining me.

"Quite sure, my anxious little darling. What troubles you this evening? Are

you afraid of that funereal-looking quadruped outside running away with me, or of a dead and gone Duval running away with my property?"

"And you promise to come and let in the Christmas for us, George?"

"I promise, yes. Now, good-bye, in reality."

I took my seat in the gig, and drove off rapidly to make up for lost time, kissing my hand to Annie as she stood in the lighted doorway watching me off. Down the gaily lighted High Street, through the busy, slatternly suburbs, then out into the wide, chill country. It was an ugly drive from the town to the Bog-mines, even on the brightest day of summer; but no words can describe its bleak and bitter cheerlessness, or its utter solitariness, on this December evening. Now and then, certainly, a cottage did skirt the road, and when five of the fifteen miles were traveled I passed through a small and scattered village. Beyond this the turnpike road led me straight on through the flat and boggy country. Quite the most isolated dwelling I saw was a little cottage across a field, about six miles from town, which I knew to be the home of a lame old Roman Catholic priest, who lived there with a bedridden brother. A good old man, always ready to help the sick and sorrowful. I had never seen him, but I knew him well by report; and had more than once had my attention called to the little house—neat and well managed—where the two old brothers lived alone. After I had passed that, there seemed to be no human habitation for miles; and as far as I could see it—which certainly was not far—the prospect was gloomy enough; a wide, flat expanse of country intersected by dim hedge-rows, and broken by the spectral outlines of the bare winter trees. I drove on as fast as I could, while the evening darkened into night; and the wind drove past me threatening snow. I began now for the first time to wish that the inauguration of the club had not been arranged for to-night; and to wish more earnestly still—what I had often and often wished before—that I had for company one of the dogs that used to be the friends and companions of my boyhood; ever ready at my beck and call; eager and glad to follow me anywhere; repaying my fondness for them by their faithfulness and devotion to myself. Above all, I wished for the intelligent old mastiff which had left the farm and lived with me in town until two years ago, who would have been with me now, but that Annie did not like him, and so when I married I gave him away. I never told her what a struggle it had been to me to part with him; because, after all, what was his loss to me in comparison with the companion I had gained? Afterward—when I felt at times how pleasant it would be to me to have one of my favorites about my house—I would broach the subject to my wife; but, seeing it was distasteful to her, I never urged it. Now—as often at such times—I could not help recalling longingly my old dog's attachment to me; his pleasant companionship; his protecting watchfulness; his strong and steadfast affection, which I had won simply by having rescued him from a trap when he was a puppy, and nursed and cured his broken leg. Yes, I would give much to have him with me now. Yet, how could I fret for this when I could gratefully think and dream of the little one who would soon have its place at our loving, cheerful hearth? And then, of course, I fell again to picturing the dear young face that had watched me from the open doorway, pale and wistful in the gaslight. What a merry night we ought to have been making of it—Annie and I—dropping now and then into our favorite occupation of adding story after story to that Spanish castle founded on our retirement from business with a princely competence. It was rather early, perhaps, to make arrangements for the event, but it was just as well to be in good time. And when you *are* looking on into the future—vague to the best of eyes—isn't it just as easy to see things rose-colored as blue? In these pleasant dreams I drove on until the mines were round me, and I drew up my horse before the low public-house where I was to meet the club. All the members had assembled in a long, well-lighted room, with a sanded floor and an immense fire roaring in the chimney. While I stood before it, restoring life to my petrified feet and fingers, I looked round at the dozen men who had their places at the

table, and I voted them a set of kindly, noisy fellows. But as the evening wore on I modified my opinion. One or two were sullen and moody, thwarting every amendment, and drinking a great deal in a kind of gruff and greedy silence. One or two were boisterous and contradictory, dropping ready oaths continually from their lips, and bringing down their fists heavily upon the deal table to enforce their rough and noisy words. And others were quiet, orderly men, with very few words to say, and a very deliberate way of saying them. But, among them all, I noticed one most particularly; far above his companions in cordiality and kindness; quite the most pleasant, the most genial, and the most intelligent man there. He behaved to me, too, with a certain quiet respect which most of the others dispensed with, and which is rare indeed among the Bog-mines. How could I help being glad when this man drew the lucky lot, and won as beautiful an English lever as one need wish to see? But, with a hearty cordiality, the man offered to have the lots drawn again; he could wait, he said, and some of his mates had set their hearts on it. I negatived this proposal at once, objecting strongly to it on principle, and the watch went slowly the round of the table for admiration, while its owner took this opportunity of going out into the yard to tell the ostler—who was a friend of his—that he had won it. I did not wonder at this at the time, but afterward I understood it. I put up the eleven remaining watches, and packed and tied the box. After enjoying the hot supper—at which I was a heartily-welcomed guest—and the steaming punch which followed it, I drew on my overcoat again, and buttoned it snugly and safely across my chest, with the box in its long inner pocket. Just then the ostler came in to me with a puzzled face. My horse was lame, he told me; "dead lame, and would not stir."

"Lame! What on earth—?"

But my exclamation of incredulity and astonishment were only met by the stolid assurance that the horse *was* lame, and it would be as much as his life was worth for me to take him out to-night. I simply could not and would not believe it, and hastened to the stable; most, if not all, of the company following me. Well, there the horse lay, "dead lame," as the ostler had said. There was no chance of *his* taking me home that night, at any rate. I had not lived through all my boyhood at a farm without understanding a little about horses, and I felt certain that there had been foul play here. I could have sworn that a pick had been run into the flesh under the knee, and I knew that the animal was useless indeed now. I could not prove the deed, of course, but I felt almost as confident of it then as I did four hours afterward, when I could feel certain *who* had done it.

"You'll have to stay here till morning, sir," the landlord said. "We'll make you as comfortable as possible."

"Impossible," I answered, thinking a hundred thoughts at once.

"But isn't it a case of necessity, sir? There's no other conveyance in the place."

"No horse!" I exclaimed, knowing I could not for a moment entertain the proposal of staying.

"None at all, except my own pony, sir. I couldn't possibly let you have him, because he's got to carry me twenty miles, as soon as it's daylight, to spend Christmas day with my old father."

"Have none of you a horse here?" I asked, appealing, in desperation, to the miners. "I will pay you anything you like to ask me for the use of one to-night."

No; no one had a horse at my disposal, or at their own either; and they could but join in mine host's persuasions to me to sleep at the Miners' Arms. "Even if the horse is incapable in the morning, sir," they said, "and you've still to walk, it'll be better in the daylight than now in the dark. There'll be plenty of snow directly, and it's likely to be a frightful night."

Not for one moment, though, did I hesitate when I thought of Annie; of the anxious night she would spend waiting for and vainly expecting me; of the dreary dawning of the Christmas morning for her if I did not keep my promise. True, I could not be home at midnight to let in the Christmas for her as I had promised; but the delay was not my own fault, and at least I might let it in for her

at dawn, and prevent it breaking sadly and drearily for my wife. I never yet had shrunk from a fifteen miles' walk, even in the dark; so I said good-night to the miners with a laugh, which was intended to prevent their laughing at what they evidently thought a Quixotic intention, and started briskly, while they called a "Good-night, sir," cheerily after me.

On and on I went, thinking busily, as one naturally does on a long solitary walk. But presently the snow began to fall; and, though it was but slight at first, the quiet, pleasant thoughts were soon dispersed; and so I sang aloud for company, shouting lustily to keep myself warm as well as cheerful. And, when I was tired of that, I whistled old familiar airs, and improvised eccentric variations. Anything to shorten the long, long stretch of whitening highway; anything to deaden the cutting, piercing blast of the night wind.

I should think I had gone a couple of miles when I heard footsteps on the road behind me. My first impulse was to turn and wait for the society of any traveler who might be journeying on my way; but my second was to quicken my steps with a nameless fear. This impulse I followed resolutely yet blindly; but as I hastened on, the steps behind me hastened too.

No house or human being was there within sight or earshot. I had valuable property about me, and not even a stick in my hand. I saw what a random fool I had been in starting at all from the Miners' Arms to-night. I saw it all, with a flash of pain and despair, as the steps behind steadily gained upon me. I hurried on, trying to believe I only did so because of my promise to Annie; but I knew it was really fear which quickened my breath and my footsteps, though fear was not a usual sensation with me. The tread behind quickened as mine quickened; and presently two men overtook me, one joining me on either side. Their faces were covered with black crape, and each carried a stout stick in his hand. When the first accosted me with slow impertinence, I recognized the voice of that member of the club who had most of all exerted himself to entertain me at the Miners' Arms, and who had offered to give up his lot when he became the lucky winner of the watch. My ear is quick to recognize voices, rarely deceiving me, and the voice of this man was peculiar. Before his insolent speech was ended, the second man broke in, and I felt I could detect the voice of the ostler who had told me of the lameness of my horse.

"Come, shut up!" he said. "What's the use of talking to him? He's only got to hand over the watches; we want nothing more of him."

"That's it," said the first man readily. "You see what we want," he added addressing me threateningly; "so be quick about it."

I saw one thing plainly enough. It would be of no use for me to feign ignorance of what they meant, so I simply asked them what they were going to do with the watches. A stupid question enough; but I caught at any delay, as I walked on unprotected, between the two strong, roughly-clad miners, with their masked faces and their stout sticks.

"It's no use for you to quibble over what we say," the first man put in quickly; "it only wastes time, and we don't care to spend much in this climate. You've nothing to do but pass us over those watches you brought from the public, and your own watch and chain; we happen to know they're worth having. Come, do it at once, or it'll be the worse for you."

"I wonder whether you understand that the descriptions and numbers are all taken?" I said, as easily as I could, just still for the purpose of gaining time; "and I wonder whether you understand that the police will be at once on the track of the thieves? You'll wish the watches anywhere but on your persons, I'm thinking.

I believe I said it as coolly as any one could under the circumstances; but I could see that the men were little impressed by the import of my words.

"We'll settle all that between ourselves," the ostler said, with a grating chuckle; "and as you don't seem inclined to hand that there box over peaceably, we'll just help ourselves. Go ahead, mate."

"Come, look here, you fellows," I began, with a sudden attempt at cool defiance, "I know you both well enough,

and can swear to you before any judge in England. Don't you think it would be your wisest plan to go off before you've seven years' transportation to look forward to?"

"Leave those little personal affairs for us to settle," sneered the miner; "we'll look after ourselves when we leave you to-night. Come, look sharp, that we ain't tempted to make your swearing to us rather rather harder than you could wish. Don't you see that we're two of us, each with twice your strength, and there's no help within a couple of miles."

"Now then, mate, stop this ridiculous dawdling," put in the other man, sullenly. "I won't wait a minute longer dawdling here in the cold. As he won't hand the things out without any fuss, we'll do it all for him, and do it sharp. Tie up his mouth with the handkercher, and pass me the cord."

My mouth was gagged in an instant, as it seemed to me; and, while I fought frantically at the ruffians, they seized my wrists, and bound them round and round with thin cord, piercing the flesh until the blood came.

"I've got 'em safe enough, and I'll tie 'em so," muttered one fellow, with a jeering laugh, while the other had his great ugly hands tight on the breast of my coat. "Hold hard one moment."

Just as the man spoke, and tied the first link in the cord, there came toward us slowly, from the hedge on our right, a great black mastiff, his shaggy head raised, and his sharp gray eyes shining in the dim, weird gloom of the snowy night. He hesitated a moment before he reached us; then, with the shrill bark with which a mastiff generally prepares himself for an attack, he rushed upon the fellow who was holding me, seized him by the throat, and throwing him down upon his back, stood with his forepaws on his neck and chest. Shall I ever forget the man's abject, craven fear, as the dog's fierce eyes met him so closely; as the dog's white fang's gleamed between his drawn lips, and his angry, panting breath rose and fell upon the man's own ghastly cheek?"

"Call your bloodhound off," cried the other man, drawing back from me in terror.

Of course I saw it was best that they should think, as they naturally would, that the dog was mine; so I answered, with a light, satirical laugh, "You don't know much of mastiffs if you think that such a one as that would let his master be waylaid. With a word, I can have you sprawling there beside your rascally companion."

I spoke it confidently enough, feeling that both my life and property were safe; but I could not help hoping he would not force me to prove my words.

"Call him off," he cried again, shivering as he looked at the dog, who—evidently and unmistakably ready to spring to the assault in a moment, as only a mastiff can—watched every movement of one man, while he held the other, his great shaggy-haired chest heaving quickly.

"You'd be safer, you and your cursed accomplice, if you were ten miles away now," I said, almost jauntily.

"Now then, sir, take him off," the man answered, suddenly affecting a jocund innocence. "We were only frightening you, to test your pluck. I wonder you didn't understand that from the first. Take your dog on, please, and let us get back; we've been long enough over a joke."

Seeing that the man's fear was most thorough and unfeigned, I looked the dog steadily and kindly in the face, and whistled. I knew that it was such a whistle as my own dogs used to understand and answer to in the old days; but I was not without a sickening fear that the animal, knowing me a stranger, would ignore my call, and so perhaps make his rescue of no effect. Slowly he shook his great black head and shaggy breast, raised his forefeet deliberately one at a time, and turned to join me. The man on whom he had been standing still lay prostrate in the snow, too much terrified to attempt to rise while the animal was near.

"Good dog! Noble fellow!" I whispered, in the low, caressing tone which I knew that dogs were keen to understand, and quick to appreciate. He looked up into my face with as much of an answer in his eyes as I had ever seen in my old favorite's, and then walked on beside me, so close beside me that I could feel his soft hair touch my hand. Silently and watchfully he walked, his

step utterly noiseless on the fast-deepening snow.

Fast-deepening, indeed! Every moment it fell thicker and thicker. Each moment it lay deeper and deeper under my tired feet—for I *was* tired already, as I never remembered to have been before after only a three miles' walk. Only three miles even yet, and twelve to come. I threw away the match I had lighted to enable me to read the figures on the milestone, and started again on my toilsome way, dazzled almost by the white expanse of deepening snow, and wishing with all my heart that I had been an habitual smoker, and had a pipe with me now. Before I had gone another mile, the aspect of the weather had completely changed. A fierce gale set in from the south-east, driving clouds of snow before it; and through this I fought on, until it seemed to me I must have been battling so a whole night. Yet, probably, it was not more than an hour, and I had no progress worth speaking of, though little strength seemed left to me. I could not look up now, as I pressed on against a wind that literally seemed to scream as it passed me, and drifted the snow in heaps against the gates and hedges. Did I ever remember such a sudden, blinding snow-storm as this in my life before? Never. I plunged my hands deep into my pockets to warm them; but, even in their thick driving-gloves, they were benumbed and helpless. My strength and spirit were failing. Nine or ten miles to walk even yet before home was reached; and it seemed as if I could not make any way, fighting on in the teeth of the furious wind. I felt that long before those nine or ten miles were traveled the road would be impassable, and my strength exhausted. Faster and thicker the snow fell now, and weaker grew my efforts, as I struggled on through it, the strong wind drifting it so that at times I stumbled up to my knees; and the gale rose, and the snow fell faster every minute. Another hour's painful effort.

The glaring white lay all around me, unbroken by a single track, and my sight was growing dim and confused; still I fought on against the killing blast of the gale. Now and then it blew me completely down; but I always could regain my footing, and always the dog waited for me.

"Little use, I fear, old fellow," I said, thankful to hear the sound of my own voice, and resting my hand on his soft, warm head; "it is only to give it all up a little farther on. Good, helpful fellow."

On and on, and still no house in all the wide expanse. My pace had slackened to a crawl, and all hope of reaching home was gradually dying within me. I knew well what fate awaited me unless I could reach a human habitation soon. I knew that the fatal temptation to sleep was creeping over me, and I feared I had not strength to battle with it and save my life. Only a little further, and my perished limbs would have done all that they could do.

Starved, benumbed and sleepy, I struggled on in the teeth of the storm, my eyes blinded, my steps clogged, and always growing upon me that irresistible longing to sleep, against which I fought with every power of mind and body. Sometimes I fancied I heard wheels rapidly overtaking me, and I would stop in sudden hope; but a moment served to show me it was only the peculiar effect of the wind, and that no wheels could have been heard, even if they could have traveled, on the deep snow. My hands were now dead to all feeling; I could not distinguish what I touched when I laid my fingers on the dog beside me. My sight, too, was surely going. I saw the faithful mastiff only as a dim blot upon the dazzling white. I began to fancy that, though I could see no house in all the wide expanse of glaring snow, there might be one even close to me, which I should pass unknowingly; and then a great babyish longing came over me to cry—to cry, with the icicles thick upon my eyes!

And now all my strength was exhausted, and without knowing at all how far I still was from home, I knew that the end of my walk was come. Under some sheltering bank, perhaps, where the snow was deep and soft, I would rest. I was worn out, and *must* sleep; the desire was irresistible and overwhelming.

Somebody was waiting at home for me—I knew that, vaguely and dreamily—at home—a long way off. "I'll go pres-

ently—when I've rested. Good dog! Good, faithful fellow! You want rest, too." Beside a roadside gate, half-buried in snow, I fell. I felt all the pain and anxiety going from me, as I lay helpless and motionless in the snow; and I yielded at once to the fatal temptation to sleep, which I had resisted as long as I had power to do so. The dog, which had until that moment kept close beside me, ran at the gate and leaped it, while I watched him sleepily, sorry he should leave me, yet powerless to entice him back. There was a low, distant singing in my ears, growing more and more confused. My eyes were closed and the snow-flakes covering them, when, with an eager bark, the dog put his head through the bars of the wide gate (scattering, as he did so, the snow that lay deep on them), and pulled at my coat, shaking it hastily and impatiently. I was only dreamily conscious of his motive; and it was more to avoid the worrying than to obey him, that I rose with one last effort, climbed the gate, and tottered on beside my guide. And now I seemed to crawl through, as well as over, the snow that had drifted here deeper than out in the highway; and for the last time I battled fiercely and determinedly with the lethargy which held me. Was my faithful dumb guide leading me to human help? I prayed aloud as I stumbled on, that it might be so—prayed while I could feel that the power was still mine, knowing it would soon desert me; but I fancy there was little sound from my stiff lips.

"Is help near, good dog, strong, faithful fellow? No; all white and desolate. White fields—with just faint signs—of where—the hedge-rows run. What a wide—solitary—place—to die. Good dog! Brave friend!—leading me to—help—and—and—rescue.—How it all swims and trembles—the—great—wide—white——"

* * * * * *

SECOND NARRATIVE.

My poor brother is sleeping like an infant. There lingers not, in this sleep, even a shadow of suffering on the dear, worn face. I kneel beside him, keeping my Christmas vigil. Midnight has passed four hours; but I cannot weary of my prayers to-night, feeling so grateful for my brother's ease, feeling so deeply in my own calm heart the peace and promise of the Christmas morning. I can hear no longer the crying of the night wind, as it drives the snow before it against my windows. The fury of the storm has worn itself out. Through all my eighty years I cannot remember such a sudden and terrific gale before. I wonder how long this comparative calm will last. Hark! It is broken already by a strange sound without, a sound I cannot understand. Is it the quick, eager bark of a dog? No; it is a human cry for help. No; *what* is it? I open the window for a moment, and distinguish only a faint rubbing or scraping against the cottage door. Something, surely, is wanted; some help, perhaps, which Our Lady, in her infinite pity, will allow me to give in her name.

I close our bed-room door softly, and pass down the narrow stairs as quickly as I can in my lameness and my feeble old age. Without waiting for a light, I open the outer door, and there, in the light which the snow gives, I see a man lying alone and dead upon the threshold. Dead, I think in my first glance; but when I raise him with care and tenderness—a sob of pain rushing up from my heart at sight of him—and take him into the fireless, cheerless kitchen, he opens his eyes and gazes round him in vacant bewilderment.

"Stop!" he says, in a broken, eager whisper. "Where's the dog?"

I had looked round searchingly while the door was open, wondering whether the man lying there in the snow had been alone, and so I knew there had been no dog with him. I see that his mind is wandering, so I only tell him, soothingly, that the dog is all right.

"Let him in," he says, moving back to the door with a piteous smile. "Is he your dog? He has been very good to me."

I turn aside the question. I cannot tell him we have no dog, nor that there is no other house near here, for it would betray the alienation of his mind. I open the door just to satisfy him, and he, still supported by my arm, looks with me out into the silence. We can see distinctly all over the white field that surrounds my

cottage, but no dog is there. I close the door hastily, just as my visitor loses all power and consciousness. Old as I am, I can carry him up the stairs. He is but a slight young fellow, with a delicate, handsome face, which has a certain courage about it, but is pale with a ghastly pallor. I have seen many men rescued after being lost in the snow; but it seems to me that I have never seen one so near death as this.

His clothes are frozen; his fingers are stiff and shrunken, with no sensation in them at all, and his eyes are fearfully bloodshot. I carry him to our room, and undress him; then I take my brother —wide awake now, and troubled that he cannot help me—out of bed, and lay the poor unconscious gentleman in his warm place. There is but slight chance of my being able to save his life; but that chance must be tried to the uttermost. I take my brother down in a blanket to the old couch on the kitchen hearth; then I pile dry sticks in the grate, and soon have a cheerful, crackling fire to help me, and to comfort him. Then I go up stairs again to my invalid, and, taking one hand or foot at a time out of bed, I chafe it with the snow I have brought in a bowl. As soon as the fire is ready, and I have prepared it, I dose him, still unconscious, with a cup of hot mint tea.

He has been in bed almost an hour when he awakes to consciousness, and starts up with a wondering, agonized look into my face.

"Where am I?" he stammers. "Have I been to let in the Christmas?"

I feel that the words are still the delirious wanderings of a sick man, so I only soothe him as best I may, and tempt him to another cup of the strong, hot tea. He rises, with sudden, feverish strength, and gropes for his clothes.

"I must go on at once," he says, speaking almost clearly. "Thank you, but I *must* go on now, home. The anxiety will kill my wife. Has the day dawned?"

"Not yet. It will not be daylight for three hours yet; but the storm has ceased."

"Thank God! I shall be in time."

No need to tell of my useless persuasions, entreaties, commands, repeated again and again. They are of no avail. Every plea I urge is turned aside, every argument is disregarded, every persuasion falls unheeded on his ear. As long as I can I keep him, and it is almost by force; but my weak old will is conquered by his steadfastness of purpose, and I am obliged to let him rise and dress. He would put on his own soaked and frozen clothes—which I have hung before the fire and the steam from which fills the kitchen—but in this matter it is I who conquer. Clad in my best clothes, I let him go at last. God pardon me if I have not done what I can to keep him. I have tried and failed; and I begin to think that there may be some urgent reason for his going which I do not understand. I follow him to see him on his way. The snow still makes it light about us, and he will not take a lantern. As I make my way across the field, with immense difficulty, I pray ceaselessly that he may not be hastening to his death; and once more I appeal to him before we separate; miserable when I listen to his broken words of thanks, and wishing with all my heart that I was not too old and lame to take him to his journey's end, to a home where I know there must be a young wife dearly loved. A moment after he has left me standing at the gate, he hesitates. I see a pleased, slow smile come into his face, which is only half turned from me; then he stoops and moves his weak hands, softly and slowly, with an odd movement which I cannot understand, almost as if—the idea, though unnatural, will come into my head as I watch him—almost as if he were caressing a large dog. The fancy is born, perhaps, of his delirium, and it vanishes while my weak, dim eyes follow him into the white gloom of the night. The furious, crying wind is resting now, but the whole country is covered with the dangerous, drifted snow. I go back into the house, too anxious to think of going to bed myself, too much troubled to be at rest save as I tell my beads.

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THIRD NARRATIVE.

I HAD never in my life spent such a lonely evening before. I think I never felt so unaccountably depressed; yet I knew it would not last long, because George had promised to be home with me at midnight, and he had never broken

his promise to me once since we had known each other first. This expectation took me on through the long hours which he and I ought to have been spending cheerfully and merrily together. I went down-stairs to bid our men good-night, and wish them "A merry Christmas," as they dispersed after their gay evening; then I hurried back gladly to the sitting-room, stirred the fire, re-arranged the coffee-cups, and put George's slippers exactly in the right place for him, for midnight was striking from twenty clocks at once—as every hour does on our premises—and he would be home directly now. I sent the servants to bed. No one should let in the Christmas until George brought it, though we had always done it before while the clocks were striking and the church bells ringing. The bells were ringing now, of course, yet I could not hear them for the terrible wind that shrieked about the house, and scattered wildly and weirdly the snow that was falling so fast. It was no use my listening for his step—I knew he would leave his horse and gig at the livery-stables and walk up the street—yet I *did* listen with every power I possessed, as I sat waiting there alone—did listen for a footfall which must be soundless on the rapidly deepening snow.

Could George break his promise to me? One o'clock! I cannot bear one o'clock. I think it is the loneliest hour of all the night. It terrifies me to hear the solitary stroke from the clocks below, even when George is with me in the night. Now it struck me like a throb of pain. Could George break his promise to me? That was still my doubt and cry, because it was better to think that than that any accident could have happened to detain him. I opened the shutters once, but the street was so white and solitary, and the wind rushed by with such a shriek of distress, that I dared not do it again. I crept close to the fire which burned half way up the chimney, yet I shivered as if I had been out in the wind and snow.

Two o'clock! And still I listened for a footstep, though the snow was deep enough now to deaden the tramp of a thousand men. Now and then I fancied I heard wheels pass, but it could only have been the raging and roaring of the terrible night wind outside the shuttered windows. Ah! what a weary, weary thing it is to listen for a step one cannot hear!

Three o'clock!

But when I try to recall the hours as they passed, my very heart-beats cease. The anguish of that night I know will live through all my life—the long, vain, helpless watching. I knew that nothing which I could have been suffering then with George would have been so hard for me to bear as this was. I wished I had kept one of the servants up, but I shrank from calling her. I had sent them to bed in the full expectation of my husband coming directly after they had left me; and now I could not summon them—partly because I dreaded to see or hear their fear, partly because I dreaded letting them see mine. The storm had lulled before the dawn drew near, and then I sat and waited in the silence, thinking *that* more unbearable than the rolling of the savage wind had been. I could call the servants up now, and go myself to find George, for the dawn had come at last. I knew that I looked worn and white, as if I had been ill for months, and that they were frightened by my looks when they saw me. If they had told me I was dying I should not have felt surprised, but I must die there where he was. I never thought of his broken promise now. I knew that something terrible had happened to him, and I could not breathe longer in the doubt and suspense. Surely I could not start now. I tried to open the shutters, but my fingers trembled so helplessly that I hurt them in the bolt, though I could not draw it. Just as I gave up the attempt, and went out upon the stairs, I heard a slow ring at the hall-door bell. Not George's ring; yet never for a moment did I doubt that I could see *him* first when I opened the door. My fingers did not tremble now. I could draw back the heavy bolts, and unfasten the chain. The faces in the street would be bright and fresh—full of happiness to begin the Christmas Day—what would George think of mine when he met it? The door was wide open; the chill gray light crept into the hall; and in an instant I forgot my own pale face. One look at my husband had chased every-

thing else from my head. Deathly, ghastfully white, he stood propped against the doorway, gazing at me vacantly and wistfully. His clothes—which looked all different from what I had ever seen them look before—hung about him, torn and frozen and bloodstained; his head and one foot were bare; his hands—groping feebly toward me—were gray and wrinkled. I put my arms round him in sudden terror. I think I felt that he was going from me. And what did it signify whose eyes could see us?

"George, George, my love," I whispered, as I almost carried him in—for my strength seemed to grow tenfold when I saw his weakness—"Home at last." I could not utter one word of questioning, far less of doubt; could only try to cheer him, and bring some look which I should recognize into the wandering eyes. "Home at last, dear George; and I've a beautiful fire, and hot coffee, and chops; but I think brandy will be best now—because you are so—so cold—and—and ——"

But my weak attempt broke down here, in frightened sobs and kisses.

"A happy Christmas, darling."

The tone was so unlike my husband's bright and cheerful tone that I dared neither answer nor look up. I was literally carrying him now up the lighted stairs—I, who that morning would have said that to carry him one step would kill me!

"Don't forget the dog, Annie," whispered George, slowly, rising in bed to speak to me the more earnestly. "Be good to him, and feed him, and warm him."

"Yes, dear, I said, smiling assuringly into his dim eyes. I had given him the hot brandy and water, and was waiting anxiously now for the physician. And the chiming of the Christmas bells went on, and on, and on.

"He has saved my life three times, Annie; from robbers—from starvation—and from—death in sleep. Be good to him, dear."

"Indeed, indeed I will." The wandering eyes were a little quieter now.

"Home now—in time to bring in—the Christmas morning. Yes, just in time. A happy Christmas, darling. Just in time. He saved me, to be in time. A happy—Did I say it—Annie?

With a great sob—a sob which made me shiver as if struck with death—he fell back lifeless on the pillow.

* * * * *

The crocuses are blooming in our windows now, and George is able to go out with me to breathe the fresh spring air, and watch how the woods are slowly brightening into green; but he has not yet lost the traces of that night's suffering, and the long illness that followed. Ah! what a time that was! Night and day I watched him fighting with his pain, until they shut the door against me, and I could only suffer with him—O how keenly!—in my thoughts. When they let me go to him at last, the agony had worn itself out, and in the utter exhaustion which followed there was a kind of rest. I laid our little baby boy beside him, and saw the gentle, happy smile upon his lips, the grateful gladness in his eyes; then I let the little one be carried away, and I took my own place beside my husband—the place which I could never bear to leave. My long fear and watching are over now; I can recall that night even with gratitude; but George never speaks of it but with a wondering awe which half bewilders me, and which I shall never be able to understand.

MARK HARDCASTLE.

Tinsley's Magazine.

BEAUTIFUL NAMES.

V. AGNES.

SNOW-FLAKES that softly whiten on the ground—
When passionless winter reigns supreme in earth,
And, chastening the gauds of summer mirth,
The Ice King hangs his lustrous gems around—

Are not more pure than thou. O, joy all wild
When from the union of two human hearts,
Upon the parents' raptured ear there starts
The happy news, "Thou hast an innocent child!"

And thou art childlike always. Still our love
Hails thee a child, as when in wonderment
Above thy little cradled face we bent.
'Tis so the angels in their homes above

Earth's holiest influences deathless prove.
The angel, dear, are thou of my fond heart;
Nay, reverently be it said, thy part
Is holier still—the work of Heaven's own peaceful dove.

Dark Blue.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT AT VERSAILLES.

BY THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

PERHAPS the most interesting day's work that could be done from Versailles, returning the same evening, was a visit to the battered, ruined fort of Issy, including, as it did, a glimpse of the Chateau of Meudon and the fort of Vanvres, and a good view of the enceinte and the city. The road runs through the villages of Viroflay, Chaville, Sévres, Bas Meudon and Bellevue—villages which, compared with the destruction which had fallen on Garches, Vaucresson and St. Cloud, may be said to have escaped almost unscathed by war. Viroflay and Chaville were untouched, but in Sévres the marks of shot and shell began to show, becoming more numerous as the front was neared. In the same way that on a battle-field you will see men wounded and killed in all manner of curious ways, scarcely any two of them being hit in precisely the same spot, so the houses in these exposed villages were suffering from every conceivable sort of contusion, and showed an infinite variety of blows, bruises and rents. Some had been shot through the head, great holes having been torn in the roof by bursting shells; others were merely grazed, a shutter knocked off here, a cornice shattered there; others, again, which had escaped the iron hail, had become so demoralized by the brutal incidents of war that they were quietly, but hopelessly, succumbing to a process of premature decay.

From near Bas Meudon we followed on foot the course of the German approaches. Entering upon the railway embankment by a sheltered gully, the besiegers had worked their way along their own side of the line, burrowing like moles, well under cover, until they reached a bridge sheltered from the enemy's fire. Making a bolt across this, they established themselves on the other side, and continued slowly boring their way along, forming, as they went, a safe commodious trench. Every depression in the ground had been utilized, every rise taken advantage of to dig rifle-pits or throw up a little earthwork surmounted with sand-bags, and on the only ridge which at all commanded the line, and which was also, therefore, exposed to the guns of Issy, they had fortified themselves quite sufficiently to render it secure against any ordinary attack. Thus they had crept on, bit by bit, as far as Clamard Station, where they were met by the French working to meet them. Here they had thrown up a strong barricade across the line, not more than twenty yards distant from the defenses of the French. At right angles to the barricade, and consequently parallel to the railway, they had dug rifle-pits and fortified themselves pretty strongly in a position from which their fire must have proved very galling to the gunners on the fort, their nearest pits being about 150 yards from the ramparts. The French barricade was approached by very neatly executed traverses from the fort, and they had also thrown up earthworks and dug pits close to the station, in order to keep the enemy in check. What an exciting time they must have had in these opposing works, creeping about like mice, burrowing like moles, peering through interstices in fascines, chinks in shutters, and crevices in the earth! Issy was a wonderful sight to see, a marvelous example of the destructive effects of a bombardment upon lofty buildings, and the comparative slight result obtained against the earthworks and masonry of the fortified lines. It is a fine specimen of a fortification depending entirely upon adapted science for its strength. Placed on a perfectly level plain, dominated by the low hills above Fleury, Meudon and Clamard, it is indebted in no way to nature, and has, in consequence, been planned and built with especial care. Without entering very minutely into technicalities, which would be partly unintelligible to the reader, I will endeavor to give some idea of this fort, which, on account of its exposed condition, was singled out as the one most suitable for attack. It is constructed on an almost level plain; and the ground,

sloping slightly from it, forms an admirable field of fire all around. In shape it is pentagonal, built on the principle of the French bastion trace, which differs slightly in the salient and re-entering angles of the bastion fronts from that adopted in other schools of military engineering. The first obstacle to an opposing force consists of a strong abattis, or chevaux de frise, of branches and trees, which follows the configuration of the fort a little in advance of the glacis. Just at the foot of the slope forming the glacis a stockade or palisade is also fixed. The curtains and faces of the bastions are formed in the usual manner, the upper part of sloped earth, the lower of earth faced with stone and brick mixed. The counterscarp is constructed of the same material. The fosse is very wide, level at the bottom, and about 20 ft. in depth. The principal entrance toward Paris, and the posterns on either side, are defended by small interior stockaded works. On the right of the south-west front (that facing Meudon) is a lunette, situated close to a small grave-yard, and connected with the main work. Two heavy guns, mounted in this outlying fort, caused great annoyance to the Prussian batteries before and during the bombardment. On the left of the same front —that is, toward Clamard Station—another small stockaded earthwork had been thrown up.

Guns of very various calibers were mounted on the fort, which was armed on all faces, excepting only the front opposite to Paris. Every variety of arm was represented, from the cumbrous heavy pieces of naval ordnance to the light jaunty-looking guns of the field artillery. The curtains and bastion faces were armed with iron naval guns, measuring about 16 centimeters in diameter of bore, and with long 24-pound cannon, all of which are muzzle-loading. All the iron naval guns, and most of the 24-pounders are rifled. On the flanks of the bastions, placed so as to command the approaches, and sweep with a cross-fire the faces of the curtains and fronts, were placed 12-pound and 16-pound siege guns, a few of which only are rifled. Besides the cannon enumerated, there was a battery of four 10-inch mortars on the bastion face looking toward Sévres. The guns in this, as in all the other forts forming the extramural defenses of Paris were mounted *en barbette*, and were in most cases worked in embrasures formed of gabions, fascines, and barrels filled with sand or clay; but in some instances the pieces were placed so as to fire over the level parapet. Of casements, properly so-called, there were none. They had excavated bomb proofs in the solid earth forming the parapet, but had not mounted any guns within them or pierced them with embrasures. The external defenses of Paris, though they are regular forts as to shape, and, in so far as they have brick and stone-built scarp and counter-scarp, partake more of the nature of an earthwork than of the old-fashioned stone and mortar forts. Of the relative merits of the two systems I know nothing. One thing is obvious to any one who has paid the slightest attention to the operations of the Germans during the bombardment, and that is, that although the lines and defenses of a fort may be scarcely damaged at all, it is impossible for men, unless properly sheltered, to work their guns under the sort of fire that can be bought to bear against them from batteries erected at even considerable distances. The French sailors, who in a great measure manned the forts, are first-rate men, and no doubt fought their guns as long as they could. One glance at the interior of Issy was sufficient to show that no man could have lived under the storm of shot and shell that worked such destruction there. It has come to be very nearly a question of shelter, and certainly if the gunners in Fort Issy had been well protected, there existed no reason why they should not have remained there as long as they had a ration of food left. The French appear to have been marvelously remiss in this respect. During the four months which elapsed after the city was invested, they did, comparatively speaking, nothing to better their condition. In Issy they did not seem to have made any preparations for a bombardment. No splinter proofs had been erected over the batteries; no efforts made to house the men in commodious bomb-proof quarters; the lofty peace barracks were left standing, making capital targets for the enemy's guns, and the men, no other shelter having been provided, were obliged to remain in them

till they were actually shelled out. An artist desirous of drawing a picture entitled "War, and the effects thereof," could not have had a better study than the *terre plein*, or interior of Fort Issy. The barracks and officers' quarters were not only knocked to pieces, but portions of them had been actually ground, powdered, and smashed into dust as fine as if they had been brazed in a mortar. Of the portions of the walls left standing there was scarcely a spot the size of your hand which was not marked by shot or splinters of shell, and the ground was strewed around with broken, jagged bits of rusty iron. In the batteries things were very different, and the damage done was comparatively slight. The mortar battery must, however, have proved a pretty hot corner, judging by the shell splinters strewn thickly about, and on the south-eastern bastion a gun had been struck, and the embrasure knocked to pieces. On the exterior slope of the parapet also, especially on the southern side, the shot holes were very numerous. The German fire had evidently been concentrated on two points—the barracks and houses, and the masonry of the curtain facing the hill at Fleury, on which their most advanced mortar battery was placed. Here they endeavored to make a breach, and had so far succeeded that they had knocked a hole clean through the stone-work into the casemate behind, which aperture the French had filled up with sandbags. The damage, though serious, in no way rendered the fort open to assault. A circular opening of no great size had been made in the scarp, but above it there remained intact at least four feet of solid masonry, together with the coping and the earth, forming the upper portion of the ramparts; both bastion flanks are also untouched, and a storming party would have found themselves terribly enfiladed by a cross-fire from either side. The counterscarp, too, had escapéd, not a single shot having struck the edge of the fosse; and the outer defenses, such as the palisade and chevaux de frise, had sustained but little damage. The breach, therefore, could not have been pronounced practicable; yet that the French expected an assault was evidenced by the fact that quantities of canister and grape were lying in the service magazines ready for use.

From the ramparts a glimpse could be obtained of the German batteries on the heights above Clamard and Meudon, and of the mortar battery at Fleury—that is to say, their position was indicated by by little open spaces in the woods where the trees had been felled to unmask the guns. On the right, prominent on account of its size and situation, lay the Chateau of Meudon, its bare walls standing out bleak and drear against the evening sky—once an epitome of civilization, taste and art, now a heap of smoke-begrimed but gilded ruins.

On our way home we overtook upon the railway the detachments marching in from their day's outpost duty, the men singing in chorus, laughing, joking, and evidently in great good spirits; they were happy at the thought that their trials and hardships were at an end, and pleased, no doubt, to find themselves the glad possessors of unperforated skins. Small parties of poor peasants were also wending their weary way out of Paris, each man carrying a small bundle, in search of the houses in which they dwelt. In many cases they must have found nothing but a heap of ruins; others will have found the bare walls standing, but all their furniture removed, broken, and scattered about the roads; others, again, must have been astonished to see the lowly dwellings in which they left nothing but the coarse but useful articles of humble domestic life, now replete with elegant and luxurious articles culled from the neighboring houses of the better sort.

But though Issy was the most instructive, I need scarcely say that Valerien was the most interesting, object to be seen. The former afforded an excellent opportunity of judging of the skill displayed by the besiegers in topographical engineering, and the care and prudence with which, in making their approaches, they had utilized every little natural advantage afforded by the nature of the ground. Nothing is too great or too small for this people. The smallest detail is treated with the same care that is given to the most comprehensive scheme. From the master mind who traces on the map the outline of the plans which he leaves to others to fill in, down, through many gradations, to the raw soldier—the

animated target, turning over his shovelful of earth, unconsciously obedient to the directing brain—all know their own separate tasks, all are thoroughly conversant with the duties peculiar to their station. There is no necessity for interference or instruction. The superior has but to give his order; the subordinate has all the knowledge necessary to obey. The idea of the chief, who ponders, calm and secluded, far from the scene of strife, works its way down, in all cases thoroughly fulfilled, from the highest to the lowest, till it stirs the sturdy muscles of the soldier laboring in the foremost trench. Still, Valerien we had throughout looked upon as the great stronghold of the enemy; and I, among others, hurried off there in time to see the Red, White and Blue hauled down, and replaced by the Black, White and Red.

It was too late, however, to see much that evening, and I soon paid the fort another visit, proceeding, the barricades having been cleared away, by Ville d'Avray and Montretout, and returning through what was once the lovely village of St. Cloud.

In and about Montretout the houses were knocked about in a marvelous manner—smashed into strange, fantastic shapes. Roofs blown off, floors blown up, walls blown in. Half of a house carried away here, laying the whole interior bare, and showing the articles of furniture still standing on the shattered remnant of the floor; there, one with the roof swept clean away. On this side, a conservatory, with fading exotics still standing in the flower-pots, but with the iron top all twisted and curled up into long corkscrew shavings by the tearing passage of a shell; on that side, a pretty villa, otherwise untouched, but just grazed by a shot, which has knocked all the shutters and jalousies into toothpicks, smashed the ornamental cornices, caught the leaden water-pipe and twirled it up in the air in ribbons, and finally broken off the upper corner of the wall. Nearly all the houses had been fired, and were still sending up dull clouds of smoke—fitting incense to be offered to the god of war. Most of the dwellings are pretty suburban villas, belonging to rich, well-to-do, comfortable people; and are furnished in that light, elegant, but somewhat gaudy, style which delights the heart of the Parisian trader who has "made his pile." I could see through the shot-holes and windows, as I rode along, bits of bright broken furniture, gilded chairs, large mirrors, gilt candlesticks, clock cases, etc.—all black and grimy with smoke and dirt, scorched, cracked, and blistered with heat, trodden under foot, covered with mud, filth and dust. As to the road, it was in places strewed with furniture, broken toys, remnants of curtains and hangings, smashed perambulators, etc. The insides of the houses seem to have been simply dragged out and scattered broadcast over the face of the earth. A few poor people, principally servants, had wandered back, and were timidly peering about among the ruins, looking like sad, silent spectres of the past, compelled to revisit their former haunts. They had brought food with them, and were engaged in making fires of green wet sticks, patching up holes, and making themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. It was not a cheerful scene, and I was glad to get away.

There is an excellent view from the road leading up to Valerien; groups of people were walking in the Bois de Boulogne, or standing on the race-course, looking anxiously, perhaps, at the sites of their houses and villas, and wondering in what condition they would find their property when they could obtain permission to leave the city. Behind us lay the blackened, smoke-shrouded remnant of Montretout; before us stretched the river and the town. It was the first genial day of the young year; the air felt balmy, the sun was bright and warm, and birds were singing to welcome returning life and growth. The bosom of the Seine, still and placid, unruffled by the slightest breeze, reflected a picturesque image of the shattered arches of the bridge upon the surface of the waters; numerous tall chimneys in the capital were rolling out great clouds of smoke, as though industry was in full swing. The scene was very charming—so full of hope, life and peace. The sweet spring-time, with its returning life; the vivifying rays of the great dispenser

of heat and light, gathering strength then day by day; the song of the bird, and the bursting of each blade and bud, seemed emblematical of fresh vigor and new life to the nation which had just issued from such a long, dreary winter of suffering and woe. Who would have then thought that "the end was not yet," but that darker scenes had yet to come!

Valerien is a five-sided fortress. The lines of the pentagon are, on the side nearest Paris, about 400 metres long, on the opposite front they measure only 350. The contour of these lines is, as is the case also at Issy, drawn on the French bastion-trace, and they were armed with 24, 12, and 6-pounder bronze muzzle-loading guns. Within a circle having a radius of about half a mile from the fort as a center, the ground rises in gentle slopes. It is devoted principally to the culture of the vine, and is of a bare and uninteresting character. Within the bastion-trace the gradient becomes much more steep, and the land rises rapidly to a height of about 400 feet, forming a steep hill, having an artificially leveled top, on which are erected partially casemated barracks for the accommodation of troops, bomb-proof magazines for ammunition, officers' quarters, commandant's house, chapel, and numerous other buildings. On this flat summit is also erected a battery, armed with the heaviest iron naval guns in the possession of the French. These are breech-loading pieces, and two of them measure 16 centimeters in diameter of bore. Raised above its fellows, on a "cavalier," or mound of earth, protected by gabions, sand-bags, barrels filled with clay, etc., is placed a huge breech-loading piece of ordnance. Fixed on each side of the wrought-iron carriage are two davits, or cranes, fitted with tackles, whereby the muzzle can be hove up or lowered, in order to depress or elevate the gun. So unwieldy is this gigantic weapon that without the assistance of some such mechanical contrivance it would have been impossible to alter the angle at which the gun was originally fixed. This cannon measures 25 centimeters in diameter of bore, and is the one which threw a bolt about 75 centimeters in length right across the Seine on to the slope below the terrace at St. Germain, thereby scattering the crowd of idle sight-seers congregated there, and interfering considerably with the digestion of the peaceful dinners in the hospitable salons of the Pavilion Henry IV. Below this monster are the other two breech-loading guns of 19 centimeters caliber, which fired on Bougival and Ville St. Cloud; while on either side of them the batteries are filled up with eight muzzle-loading marine guns, of 16 centimeters bore. Half way up the slope, between the ordinary bastions and the heavy naval battery, and on the southern face of the hill, was a tier of guns, principally 24-pounders, throwing a long conical shot of 56 pounds in weight. Most of these were directed against Sévres, Montretout, and Ville d'Avray. On this level also a splinter-proof battery was in course of construction; the uprights had been fixed, but the work would seem to have been suddenly interrupted, as there were no preparations visible for completing frame, or mounting guns. The guns were all mounted *en barbette*, and many of them placed on fronts and faces unprovided with embrasures, had been simply fired over the edge of the parapet. Some of these guns have been elevated to such an angle that it was found necessary to depress the trails into holes dug in the earth for that purpose.

Besides the defenses of the principal fort, two outlaying earthworks or redoubts had been thrown up during the siege; one in the direction of Rueil, and at a considerable distance from the main work, with which it is connected by traverses. This is the redoubt well known under the name of the "Windmill battery," which was very active in its attentions to the fourth corps during the sortie of the 21st. No siege guns had been mounted in it. It was armed for the occasion with field artillery only. The other outwork is thrown out upon the southern, or, more property speaking, the south-western side. It was armed with heavy guns, and was very active at one time. It was this battery which shelled the Landwehr officers out of their comfortable, quiet quarters near Marly, and from the audacious mouth of one of its guns was thrown the shell which fell not far from the aqueduct of Marly, having been, it is supposed,

aimed at a distinguished group who were surveying the scene from the secure elevation afforded by that building. At Valerien or at Issy the French appeared to have wasted their time, and thrown away their opportunities sadly; scarcely any preparation had been made for a bombardment. No proper measures had been taken to provide even proper sleeping places for the men, and the bastion fronts and batteries were very much exposed.

The homeward route lay through St. Cloud. St. Cloud once contained in itself all the evidences of what we consider a highly civilized phase of existence. Inhabited by men whose delight it was to gather up all that wealth, industry, and artistic skill could produce, its houses were patterns of ornamental science and art. And what has been the net result of this? What is the appearance of the place now? Rows of skeleton houses, bare blackened walls, charred rafters, and deserted hearths, show how quickly man can destroy what man has toiled and striven to set up. Could we but comprehend the misery that is represented by these outward signs, and trace to the end the story connected with each shattered dwelling and each nameless grave, we might well cry in despair, How can these things be? Where is the Providence that allows the innocent to suffer for faults or ignorance they were powerless to control?

The road from here passed through the park, where the scene, equally desolate, became in its bareness almost grotesque. The chateau stood a black, fire-riven wreck, looking strangely out of place with the still neat, though neglected, contour of the orange trees and clipped yews. The contrast was rendered still more bizarre by the appearance of the statues, which did not seem to have shared in the universal grief. Venus, with mock modesty, was still calling attention to her half-hidden charms. Fauns were dancing, satyrs grinning, and gentlemen with nothing on, still complacently playing quoits. These figures were so utterly at variance with the scene, and in their action, attitudes and occupations reflected such a bitter moral, such a biting sarcasm, upon the lives, thoughts and feelings of the men around them, that had I wished to write an essay upon the mutability of human affairs, I should have sat down there for my inspiration beneath one of the shell-struck chestnuts in the park of St. Cloud.

Except, perhaps, to the technical eye of a military engineer, there is but little difference in the form and appearance of the other forts on the western and southwestern side of Paris. The nature of the ground has, of course, determined the plan of the work. Vanvres, for instance, is quadrilateral, as is also Montrouge. All are on the principle of the French bastion-trace. Vanvres was armed with five thirty-pound rifled marine guns, six twenty-four-pound and six twelve-pound rifled siege guns, eleven smooth-bore sixteen pound, and eight smooth-bore twelve-pound. Besides these, there were in the work five howitzers of twenty-two centimeters in diameter of bore, and four of sixteen; also, eight mortars of twenty-seven centimeters, and one of twenty-two. The bomb-proofs and magazines were well constructed, but the heavy fire this fort was subjected to had cracked it on both sides, so that daylight could be seen through and through.

Vanvres is somewhat singularly situated. It lies a little to the rear of a straight line drawn from Issy to Montrouge, and therefore connects these forts like a curtain between two bastions. It is impregnable as long as Issy and Montrouge, and therefore connects these forts like a curtain between two bastions. It is impregnable as long as Issy and Montrouge are held; but an enemy once in possession of those works, it would be untenable, and a terrible fire could be opened from it upon the city. It was, therefore, a position of great importance to both besiegers and besieged. Montrouge was armed with ten thirty-pound, five twenty-four pound, and six twelve-pound rifled marine guns, and nine howitzers, three of twenty-two centimeters diameter of bore, and six of sixteen. There were also in its defenses ten mortars, three of twenty-seven, three of twenty, and four of fifteen centimeters diameters respectively. Besides these, there were, in the center of the work, one twelve-pound rifled marine gun, four four-pound rifled cannon field artillery, and six twelve-pound smooth-bore guns,

together with five mortars of sixteen centimeters in bore. No fort on the southwest side sustained a heavier fire than did Montrouge; but although several times reported as silenced, it managed always to re-open fire, and succumbed at last only when the general scheme of defense was abandoned.

So much for Valerien, Issy, Vanvres and Montrouge. To the north of the first-named fort lie the Fort de l'Est and the Double Couronne du Nord, the latter of which is rather peculiar in its shape. It is a work with an open gorge, skirted by a road. Its outer front presents to an enemy three bastions, with intervening curtains, the right and left flanks being further protected by irregular outworks. It was armed with seven thirty-pound rifled marine guns, three twenty-four pound rifled siege guns, thirteen twelve-pound rifled siege guns, and twelve other pieces of various caliber. There were also five howitzers and four mortars.

The Fort de l'Est contained forty-one pieces of artillery; four rifled thirty-pound, five twenty-four-pound, and twelve twelve-pound, nine sixteen-pound, and two twelve-pound smooth-bores, three howitzers of twenty-two centimeters, and six mortars, three of twenty-seven and three of twenty-two centimeters diameter of bore.

Issy, Vanvres and Montrouge were subjected to the fire of 126 twenty-four-pound and twenty-four twelve-pound rifled cannon, from twenty-three German batteries, so that there were 150 German pieces against 110 French; the equilibrium was, however, to some extent restored by the superior weight of metal thrown by some of the latter. Two batteries of six twelve-pound each fired also upon the redoubt of Villejuif. On the north line of attack, the bombardment of La Briche, the Double Couronne, and the Fort de l'Est, was kept up by twelve German batteries, containing about 102 twenty-four and twelve-pounder rifled guns. In the last attack thirteen batteries, armed with, I believe, seventy-six cannon of the same caliber—namely, twenty-four and twelve-pounders—fired upon Nogent, Rosny, Noisy and other works behind Mount Avron.

There were also 160 pieces of artillery left in park at Villa Coublay, which had never been placed in position. It was from the guns operating against Issy and Montrouge that projectiles were directed against the enceinte and the city. Both these forts, as before mentioned, were badly knocked about, and bastions sixty-eight and seventy-three of the enciente especially; the latter received great damage. The railway viaduct immediately behind the bastions was shot through and through in many places, the barracks much injured, and the bomb-proofs for the protection of the men pierced, and in some instances completely destroyed.

To me, looking at these things as a mere amateur, and reviewing them through the haze of nearly twelve months' time, three facts appear worthy of remark: First. The strength of the French line of fortification was inverted, the strongest defenses being nearest home, the weakest toward the enemy; Secondly. The armament of the forts was insignificant, and the preparations for defense extremely small; Thirdly. The means of offense on the part of the enemy were not commensurate with the undertaking they had in hand. On the third point I have not much to say, but I think it is evident that the weight of the metal used by the Germans was totally inadequate either to reduce the city by bombardment or to render the forts untenable had proper precautions been taken for the protection of the men therein. The second case appears self-evident; in scarcely one of the forts I have mentioned had proper shelter been afforded for the men, no splinter-proofs had been erected over the batteries, and the gunners were in all cases left so exposed that it was impossible for them to work their guns under the fire directed against them. With the exception of the three iron breech-loading pieces on the cavalier of Mount Valerien, no guns had been mounted worthy of the position in which they stood. Most of the batteries had been armed with old-fashioned 24 and 12-pounders, while in some of them nothing more powerful than field artillery had been placed. Had sufficient attention been paid to the security of the soldiers in question, and of the artillerists at their guns; had, for instance, the summit of Valerien been crowned with a battery of heavy cannon in iron-plated casemates,

or had any of the more modern defensive inventions been made use of, there can be but little doubt that the forts could have resisted the atttack as long as a single ration of food remained. In this last respect, also, the French were most strangely remiss. Judging from the best sources of information, it seems certain that if all the food had been taken in hand by the government at the commencement of the siege, and a proper system of rationing inaugurated and carried out, there would have been provision enough to have lasted well into the summer. This waste of food is one of the curious facts in the war which, perhaps, future historians will explain. The whole siege, indeed, abounds in anomalies; an immense force of armed men were kept in check in a fortified city by less than half their number, extended around them in a circle, having a circumference of twenty or thirty miles. The greatest military nation of the world neglected to arm the defenses of its capital in a proper manner, and apparently made no effort to better its condition during a siege of four months. I have said that the strength of the French fortifications was inverted; the barricades within the city were better executed and far more solidly constructed than the extemporary earthworks thrown up in the neighborhood of the forts. The enceinte also was in better order than the forts, the casemates and bomb-proofs stronger, and the comfort and security of the men more carefully considered, and it was difficult to avoid the conclusion that in planning the defenses of Paris more thought had been bestowed upon a possible enemy attacking from within the city than to a foreign foe advancing from without.

I have spoken much of the monotony of life at Versailles, because from a mistaken notion on the part of the public that campaigns and sieges consist of continually recurring sensation scenes: a great deal of mischief is likely to ensue. Incidents of thrilling interest do fall beneath the observation of an individual, but they are, comparatively speaking, few and far between. War is very dramatic, taken as a whole, but the experience of one man is, or ought to be, limited to what he sees, or to the consideration of that which to the best of his ability he believes to be true, and it is impossible for one man, without drawing largely upon his imagination, to be continually supplying exciting details of interesting events. What are men to do whose success depends on their sending off day by day picturesque descriptions and vivid delineations of warlike scenes, when in reality their surroundings may for weeks together be as peaceable and devoid of interest as though they were dwelling in some quiet country town? Are they to stifle the imaginations of a clever brain, and confine themselves to actual dull facts; or are they to fill in gaps as best they may, by drawing upon past experience or fancy? There is a story of a French author who requested an eye-witness to describe a battle, in order that he might write an account of it. His informant began to say that the nature of the ground was hilly, and that the enemy was posted in such a position, and their troops on the opposite side; "Stop," said this gifted writer, "that is sufficient"—and in a short time his facile pen had drawn a highly-colored and thrilling picture of the engagement; interesting to read, no doubt, but of almost as much value in history as the last chapter of a sensation novel.

The way that history is made has became a proverb, and it is a trite saying to remark upon the difficulty of obtaining a strictly true account of even ordinary circumstances. It has been said, and it should be truly said, that the labors of a correspondent who writes contemporaneous history should materially lessen the difficulties in the way of sifting truth from error. The good that can be done by the trustworthy reports of an eye-witness is only equaled by the evil that must arise from exaggeration or false statements; circumstances continually occur where the evidence of an impartial witness is invaluable—for instance, was it not only after the retreat of Von der Tann from Orleans that General Aurelles de Paladine advanced immediately upon the capital, through the gap that was left open to him? In such a case as this future historians must gather their material on the subject from various persons, all interested on one side or the other, but if they could refer to the account of some unprejudiced spectator of the event,

they would probably be enabled to arrive at the truth and judge fairly of the conflicting evidence before them. But for such testimony to be valuable, it must spring from a source that cannot be questioned.

I look upon it, therefore, as a very great evil that the public should expect from war correspondents, a never-failing supply of interesting letters, full of ghostly horrors or picturesque scenes, and resonant with the din of battle and the roar of guns, never taking into consideration whether in the circumstances in which they are placed, they can do so without falling back upon the using of that ancient weapon the long bow.

The remedy lies with three classes—with the correspondents, with the proprietors of the newspapers, and with the public. The correspondents cannot, perhaps, do much; they are servants, and as such have to obey orders; but they can maintain among themselves a very high standard of reliability, and to look upon exaggeration or misstatement for the sake of effect as a most unworthy act. The proprietors, as long as they look for large and immediate profits, are in a situation of difficulty; they must administer food sufficiently highly spiced to suit the popular taste. And is not our taste becoming rather morbid? Are we not copying too much from the transatlantic press? I believe that most Americans will agree with me, that if some of the reliability upon which we pride ourselves so much, were transferred into the journals of their own country, it would tend to render that branch of literature both more trustworthy and more powerful. There is too much of the *tricks of trade* practiced in America; things distasteful are put in very small type, and something likely to tickle the public fancy, in letters an inch long. They strive too much after quick information, and obtain it so rapidly that, in some instances I am aware of, events were mentioned years ago that have not yet occurred. I fear we are inclined to err in this respect in England also. The one practical improvement which proprietors can effect is to divide the work differently. A war staff should be organized purposely; all accounts should be sent to the war editor, and every man should be responsible, with his own name, for what he said. The correspondent should be looked to merely for statement of facts. The editor at home could pile up the agony, and write sensational letters from the accumulated statements received from the seat of war. In the event of a battle, an assault, or some other great event, the correspondent might indulge his powers in writing to any extent, but he should not be expected to supply the paper with two or three columns daily—this should fall to the war editor at home, who could condense or amplify, as the case might require, the daily budget of news which he received from all points of the campaign. Whether, however, contemporaneous history is to be useful or not, must principally depend upon the public; if they prefer gilt ginger-bread to solid food, and pay a higher price for it, they will certainly get the article, but must not be surprised if it disagrees; if they like glitter and brilliancy better than facts, they will be misled, and will mislead others after them. But, however fond the public may be of satisfying the craving for excitement, they still prefer truth to error, and in the long run, no doubt, the most reliable paper will beat a more flashy but less trustworthy rival.

It must be distinctly understood that I am not now thinking of past wars, but speaking in anticipation of the future. I am not referring to any individuals, or to anything that has occurred, but merely jotting down reflections that must strike any one who notices how the peculiar phase of journalism to which I refer has increased of late years. There is material for an interesting "Essay on War Correspondence, from the Time of Julius Cæsar to the Present Day." Society being less complicated in his time, the Roman general succeeded in beating his enemies, and writing an account of the transaction at the same time. In our day the offices of commander and correspondent not only are not combined, but are, for the most part, rather antagonistic to each other. Since the time of the campaign in the Crimea, whence we may date the commencement of war correspondence, the system has so largely expanded itself, that, not only all the principal London papers, but some provincial journals, and many American and con-

tinental publications, think themselves bound and entitled to send, not only one, but several specials to watch operations in the field. Hitherto they have depended almost entirely upon their own unaided efforts, and have got on the best they could, and picked up information without any authority or right to do so; but what chance has a man living on sufferance with an army, without the possibility of investigating the truth of any rumor or inquiring the rights of any story he may hear, of furnishing anything worthy of the name of history. He cannot be accurate, and yet his words are often accepted as gospel truth. Now that their number has so largely increased, it will be necessary that the position of a correspondent should be clearly defined or understood. No military authorities can be expected to allow forty or fifty men, of whom they know nothing, a free passage in and out of their lines, and unrestricted access to their forces in the field; much less can they be expected to afford them any assistance in the important matter of food and forage, or to grant them the convenience of using field posts and telegraph wires. It will, I think, become necessary for the press to enter into some sort of association, whereby a number of journals can be supplied with information by one correspondent. The correspondence should be recognized by the authorities, and inspected on both sides; as a concomitant he should be given every opportunity of obtaining good information, and should be held responsible if, by injurious writing, he betrayed anything to the enemy. He should therefore confine himself principally to facts, without indulging in too much speculation, or disclosing, if he knows them, the result of combinations going on at the time. The war correspondent holds a very responsible position, and one which will increase in importance as men become more anxious for further information. Perhaps the greatest difficulty he has to contend with in himself is to become perfectly impartial. I do not mean that he should not sympathize with the side to which he is attached, but that he should not be influenced by any preference for individuals. There is so much jealousy amongst equals in command, between inferiors and superiors, that an immense deal of mischief may be done by a correspondent allowing himself to be made a mouth-piece of any one man or party. It is for this reason that it is so important that he should be independent, and occupy a sure position. If through the kindness of friends he is enabled to accompany the force, how can he judge fairly of the actions of one on whom the very fact of his being present depends? Although not spoken, and perhaps unrealized, there still exists a sort of pact between them; the correspondent might be almost morally bound to give his protector a helping hand. The case depends on cirumstances; the nature of the war, the fact of your being with your own people or attached to a foreign army, would precisely affect the case. This, I think, remains sure, that the correspondent should be a known, recognized, respectable agent, and that his province should be to chronicle passing events faithfully, and not to write picturesque letters, whether he has material for them or not.

Tinsley's Magazine.

UNDER THE LINDEN TREES.

UNDER the linden trees
Soft sighs the summer breeze;
Sweet birds are singing.
Sweeter than warbler's song,
Fond thoughts upon me throng,
Old memories bringing.

Well I recall the day—
Long, so long past away—
Of calm summer weather,
When by this gentle stream,
Wrapped in Love's earliest dream,
We two sat together;

When the light balmy air
Fluttered the golden hair
On her beautiful brow:
Still one bright tress I keep,
Though to her last long sleep
We have borne her now.

Once more her happy voice
Makes my sad heart rejoice,
That with sorrow is riven;
Once more, with glad surprise,
Love beams in violet eyes,
That shine but in heaven.

Thus I my senses steep,
In dreams that are not of sleep,
By this soft gliding river.
O, might I never wake
Till that blest day shall break
That unites us for ever!

Belgravia.

"TILL DEATH US DO PART."

BY C. MAURICE DAVIES, M.A.

It is necessary, in order to tell my story, that I should be, at the outset, somewhat personal—somewhat egotistical, if you will. As I am going to be the hero of my own narrative, it is almost inevitable that such should be the case. I have tried to avoid it by dressing up the history in the third person, and telling it about somebody else; but it was no good. I had even thought at one time of interweaving a highly sentimental love-story as a subsidiary plot, and making the whole run through two or three volumes by means of judicious padding; but I find the interest always flags, unless I confine myself, as I now purpose doing, to the barest recital of facts.

When I was at the university, without being in any sense a "fast" man—indeed, enjoying with most of that genus the reputation of a "reading" man—I very studiously devoted my reading to everything but what was likely to be useful to me there and then. I dabbled in science, flirted with literature, and was wedded to music, applying myself only so far to the classics as was necessary to ballast my magazine articles with Greek and Latin quotations, or occasionally to enable me to publish a few "bits" of the classical authors in the unlikeliest forms of the vernacular. Mathematics I altogether eschewed as being far too demonstrable, too "slow and sure," for my then desultory state of mind. Consequently I need scarcely say I considerably disappointed the hopes of my *pater* and numerous admirers, who mistook my versatility for genius, and altogether thought me a sort of Admirable Crichton.

It was during my college career, and whilst I was working *pro tem.* in a psychological groove, that Mr. Home's reputed doings in Paris and at home made modern spiritualism a nine-days' wonder. This was, of course, exactly the thing to suit me—a short and easy cut at the solution of problems which had puzzled philosophers for ages. Spiritual problems were henceforth to be as capable of demonstration as mathematical ones, and a good deal more interesting. The condition of the departed was to be no longer a matter of speculation or revelation, but of purely scientific inquiry; and I the Bacon to inaugurate the *Novum Organum.* Without being, in the accepted sense of the words, a religious man—a "Simeonite," in the current slang of my set—I had, I believe, a vein of latent piety quite as fully developed as most young men close upon their majority. *Valeat tantum.* I really thought at first that, by the time I got my degree, theology would be a fixed science, and modern spiritualism was to do the work. In a very short time there cropped up upon my book-shelves the principal works of English and American spiritualists, with manuals of magnetism, and old high-priced rakish-looking volumes on occult science generally. I learnt to cast a nativity, swear by Andrew Jackson Davis, and puzzle myself and everybody else by discoursing of the Odic force. Contemporaneously my little round table commenced active gyrations, whilst a "circle" assembled almost nightly in my rooms for "manifestations," which, when they did come, were very physical indeed. I am free to confess, however, the results were not great on academic ground. The "circle" were apt to be irregular, and to be impatient if results did not come immediately to order. I attributed my failures at the time to two principal causes: 1st, the absence of the female element in our circle (my bedmaker having proved cantankerous, and shied at the first intimation of invisible agency); 2d, the fact that men would smoke when sitting—a practice which I fancied the "intelligences" objected to.

In the first "Long," however, after my inoculation with the spiritualistic mania, I took all my books "down" with me, and resolved to "develop" somebody or something at the parsonage

before long. I mentioned the matter very seriously—for I felt seriously—to my father, as he was plodding through his sermon for the following Sunday; but he took a line for which I was not quite prepared. Instead of pooh-poohing my facts, he readily admitted them; but considered the whole affair diabolical, and all assumed identity with the spirits of the defunct as the machinations of "lying spirits." This only gave a new impetus to my study. I had great respect for my father's opinion up to a certain point. I fancy now that point was where it coincided with mine.

"So you concede these manifestations are spiritual, sir?" I asked.

"Provided the facts be as you state them—and I have no time or inclination to go into the matter of testimony—decidedly yes. Spiritual because diabolical."

With my stepmother, who was considerably younger than my father, I succeeded better. The subject was new to her, and helped to dispel the gloom of a country parsonage. Even the little children (for there was a second family) wrote beautiful moral sentiments in a genuine scrawl with the planchette. But none of these produced results sufficient to give them more than a very secondary place in my narrative. However, I had succeeded so far. From my sanctum *sous les toits* down through the drawing-room and into the servants' hall itself, tables were spinning and sybillic sentences rapped out or automatically written from morning to night.

Reversing the ordinary process of most "experiences," I was not led on gently from mesmerism, or animal magnetism, to spiritualism, but plumped at once into spiritualism, and then left to work my way back to first principles via mesmerism.

From the first, be it understood, I had never been a red-hot enthusiast in the spiritualistic theory. Any orthodox "spiritist" would have deemed me all along heretical. In fact, according to their tenets, I should always have been termed a skeptic. In the proper sense of the word an inquirer, I accepted that title; I was not, for instance, prepared to admit the "spiritual" element as readily as my father did. My standard of belief, in fact, was the introduction to the book *From Matter to Spirit*, by Professor de Morgan, which treats the pneumatological theory only as easier than any of the psychological. It was thus I formulated my doctrines during the course of this vacation, and before the startling events of the present story occurred to shake it:

1. It is proved to demonstration that material substances can be rendered independent of the hitherto accepted "laws of nature," such as gravitation, etc., by human volition, with or without contact.

2. An intelligence which is not that of the medium is constantly found present at spirit circles.—N. B. Whether such intelligence is altogether independent of those surrounding the medium has not been proved to my satisfaction. I have of course read of instances where facts and events quite unknown to the persons present have been communicated; but I have had no experience of this myself.

3. The "higher phenomena," such as automatic writing, trance-speaking, and spirit-voice, are phases so easily simulated as to need much longer investigation than I have as yet been able to give them. It is only fair to add, that in the whole course of my investigation I have not been able to detect a single case of fraud.

This opinion, be it known, was strictly esoteric, being written in my private diary for my own edification. It was based on my experiences at college on a round of visits I had paid to the different professional *media* in London, and my brief experiments at the parsonage. Now came the test.

A governess had been engaged for the younger members of the family in the person of a tall raw-boned Scotch girl, externally about as unspiritual-looking a lady as could be imagined. She "went in," however, mildly—as became her position—for my experiments. She had lots of traditional stories of second-sight attaching to various members of her family, and was inclined to argue the matter (as Sydney Smith says) "in the *aibstract*" at greater length than I cared. The servants, I afterward found, had their own opinions as to why Miss M'Gorgon was so fond of sitting hand in

hand with young master, and "adored dark *séances*;" but such a suspicion never crossed my mind then, and I have no idea even now whether it had the slightest foundation in fact. Whatever other ghostly element there may be in what I have to relate, there certainly is not the ghost of a love-story.

I came down from my sky parlor to the drawing-room latish one evening, and found my stepmamma and Miss M'Gorgon obviously boring one another from their easy-chairs at opposite sides of the fireplace. I had just been reading the Reverend Chauncey Hare Townshend's book on mesmerism, and the resemblance of Miss M'Gorgon's pose to one of the plates prompted me to say:

"Miss M'Gorgon, you look as though you were sitting to be magnetised. Will you let me experiment on you?"

"By all means, but I am sure you will not succeed." And, to do her justice, her great Scotch eyes looked far too wide awake for any earthly power to shut.

After twenty minutes' manipulation, however, she was in a deep magnetic sleep. My stepmother was not at first quite inclined to accept as a conclusive fact that while Miss M'Gorgon was deaf to *her*, she responded readily to all my questions; but when she saw me stand up on Miss M'Gorgon's knees—I row over eleven stone, I should mention—she began to think that the laws of matter, even matter so material as the M'Gorgon shanks, were in a state of flux. But this was not all.

Some time before, the children had been ill with scarlet fever, and Miss M'Gorgon, in the course of her assiduous attention to them, took the disease. Being naturally of a somewhat hysterical temperament, she, as the ladies say, gave way a good deal; and after the malady had left her, whether as one of its manifold *sequelæ*, or a result of her hysterical tendency, she either could not, or fancied she could not, move her left arm. At any rate she did not use it in the slenderest degree possible, keeping it rigidly bent close to her side. My mother's astonishment may be imagined, then, when, at my command, Miss M'Gorgon assumed the attitude of the eagle-slayer, using the diseased member as the bow arm, and keeping it elevated in the most statuesque manner possible. My father entered at this moment from his sermon-mongery, and dismissing a a pardonable doubt as to Miss M'Gorgon's sanity, proceeded to examine the phenomenon.

On this and subsequent occasions all the ordinary phases of animal magnetism, including phreno-mesmerism and clairvoyance, were exhibited, and at last we had a specimen of that peculiar condition known as lucidity.

Miss M'Gorgon threw herself into an American chair, became pale and semi-rigid, exhibiting every appearance of death. Had I not been prepared by previous reading, my courage might have failed, and possibly disastrous consequence to the mind and even life of the "patient" followed. As it was, I preserved my equanimity, and bade her describe her condition. She was basking, she said, in light ineffable. Her only anxiety was to leave the body, and remain in that lucid state. The most curious part of the manifestation was, that she was utterly ignorant of the names of living persons. She readily remembered the dead, described herself as being with them, and exclaimed almost petulantly,

"You know they are here! You are with me. Let me go to them. I can see them, if you will only let me."

Her volition was utterly lost in mine. It seemed a strange link between spiritism and magnetism; but my mother began to look nervous, my father evidently smelt sulphur, and, in fact, I felt myself that I was trenching somewhat closely on the limits of the "knowable." Much against her wish—I was going to write "will," but that was in abeyance—I bade her come back; and after my using the ordinary method for dispersing the "magnetic aura," she returned to earth utterly ignorant of all that had taken place. That evening I formulated another "opinion" in my diary:

"Whatever be the power that seems, under certain conditions, to animate dead matter, and which, for lack of a better term, we call magnetism, that same power is capable of producing in the human frame a state of exaltation of the faculties which apparently lifts the patient into a higher condition of being."

Having produced this lucid phase at a second *séance*, after I had taken some lessons of a professional mesmerist, I was induced to exact a promise from Miss M'Gorgon—which I knew would be sacred if made in the magnetic state—that she would allow no one else to mesmerise her, and moreover that she would never resist my will. She even wrote it down in the blank page of my Reichenbach, and after having done so, said, in a voice that startled us all:

"I am yours—yours *till death us do part.*"

It was, I fancy, more the matrimonial than the magnetic import of this particular phrase that frightened us at the time. Mine most unmistakably, whether with views matrimonial or magnetic, she was from that day forth. She anticipated my every wish, even to such trivial matters as passing things at table, etc. Had Miss M'Gorgon been young and beautiful, I do not know what I or other people might have thought of her attentions. As it was, nobody thought anything at all; and, for myself, I soon found out the unsatisfactory nature of the spiritualistic inquiry; and by the time October came, I was quite prepared to leave all my occult works behind for my father to elaborate a learned discourse on Beelzebub, whilst I devoted my attention to the subject of brass bands in general, and the big saxhorn in particular, in consequence of having been promoted to the dignity of a bandsman in the University rifle corps.

But I was not to dissociate myself so easily from Miss M'Gorgon and spiritism.

Soon after I went "up," a change became visible in the governess. She was nervous and excitable to the last degree. The servants chuckled, and asked one another: "Hadn't they said so all along?" The partial paralysis of her arm, which had disappeared under magnetic treatment, reappeared, or was reassumed. She even simulated other affections, such as a violent cough, a weak ankle, etc. A medical man who was called in, and to whom my father confided the fact of the mesmeric experiments, traced these affections at once to their true source, a desire to be magnetised. The doctor decidedly recommended her not meeting me again; so an opportunity offering for getting her a more lucrative and less irksome position, as companion to an aged lady, Miss M'Gorgon was with some difficulty persuaded to make the change, having suddenly discovered an intense affection for the young ladies she had in charge at the parsonage. However, Miss M'Gorgon received her *congé*. The young ladies were sent to boarding-school, and Miss M'Gorgon and myself never met in the flesh again.

I strongly recommend any young lady who wishes to retain the affections of a swain, not to allow herself to be mesmerised by him. On other and quite independent grounds, I would most seriously advise no female ever to submit herself to a power of which we know so little, except the one fact of its being open to such fearful abuse. But especially with young ladies in love, I may inform them that the fact of my having magnetised Miss M'Gorgon produced in me an irrepressible feeling of revulsion toward her. It was with the greatest delight I found we should not meet at the parsonage during the Christmas vacation.

Passing over one or two strange occurences at college, such as noises and apparently automatic displacement of furniture in my rooms whilst I was "consuming the midnight oil," I come to this particular Christmas vacation. There had been a time when the mere possibility of watching the movements of a peripatetic easy-chair or a locomotive coal-scuttle would have been irresistibly attractive to me; but now, without making me exactly nervous, it bored me. I always sheered off to bed directly the things began to get lively, without making any accurate examination as to whether it was not all fancy on my part. I instinctively associated the phenomenon with Miss M'Gorgon; and though there was nothing at all in the shape of an audible voice, the words were constantly and most vividly impressed on my mind —"Till death us do part." Whenever any disturbance of the kind occurred, I seemed to keep on saying over and over again these words to myself. I would even recite propositions in Euclid, or speeches of Shakespeare; but beneath them all, like an undercurrent, came those hideous words of that horrible

woman, "Till death us do part—Till death us do part." I even went so far as to pay a most unusual visit to a medical man. I told him nothing of Miss M'Gorgon or mesmerism, but mentioned the "movables" in my room, etc. He simply laughed, told me to shut up my books and leave them behind me, go "down," and take lots of exercise; all of which I faithfully obeyed.

On Christmas eve I was regaling myself with a musical practice in my sky parlor, and certainly nothing was farther from my thoughts than Miss M'Gorgon or magnetism, when I was startled quite out of my serenity by hearing in the next room, which had been the M'Gorgon bed-chamber, unmistakable "thuds" of what I used to term irreverently the M'Gorgon "beetle-crushers." There was no mistake about it. Somebody or something was walking up and down the next room with that most martial and inimitable tread.

I confess to being thoroughly frightened, and to make a summary retreat. To save my life I could not have opened the door of the M'Gorgon chamber, which I knew, or believed, to be locked and tenantless. I even had to pause a moment to get my breath and recover myself before I entered the drawing-room.

"Come to the fire," said my stepmother; "you look fearfully cold. Why do you mope yourself in that attic of yours? In fact, now I look at you, you are worse than cold—you are ill and haggard. Do, pray, obey your doctors, and exchange books and music for exercise in the open air."

I promised compliance; and my father, looking up from his *Guardian*, said:

"You will be sorry to hear your old 'patient,' Miss M'Gorgon, is very ill, and not expected to live."

"I hope, sir, my patient does not attribute her ailment to my treatment."

"No; I fancy it is only a reappearance of an old and hereditary pulmonary affection. I think you may make yourself easy on the score of your treatment, which, as far as I could see, extended only to the head and heart."

"By the way," I added, in a tone of assumed carelessness, sipping my tea as I asked, "who occupies Miss M'Gorgon's room now?"

I was told, as I had expected, that the room had been locked ever since Miss M'Gorgon's departure. Indeed my mother showed me the key in her basket, asking me jokingly:

"She has not come back to claim her plighted spouse, has she—'Till death us do part?'" she added, in a hoarse voice like Miss M'Gorgon's.

I told them, as laughingly as I could, how I fancied I had heard the M'Gorgon "thud" next me. I saw my father and mother exchange significant glances, as much as to say, "he is nervous;" and a good drive across country was proposed next day.

I am ashamed to say how childishly afraid I was to go to bed that night. No infant in a dark room ever dreaded "bogey" worse than did I that ponderous tread. Whilst I was spinning out the last few minutes, with my candlestick in my hands, the very lamp on the table quivered, and the ornaments rattled on the mantel-piece, as the same dull, heavy footstep resounded in the room above us, which had been the children's school-room. We all turned pale as ghosts ourselves, and my father and mother exclaimed at once:

"Miss M'Gorgon!"

As for me, I was speechless; and as I stood so, though I was quite sure no one else could hear a sound, the words seemed hissed into my ear, "Till death us do part."

The usual examinations of the house were made; the servants all found to be quiet in bed, the room undisturbed, etc. The footsteps seemed to cross it but once, and we heard no more.

We agreed upon the customary explanation, which palpably satisfied none of us, that we "fancied" we had heard what we were quite certain we did hear; and we parted for the night.

I dared not confess my cowardice, but I would have given anything to have had a companion for that night. In plain simple English, I went to bed in a terrible fright.

I tumbled in more expeditiously than ever I had in my life, and buried my head under the bed-clothes, not daring to look out into the darkness. I fancy I was dozing off, when suddenly the bells of the little village church clashed out

discordantly. I had forgotten all about its being "Christmas-day in the morning," and started up in bed, the more so on account of my nervousness from another source. It was utterly dark; but at the bottom of the bed there was *something*, palpable to some sense, analogous to that which had kept pealing through my ears those omnious words, "Till death us do part."

The *something* which I thus saw, yet did not see, appeared like a tall, scraggy, luminous mass, with two intensely light spots about the place where eyes might have been expected. At the same time as I saw, yet did not see this, I heard, in the same negative kind of way, the same loathsome words, as it were drilled into my very ears, "Till death us do part." It could not have been common sight or common hearing, for in each of these cases time is necessary to impinge upon the senses; and as it was, I was down in bed again, buried deeper than ever, "like a shot," as we say. Turning my bed-clothes, bolster, and pillows into a veritable sarcophagus, I managed to dull all external sights and sounds; even the clanging bells did not reach my ears; but still before my eyes was the *spectrum* of the "something" I had seen; and a voice that seemed to grow more and more subjective—seemed, as it were, to retreat within the innermost chambers of consciousness—still repeated "Till death us do part. I promised to be yours till then; I have kept my promise. If you *dare* to doubt it, look at your watch in the morning, and remember the Christmas bells."

After that, silence—but not sleep. Through that weary Christmas morning I never lost consciousness; nor did I emerge from my sarcophagus until the sound of a brass band under my window —the brass band I had "coached" for the occasion—saluted my ears with an air I had myself selected as being not too secular-sounding for that sacred day, namely "Pestal." With what a new meaning the vocal chorus seemed to strike on my ear, the chorus I had meant only to be an effective slow march!

I jumped out of bed, let the welcome daylight in the window, and waved my hand by way of compliment to my bucolic band down among the snow. I expected to feel "seedy," and did miss my night's sleep a little; but a good "sluish," in cold water soon got over this, and to my astonishment I felt better than I had done for months. A weight seemed removed from me. I had almost a difficulty in recalling the events of the past night, or the words that up to that time had caused me so much discomfort.

What was the time? I sought my watch on its usual hook at the head of my bed. It was not there! I could have sworn I hung it there on the previous night. After diligent searching I found it lying on the floor at the foot of the bed, and almost underneath it. It had stopped at about half-past twelve!

Whether this had anything to do with my luminous visitant, or whether in my fright I tumbled it down, and so stopped it, I do not pretend to determine. Had the event stood by itself, that would, of course, have been the natural explanation. Even the M'Gorgon "thud,' had I alone heard it, might have been attributed to anti-matrimonial views on my part toward the lady in question.

As to the poor girl herself, she troubled no one further with her presence, matrimonial, magnetic, or otherwise. She became rapidly worse on Christmas eve, and whilst the bells were beginning to chime in the Christmas morning passed away. Her last articulate words were, "Till death us do part," which of course the watchers attributed to a blighted love-dream of the poor governess. She continued murmuring for some time, and *at half-past twelve* died.

We did not hear of the event for some time, and I had carefully noted all the above particulars in my diary before the news reached me. When the letter arrived, I fetched the volume down, and laid it quietly open before my father. He read it very carefully, and from time to time compared it with the contents of the black-edged letter in his hand. At last he rose and returned me my manuscript, with the solitary remark, "A very strange coincidence!" and so retired to his study—I have no doubt to append a side-note to his sermon on the being, nature and attributes of Beelzebub.

If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long.

London Society.

LOVE LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

In one of his celebrated essays, Lord Macaulay discusses the love letters of Sir William Temple. He says he would very willingly exchange tons of State papers for a very moderate amount of these love letters. The letters of William Temple to his Dorothy are certainly interesting enough, and, at this time of the year especially, may be associated with wider and deeper sympathies than the Triple Alliance. Macaulay says that he would very much like to know what proofs of tenderness a young lady would be permitted to give her lover. We should for our own part have thought that this was a dangerous and distracting subject for historical investigation, fraught with decided peril to the historic mind. The first idea is that the manners and customs of lovers do not greatly vary in any age. This, however, would perhaps be a mistake. In the dialogues of Erasmus the young lady refuses to give her betrothed a single kiss, classically observing, "*Ut me totam iilibatamaque tibi trodam.*" In some shades of society caresses have been strictly inhibited, and it is interesting to see that Lord Macaulay had directed his powerful mind toward the elucidation of the subject. In the opinion of another great writer, with whom Macaulay's mind had much in sympathy, we mean Alexander Pope, love letters lie at the foundation of all literature. He describes how they "speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul:"

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid—
Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish, without her fears, impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart.

Most of us know by heart Mr. Tennyson's pretty poem about "The Letters," how "she gave my letters back to me," which the young lover refused to receive:

She told me all her friends had said,
I raged against the public liar:
She spoke as if her love were dead,
But in my words were seeds of fire.
I spoke with heat, and strength, and force;
I shook her breast with vague alarms—
Like torrents from a mountain's source—
We rushed into each other's arms.

Love letters always form part of the choicest machinery of the poet and the novelist. Pope's own letters, whether to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, or to Erinna, or to Martha Blount, are probably love letters, and we shall watch with much interest their elucidation by Mr. Whitwell Elwin. One of our most popular lady novelists discusses with much force the great value of these letters, and how men who are unable by word of mouth to do themselves justice can nevertheless thoroughly reveal their whole nature in their love letters. This is probably very true. Many men get on much better in paper work than in a *viva voce* examination. At the same time it must be very puzzling to many young ladies of the present day to have highly intellectual letters from their lovers. They must be greatly puzzled when gentlemen of a speculative tone of mind, or some sucking young "lion" of the press of the future, sets forth his whole nature for Amanda or Amata. As a rule, the letters of any genius with a gift of utterance must cause decided wonderment to the *fiancée* who will probably mainly rely upon the endearing expressions at the beginning and end, or any wax kisses that may be discovered on the envelope. We have heard it suggested that young ladies in such difficulties had better apply for help to their brothers at college. That the subject of love may not lose its power over the minds of young men, I observe that the sapient authorities of the University of Cambridge have given as the subject of a gold medal this year,

"Hominum Divumque voluptas
Alma Venus."

The love letters of eminent persons are generally letters written before they became eminent. A great author will not confine his intellectual efforts to the penny post when a publisher will handsomely remunerate him for revealing them to the world. In the case of poets a large part of their effusions might, with-

out much straining, be brought within the category of love letters. But then other "eminences" mostly write their love letters before they achieve greatness or have greatness forced upon them. This is a great consolation for the lawyer that can get no briefs, the doctor that can get no practice, the young politician who cannot get a seat, and the young writer who has his articles rejected. They can take it out in their love letters. I am sorry for any eminent man who has to engage in this description of correspondence. According to the old joke the lawyer might tie up his letters with red tape, and the physician may make a muddle in his prescription. Love letters must take it out of a man, and, in point of fact, love-making requires an amount of time and concentration of purpose that can be ill-spared from professional pursuits. Eminence generally means effort, and a man in full work cannot afford time for such *ludibria lunce*. They form the glorious privilege of leisure and of youth.

Among the more remarkable love letters is the celebrated volume of "Foster's Essays." We believe that all these remarkable essays were originally love letters written to the lady to whom he was engaged. Mr. Macdonald makes one of his novels simply autobiographical; love letters written by a man to vindicate his character in the eyes of the woman he loved. Literary men are not always so voluminous in this description of epistle. We once detected a very able reviewer in the weakness of writing a love letter. "I'll not detain you long," he observed; "I never give the young woman more than a 'short notice.'" The young reviewer ought to have written his letters a year to two before; he had now too much work on hand. There is a glorious old poet, Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*, who shows a sad gleam of romance in his verses to Amanda. He knew he was too poor to marry her—and she was soon to marry away from him—and so he frittered away his life sauntering about and lying a-bed. Yet for a poet he had wonderfully sensible ideas of matrimony. When his sister was engaged he wrote to her: "I must chiefly recommend to you to cultivate by every method that union of hearts, that agreement and sympathy of tempers, in which consists the true happiness of the marriage state. The economy and gentle management of a family is a woman's natural province, and from that arises her best praise."

Rousseau's saying was a true one—that to write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written. This is certainly very much the way of love letters in general, if we may judge them from the proceedings of the *nisi prius* courts. The love letters of men and women of genius, considered as compositions, are generally the best. As a rule, men of genius write much better letters than they receive. The man of genius generally exalts some woman into a divinity, and the creature of his imagination whom he marries turns out to be very human indeed. Hence the wives of literary men are not as a rule very interesting people. We have heard people laugh at Lady Scott because she said that she must get Sir Walter to write some more of his rubbish to get a new carpet. Yet his Charlotte sent more exquisite love letters to Sir Walter than any which the great novelist has produced in his novels. Was there ever a more graceful love letter than this about fixing the day? I quote it, as I owe some amends to the wives of literary men.

"If I could but really believe that my letter gave you only half the pleasure you express, I should almost think, my dearest Scott, that I should get very fond of writing merely for the pleasure to *indulge* you—that is saying a great deal. I hope you are sensible of the compliment I pay you; I don't expect I shall *always* be so pretty behaved. You may depend on me, my dearest friend, for fixing as *early* a day as I possibly can; and if it happens to be not quite so soon as you wish you must not be angry with me. It is very unlucky you are such a bad housekeeper, as I am no better. I shall try. I hope to have very soon the pleasure of seeing you, and to tell you how much I love you; but I wish the first fortnight was over. With all my love, and those sort of pretty things, adieu!

"CHARLOTTE.

"P. S. *Etudiez votre Français*. Remember, you are to teach me Italian in

return, but I shall be but a stupid scholar. *Aimez* Charlotte."

Let us take a glance at the love letters of some men eminent in the professions. And first of all, of our divines. Chalmers says, in his diary, just before he was married: "Dismissing all anticipations of heaven upon earth, may I betake myself soberly and determinedly to the duties of the married state." We hope the good wife felt flattered by this expression of Christian resignation. He was very different to another Scotch divine of almost equal eminence, who, during his honeymoon, so far anticipated events as to date his letters from "Heaven." The love letters of Whitefield are curious. He said in them that if he knew himself he was quite free from the giddy passion which the world calls love. These eminent theologians were not at all unlike Racine. He married because his confessor recommended him to marry, and thought that, in this way, he would best overcome his unfortunate proclivity for making verses. "When he was resolved to marry," says his son, "neither love nor interest had anything to do with his choice; and in so serious an affair he consulted reason only." His wife did not know the difference between poetry and prose, and never read a line of her husband's tragedies, except, perhaps, the titles. One of the briefest of theological love stories relates to the marriage of Robert Hall. He made up his mind that he would marry his servant. So he went into the kitchen and said: "Betty, do you love the Lord?" "Yes, sir," said Betty. "Betty, do you love me?" he next asked. "I hope so, master," she answered; and they were happily married.

The lawyers are a people who, as a class, seemed to have turned out very well in their love affairs. We should like to have seen the letters which Jack Scott wrote to Miss Surtees, or which that famous jurist, Judge Buller, wrote to the lassie whom he married when he was only eighteen. When Charles Yorke, afterward Chancellor Hardwick, asked a Worcestershire 'squire for the hand of his daughter, the old gentleman politely asked him about his rent-roll. The young lawyer replied that his estate consisted of "a perch of ground in Westminster Hall." Similarly, when Charles Abbot, afterward Lord Chief Justice Tenterden, was asked by a Kentish 'squire about his estates, the young pleader showed him his books in one room and his pupils in another. Both Lady Scott and Lady Tenterden were esteemed rather narrow in their housekeeping. After all, the best kind of love letter is that which a man writes to his wife, and there is at least one very sweet love letter which Abbott wrote to his wife while on circuit, with a lot of poetry in it. We have one excellent example—a love letter, which Macaulay would probably accept as an historical document, written by that noble character, the first Lord Cowper, to his sweetheart when a young templar. It is in statelier phrase than the present familiar style beginning "dearest madam," and ending, "your very humble and affectionate servant." He tells her, "I wish my thoughts that are so often with you when I am not, were not invisible; then you might save yourself the trouble of reading such like notes, and see at one view how discontented and vexed they are when I cannot wait on you. You would see how forward and impatient they grow under any other business, and I'm sure, without further apology, would excuse me and forgive my absence for their very looks." This is certainly very prettily expressed by the young templar. This is the chancellor of whom Voltaire used absurdly to say that he defended and practiced polygamy. Cowper's letters to his wife, and the journals he kept for her, show him to have been a most excellent husband. So far as we are acquainted with legal biography, it must be said that marriage answers very well for the lawyers. They seem to become keenly alive to their responsibilities, and settle down steadily to their business.

The men of science do not appear, on the whole, to have been equally happy. We should like to have seen Comte's letters to his Clotilde; but, as a rule, it is ill for a man of science to fall in love with a woman of science. Sir Humphrey Davy tells his mother, "I am the happiest of men in the hope of a union with a woman equally distinguished for virtues, talents and accomplishments."

He joyously tells his brother, "Mrs. Appreece has consented to marry me, and when the event takes place, I shall not envy kings, princes or potentates." Sir Henry Holland describes the sensation which Mrs. Appreece made in Edinburgh societies, when even a regius professor went down on his knees in the street to fasten her shoe. Nevertheless, the marriage turned out to be altogether unsuitable and unfortunate. Count Rumford, a philosopher, if ever there was one, married Madame Lavoisier, a philosopher herself, and a widow of a philosopher. Almost the first passage in a youthful note book, was, "Love is a noble passion of the mind." He was four years in courting the clever Frenchwoman. We do not know what he wrote to her before marriage, but this is the way in which he wrote *about* her afterward: "I have the misfortune to be married to one of the most imperious, tyrannical, unfeeling women that ever existed, and whose perseverance in pursuing an object is equal to her profound cunning and wickedness in framing it." He explains one of his troubles: "She goes and pours boiling water on some of my beautiful flowers;" which, we admit, was, at least, eccentric conduct on the part of the lady. Yet two very eminent living men, M. Guizot and Sir Henry Holland, knew her, and indeed speak very kindly of her memory. M. Guizot's own marriage was under sufficiently remarkable circumstances. He gained his wife's heart by writing anonymous articles in a periodical for her when she was laid up, and these litter of papers might be regarded as a novel species of love letters.

We have no love letters of Pascal's, but we strongly think the author of *Provincial Letters* must have written the best love letters of all. But it is interesting to find that this incomparable logician and philosopher had given the subject his most serious consideration. M. Victor Cousird discovered among the MSS. of the Abbey of St. Germain de Près, a manuscript of Pascal's called "A Discourse on the Passions of Love." The work leaves no doubt that Pascal was very much in love, and his biographers have spun a very lively romance out of the discovery of this manuscript. But unless it was the sister of his friend, the Duc de Rohan, whose story is the most tragic of all the stories of Port Royal, conjecture must otherwise be silent. Pascal has just one remark which looks autobiographical: "When one loves a lady of unequal rank, ambition may accompany the beginning of love; but in a little while the latter becomes the master. He is a tyrant who endures no compassion; he will be alone; all the passions must bend and obey him. . . . Man by himself is an imperfect thing; to be happy he needs to find a second. He often searches for this in a condition of life equal to his own, because the liberty and opportunity of declaring himself are there most easily to be met with. Nevertheless, we sometimes look far above ourselves and feel the fire increase, although we dare not confess it to her who is its cause. . . . a high friendship fills the heart of man much more completely than a common or equal one." So Pascal seems to have felt

> The desire of the moth to the star,
> Of the day to the morrow;
> The devotion to somethiug afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow.

It is something not uncommon in the history of eminent men. An Addison woos a countess for fifteen years and then discovers that she was not worth the wooing. It is to be wished that we knew more of the love affairs of our great men. The knowledge would explain history to a greater extent than even Lord Macaulay could conceive possible. Now and then we obtain the glimpses of love letters, but, as a rule, we seldom obtain access to those deeper founts of feeling and far-concealed springs of action.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

SILENCE is golden—speech is silvery!
Silence is steadfast—speech is ever flying!
Speech is a sea of murmurous silver, lying
'Mid the golden silence of eternity.
Spirit to spirit speaks not as do we:
Words are but echoes on earth's air soon dying!
The moaning of the billows, and the sighing
Of lonely winds across Time's restless sea!

The heavens are higher than these sounds can soar!
An infinite of silence round us lies,
In which all voices die for evermore!
Yet will a mute expression reach the skies—
Heav'n's gift to earth! untaught of human lore—
The golden silent language of the eyes!

Dark Blue.

AN EPISODE OF THE TERROR.

"Glückselig ist wer Liebe rein geniesst,
Weil doch zuletzt das Grab so Lieb' als Hass verschliesst."—GOETHE.

PRAIRIAL, year 2. The red fool fury of the Seine was at its height. It was the time which stands distinct in human history as the Reign of Terror. French demoniac frenzy reveled in its saturnalia of vengeance.

The eighteen prisons of Paris were choked with more than twelve thousand prisoners. Since May no account had been kept of the number guillotined. Indictments had ceased to have so much as plausibility. Denunciation was death. Fouquier-Tinville sat in permanence. He snatched his meals at the table on which he signed the sentences of death; he slept upon a mattress in the revolutionary tribunal; he allowed himself no rest; he kept blank indictments ready, which were afterward filled up with names. He sentenced in batches the *fournées* of the Revolution. His mind, he said, was so troubled with horror, that it seemed to him, as it had seemed to Danton, that the Seine rolled in blood.

Indefatigable as he was, Fouquier-Tinville alone could not overtake his work. The decree of the twenty-second prairial, which gave extension to the law of the Suspect, rendered necessary the creation of four similar revolutionary tribunals, each to have its own president, all to labor at once, without formalities, and so to execute satisfactorily the vengeance of the Republic. Fouquier-Tinville's scheme of a guillotine of improved velocity, to work under cover in an apartment adjoining the tribunal itself, was not approved, as the Committee of Public Safety desired to awaken the jaded feeling of the people by the imposing spectacle of one hundred and fifty heads falling daily and in public.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of the neighborhood of the Place de la Revolution sickened at the frequency of the executions; and the guillotine was ultimately shifted to the suburbs Saint Antoine and Saint Marceau, in order that those quarters might enjoy a sight so dear to a virtuous and republican people. Daily the death-tumbrils rolled through streets crowded with fierce, cruel, haggard faces, fiendish with the frenzy of blind national revenge, and characteristic with the hate and the suspicion of a pitiless time. As they emerged from the prisons to enter the death carts, the victims were met by the public insulters, male and female, who accompanied them throughout that long journey of agony with brutal jibes, and taunts, and execrations, which only cease as the critical *tricoteuses* watched gleefully the rapid falling of Sanson's fatal ax.

In the city of terror the accursed *Mouton* pursued his trade of informer and of denouncer of aristocrats. In the prisons the same creature, disguised as a prisoner, acted as spy, and detected real or denounced pretended plots in the prison. Neither age or sex, nor infancy, nor innocence escaped accusation, and accusation meant almost certain death. Some suffered for being rich, others for being poor; one died for an opinion, another for his silence; some suffered for not having adored Marat, others for having regretted the Girondins. Life was wholly insecure. In revolutions, as Danton said when he fell before Robespierre, victory remains with the most wicked; and never, since man swayed power on earth, was there a more wicked time—shortlived as such wickedness necessarily was—than the month of Prairial, in the year 2 of the French Republic, during the Revolution's awful reign of Terror.

In the department of the Loire Inférieure, in the country not very many miles from the city of Nantes, the family of De Rougeville had for very many generations inhabited their fine old chateau. The cadets of the house invariably entered the army. The family belonged to that class of the French provincial nobility which live upon its estates, and was generally beloved in its own neighborhood. Not far from the De Rougeville's lived the family of the old Counts La Roque, and the two houses had long

lived upon a footing of intimacy which had been cemented by intermarriage. During the sadness and the terror of the revolution, Victor De Rougeville, the heir of his house, married Lucile, the only daughter of the Count La Roque. Theirs had been a long boy and girl love, dating from childhood, and deepening with time. When Lucile's father died; M. De Rougeville hastened to give to the woman he loved, and who was left unprotected, the shelter of his name and home. Lucile was the most beautiful girl in the province, and was ardent, gentle, and pure. The young lovers were tenderly attached, but the troubles which deepened and darkened round the French *noblesse* did not fail to affect M. and Madame de Rougeville, whose sympathies were naturally with royalty and with their order, and who had relatives and friends in the camp of the emigration. They continued to live upon their estate until the arrival in Nantes of Representative Carrier, with his "Company of Marat," and his portable guillotine, in 1793. In spite of their local popularity, the De Rougevilles were soon denounced to the butcher Carrier as aristocrats and enemies of the people. Victor, however, received from a friendly hand timely notice of his danger, and he had just time to save the lives of his wife and himself by a precipitate flight in disguise. He was proscribed, and his estates confiscated by Carrier.

It was, however, too dangerous for a couple so ostensibly aristocratic to remain together. The whole country was one spy, and pity for, or fidelity to, aristocrats were rare. With many tears Victor and Lucile separated. He found at first a temporary shelter with a small farmer, who to old feudal loyalty added a strong personal attachment to the descendant of an ancient house; but Victor dared not remain long in the neghborhood of Nantes, and was soon compelled to fly, after a narrow escape from detection and arrest. The whole air was tainted with suspicion, and every footfall was a step taken in danger. Under various disguises, M. De Rougeville frequently changed his place of residence. Sometimes he met with sympathy and shelter, but his life was lonely, harassed, and hunted. Lucile succeeded in reaching Paris, and there found a refuge amongst friends and connections of the aristocratic colony of the Faubourg St. Germain. While there, she gave birth to a daughter, who, however, lived but a few hours. M. De Rougeville did not dare to come to Paris. Apart from his own risk, he feared to increase the danger of detection for his wife. Correspondence between them was hazardous and uncertain. It had to be carried on under feigned names, and their letters were carefully worded to avoid suspicion; but still husband and wife did manage to communicate with each other, though rarely and at long intervals, and Victor was hiding in Rouen when he received the news of the birth and death of his first child, and heard of the illness, and then of the recovery, of the dear wife from whom he was separated so hopelessly and sadly. It was a terrible time of suspense and sorrow. Each weary day broke in doubt and dragged on in danger. Detection and denunciation might come at any moment, and an aristocrat in the "Terror" lived and moved with life attended ever by the specters of the dungeon and the guillotine.

In one dreadful night the whole Royalist colony of the Faubourg St. Germain, comprising three hundred families, was seized, and its members were distributed among the eighteen prisons of Paris. Once more Madame De Rougeville escaped. A poor woman, to whom the kindly lady had shown some kindness, succeeded in hiding her benefactress until the search was over. Madame De Rougeville then found an asylum in that obscure quarter of Paris which is shaded by the towers of St. Sulpice. There, in the Rue Servandoni, a poor widow, one Madame Vernet, gladly sheltered the unfortunate. But Madame De Rougeville was still in danger. Her beauty and fine manners marked her unmistakably an aristocrat. She seldom went out. Living in an attic, the gentle lady descended to take her repast, as a guest, at the table of her hostess. Unfortunately a Montagnard, a member of the convention, whom Madame Vernet dared not refuse as a lodger, came to live in the house. At first he was discreet and generous. Whatever he might suspect, he affected to notice nothing, and the first fears of

Madame Vernet and of Madame De Rougeville were allayed. Soon, however, he became attracted by the great beauty of the fair inmate. He sought opportunites of meeting her on the staircase, or of speaking to her in Madame Vernet's room.

At length he declared a passion for the fair and sorrowful young wife. He was a man who had swallowed all formulas, and was superior to any prejudice. Marriage he regarded as an enslaving superstition which had been exploded by the goddess of reason; and he proposed to Madame De Rougeville the enlightened and ecstatic position of his mistress. Meeting with a repulse as decided as the poor hunted lady dared to make it—for it was not a light thing during the "Terror" for an aristocrat to offend a Montagnard member of the convention—he commenced a persecution which was designed to convince her reason while it inflamed her passions.

He insisted upon lending her Hébert's obscene and sanguinary "Père Duchesne." He redoubled his attentions, and declaimed more vehemently in support of his theories. Appeals to his generosity were naturally futile. In terror for her own life, and still more for that of her husband, the wretched lady temporized while seeking to avoid her ruthless wooer; or when it was impossible to escape a meeting, endeavored to move his compassion or to stir his sense of honor. She dared not fly, for she knew of no other refuge in Paris. All her efforts to soften the Montagnard were vain, and she lived for some time a life of terror and misery; until at length her fierce admirer, weary of what he regarded as silly scruples, pressed his attentions so brutally that the outraged wife was driven to desperation, and repulsed the Montagnard with a trembling passion of hatred and of scorn. Thus baffled, the feeling of the terrible lover changed from the desire of obtaining a beautiful woman into a sullen and implacable malignity. He seemed to desist from his importunities, and the two women hoped and believed that the danger was past; but, though he hesitated himself to denounce and to sacrifice a woman so friendless, so gentle, and so fair, he soon and easily found means—means easily discoverable in Prairial, year 2—to render his victim amenable to Couthon's famous decree for the extension of the Law of the Suspect.

In the neighborhood of the Rue Servandoni lived a concierge who was one of the *Moutons* of Robespierre, while his wife was one of the *tricoteuses* of the guillotine. The Montagnard took steps to draw the attention of the *tricoteuse* to Madame De Rougeville when that lady took one of her rare evening walks. Madame De Rougeville wore none of the exterior signs of patriotism which, either from sympathy with, or in dread of, the Revolution were so generally adopted by the women of Paris during the "Terror." The Montagnard, himself unseen, jestingly pointed out to the *tricoteuse* a young lady who did not look like a good patriot, and then took his leave. His work was done. The instinct of the fury of the Revolution detected an aristocrat in the quiet lady who, accompanied by Madame Vernet, was walking timidly along the terror-laden streets. The *tricoteuse* confronted and stood abruptly opposite the poor lady, who shrank before the fierce and baleful eyes out of which glared hatred and suspicion.

"Ho! ho! my pretty citizeness," began the woman of the Revolution, in a loud raucous voice, "have you been today at the Place de la Revolution? A fine sight for a true patriot! Jourdan Coup-tête sent fifty-four heads of the accursed aristocrats to *eternuer dans le sac.* A fine sight. There was one fellow so old that he could hardly crawl up the steps, and the headsman had to carry him. He was a marquis once—ha! ha! There was a lad of twelve, who wanted no razor but the national one. One young fellow was very brave and handsome. His turn came last, and he had almost as fine a sight as we had. You were not there? And you wear no cockade—no sash? H'm. There were some young women, too, in the cart—young and pretty, like you, citizeness; for I promise you that I suspect you. You are no true patriot, I see. Well, well, your turn may come, pretty one! and we shall see how you will behave. Good-night! Take care, citizeness. Aristocrate!"

During this sinister address Madame Rogueville leaned, trembling, upon her

companion. She recoiled, at first in disgust, afterward in terror, from the unsexed incarnation of the fiendish frenzy of French popular vengeance. The pale, fair face of the lady, beautiful in its sorrow and its fear, contrasted strongly with the sallow demoniac countenance of the *tricoteuse*, on which the working passions of hatred and of revenge had lined fierce furrows. Lucile's blue eyes, opened widely in astonishment and dread, were fixed intently on those dark, evil eyes, in the blackness of which was mixed a tint of lurid redness, which seemed to be engendered by much gazing upon blood. The nostrils of the woman of the guillotine were dilated as if they scented blood. Madame De Rougeville remained wholly silent until the *tricoteuse* ceased to speak. The last word, "Aristocrate!" was hissed out in a menacing, fierce whisper; and then the eyes of the vengeance and the victim unlocked themselves from their fixed and steady glance. The woman of the people strode rapidly away, and Lucile clung, with a shudder, to the arm of Madame Vernet, who, better than herself, realized the full extent of danger, possibly to both, but certainly to the lady that she had sheltered so long, and whom she loved so well. Their home seemed no longer a refuge, but the two women, terrified and depressed, stole silently back; and Madame De Rougeville, whose life was now distinctly threatened by a danger which might at any moment assume the ghastly reality of denunciation, felt for the first time the full horror of the "Terror."

The two or three following days were passed by Madame De Rougeville and by Madame Vernet in deadful anxiety. Madame Vernet did not so much apprehend danger for herself, but felt certain that the lady to whom she became day by day more attached was in the greatest peril. Madame De Rougeville, who knew less of the system under which the suspected could be denounced, became somewhat reassured after three days had passed without disturbance.

On the night of the fourth day the arrest came. The two women were together in the room of Madame Vernet. The landlady was sewing, and Madame De Rougeville had been writing to her husband one of those letters which formed the consolation of their separation, when the emissaries of the convention came. By the dim light of a candle the terrified women looked upon the dreaded death messengers. There were four, but they seemed to fill the little room. One, the leader, wore a cocked hat over the lank long hair which fell down on the high collar of his uniform coat. A tricolor sash surrounded his waist, and his saber clanked as he moved. The others were common ruffians, carrying pikes and wearing the bonnet rouge. There was an awful silence for a moment, during which the women could almost hear the beating of their hearts, while the leader looked from the one to the other. He soon recognized his prey, and then his hoarse and husky voice broke the hush of silence: "I come in the name of the Republic to arrest the Citoyenne De Rougeville, denounced to the committee of public safety as a suspected person and an aristocrat."

The two women clung to each other, weeping passionately. Madame Vernet implored, frantically, the mercy of the emissaries. Madame De Rougeville regained composure, and treated her captors with modest dignity. They allowed her to take with her a few necessaries, and Madame Vernet contrived to convey to her a small sum of money. As the women embraced for what Madame Vernet knew was the last time, Madame De Rougeville whispered: "No word to Victor; send off my letter; he will know all soon enough. Do not let him endanger himself by coming to Paris." The leader of the band cut short all further communication, and Madame De Rougeville, caught at last in the actual death-mesh of the Revolution, passed out into the dark night with her terrible escort.

The Montagnard lodger was not at home when the arrest was made. When poor, distracted Madame Vernet told him, he seemed surprised. In answer to her prayers for his intercession, he replied coldly that "The Republic must strike its enemies, and purge the earth of aristocrats and enemies of the virtuous people."

Madame Vernet, notwithstanding Lucile's prohibition, at once wrote the news

of his wife's arrest to M. De Rougeville. She inclosed Lucile's letter, and sent both off to the husband, addressed to him, under his assumed name, at his place of concealment at Rouen. But it was uncertain when a letter might reach him, and Madame Vernet feared that he might receive it only when the wife of his youth and love should be no more. M. De Rougeville was himself proscribed, and his arrest meant his certain and speedy death. The kind-hearted shelterer of misfortune remained inconsolable, and tortured by doubt and sorrow.

Madame De Rougeville was at first imprisoned in the Abbaye, but was removed, after two or three days, to the Conciergerie. This gloomiest of prisons formed a subterranean edifice beneath the Palais de Justice of the Republic, which was the ancient palace of St. Louis. Prisoners descended from the level and the light of day into the somber vaults or the tomb-like prison. The wash of the Seine against its bridges, the rolling of carriages along the quay, the hollow thunder of the vast crowd which, during the day, thronged the tribunal of the upper floor—such were the sounds which echoed through the dim, damp darkness of the corridors and cells of the terrible Conciergerie. Massive pillars, low vaults, arches, quaint sculpture, cloistered passages, attested the Gothic origin of the old palace of feudalism. A row of rough oaken doors, fastening with iron bands, heavy locks, and massive bolts, opened into the cells of the prisoners, the floor of which descended three steps below the level of the passage. The stone of the corridors—dark gray, and cold—glistened with perpetual humidity. Some cells had behind them second cells, yet lower, darker and more sepulchral. Small windows, blurred with heavy iron interwoven bars, borrowed from the level of the street a small square of air and of light. Amid the arcades of the cloister was a court, which formed the promenade of the prisoners; while one large, dark, bare room was used as their common day apartment. A tomb before death, the Conciergerie was but a fatal ante-chamber to the guillotine and the grave.

Young and fair, gently nurtured and tender, unhappy and alone, Madame De Rougeville found herself by night the solitary occupant of one of those terrible cells, while her days began to share the life of the community of misfortune in the common apartment. Her innocence availed her nothing, except to intensify grief. It could not secure safety. She longed to communicate with her husband; to, at least, see him once again before her death; but she dared not expose him to the almost certain danger of a visit to Paris. Meanwhile the days rolled on. Life was a daily uncertainty; but, day by day, as the turnkey chalked on the doors a list of the morrow's *fournée*, her name came not. The act of accusation seemed to linger. Each day brought a fresh crop of prisoners; each day a batch left the prison for the Revolutionary Tribunal; each day another batch passed through the wickets, amid the hoarse roar of the savage crowd, to the tumbrils and the scaffold. Friendships, and even courtships, sprang up in that strange common room. Human sociability became intensified by common misfortune. Some remained but a day in the Conciergerie; others, apparently forgotten, lingered for uncertain periods. It was not, indeed, wished by the committee that more than eighty should be executed in one day. Experience had shown that a larger number caused inconvenience to public business, nor could a virtuous republic make unreasonable demands upon the time or the health of its executioners. Each day brought its agony of expectation as the list of the *fournées* arrived and were proclaimed; each day brought its agony of certainty as the condemned left the prison.

Madame De Rougeville's gentleness and beauty soon gained for her a friend in the wife of the concierge of the prison, Madame Bault; and, through the kindness of her gaoler, she found means to write to Madame Vernet, who was still left unmolested in the Rue Servandoni. The Montagnard, who sacrificed Madame De Rougeville, saved Madame Vernet. The *Mouton* Jacques, August-Tenth, was ordered not to denounce the shelterer of aristocrats, in whose house the Montagnard still lodged.

Meanwhile the death-mesh allured another victim. M. De Rougeville received the letter of Madame Vernet. He

instantly started for Paris, determined to risk all to see his wife. One evening a man disguised as a patriot workman presented himself in the Rue Servandoni. It was M. De Rougeville. He learned that his wife still lived, and was in the Conciergerie, but Madame Vernet could not suggest any plan by which he could obtain an interview. Whilst they were speaking, the Montagnard returned. He appeared to take no notice of the workman, who, however, immediately left the house. The Montagnard shortly afterward went out. M. De Rougeville, tortured with anxiety for his wife, walked about restlessly on the quays near the Palais de Justice, beneath which his Lucile, weeping in her lonely cell, was thinking of and praying for him. He touched the cold, rough stones of the walls beneath which she lay immured. She thought him far away in Rouen; she yearned for his presence, but gloried in his supposed safety, and wondered how he would bear the news which any day might reach him. She had written him a letter of farewell, which she had entrusted to Madame Bault to be sent to her husband after her death. Little did she guess, as she looked upward, through tear-blinded eyes, at the little square patch of dim night at the top of the cruel cell, that he—the husband of her youth and love—stood within a few feet of her, as unhappy for her as she was for him; stood there, not safe, but in as great—aye, in even greater danger than she herself was.

Though it was summer the night was wild, and the fitful wind was high. The clouds tore swiftly across the troubled sky. The moon occasionally shone for a moment through the hurrying cloud-drift on the gleaming river and on the shadowy houses, and then again her light seemed snatched away. The fever in his blood, the agitation in his mind, rendered M. de Rougeville as restless as was the unquiet sky. He crossed the river, pausing upon the bridge to look upward on the wind-scourged wrack. To him, as it did to Danton, the river seemed to flow in blood.

He had, however, a shelter to seek. Ignorant of any but of those parts of Paris in which his order had lived, this was to him a matter of difficulty. He entered a second-rate wine-shop, which combined with that trade the character of a small hotel. Here he secured a room in his assumed character of workman. The hostess looked at him suspiciously, but granted his request. As he sat in the dingy, common room of the cabaret, trying to eat some supper, five or six rough, vile looking citizens of the true patriot type entered. They began playing cards and drinking brandy. Amid oaths, obscenities, and hideous blasphemies, they narrated, with horrible glee, the details of the trials and of the executions of the day. Presently they addressed M. De Rougeville. They invited him to join their game, and demanded of him sympathy with their sentiments. He tried to excuse himself—too politely for his assumed character. They insisted, and M. De Rougeville, naturally impetuous, and somewhat haughty and imperious in manner, declined positively to associate with them. Then ensued a sort of confused quarrel, a hubbub of talking voices, from one of which was heard the ominous word "aristocrat," while the shrill voice of the landlady expressed her suspicions. Then came a hurried scuffle, and an attempt to seize and search M. De Rougeville, who resisted desperately, as a person suspect to patriots. On him was found a small copy of Horace—a damning proof of want of patriotism; and amid the confusion, while the ruffians were binding their prisoner, a voice said quietly, "Citizens, you have done well; your instincts have led you right. You have arrested M. De Rougeville, proscribed by the Republic at Nantes. He is royalist, aristocrat, traitor, enemy of the people. He is out of the law; he only needs identification. Bring him to the House of Detention. His wife is in the Conciergerie, and their guilty heads shall fall together before the sovereign majesty of the people."

The speaker was Jacques August-Tenth. The prisoner was triumphantly secured, and was rapidly borne away by his captors.

The next morning he was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The hoarse yells of the gallery condemned so palpable an aristocrat before the judge could complete his formalities. The accused bore himself proudly and firmly,

and scornfully surveyed the raging mob. He was soon denounced, identified, sentenced. Death within four-and-twenty hours was the award of Fouquier-Tinville.

As the doomed man was escorted to the Conciergerie his mind revolved incessantly one terrible question. Could he, would it be possible to conceal his fate from Lucile, who could know nothing of his arrest? Should he have strength, even if he could succeed in concealing from her his condemnation, to pass to death, knowing that she was in the same prison, without speaking to her—without a last embrace, a last farewell? The question was idle; she seemed to be waiting for him, and saw him as he entered the goal.

Victor and Lucile were thus re-united in the Conciergerie and in the shadow of death. He was but four-and-twenty, she but twenty years of age. His only crime consisted in belonging to an order into which he was born. Her pure and tender life had been one grace and benefit to every human being that had seen and known her. They were so noble and so young; they loved so fondly and so well; life, had it been granted to them, seemed to hold a prospect of so much happiness; and yet, enmeshed in the terrible entity which men called Revolution, they sat there, hand in hand, for the last day that they should ever pass together.

The other prisoners respected their great sorrow and greater love. One corner of the common room was left to the married lovers. They recalled the tender memories of their past love, they reminded each other of scenes and incidents in their youth and passion. Each was brave for the other. Lucile's only regret was that they could not die together. Victor hoped that she might yet be spared; she believed, and believed with joy, that she should soon follow.

That evening, as they were removed to their separate cells for the night—for his last night on earth—a note was put into the hand of Lucile. It was from the Montagnard. He offered, if she would marry him, to save her life. If she accepted, she was to send an answer that night. If no answer were then sent she should surely die. "I offer life or death," said the brief billet; "but do not mistake me. I am not to be played with. If you do not accept, I give you as a sacrifice to the justice of the Republic."

Lucile crumpled up the note and threw it from her into the darkness of the cell. She hardly regarded that part which spoke of life; but the prospect of near and certain death, of soon following Victor to heaven, filled her with peace and joy. She felt certain that they could not be long divided.

Victor wished to spare Lucile the pang of the last parting on the fatal morrow. He induced Madame Bault to promise to leave his wife's cell locked until the tumbrils should have left the prison; but the kind gaoler could not resist the young wife's tears and prayers, and there, in the early morning, in the long stone corridor below the grate of Victor's cell, stood Lucile. They could not see each other, but they could speak together. She could not quite reach his hand, which stretched out between the iron bars of the grate.

Soon the prison was all astir. Many were to die that morning. The tumbrils and the populace waited at the gate. The horsemen who were to escort the carts to the scaffold chatted and smoked their pipes. In the prison, gaolers and headsmen were busy. The arms of the condemned were bound, the long hair was shorn to the shortness required for the ax. As each cartful of condemned was ready, it was marched off into its tumbril; and the terrible roar of the crowd, mingled with the shrill screams and laughter of the *insulteuses*, pierced into the prison whenever the wickets were opened to let out another batch. Victor was left to the last. As Sanson and his assistants approached the cell, a great heartburst of agony broke from poor Lucile. "Husband! love! soon, soon we meet again!" The key of the executioner grated in the lock—a moment, and he would come forth. A blanched stupor of horror and of agony beyond the human endurance, numbed all the senses of the fond young wife, and, in a merciful swoon, she fell heavily upon the stone pavement. "Better so!" muttered Victor, as he pressed one long kiss upon the insensible pale lips, and then hurried on lest she should return to consciousness before he

was gone. The door was opened, and a flood of light grayed into the long corridor and the dim prison. He ascended the steps to the street. The air blew fresh, and the light revived him. The crowd, the hootings and roars, nerved him and braced his soldier courage. For him the bitterness of death was past, and he rode onward to the scaffold, and passed out of life like a proud, brave man, for whom all dread has ended.

Some of her fellow-prisoners and Madame Bault tended poor Lucile through that most wretched day. When the list of the next day's accusation came, and she saw her name written in chalk upon the door of her cell, she became calm, and even happy. On the next day she was tried. Clad in white, with a black silk scarf crossed upon her bosom and fastened round her waist, her bright fair hair flowing loose to her girdle, her color heightened and her eyes strangely radiant, she went, in a sort of tremulous triumph, to the murder-bar of the revolution. Never, since Madame Roland stood there, had the Tribunal seen such a vision. A murmur, of doubtful import—half revolutionary fury, half involuntary admiration—ran through the galleries. Amid all the crimes committed, O Liberty! in thy name, none could be greater than the sacrifice to popular demoniac fury of a woman so pure, so tender, and so innocent. She answered all questions modestly and laconically. Her soft, clear, feminine voice produced a kind of sympathy in the court. Fouquier-Tinville felt the sympathy, and, not unwilling to spare such a victim, suggested answers which might tend to save her. It appeared, too, that she had been anonymously denounced. But she repelled all efforts to let her escape. She not only accepted, but she desired death. Once, at a movement in the court, she looked round, and then she saw the Montagnard, with a haggard pallor on his anxious, sallow face. He held up a warning finger to caution her against the imprudence of her answers; but she persisted. She declared her wish to join her murdered husband; she avowed that she had loved the Queen; she admitted that she was an aristocrat. At the mention of the Queen, a hoarse ominous growl ran through the gallery. Sympathy with the "Widow Capel" was fatal, and Fouquier-Tinville felt that his chance of showing mercy was gone. Her doom was soon pronounced. As she left the Tribunal once more she murmured, "O husband! love! soon, soon I come." She entered the prison with a quick step. To the inquiries of those who crowded round, she answered with the usual sign of the uplifted finger. She seemed happy, even joyful. One night only divided her from Victor. She confessed to a Constitutional priest, who, in lay clothes, was tolerated in the Conciergerie. She refused the offer of Madame Bault to pass the night with her in her cell; she was happy, quite happy, she said, and should sleep well. To her youth, so full of life, death had no terror.

The next morning came. She seemed sublimed to a kind of rapture. She spoke little, but said a few kindly words to those who, weeping, bid her farewell. She gave her last ornament to Madame Bault, and submitted, with cheerful quiet, to have her long golden locks cut off, and her fair arms bound. Passing out of the wicket, she quailed for a moment under the insults of the women and the roar of the surging crowd. The *tricoteuse*, who had once threatened her, was there, mocking and jeering at the fair young creature who was beyond her power, because so glad to die.

The long agony of the transit through the brutal streets to the Place de la Revolution did not dismay her. She seemed lifted above the consciousness of surrounding things by an inner ecstasy which transcended the suffering of the hour. In the cart with her was an old man, very ill and feeble. His arms being bound, he could not maintain his position, and the mob laughed loudly to see him fall and weep. Lucile sustained his white head upon her knees, and, forgetting herself, spoke to him words of comfort and of hope. A young noble, who had been her fellow-prisoner, and who went to death gaily and defiantly, regarded her with undisguised admiration. Her fellow-sufferers all looked to her for the inspiration of courage and of calm. The tumbrils reached the scaffold. She gazed for a second at the blade of the ax which, bright and sunny though the summer

morning was, gleamed dull and cruel, dim with much shearing through necks, worn with much sharpening, and discolored with dark stains of blood. She had arrived in the last of the tumbrils. Sanson usually beheaded women first; but she begged to be left to the last, in order that no other might have the pain of waiting so long and of witnessing so much horror. She said a few kindly words of farewell to each of her companions that left her to mount the steps of the guillotine; she comforted the old man to the last. All were gone, and after about an hour of waiting, her turn came. Murmuring, "husband, husband I come!" she rapidly ascended the steps. The heavy blade descended, the hard steel tore sharply through the white soft neck—and the wife had her wish and had rejoined her husband. The Revolution, as Vergniaud said, Saturn like, devoured its own children. The Montagnard denouncer went the common way. His fate had one feature of peculiar bitterness. He was executed on the ninth Thermidor, when Robespierre had fallen from power, and when, in consequence, the "Terror" was at an end. As the tumbrils which contained its last *fournèes* rolled onward to the Barriére du Trone, the people in the streets of Saint Antoine shouted to the condemned that Robespierre had fallen, and tried to save the last victims of his reign. The Montagnard made frantic efforts; he appealed passionately to the people for help, for life; he recited his services and his sufferings for the Revolution. It seemed for one moment—a moment of unspeakable anxiety to the Montagnard—that the mob would save the last death-batch of the "Terror." His maddened shrieks for life died away, stifled in the hoarseness of despair, as Black Henriot, waving his saber, and calling on the mounted escort, charged, and drove back the surging mob. Henriot succeeded in delivering to Sanson the tale of 70 heads, but the wretched Montagnard seemed more dead than alive as he was hurried up the steps of the guillotine. In that terrible instant, in which a gleam of hope for his life shone vainly upon the Montagnard, Lucile and Victor were perhaps avenged.

Jacques August-Tenth and his *tricoteuse* wife perished on Vendémiaire 13th, when Citizen Buonaparte, with a whiff of grape shot, blew the life out of the sansculottism of the Revolution, as it stood at bay, in its last effort against the counter-revolution, under Lepelletier, in the Church of St. Roch.

After Vendémiaire came a time in which the "Terror" was execrated and its many victims mourned. At the *Bals á Victime* crape on the left arm was worn by many in sorrowing sympathy for the fate of Lucile and of Victor: and, reader, we too may mourn them still. They were the lesser natures for whom, even when most innocent, it is very dangerous to come between the fell pass and incensed points of mighty opposites. They stood, in their helpless innocence, between the opponents in the terrible struggle that ensued when the long misrule of effete authority was supplanted by sanguinary French anarchy. They, with so many others, were victims of that great conflict; but the pathos of their fate is not on that account the less. They were caught up and whirled round to death, in the maelstrom of the revolution. Lucile was a rare and ideal woman; a woman with the balanced beauty of the soul and frame. How fair, how tender, and how good she was! Like Posthumous, her young husband seems to us ennobled by the high love of his wife. She makes him beautiful, as the moon hallows the earth. Beauty and courage, united by such tender love, pass, in the prime and glory of their radiant youth, to death, through the red frame of the hideous guillotine. Sorrow and suffering end there. Born in another, and a happier time, we had, perhaps, met them, joyous and joy-giving, as types of happiness and of charm; but, chancing to be placed in the mad, fever time of the Revolution, we see them in the stony gray of dungeons, and we part with them when fate has led them to her fatal scaffold. And shall not we, too, O, reader, mourn, if it be but for a moment, in these far-removed times, the sad and early deaths of these victims of the "Terror?"

H. SCHUTZ-WILSON.

AN image of gold is sure of worshipers, if it be only a golden calf.

Temple Bar.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "COMETH UP AS A FLOWER," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

If I imagine that Lenore's composed cheerfulness and equable serenity are the result of a strain so strong as to be unable to be kept up beyond one evening, I am mistaken. I find her the same the next morning, and the morning after that, and the morning after *that*. She talks more than usual: ordinarily indeed, she is too lazy to take the trouble of talking merely for the sake of contributing her share to the general stock that forms family conversation, but now she talks resolutely to any one who will talk to her. She lounges away less time than usual in her own room; always she is to be seen in the general sitting-rooms, by all comers and goers, working and reading tranquilly. She drives out with Sylvia to pay morning calls; she walks out with me into the village, carrying broth and jelly. Sometimes I try to surprise her face *off guard*, to see her features fall into the haggard lines of hopeless angry grief in which I saw them so lately; but I fail; her face seems to be never in dishabille. She actually *plays with the children!*—gambols which, I confess, remind me of the millennium, when, we are told, the weaned child shall play on the cockatrice's den. On the third day I am sitting pondering these things in the drawing-room, which Lenore has just left with a light and buoyant tread. Sylvia, with one of her spasmodic fits of maternity upon her, is trying, with alternate peevish coaxings and caressing abuse, to lead, or rather push, pull, and mildly flagellate her offspring along the rosy path of learning. In this case, it is theological learning, as represented by the "Peep of Day." Bobby is leaning against her knee, while in the corner—why such peculiar ignominy should attach to the corners of a room tradition saith not—stands Tommy, committing to memory these soothing lines—

> "Now if I fight
> And scratch and bite,
> In passions fall
> And bad names call,
> Full well I know
> Where I shall go."

Now and again, as the thought of the gloomy regions whither his iniquities are hurrying him comes home to his mind, he blubbers suppressedly. What amplest enlargement on the horrors of hell could equal that portentous hint—

> "Full well I know
> Where I shall go?"

Sylvia to Bobby: "Has God been kind to dogs?"

Bobby to Sylvia, doubtfully: "Ye-es."

His round eyes are fixed on Toby the pug, basking in the fire warmth, and chasing the lively flea through the preserves of his soft fawn hind-quarters, and his mind is wandering from the typical dog of the fable to the *actual* dog of real life.

"Is the dog's body like yours?"

Bobby (thinking it safe to stick to the affirmative): "Yes."

"*The dog's body like yours!* What are you thinking of, child? Are *you* covered all over with black hair, and have you got a big bushy tail?"

Bobby glances down uncertainly at his small person, but seeing no caudal appendage, shakes his head.

"Are the chicken's legs like yours?"

Silence.

Mrs. Prodgers is reduced to answering herself from the enlightened page before her: "No, the chicken has very thin dark legs."

Bobby does not appear sufficiently impressed with gratitude for the essential difference between his own fat chubby supporters and those of the benighted chicken. He is still watching Toby, who has abandoned the flea chase, and runs barking toward the door.

"Mother, dear, there is a ring at the door-bell."

Prospect of emancipation, and consequent elation of tone.

"Nonsense, darling; attend to your lesson. Has a pig a ——"

Whether the next word was soul or

ail, gizzard or imagination, transpires not.

"But there was, *really*, mother. I hear Morris going to open the hall door."

Mrs. Prodgers listens. "So there is!"

She jumps up hastily, while the "Peep of Day," with all its mingled treasures of piety and natural history, rolls unregarded on the floor, as she stands before the pier-glass, tweaking the black ribbon bow that ornaments her head, and smoothing away the hair behind her ears. By the time the butler's solid footstep is heard nearing the room she is *à quatre épingles*. The door opens: "Mr. Scrope." My mouth opens too; my jaw falls. The stocking I am knitting tumbles into my lap.

"*Charlie!*" cries Sylvia, with a little scream, half real, half affected, of surprise, running forward with her hands clasped.

Mr. Scrope enters, looking rather sheepish and somewhat disheveled. There are black marks under his eyes; his yellow curls are tossed and dim; he looks unslept and night traveled.

"You did not expect to see me, did you?" he says, with a rather embarrassed laugh. "Thought you had got me clear off—that you were rid of me at last? But you see I have turned up again, like a bad sixpence."

"It *is* a surprise, of course," answers Sylvia, looking modestly down, and fondling Bobby; "but—but *quite* a pleasant one. We were getting to hate each other, as only two sisters *tête a tête* can; were not we, Jemima.

His face falls.

"*Two* sisters?"

Nobody explains: I, from malice, Sylvia from preoccupation.

"The fact is," continues Scrope, seeing that some explanation is looked for from him, "that I—that I thought—in fact, I found that I could get away a day two, so I thought I would run down and look you all up."

"Why did not you telegraph? Why not write? I would have sent to meet you?" asks Sylvia, raising her bashful eyes. "What scatterbrained things men are!"

He does not heed her; his eyes are wandering round the room.

"Are you looking for Lenore?" I ask, in a matter-of-fact voice. "She is in the library, writing letters. I will tell her you are here."

"Do not," he cries, eagerly, almost pushing me back into my chair. "I will not give you the trouble; I will go and find her myself."

"How *very* extraordinary!" says Sylvia, as the door closes upon him, smiling consciously, and leaning her elbow on the mantel-piece. "What *can* have brought him back? I have not the least idea; have you, Jemima? Poor, dear old boy, how pale he looked! I was *so* glad you were in the room. By-the-by, did I get very red? I felt as if I were turning all the colors of the rainbow."

"I do not know; I dare say."

"*Be sure you do not leave me alone in the room with him*," she continues volubly. "I shall always keep the children with me; there are no better chaperones in the world than children."

CHAPTER XIII.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

As the young man opens the library door a rush of cold air meets him; it is a bitter frost, black and pinching, yet one of the wide sash windows is thrown high up, and she whom he seeks is leaning out into the hard dull air. Her elbows rest on the sill; her dark, winter dress hangs in heavy, close folds about her, and her bright blonde head leans languidly against the window frame. The blotting book is unopened, nor is any pen dipped in the ink. Lenore's correspondence will keep, apparently. Hearing the noise he makes in entering she raises herself quickly, as one ashamed of her listless attitude, and they stand face to face.

"You sent for me," says Scrope—abruptly, without any preliminary handshakings, or "how do you do?" "and I am come."

She nods familiarly to him, and smiles a little. "I knew you would."

"I was not in London; your letter followed me to the South of Ireland—the instant I got it I set off—I have been traveling night and day ever since. More fool I, you will say probably."

Again she smiles, coldly and sweetly.

"Since *you* have said it, *I* need not."

"And now that I am here," he says brusquely, "what do you want with me? Tell me quickly."

Instead of complying, she turns her head round again, and looks out at the frosty black trees, while her fingers play little tunes on the sill.

"Tell me," he says, coming nearer to her, and breathing quick and hard. "What? You will not speak? I know you—you would keep me on the rack a year, if you could. Why did you write and say, 'come back.' It was for no good, I'll be sworn, or it would not be you who did it, whatever it was. Speak out, and put me out of my misery."

Then she speaks, but her words, at first sight, seem to have but small connection with his questions:

"Have you been in the drawing-room?" she asks, while the cold wind blows in on her cheeks, and puts no additional color into it. "Have you heard Bobby say his hymn? such a pretty one! Yes," (putting her finger on her forehead) "this is it:

> 'Now if I fight
> And scratch and bite,
> In passions fall
> And bad names call,
> Full well I know
> Where I shall go.'

Does not it describe *me* exactly? I laughed so immoderately that Sylvia said I was irreverent, and I had to leave the room." She throws herself into an arm-chair, and begins to laugh violently.

"What are you talking about?" he says, looking at her in half scared amazement; "are you mad?" She stops laughing.

"Last time we met," she says, gravely, "at the ball, don't you know?—*how* I hate balls!—I have an idea that *I* fought and scratched and bit; at least I know I

> 'In passions fell
> And bad names called—'

I called you a great many ugly names, and you did not like it; you were very angry. Well, I have sent for you all this way just to say that—that—I am sorry."

"*What?*" cries the young man, breaking into ungovernable fury, "is this the fool's errand you have sent for me on?—to laugh in my face, and quote an idiotic nursery rhyme to me? By God, Lenore, it is too bad! For the last seven—eight months I have been your butt, a football for you to kick about; but I tell you I am sick of the part. I throw it up! Find some one else to take it, if you can."

He turns toward the door; his broad chest is heaving; his strong hands are clenched; his deep blue eyes flash and darken with uncontrolled anger—a passion much more becoming to men's hard faces than soft and sawny love.

"Stay!" she cries, rising hastily, and putting her back against the door to prevent his egress; "sit down, and, whatever you say, speak lower, for I have no special desire to be overheard. I *had* another reason for sending for you; but—but—I am *ashamed* to tell it you."

"What is it?"

Big, upstanding and exasperated, he does not look a man to be trifled with; but, after all, a man *may not* knock a woman down, so she may shoot all her little arrows at him with a smile and a quiet mind, and fear nothing. Her eyes drop to the carpet at her feet, and a color burns like fire on her cheeks.

"I sent for you to—to—to—ask you to *marry* me."

At the last words she raises her eyes and looks him in the face. A deep and utter silence. He has staggered back against the wall, and is staring at her with wide disbelieving eyes of utter astonishment.

"I have no reason for supposing that you wish to marry me," she says, collectedly, though her face is scarlet. "You never told me so; it is only an instinct—an instinct that perhaps has led me astray." Still complete silence. "It is not leap year, is it?" she says, with a forced laugh. "No! Well, then, I have no excuse—none, except that I wished it; and you know, from a child, I have always asked for what I wished; and always—no, not *always*—not *always*" (stifling a sigh), "but *generally* I have got it."

"And—and Le Mesurier?" says Scrope at last, in a rough and altered voice, trying to stand steadily on his feet, while his knees shake under him, and the room whirls round him.

"What about him?" she cries sharply. "Why do you drag *him* in? If it was *anybody's* part to mention him it was mine. You will hear no more of him; he is gone—it is all off, you know that;

it was all off before you left—only, I suppose, it gives you pleasure to hear it again."

"And *you?*" says the young man, staring into her calm face, while he stammers and stutters; "you—you—do not care; you are not cut up about it?"

She turns her face suddenly aside, but only for an instant; in a moment she is looking at him again—looking at him and smiling.

"*Cut up!*" she says, laughing. "What an expression! It is only men that are *cut up!* Do I look very downhearted? Do you see any willow in my hand? No, no! I am not the sort of person that is ever *cut up* much about anything."

Still he looks at her with a bewildered face, paled and quivering, as one but freshly waked from a heavenly dream, that knows not whether he yet sleeps or wakes; afraid to grasp within his hand the immense and utter bliss that her words seemed to set within his reach, lest it should melt away like fairy gold. His emotion does not communicate itself to her; rather, it makes her more composed.

"Well," she says, with a pretty, chilly, mocking smile, "you have not yet answered me. How cruel to keep me in suspense! Does it require so much time to decide? The matter lies in a nutshell. Do you wish to marry me or do you not?"

"Do I wish to go to heaven? Did Dives in hell wish for that cup of cold water?" cries the young man, passionately, waking with a leap out of his trance, and flinging his happy arms around her.

She shudders, and pulls herself away.

"Bah!" she says, coldly, retreating several paces from him; "do not let us have any flowers of rhetoric; and it is too early days to be affectionate. If Dives had got his cup of cold water he would have taken it quietly, like a gentleman, and not *snatched* it."

"You were *not* in earnest, then?" cries the young man, fiercely, with a revulsion of feeling as bitter as his former triumph had been heavenly sweet. "I was a fool to be taken in! It was only an unfeeling, unwomanly joke. Will you be kind enough" (coming close to her and breathing heavily) "to tell me where the wit is—where the point?—for upon my soul I do not see it."

"There is no wit—there is no point," she answers, with unflinching seriousness. "What wit or point need there be in naked truth? As I stand here" (clasping her hands, and looking full into the fierce beauty of his face,) "I am in earnest. I *wish* you to marry me. I *ask* you! It is unmaidenly—immodest of me—I know that, and so do you, but—I *ask* you!"

"God above!" he says, in a whisper of intense excitement; "is it possible, Lenore?" (catching her roughly by the hand). "Turn your face to the light; let me see your eyes—I do not believe your *words;* it seems so unnatural to hear any kind ones from your lips. God! when I think that it is less than a week ago that I saw you standing here together, and you giving him such soft kind looks, to get one of which I would have sacrificed twenty years of my life, and thought it a cheap bargain—*you*, who never threw me anything but mocks and jeers and ugly names—I *cannot* believe it. Say what you will to me—swear it, asseverate it—I cannot, I cannot!"

She does not answer; for the moment, I think, she finds speech difficult; she stands rigidly still; her face turned toward the bitter winter landscape, with lips tightly compressed, as one resolved *not* to weep.

"When I think," continues the young man, vehemently, "of how you smiled—of how happy you looked if he only touched in passing the border of your gown, less than a week ago—less than a week ago—can I believe that such love has all gone? *Gone?* Where can it have gone to? Tell me that! Does love disappear like a morning mist?"

"Hush!" she says, hoarsely, putting her fingers in her ears. "How many times must I tell you not to drag *him* in? If I ever cared for him" (she stops, for a second, unable to manage her voice), "if I ever cared for him, that was between him and me; *you* had no concern in it; but now it is all over, *dead;* and when things are dead what is there to do but to bury and forget them? Take me or leave me as you choose, that is your business—I know which you would do if you were wise—but for God's sake

Instead of complying, she turns her head round again, and looks out at the frosty black trees, while her fingers play little tunes on the sill.

"Tell me," he says, coming nearer to her, and breathing quick and hard. "What? You will not speak? I know you—you would keep me on the rack a year, if you could. Why did you write and say, 'come back.' It was for no good, I'll be sworn, or it would not be you who did it, whatever it was. Speak out, and put me out of my misery."

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leave that old story alone. It is *my* old story, and not *yours*, and I—I have a short memory," smiling faintly, "I am fast forgetting it."

"But *are* you," he cries, with a painful skepticism, hardly to be wondered at, "are you *sure* of that? Are you sure that if you saw him coming in *now, this minute*, at that door, you would not run to him—as you ran out into the cold to meet him that first night he came—and leave me to cut the brilliant figure I have always done, ever since the unlucky day at Guingamp, where I first saw you?"

At his words she shivers again, and shrinks, as if touched by a hot iron. "What are you talking about?" she cries, passionately. "Why do you persist in indulging in these idiotic suppositions? He will *not* come back, I tell you. Do dead people ever push up their coffin-lids, and come walking back again? If they do, I never saw them. Well, they are more likely to come back than he is—much more likely. He is *done with*," spreading out her hands, "so for God's sake try and help me to forget that there ever was such a person, instead of always throwing him in my teeth." At the last words she catches her own breath sobbingly, but resolutely forces back the tears that come crowding thickly under her hot lids. He stares at her stupidly still. "He only liked me when I was on my good behavior," she continues, with a hard-won smile, "and you know how seldom *that* is. I had an idea that *you* would take me whether I behave well or ill, or not at all; and so—and so—I sent for you."

She stretches out her hand to him, smiling friendlily, and he, catching it between both his broad ones, covers it with silent kisses; then, after a while, speaks slowly and diffidently, blushing like a school-girl:

"And you—you can tolerate the idea of being my wife? You—like me a little?"

"Like you?" she says carelessly, with a forced laugh. "Of course I do. What a question? Have not I asked you to marry me? What better proof could I give? Why should not I like you? You are young, good-looking, and a *parti*."

He does not look very much satisfied with this expression of faith.

"You do not believe me?" she says, interrogatively. "Well, I have already given you one proof; I will give you another. I have asked you to marry me. I now ask you to marry me *soon*. I'm aware," laughing, "that it is not usual for such a proposition to come from the lady, but as I have begun by taking the initiative I suppose I must go on."

The look of wild, incredulous astonishment intensifies on his face and in his bold bright eyes. Are his ears faithful carriers of the words entrusted to them, or does his brain interpret them untruly?

"Lenore," he says impetuously, throwing himself on his knees beside her, as she sits, leaning back in an arm-chair; "forgive me for being such a fool, such an unmannerly brute, as to disbelieve what you say to me, but are you *sure*—I will not be angry if it is so—upon my soul I will try not to be—but are you *sure* that it is not a *joke?*—that you have not made me the subject of a bet; that this is not some trap that you are drawing me into? Confess—*confess* that it looks like it. Five days ago you told me that the only boon you had to ask of me was that you might never see my face again—and, by heaven, if ever any woman looked as if she meant what she said you did then—and now—*now*—did I hear aright?—I am afraid to think so—you ask me to marry you *soon?*"

She hangs her head a little, as if ashamed, but says nothing.

"Is it any wonder," he continues, excitedly, "that when I have been crying for the moon for the last six months, and hating my life and myself, and even all my own people, because I could not get it, that when it falls down on a sudden at my feet I should wish to know what brought it there?—is it any wonder that I should wish to see the *dessous des cartes?*"

"There is no *dessous*," she says gravely. "What can I say? I am sick of asseverating! As I believe in God, and am unutterably afraid of him," (looking solemnly up, and shuddering), "I am speaking truth! What reason *can* I give? I have none. I am tired of being Lenore Herrick, that is all. It is a name that has brought me no luck; perhaps Lenore Scrope will bring me better."

"God grant that it may!" he says,

earnestly, drawing her toward him, into his arms and to his broad breast. "Sweet, give me one kiss, and I shall believe you."

So she gives him one kiss. Only five days ago! Only five days ago!

CHAPTER XIV.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

MR. SCROPE returns to the drawing-room, as he left it, alone. As he enters, we both look up and smile, as one does smile with vague complacency at the sight of anything young and specially comely.

"Did you find her?" I ask, as I kneel before the fire, giving it a vigorous and searching poke, for his benefit. "Yes."

He says merely this—almost the shortest of all monosyllables; but there is something in the tone in which he says it that makes me pause, poker in hand, from my noisy toil, to examine him more narrowly.

"You have been quarreling, as usual, I suppose?" I say, with a wily attempt to come at the matter of their conversation without seeming too indecently curious.

"Lenore always quarrels with everybody," says Sylvia, patting the pug's fat stomach, as he lies on his back, with his eyes rolling awfully and a bit of rosy tongue showing between his black lips, in a state of Sybaritic enjoyment on her lap. "I tell her it is *her* way of flirting. She always maintains that she cannot flirt—does not know how; but of course that is nonsense. I suppose we can all do a little in that way, if we try?" holding her smooth head rather on one side, and looking arch.

"Has she been saying anything unusually exasperating?" I ask, as, under my successful labors, the frosty fire spires and races upward. "Never mind if she has; she is not in very good tune just now, poor soul, and one can hardly wonder at it.

While he speaks, Mr. Scrope has been stalking up and down in a fidgety way, making the boards creak. At my words he stops, and says abruptly, "why?"

"Have you not heard? Oh, of course not! Stupid of me! She would not be likely to mention it herself—it is not a very pleasant subject to talk about—but her engagement is all off, and she is naturally rather low about it."

"She is not in the least low; I never saw her in better spirits in my life," says Scrope, with a brusqueness that amounts to incivility; and having delivered himself of this speech, he marches off to the window and turns his back to us.

"It must be *your* coming, then, that has cheered her," says Sylvia, laughing lackadaisically; "and indeed to tell you the truth, at the risk of making you atrociously conceited, I must say, *I don't wonder at it.* It is a shockingly fast sentiment, I suppose, but there is something in the *timbre* of a man's voice that quite invigorates me; I suppose it is always having been so much used to men's society. I get on with them so much better than with women; *I* understand *them*, and *they* understand *me*."

"Have you had any talk with her?" I ask, rising precipitately, and following him to the embrasure of the window, perfectly heedless of the fact that my sister is comfortably mounted on her pet hobby—*self*, and is cantering complacently away on him. "Did she say anything to you?"

"Listen!" he says, putting a hand on each of my shoulders, quite unconscious of the familiarity of the action—and indeed they might be posts for all he knows about them—and looking me redly and triumphantly in the face: "She has been saying *this* to me: 'I will marry you as soon as you like!'"

"WHAT!!!!!!" Six marks of admimation but poorly render the expression I throw into this innocent monosyllable. I feel my face becoming a series of round *Os*—astonishment stretching and opening every feature beyond its natural destiny. "Why do you keep staring at me?" says the young man, petulantly, giving me a little shake; "why do you stand with your mouth wide open? Why should not I marry? What is there to prevent me? Does not everybody do it? What is there so very surprising in it?"

Still I maintain an absolute silence; his hands have dropped from my shoulders, but I still stand before him, like a block of stupid stone. Neither does Sylvia speak; she is affecting to blow her nose, and has covered the more part of her face with her pocket-handkerchief; what yet remains is excessively red. For once her hobby-horse has given her a nasty fall.

"Why do you stare at me like a wild beast?" cries Scrope angrily. "Is this the way you always take a piece of news? Pleasant for the person who tells you, if it is. If I had told you that she had just fallen down dead in the next room you could not look at me with greater dismay."

I cannot contradict it. Sputtering and breathless, I still face him, trying hard to speak; but in all the wide range of good, noble and useful words that the English tongue affords, I can find not one that suits the present crisis.

"Why don't you say *something?*" says the young man, with cheeks on fire and lightning eye. "The most disagreeable sentence you could invent would be better than this. Oh, come! I can't stand it any longer—to be stared at by two perfectly silent women with their mouths open; it would make"—laughing fiercely—"it would make the bravest man in Europe run like a hare!"

He turns quickly to the door as he speaks. Then I find my tongue; its hinges are not well oiled, and it does not run smoothly, but it goes somehow. I catch hold of his arm or his coat tail, I am not quite sure which, in my excitement. "Stop, stop!" I cry, incoherently; "don't be cross!—I mean to say something—I am going to say something—but—but—you take my breath away! It is so *sudden*—so *unnaturally* sudden!"

"*Unnaturally?*" repeats he, tartly; the painful consciousness that I have hit upon the joints of his harness making him defend the weak part with all the greater acrimony. "Why *unnaturally*, pray? If it does not seem too sudden to her or to me, I do not see why it need appear so to anyone else."

"But—but—are you *sure* you are not mistaken?" I say, disbelievingly, mindful of the tear-swollen, desperate face I had seen lying among its tossed hair on my sister's bed-room floor; "are you quite sure she said those words! She is an odd girl—Lenore—very odd, and sometimes she has a random way of talking; I do not think she quite knows what she is saying."

"Thank you," replies he, bowing formally, though his face flames. "You are—if not polite—at least candid. I understand. A woman must be slightly deranged to consent to be my wife?"

My wits are still too far out woolgathering for me to be able to summon them back to compose some civil explanation and apology.

"You disbelieve me still?" cries my future brother-in-law, greatly exasperated by my silence. "All right! do—it does me no harm; but if it should happen to strike you at any time that I may, *by accident*, be speaking truth, you have only to send for Lenore, and ask her."

"Poor, dear Lenore!" says Sylvia, speaking for the first time, and smiling sweetly. "She has not been long in consoling herself, has she? I am *quite* glad."

Mrs. Prodgers has finished blowing her nose, and her face has laid aside its transient redness, but she now holds her head quite straight, nor does she look at all arch. "You know, Jemima, if you remember, you laughed at me—but I always maintained that Paul Le Mesurier did not care two straws about her. I am sure I am the last person to pretend to unusual clear-sightedness, but one has one's instincts!"

"It *is* sudden, of course!" burst out Scrope, boyishly, not paying any attention to my sister, but looking straight and defiantly at me. "What is the good of telling me that? How can I help it? Tell me that January is colder than July—I know it is; but it is not my fault. If I had had my way it would not have been sudden—it would have happened fully six months ago. No one ought to know that better than you."

"Ought I?" say I vaguely. "I dare say—but to tell you the truth—so many incoherences about Lenore—her eyes, her ankles, and her inhumanities—have been poured into my ears, that I get them muddled together; I cannot, at a moment's notice, assign to each lover his own several Jeremiad."

"You are spiteful," replies the young fellow, laughing a little, but looking offended. "If I had known how little you were listening to me I would not have talked to you about her."

"Poorest, dearest Lenore!" repeats Sylvia, smiling a little patronizingly. "Quite the dearest thing in the world, and, mercifully for her, incapable of fretting much about anything or anybody.

What a gift!—if she could but give one the receipt"—sighing and pensively passing through her fingers the beads of a great jet rope, that she wears round her neck.

"Jemima!" says Scrope, impulsively, putting his hand again fraternally on my shoulder. "I do not suppose that they will do me any good—not a barleycorn; but still I have a morbid desire for your good wishes; they will be tardy and lugubrious, I am aware, but such as they are, give them me. If *I*" (reproachfully) "had heard that *you* were going to be married I should not have been so slow or so dismal in offering mine."

"That is a very safe position," reply I, drily; "if you had seen me flying toward the moon you would have complimented me on the ease and grace with which I flapped my wings. I *do* wish you good luck—there!—but whether you will *get* it or not is another matter."

"But—but—you—think that it *will* be?" says Scrope, with his whole eager heart in his voice. "Now that you have shut your mouth, and that your eyes no longer look as if they were falling out of your head, and that you can talk rationally—you *believe* it?"

"Upon my honor I cannot say," reply I, laughing uncomfortably, "Lenore, as Sylvia truly observed just now, is quite the dearest thing in the world, but sometimes she goes round and round, like the sails of a windmill. I have a good mind to go and ask her myself." So I go.

CHAPTER XV.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

"UP and down, up and down, up and down, with her hands behind her back, I find her marching in the ordered solitude of her own room, as I expected.

"Good heavens!" say I, entering, with my shoulders raised nearly to my ears, and my hands spread out.

She stops in her persevering trudge, looks me cooly over, and says,

"*Après?*"

I throw my eyes up to the ceiling, and shake my head several times, but words utter I none.

"You have heard, I suppose," she says quietly. "I see he is running all over the house *button-holing* everybody, as the Ancient Mariner did the Wedding Guest. I hope he has told Norris, and William, and Frederic—it would be a sad oversight if he has not."

"It *is* true, then?" I say, gasping. "When he told me I would not believe it—I said so—I said I would ask you myself."

"You might have saved yourself the trouble of the journey up-stairs," replies she, calmly, "but as you are not "fat and scant of breath," like Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, I suppose it does not matter much."

"*Good* heavens!" say I, for the second time.

"Try a new ejaculation," suggests my sister, smiling; "I am tired of that one."

"And—and—and your *reason?*"

"*Reason?*" repeats she, laughing rather harshly. "What extraordinary questions you do ask! Is not it on the surface? I am *in love*, to be sure—deeply in love."

I am on the verge of being delivered of a third "Good heavens!" but recollecting myself, suppress it.

"If you remember, you did not approve of my first choice," says Lenore, with a bitter smile; "are you any better pleased with my second?"

"*Much* better," I answer emphatically; "far better—only it is horribly and *indecently* sudden—that is all!"

Silence.

"As for the other," I continue, "you are right. I never *could* understand what you saw in him: a long nose, a yard of scarlet beard, and a sulky temper, seemed to me his whole stock-in-trade."

For one second her eyes flash with a furious pain, then grow quiet.

"Exactly," she says, composedly. "Now in the case of the *present* nose there is nothing to be desired, is there?—nice and short, and runs straight down the middle of his face, without deviating a hair's breadth to right or left; such *nice* curls, too, all over his head, as if they were put in curl papers every night—and such *dear* little teeth!"

"For shame!" cry I, indignantly; "you are describing a *doll*. Lenore! Lenore! what are you made of? Beauty and love are thrown away upon you, and you have a perverted taste for ugliness and indifference."

She shrugs her shoulders.

"One may abuse one's own property, I suppose. If you remember he is *my*

doll now—curls and dear little teeth and all!"

I turn away, pained and disgusted.

"Stay," she says, laying her hand on mine; "do not be cross. I am serious—look at me! I am sure I do not feel as if there were a joke to be got out of the whole of me."

I look at her, as she tells me—look with uncomfortable misgivings at the bright beauty that has prospered her so little: her cheeks are crimson, and the hand which holds mine burns, *burns*.

"Attend to me," she says imploringly, "I am *very* much in earnest. I have done better *this* time, have not I? I have been more wise at last?"

I shake my head. "How can I say?"

"This one is much more suitable to me, is not he? I—I" (laughing feverishly) "I begin to think that I did not care *really* for the other so much after all; it was only *fancy*—it was only my perversity. I wanted to get him because I thought nobody else could. I—I was not *really* fond of him, was I?"

She looks with a sort of wild wistfulness into my face for confirmation of her words, but I do not think she finds any.

"He is much more suitable to me," she repeats vaguely, as if trying to convince herself by iteration; "much more in every respect. So much better-looking."

"Immeasurable," say I emphatically; "not that I see what *that* has got to say to it."

"And better off," she continues, still holding and unconsciously pressing my hand with her hot dry fingers. "We should have been miserably poor, Paul and I—*miserably;* and I hate poverty; I hate trying to make both ends meet. They will meet now and *lap over* without any difficulty, will not they?"

"I imagine so."

"And in age, too," she goes on eagerly, "we are far better fitted; is it not so? Paul was old—older than his age even—old in himself."

"He might well have been your father," I say, laughing vindictively, "except that no one would have accused you of emanating from so hard-featured a stock."

"No," she says, not in the least attending to my sarcasm, "of course not; altogether, you see," smiling mechanically—"altogether you see, Jemima, it is all for the best. I am *nearly quite* convinced of it now, and of course I shall grow more and more convinced every day, shall not I?"—looking at me with imploring inquiry.

I make no response, and we both lapse into silence—a silence spent by Lenore in wandering aimlessly about, pulling the blinds up and down, disarranging the few wintry flowers in the vase on the toilet table, altering the furniture. At last she speaks with sudden abruptness:

"It is to be soon—very soon!"

"He is wise there, I think," I answer, following her doubtfully about with my eyes. "Poor boy, he has not studied you for the last six months to no purpose; he knows what a weathercock you are, and is bent on making sure of you while you are in the vein. Who can tell when the wind may change?"

"You are mistaken," says she quickly, "it was not *his* idea at all; it was *my* suggestion. I suppose" (laughing with the same forced and hollow sound that had before pained me)—"I suppose it is the first instance on record of such a proposition emanating from the lady, but it was. Yes, you may look as if you were going to eat me—I cannot help that—it *was!*"

"Good heavens!" repeat I devoutly, lapsing unintentionally, for the third time, into my favorite ejaculation.

"Yes, soon—very soon!" she says, half to herself, pulling her rings on and off, lacing her fingers together and then again unlacing them; "and we will have a very smart wedding—very! I hate sneaking to church with only the clerk and the beadle, as if one were ashamed of oneself. We will have all the neighbors, and men down from Gunter's, and a ball."

I stare distrustfully at her: her eyes are sparkling like diamonds at night, the splendid carnation that fever gives paints her cheeks.

"And you will have it put in *all* the papers," she says, laughing restlessly; "*all* of them—you must not forget—a fine long flourishing paragraph—do you mind?—in *all* of them."

"What an extraordinary thing to give a thought to!" I say, suspiciously. "If

you had two columns of the *Times* devoted to you, how much good would it do you?"

Good? "Oh, none at all; but it is amusing. Flowers of newspaper eloquence are always entertaining, don't you know? And one likes one's friends—one's friends at a distance—to know what is happening to one."

A light begins to break upon me, but it is such an unpleasant one that for the moment I ask no more questions. A pause. There are so many things—true, yet eminently disagreeable—to be said, that I hesitate which to begin upon. Lenore presently saves me the trouble.

"If—if—he were to see me now," she says, sitting down at my feet, and smiling excitedly up at me, "he could not think I was pining much for him, could he?" The unpleasant light grows clearer.

"When he sees the account of my wedding in the papers—so soon—so immediately—such a brilliant marriage, too; I am so glad it is a good one—he will realize" (laughing ironically) "how irreparable an injury his desertion has inflicted on me, will not he?"

"*Is it possible?* say I, with shocked emphasis. "I suspected it when you began to talk to me; I am *sure* of it now. Lenore! Lenore! you are going to be madder than all Bedlam and Hanwell together!"

"I am—am I?" speaking with listless inattention to my words, and still pursuing her own thoughts.

"Marrying one man to pique another always seemed to me the most thorough 'pulling your nose to vex your face,'" I continue, in great heat.

No remark, no comment on my homely illustration.

"Suppose he does hear of your marriage; suppose he does read every paragraph in all the papers about it; suppose he reads that you had twelve bridesmaids, and that you went off in a coach-and-six, how much the worse will he be or how much the better you?"

Still no answer; but she listens.

"He will feel a little stab of pain, perhaps — of mortified vanity, more likely; but it will be a very little one, not big enough to spoil his dinner (he likes his dinner); while you, my poor soul, where will you be?"

She has been lying with her head in my lap; at these last words she snatches it hurriedly up.

"What do you mean?" she cries, in a fury. "How dare you pity me? I am not a 'poor soul.' I am a very fortunate person—very much to be envied. Hundreds of people would change places with me; so would you, if you could."

"Hm! I don't know."

A pause.

"Lenore," say I earnestly, putting my hand under her chin, and lifting her unwilling face toward mine, "listen to me, for I am talking sense. I never had a husband, which is more my misfortune than my fault, but all the same I know what I am about. If you marry Charlie now you will like him *at last;* I am sure of that. I do not believe in the most perversely faithful woman *always* hating, *always* having a distaste for a handsome, manly, loving husband. Yes, you will end by liking him even better than he does you. It is always the way. But you will have to go through purgatory first; and, what is more unfair, you will have to drag him through too, poor boy!"

"Bah!" she says, with a scornful laugh; "it is nothing when you are used to it. If I have not been there, I am sure I do not know where I have been, ever since that accursed ball. Shall I ever again hear those detestable fiddles squeaking, and those vile wind instruments blowing and blaring, without going mad? I doubt it—I doubt it!"—putting her hands wildly to her ears, as if to shut out sounds of utter pain and horror.

"You rather dislike him than otherwise now," pursue I, pushing my advantage; "you are always better pleased to see him leave a room than enter it; well, before your wedding tour is over, you will *abhor* him. It requires an immense stock of love at starting to support the dead sweet monotony of a honeymoon."

She shudders.

"My dear child," I cry, with affectionate emphasis, "think better of it; if you *must* marry him—poor dear Charlie, I *am* sorry for him—at least put it off for six months; let us have a little time to breathe. If you will reflect a moment I think you will see, that to be

handed on from one man to another within a week is hardly ladylike, hardly *modest!*"

At the last word the deep red on her cheek grows yet deeper; but by the hard defiant smile that curves her lips I know that I might as well have spoken to the winter wind that is howling and gnashing its angry teeth outside.

"Jemima," she says calmly, "as I once before observed to you, you will never make your fortune in the pulpit; your sentiments are first-rate, but they make one drowsy. See, I am yawning myself. As to *modest*, that is neither here nor there; you dragged in the word by the head and shoulders to prop your argument. As to *ladylike*, it is a matter of the most perfect indifference whether I am or not."

To this I say nothing. I only walk away to the window.

"Do not dissuade me," she cries, falling from defiance to a tone of almost earnest entreaty, as she stands before me, twisting her hands. "Let me marry in peace. Your little cut-and-dried saws are very neatly cut, very accurately dried, but they do not *fit;* you mean well, but one knows one's self best."

"Hm!"

"Do you think," she continues, with irritable impatience, "that I can go on *now* in the old groove—the old groove that I kept so contentedly to before—before the earth opened and swallowed all I had?"

No answer.

"Can I go on," she pursues, with deepening agitation, watching you drop the stitches in your knitting—listening to Sylvia's weak cackle—hearing those awful children plunging and bellowing about? Do you know, Jemima, for the last few days, every time they have come blundering and shrieking into the room, I have felt inclined to scream out loud? I have not done it, because you would have put me in a mad-house if I had; but all the same, I have felt the inclination."

I shake my head despondently.

"If he marries me," she says, her eyes wandering restlessly about, and speaking quickly and excitedly, "he will take me away to beautiful places, away from all dreadful old things and people. It will be delightful—delightful! I shall begin all over again—my life over again! He will take me where there are no children—no Sylvias—no Jemimas—no self. Yes" (laughing uneasily), "I mean to leave *myself* behind. I mean to be a new, fresh person—a happy, prosperous person. I *wish* to be happy—I am *determined* to be happy. Jemima" (entreatingly) "for God's sake, do not hinder me!"

CHAPTER XVI.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

No one can keep their mouths open forever—not even Jemima Herrick—they *must* shut them at last. Mostly they shut them very soon. No passion is so shortlived as astonishment. "A nine days' wonder" is a hyperbolical expression. Who ever wondered at the awfullest murder, the most startling *esclandre*, the most unlooked-for turn of Fortune's quick wheel, during nine whole days? If walking on your head were to come into fashion, within three days it would excite no surprise to see people pounding along the pavement on their hats and bonnets, with their boots in the air. The neighborhood has been informed of Lenore's transfer from one lover to the other, and its "Ohs" and "Ahs," and head-shakings thereon are over and done with. After all, they have been fewer than we expected; people had so long made up their minds that Scrope was the right man, that few of them had arrived at the knowledge that he was the wrong one, before they were officially informed that he was the right one again. He has always been seen about with her; he is evidently her fittest mate in youth and comeliness; in this case all the sympathy goes with the successful lover. Does not he ride as straight as a die? Is not he as handsome as paint? Do not we know all his antecedents? Does not his property lie, does not his ugly old red abbey stand, in this our county? Paul, unknown, plain and saturnine, commands neither good wishes nor regrets. It has been announced that the engagement was dissolved by mutual consent—a course always adopted by the lady when the gentleman cries off. Lenore, however, is no party to this deception. Everybody's presents have been returned to them, and again sent back.

On the principle of "To him that hath shall be given," the rich Mrs. Scrope's wedding gifts are threefold greater and more numerous than those of the poor Mrs. Le Mesurier. On hearing of the change in her fortunes—if not for the better, at least for the more consequential—the Websters supplement their portly teapot with a cream-jug and sugar-basin to match. And Lenore, when she sees the teapot come back—the teapot out of which she was to have poured Paul's tea, in the narrow little house they had planned—she laughs violently.

"Do not let them send me any new congratulations—any of them," she says drily; "tell them the old ones will do; they need only alter the *initials*, as I am doing with my pocket-handkerchiefs."

Scrope has no father, and Lenore no money, which two facts greatly facilitate the law arrangements. Whether *indecently* soon or not, the wedding day is drawing on. Lenore has thrown herself into the business of *trousseau* buying with an ardor more than feminine—with the artistic frenzy of a Frenchwoman, of a *petite maîtresse enragée*.

"Finery always *was* my snare," she says, laughing. "I loved even my cotton gowns and gingham umbrellas tenderly, but *now*—if being married, entails such a saturnalia of fine clothes, I should like to have a wedding every year."

Lenore is very lively; she runs about the house all day singing; she walks, she rides, she plays billiards; she studies "Murray" and "Bradshaw" with avidity, making out routes to the ends of the earth; but she *never* sits still. Her cheeks are rosy red, and her eyes sparkle and glitter like beautifullest great sapphires.

"You are quite the most *eager* bride I ever saw," Sylvia says one day, with a doubtful compliment. "Poor Charlie toils after you in vain. *I* always imagined that impatience was the monopoly of the gentleman; I am sure" (sighing and looking down) "it was so in my case. I thought the days *raced* by—positively *raced;* if you remember, Jemima, I said so to you at the time?"

"Did you? I dare say."

"Now Lenore, on the contrary, seems anxious to *hurry* them. Fancy!" casting up her eyes and hands to heaven.

"I *am* anxious," says the girl, smiling rather wistfully. "I mean to be so happy—I want to begin. I am sorry it is not *en règle;* but I cannot help that. How many more days are there? One, two, three, four, five—bah!" (taking up two parcels that lie on the hall-table) "a couple more ivory prayer books! Jemima, if there come any more prayer books you must send them back, and say that there is a glut of books of devotion."

The wedding feast is to be gay and large; the house to be crowded and crammed from attic to cellar, chiefly with Scrope's people: mother, unmarried sister, married sister and husband, uncles, unmarried men-cousins.

"A perfect horde of barbarians!" says Sylvia, complacently swimming into the drawing-room, on the afternoon of the day on which they are expected, her little figure very upright, head slightly thrown back, and bust protruded, as is her way when the war paint is on. "I have quite a good mind to run away and hide myself in a corner, and leave Tommy as my deputy to receive them. Will you Tommy? How amusing it would be, and how astonished they would look!"

"One could hardly wonder at them," answers Jemima, drily. Jemima's head and bust are much as usual.

"As long as I have Charlie beside me I don't mind," continues Mrs. Prodgers, looking at herself over her left shoulder in the glass, in one of Silvia's strained and distorted attitudes; "he is my sheet anchor. Poor dear old Charlie!" (laughing a little) "to think of his going to be one's *brother!* It is *too* ridiculous!"

It is the evening before the wedding; the lit rooms are gaily alive with many guests; not only those staying in the house, but also dinner guests. Many more are expected; some of them already uncloaking outside, for Sylvia has decreed a dance.

"We must have a *band*," she has said, meditatively, when making the arrangements. "There is no use doing a thing unless you do it well. Yes, a band; they can go so nicely in the recess under the stairs."

"It *is* dreary work pounding over a carpet, to the tune of a piano, supported only by lemonade and negus," Jemima says.

"When people come on a *first* visit," says Sylvia sapiently, "they always come to criticise. Did you notice how they all looked me over from top to toe, when they came in to-day—*pricing* me, as it were? Well, I wish to be *beyond* criticism."

"Don't have a band," cries Lenore, hastily; "if you do, I shall go to bed—that is all. I warn you! Those dreadful fiddles squeaking and shrieking, go right through my head. Have a piano, and I will promise to play for you from now till the Judgment Day."

So a piano it is. The dancing has not yet begun, but we all stand about in an unsettled way, that shows that *something* is imminent. Detachments of people are being taken to be shown the wedding presents. The hot red roses have to-night left Lenore's cheeks; she is very white—*deadly* white, one would say; only that it is a dishonor to the warm, milk whiteness of *living* loveliness, to liken it to the hue that is our foe's ensign. She is pale, but her eyes outblaze the star that quivers and lightens in Mrs. Scrope's gray head.

"I am so glad you are not a *Mourning Bride*," says Scrope's eldest sister, Mrs. Lascelles, a frisky young matron, pretty as hair like floss silk, Paris clothes falling off her soft, fat shoulders, and English jewels, can make her, looking with a sort of inquisitive admiration at the restless pale beauty of her future sister-in-law's face. "Not that *I* can say anything" (laughing lightly); "I cried for three whole days before *my* wedding. Mamma said that my eyes looked as if they had been sewn in with red worsted; did not you, mamma?"

Mrs. Scrope smiles the placid smile of prosperous stall-fed maturity.

"I did more than that," continues the other, still laughing, "I cried for a fortnight afterward! We went to *Brittany*" (making a disgusted face), "and Regy was ill all the way from Southampton to St. Malo. I tried to look as if he did not belong to me. I am sure even the waiters at the hotel were sorry for me—I looked so *dejected!*"

At the mention of Brittany Lenore winces, and then begins to talk quickly and laughingly:

"*Must* one cry? I hope not. If it is indispensable I will *try;* but I am afraid I shall not succeed. I am not a good hand at crying. I *never* cry."

They are to dance in the hall; the oak floor has been polished and doctored to the last pitch of slipperiness; the stags' head has mistletoe wreaths. Plenty of light, plenty of warmth, plenty of space, plenty of men: what more can any rabidest dance-lover desire? To the general surprise Lenore sits down to the piano; everybody remonstrates.

"Usurping *my* place," says Jemima, cheerfully, putting her hands on her sister's shoulders. "Off with you."

"On the contrary," returns Lenore, with a perverse smile, "I mean to adorn this stool till two o'clock to-morrow morning. Go away—dance—caper about, if it amuses you; as for me, I hate it. *Va t'en!*"

"Come on!" cries Scrope, half in and half out of his gray gloves, and looking radiantly happy and handsome. "What do you mean by settling yourself there? Jemima is going to play; she always does; she likes it. Don't you, Jemima?"

Jemima smiles grimly. All very well to be conscious that your life mission is to pipe for other people to dance, but a little hard to be expected to express *enjoyment* of the *rôle*.

"I am not going to '*Come on!*'" answers Lenore, pettishly. "I mean to stay here. Go away!"

"*Go away!*" cries the young fellow, leaning his arms on the piano, and looking desperately sentimental; "a very likely story!"

"For Heaven's sake, put your head straight!" she says, crossly. "When you cock it on one side like that you look like a bullfinch about to pipe. I hate dancing!—there!"

"Since when?" he asks incredulously. "Not long ago you told me that you loved it better than anything else in life."

"Not so *very* long ago, when I was cutting my teeth, I loved sucking an India rubber ring better than anything else in life. Do you insist on my sucking it still?" she says drily, turning over a heap of music. "Don't be a nuisance. Go away!"

He goes. In five minutes all not incapacitated by age and fat, and some

even that lie under these disabilities, are scampering round. As there are plenty of men, several of the chaperones condescend to tread a measure. Lenore plays on dreamily; it is an air that the band played at Dinan one night last summer; as the brisk, gay melody fills her ears, the room, the people, the wax lights vanish; she is in the Place Duguesclin again. How dark it is! The lights from the hotel show small and red; the sabots clump past. How close to our faces the green lime flowers swing!

* * * * * * *

She is roused by an eager voice at her ear.

"One turn—only one! I have danced with everything that has any pretensions to age, weight or ugliness. Pay me for it!—only *one* turn!"

Scrope stands by her, panting a little. His broad chest heaves, and his wide blue eyes glitter with a passionate excitement. She shrugs her shoulders, but, as though it were too much trouble to argue the point, complies. Jemima takes her place and they set off. After flying silently round for a few minutes they stop. Scrope, even in stopping, unwilling to release her from his arms, gazes into her face with a passionate rapture, to see whether the delight he feels is at all shared.

"I *hate* it!" she says, irritably. "It tears my dress; it loosens my hair; it takes away my breath. Let us go to some cool place."

They saunter away to the conservatory. The Chinese lanterns swing aloft, their flames spiring up in dangerous proximity to the pink and green walls of their frail prisons. The daphnes and narcissi and lilies of the valley are uniting their various odors in one divinest harmony of scent, like a concert of noblest voices. Lenore throws herself wearily into a garden chair and begins to fan herself.

"Let me fan you," says her lover tenderly, taking the fan out of her hand and leaning over her, "it will save you trouble. My darling, you look pale to-night."

"*My darling, you look red to-night,*" retorts she, with a mockery more bitter than playful, glancing up at the flushed beauty of his face. "For Heaven's sake don't let us register the variations in each other's complexions."

An arrow shoots through the young man's bounding heart. Is she going to change her mind? Now that the prize is almost within his hand, must he lose it at this last moment?

"Have I done anything to vex you?" he asks anxiously, kneeling down on the stone pavement at her feet. "You know how idiotically fond I am of you; for heaven's sake do not take advantage of it to play tricks with me! What is the matter with you to-night? You are out of spirits."

"What do you mean?" she cries angrily. "I never was in better spirits in my life; everybody remarks it—everybody says how lively I am. I talk all day, and I laugh more than I ever did in my life before. Would you have one always grinning like a Cheshire cat?"

"You talk and laugh, it is true," he answers, with a grave air of anxiety, "but you are much thinner than you were. Look at this arm" (touching the round white limb, as it lies listlessly across her lap); "it is not half the size it was three weeks ago."

"So much the better," she answers with a laugh; "my arms were much too big before. Sylvia was always abusing them; it is much more refined to have smaller arms."

"You will be all right when we get to Italy," he says fondly; "you will like that, will not you? Oh! sweet!" (leaning over her, with a passion of irrepressible exultation); can I believe that I am waking, when I think that long before this time to-morrow you will be my *wife?*—that at last—at last—we shall belong to one another, for *always?*"

She shivers a little. "To-day is to-day, and to-morrow is to-morrow," she says, sententiously; "to-day, let us talk of to-day; we may both be dead by to-morrow."

"*Both!* (smiling a little); "that is hardly likely."

"One of us, then; only the other day I read in the *Times* of a bride who was found dead in her bed on her wedding morning. Oh, my God!" (flinging out her arms, and then throwing her head down on her knees,) "if I had but the very slightest chance of going to heaven,

how I wish that I could be found dead in my bed!"

"What are you talking about?" cries Scrope, shocked and astonished at this unlooked-for outburst. "Lenore! look me in the face and say you did not mean it. I know you have a random way of talking, sometimes—Jemima says so; but, do you know, when you say such things you break my heart?"

"Do I?" she says, lifting her wild white face, unsoftened by any tears. "I am glad. Why should not I break it? I have broken my own—you know that well enough—why should not *you* suffer too? As for me, I suffer—I suffer always—all day and all night. I am glad to hear of any one else being miserable too. What have I done, that I should have a monopoly of it?" He stares at her, in a stony silence. "There," she says, after a pause, with a sickly smile, pushing her hair off her forehead, "I am all right now! I was only—only—*joking!* Pay no attention to anything I said; I was only ranting. I think I have been overdoing myself a little the last few days. Suppose you go? I shall get well quicker if I am by myself."

So he goes, slowly and heavily. She has taken all the lightness out of his feet and out of his heart; it feels like a pound of lead. He makes his way up to the piano. "Jemima," he says, in a low voice, "my sister will play for you; I want you to go to Lenore; she is not very well, I think—rather hysterical; she is in the conservatory, she would not let me stay with her."

So Jemima goes.

Macmillan's Magazine.

A CONVERSATION.

THE following conversation took place lately amongst certain friends who have been called "Friends in Council."

As I have often before described these personages, it will not be necessary for me to do so now; and, without further preface, I will introduce my readers into their circle, and narrate the conversation which thus abruptly commenced.

Ellesmere. Mauleverer and I have had a long walk together, this morning. We went as far as Speenham Ponds. We talked incessantly; and I am proud to say that there was not one minute of our talk during which we agreed upon any point of any single subject—not even when we abused the absent, who are now present. And if there is any subject on which two people can agree, it is in the depreciation of their common friends.

Mauleverer. Ellesmere takes such shallow views. He is always on the surface of things.

Ellesmere. It is better to swim than to sink.

Sir Arthur. I suppose the controversy was upon the old subject—the misery of mankind?

Ellesmere. It was.

Mauleverer. Ellesmere does not seem to see that man is a wretched creature in himself. He makes the silly excuse for him, that it is always the unfortunate circumstance, and not the man himself, who is to blame.

Ellesmere. There is one thing which Mauleverer and the misery-mongers always forget. People talk a great deal about hope as being the chief solace of mankind. I believe that if hope alone had been at the bottom of Pandora's box, the Mauleverers would have prevailed, and the human race would soon have come to an end. But there is something in praise of which no poetry is made, and to express which, indeed, there is no single word that I know of, but which performs as great a part in comforting and encouraging mankind as hope itself.

Sir Arthur. What can he mean?

Ellesmere. Well, he is beating his brains to invent a word. Shall we say "excusativeness?" That is not a pretty word—that won't do. Perhaps there is some word in Greek; but that is a doubly dead language to me now. A certain learned man, however, was expounding

Aristotle to me the other day; and it seemed to me that Aristotle was one of the most skillful word-mongers that has ever appeared. Is there any word in Greek which means putting a good face upon it, or putting quite another face upon it?

Cranmer. This is rather hazy. I do not begin to find myself consoled for the miseries of life by what Ellesmere has hitherto said.

Ellesmere. I think I shall call my twin-brother of hope, the power of making a judicious statement.

The best illustration that I can take is from the language of military dispatches. For instance: "The enemy crossed the bridge, and our advanced guard fell back upon the right wing." Or thus: "We deployed from the heights and occupied a favorable position in the valley."

In civil as well as military life, in private as well as public life, our advanced guard is constantly falling back upon our right wing; and we deploy from the heights to occupy a favorable position in the valley. Stupid and envious bystanders, or nasty, spying, troublesome historians, say that our advanced guard was nearly cut to pieces, and that our deploying from the heights was the inevitable result of a tremendous strategical blunder. But our power of judicious statement enables us to bear up against any amount of hostile criticism, and is, I believe, the great comfort of our lives.

Observe this, too, that the power of making judicious statements increases in due proportion with the facility for committing errors. For example: I have no doubt (whatever may be said to the contrary) that imaginative men are more prone to commit errors than other people, and they would descend into depths of despair if they had not an extra power of making judicious statements. With the imaginative man, the advanced guard does not merely fall back upon the right wing; but he says, "We *threw back* our advanced guard upon the right wing;" clearly indicating a voluntary operation. Again: he does not make his forces deploy from the heights in the way that ordinary men do. He adds several fine touches, and says: "Exactly at the right moment, in accordance with the highest strategical considerations, our forces, in admirable order, deployed from the heights, in order to occupy a most commanding position in the valley."

Milverton. Ellesmere has occupied some time in explanation; but what he says is perfectly true, and it may be doubted whether hope for the future would be sufficient to console men if they could not gloss over the past.

Ellesmere. What I complain of Mauleverer, is, that he is so detestably consistent. He does not seem to improve at all by the good conversation he hears from us. Now, I change a little; but always, I trust, in the right direction. I have become a mass of tolerance. A large and varied survey of the miseries of mankind has led me to conclude that every man is a being much to be pitied. One cannot be angry with men, or be otherwise than tolerant of all their errors and shortcomings, when one thinks that most men have teeth—that some men shave—that we have to get up and go to bed (both of them detestable operations) every day—that there is hardly any place, however remote, in which there is not more than one delivery of letters in the course of the twenty-four hours—that any human being, however foolish, can annoy any other human being, however sensible (though thousands of miles should separate them), by informing him abruptly, in a brutal telegram, of all the unpleasant things that can happen—that pleasures are taken in such large doses as to become rather like poisons, dinners lasting sometimes three hours—that we have to live with creatures very like and yet very unlike ourselves, who are strangely attractive to us, and whom we fondly and vainly endeavor to manage (they every day in these times becoming more unmanageable)—that children will scream at the top of their voices, and wear out shoes in the most reckless manner—that most of our abodes are but vertical continuations of sewers—that there is no good weather anywhere; it is always too hot, or too cold, or too rainy, or too shiny, or too misty, or too dazzling—that old ladies will have the windows up in a railway carriage when the wind is south, and young ladies the windows down when the wind is east—that there is such a thing as public speaking, and that no one can say or write anything with reason-

able brevity—I say again, that a male human being is a creature whom one cannot regard but with the utmost pity; and even his slight aberrations from perfect virtue are results which may naturally be expected to follow from the adverse circumstances that surround him.

Cranmer. It does not seem to me that in this talk which Mauleverer and Ellesmere had this morning, either of them could have been doing more than bringing forward half-truths, and exaggerating these greatly.

Lady Ellesmere. For my part, I am delighted that John has arrived even at half-truths; so that they may make him a little more tolerant.

Ellesmere. I am not merely tolerant; I have become appreciative, in the highest degree. For instance, I am convinced that Milverton is not quite so foolish a person as I once thought.

Mrs. Milverton. Pardon me for interrupting the conversation; but, my dear, what did Sir John mean when he said that our houses were vertical continuations of sewers?

Ellesmere. I think you might have asked me to explain, Mrs. Milverton; but of course your husband knows everything better than anybody else.

Milverton. I wish, my dear, that I could not only explain what he said, but that I could explain it away. It seemed to me to come in ill with his minor perplexities of human life, for it indicates a most serious evil. Sanitary science has really made a great advance in our time; but the application of that science has not made anything like a proportionate advance. The subject in question is not a very savory one; but it is one which people should be thoroughly made aware of.

There are certain gases, very injurious to human life, which are generated in our sewers and such like receptacles. Our houses, of course, have close communition with these sewers. We either make no provision against the entrance of these gases into our houses, or provision of such a kind as must be expected occasionally to fail. For instance, the water is evaporated from what are called "water-traps," and then the house is utterly defenseless against these gases.

Now look at the matter somewhat in the abstract. Here are certain noxious creatures endowed with great power of penetration. They make a perpetual effort to escape from their confinement. If the house is the only place into which they can escape, they will be sure some day or other to find a weak part in its defenses, and to make an entrance there.

If it were not so painful a thing, it would be almost ludicrous to state, and it would have delighted Swift or any other cynical satirist to state it, that we provide what we call a partial remedy for this evil by allowing these gases to escape through gratings into the streets, thus mildly poisoning the general community.

Sir Arthur. I am shamefully ignorant upon these subjects, Milverton; but are not these gratings necessary to carry off the rainfall?

Milverton. That ought to be provided for otherwise. But the main thing that is wanted in the way of remedy for this great evil is, that sewers and all such affairs should have ventilating shafts, by which these gases should be carried off into the *higher* atmosphere, and indeed, as I think, should be decomposed previously to their exit into that atmosphere.

Cranmer. All this would be very expensive, you know, Milverton.

Milverton. Yes: the cost might be equivalent, in a large mansion, to that of an Axminster carpet for one of the principal rooms; but you had much better walk upon deal boards, for the rest of your life, than live in houses which are perpetually threatened by the danger I have indicated, and have not one whit exaggerated.

Ellesmere. You remember our dear friend P——, the most humorous man I ever knew, and how amused he was at a little child of two or three years old, who was still called "baby," telling him that it was a "use'l baby." The idea of a baby being "useful" delighted our humorous friend, and afterward he was wont to call himself, being a very little man, "the useful baby." Though I am a big fellow, I arrogate to myself the same title, and certainly I am a baby in sanitary science, but a useful baby; for, as you see, I have been the means of eliciting a careful exposition from our sanitary friend of a great evil. I am very much pleased with Milverton just at

present; and as regards another matter, I will frankly confess, as I intimated before, that he is not so foolish as I used to think.

Milverton. Don't compliment me so highly before my face, otherwise I shall have to leave the room. As you know, I have always maintained that though one can bear a great deal of written flattery, one does not like extravagant eulogiums to be addressed to oneself *vivâ voce*—especially in the presence of others.

Sir Arthur. But how is it, Ellesmere, that you have, all of a sudden, arrived at this high opinion of Milverton's merits?

Ellesmere. Well, you know, he is always boring us about organization and the wonders that might be done by it, and also the mischiefs that might be prevented by it. It will astonish and shock you to hear what a loss the country has been near sustaining, when I tell you that I might have been killed in a recent railway accident in Scotland——

Lady Ellesmere. Don't speak jokingly, John, about such a serious matter.

Ellesmere. And all for want of judicious organization. This led me to consider, with all the care prompted by self-interest, the organization of railways; and I certainly do admit that it is very defective. I will not trouble you with the details of my misadventure. You will have seen all about it in the newspapers. But it made me very critical.

Now only look at one little thing in which there is such a want of forethought and management. You have an immensely long train, and the carriages are all so much alike in color that it is impossible to distinguish them. Then you see wretched human beings who have ventured to devour a meal at some great station, such as York, in vain endeavoring to find their carriages again. The train has been moved, so that even a person who has a keen sense of locality, and has taken care to observe exactly at what part of the station he has got out, finds the position of things, when he returns, entirely changed, and has to rely upon the faintest indication of ownership, which may lead him back to his own carriage. All this trouble and confusion would have been prevented, or at least immensely diminished, by having carriages of various colors.

Milverton. I noticed this long ago, and, I believe, stated it to you.

Ellesmere. The words of the wise, or, as I should say, the words of the not very foolish, are unheeded until suffering brings them home. I am beginning to be a convert to the notion that government should have the control of the railways.

Mauleverer. They are so successful in all that they manage, that one cannot avoid coming to that conclusion.

Sir Arthur. I do not wish for this at all. I do not think that the government of this country is strong enough to bear any additional odium; and odium there would be arising from every accident that might occur. Neither do I think that they are strong enough, intellectually speaking, to take this burden upon their shoulders.

Milverton. I think government could make great improvements in railway traveling; but I agree with Sir Arthur that they are not at present strong enough to undertake this great additional business.

I wish you would let me take this opportunity of talking over with you a subject which has long been in my mind, and respecting which I should greatly like to hear your various opinions.

Ellesmere. Yes; we will allow you to do so. It always makes a conversation interesting when there is some backbone to it; when there is some fellow—tiresome or otherwise—who has got into his head some idea which he wishes to impress upon the rest of the company. Be it remembered, however, that this is only the case when the rest of the company are strong enough to prevent themselves from being oppressed by the man with the idea; and also when there is a sufficient number of irrelevant people who will interrupt by somewhat vague and inconclusive remarks, which, however, are serviceable as tending to provoke the man with the idea and compel him to a certain pleasing diffuseness. Even foolish people are good when they hinder tyrants.

Sir Arthur. Having thus received Ellesmere's sanction, expressed in such flattering terms both to yourself and ourselves, Milverton, you may proceed.

Milverton. Well, then, I say, not only is government weak, but that all the old

governing forces of the world are also weak, or are in course of being weakened.

Ellesmere. Interruption number one, by ignorant person: Please define old governing forces.

Milverton. I mean not only the government of any country, whatever form that government may have, but the governing forces arising from the influence of religion, from the possession of land or other capital, of rank, of learning in all its branches (including art), and in short all those forces which have hitherto, ostensibly or non-ostensibly, had a large share in ruling the world.

It cannot be denied, I think, that all these forces are in the process of being weakened.

At any rate they are weakened relatively by the introduction of new forces of great potency.

Ellesmere. Please define these also.

Milverton. These new forces are such as have been developed by the extension of science, the increased freedom of the press, and the additional power given to the people.

It cannot be denied that these forces are, comparatively speaking, new, and that they have received an immense development in the last hundred years.

With regard to the press, the increase of power is perfectly enormous. Assertion, through it, has become facile in the highest degree. Denial on the part of any of the governing classes which it may attack has become proportionately difficult.

No one will deny that the power of the people has enormously increased. By people I mean those persons who did not formerly partake of any of the power belonging to what I have called the old governing forces.

Then there comes science; and under the head of science I would include all those results of scientific endeavor which have inevitably given great rapidity to the spreading of free thought, and have enabled combinations of men with similar aims to be made with comparative facility throughout many countries.

Have I made any statement in respect to which you wish to take any objection?

Sir Arthur. No; we may not agree with the exact wording of what you have said; but we do, I think, with the substance.

Milverton. Now, I am not going to express any vain regrets at the present state of things, or to manifest any stupid conservatism, as Ellesmere would call it. On the contrary, I decline to be dismayed at the present aspect of things, and am always prone to believe that the progress of the world is toward good.

Mauleverer. That I deny.

Milverton. At the same time I must admit that there are great dangers which may possibly arise from an unhappy conflict between the old and the new forces, especially in a country such as ours, which holds its great prosperity upon a somewhat uncertain tenure. I must give an illustration of what I mean. A large part of our prosperity arises, or at least has arisen, from the confidence which other nations have long entertained in the stability of our institutions. This has made our country the emporium of the world. The first Rothschild who settled here used to say of the British funds: "This is the horse that has never been down." But it is not upon the opinion of any one man, however fit to give an opinion, that I would rely. The opinion of the whole commercial world may be discerned by the fact that Great Britain is the emporium of the world. Some peculiar circumstances have enabled me to be as good a judge of this matter as any living man. On a certain occasion it was decided by the government of this country that no vessel should be allowed to carry any goods that might be used as material for war, without a permit signed by me or my immediate subordinate. You may imagine how large and various are the kinds of goods which may be considered material for war. I found that there were certain classes of these goods of which we practically possessed the total quantity. I do not mean to say that the ownership of those goods was entirely ours. But here the goods were, possessed by owners of all nations.

Cranmer. I can thoroughly confirm your statement, Milverton. I was in office at the time, as you may recollect.

Milverton. Well, now, just consider what would be the result—not the temporary result, but the permanent result,

of any great disturbance arising from a conflict between the old and the new forces I have described, and which would shake the confidence of other nations in our stability. Take into your consideration the immense number of people to whom this confidence, in an indirect way, gives employment. Let me further illustrate the facts I have stated, by telling you that vessels pass by the places where certain articles of commerce are produced, and come on to Great Britain as to the emporium where there will be the largest heaping up of these products, and the best means of choice afforded to the purchaser for making his purchases.

You see, therefore, that the present state of things, as regards us, is rather contrary to nature, and is the result of art—namely, the Art of Government.

Ellesmere. These certainly are very striking facts. The terrible thing is, that so few people know much about what goes on in a great country like ours. I have often wished for a little book that would tell us everything about ourselves which it is desirable to know. You may all laugh; but I have not even mastered, though I have been Attorney-General, the respective duties of the various government offices.

Milverton. I proceed to work out my idea, being delighted at the same time, to observe that there are still some things which Sir John Ellesmere admits he does not understand.

I think that, for men like yourselves, I need not dwell upon the question as to the extent of injury that would arise from any great political disturbance in this country—injury, I mean, to our commercial interests, from confidence in our political stability being shaken.

Ellesmere. No: that is self-evident. I delight in that expression of old Rothschild's, "The horse that has never been down."

Milverton. How many people, when they contemplate the possibility of any great political disturbance, think of the Monarchy, or the Church, or the owners of land, or the possessors of capital, or the artists, or the men of letters, or the professional men, who might, at any rate for the time, be ruined by this disturbance?

I feel for them; but far more for the laboring classes, whose sufferings would be absolutely fearful. This I could show you, if we had the census returns in the room, and you could see what an enormous number of persons there are whose daily wages are dependent upon this stability. If any such disturbance comes, and is of long duration, there will be a state of suffering for the poorer classes, such as that of which the great sieges of the world have given a fearful example. Recollect that at such a time you cannot ship off your suffering millions to find their living in other and happier countries. It is comparatively a narrow space in which you have to work.

Sir Arthur. Granted. I am fond, as you know, of summing up. I always fancy I should like to have been a judge. I will sum up what you have said:

Old governing forces are weak or being weakened: new and potent forces have arisen. Great Britain is the emporium of the world, by reason of the confidence placed in it; political disturbance of much duration will destroy this confidence: poor people will suffer most.

Ellesmere. He did not exactly say that: he said that his sympathies would be most with the poor people. Go on.

Milverton. The first thing is, that all the old governing forces should perceive the danger, whatever danger there is; should not contend with each other; and should endeavor to reconcile themselves to the new state of things.

Ellesmere. This, too, is not unreasonable.

Milverton. Now comes the real gist of the matter. The policy should not be a policy of fear. That means defeat. Now, neither conquest nor defeat ought to be in the minds of those who are the inheritors of the old forces.

Neither should it be a policy of compromise.

Ellesmere. Oh! oh! Why, compromise is the very essence of modern life!

Milverton. I cannot help that. I say again, it should not be a policy of compromise; it should be a policy of conciliation.

Cranmer. Please explain.

Milverton. This will be my hardest

work to-day; and I almost fear that I shall not, in the course of a conversation, be able to show you all that I think upon this matter, and all that I certainly feel. But I will try.

Trace up all these ruling forces to their origin, and you will see that it is a good one. I will especially deal with the new forces. Take science, for instance. It may tend to produce disturbance by coming in conflict with old opinions of much weight and value, and with old customs, manners, and ways of thinking. But it is in its essence good. It is simply a result of the pursuit of truth. Then take the press. You cannot for a moment maintain that its freedom is not essentially a good thing. It is only talking the commonest commonplace to say that whatever mischief may be evolved by this freedom is in the abuse and not in the use of it.

Again; as regards the increased power of the people, it is a magnificent thing. What a grand event it is in the history of the world (don't look so blank, Mauleverer!) when you have a reasonable hope—mark you, I do not for the present put it higher—of uniting the people in the great office of governing themselves. It is almost Utopian in its greatness.

But the wished-for end may be accomplished.

Mauleverer. Wretched and misguided optimist!

Milverton. Yes, it may be accomplished. I will, however, be very candid with you, and will admit that there is a considerable fear which pervades my mind; and that is, lest there should not be time enough to accomplish this great end—lest downward progress should go too far and too fast (especially too fast)—lest the old powers and the old forces should not have time to accommodate themselves to the new state of things; and thus the policy of conciliation should fail.

Ellesmere. Again ignorance demands explanation. What do you mean by this policy of conciliation?

Milverton. Perhaps there is hardly anything more difficult to explain than a policy of any kind, or rather to explain how such a policy should be conducted. I mean this—that all the objects which are put forward, or are likely to be put forward, by the possessors of the new forces, should be considered in anything but an antagonistic spirit by the possessors of the old ruling forces, and that they should discern the common ground whereon they can act with the others.

I could give many instances in which I believe this common ground could be found. The night would descend upon us before I should have exhausted these instances, and I must not weary you. There is one, however, which I will name, and which appears at present to have seized hold of the minds of many men. It is, the physical well-being of the poorer classes. Now, I should have no hope of this forming a common ground of endeavor for all the forces I have mentioned, if it were a new thing. It might then be fairly argued that this common ground, as I call it, had been sought for from motives of fear, or from a search after compromise. I do not hold to either of these classes of motives.

I say again that the endeavor to promote the physical well-being of the poorer classes is not a new thing. Long before the recent political changes took place there were thousands of persons in the more prosperous classes who had devoted themselves to the promotion of this great object, as also there were thousands of persons who sought to promote the education of the people.

Now these persons, and they are very numerous, come into court with clean hands, as it were. They welcome the new forces as powers which are likely to be of service to them, and so they do much toward the conciliation of which I have spoken.

This country has for so long a time been practically a country of great freedom, both of action and opinion, that there are many other classes of men who are inevitably conciliators of the new and the old forces. There are, for instance, the religious men who have welcomed without fear the truths of science. There are the statesmen, or the men of statesmanlike mind, who have always been ready to consider the great question in which workpeople are mainly interested, such as coöperation. And, in fact, if you take into view the whole political

world of Great Britain, you will find that there are a great number of persons who, consciously or unconsciously, afford the means of conciliation between the old and the new forces. It is, therefore, I contend, within the limits of rational hope that this policy of conciliation may be carried forward successfully. If it is successful we shall maintain our position as one of the greatest nations on the face of the earth; if it fail we must prepare for decadence.

I have been the principal speaker for the last half hour, and am almost ashamed of the position I have occupied. But you have not shown any wish to depose me, and even Ellesmere has been very tractable. I cannot continue this conversation, for I am very tired; but if you wish to resume it to-morrow, I shall try to meet any objections with which you may favor me.

Ellesmere. I wish to make a remark. I suppose it will be pronounced to be irrelevant. It is this: that when you are speaking of the forces that influence the world and keep it together, you should name politeness; for that, in my opinion, is the greatest force in the world. It never ceases to act. You may observe that under whatever disastrous circumstances a man may be placed, he retains such politeness as he has, and does not forget his manners. The dying are polite; the condemned do not forget their manners. A man will hate you enough to be ready to slay you, but he will not comment before your face upon any personal defect you may have.

I assure you this is not a chance remark of mine made at the moment. I have been making it all my life. There is a certain respect which one human being has for another, which neither fear nor anger nor any other passion wholly violates. It is madness only that can be thoroughly unpolite.

Milverton. There is a great deal in what Ellesmere says.

Ellesmere. Yes: he does not always talk folly.

Mauleverer. It is true; but what he says has very little to do with the subject in question. People retained their politeness in the height of the first French revolution. This politeness is a constant quantity, as the mathematicians would say. What we were talking about was the relation between the old and the new political forces. Upon that matter I must also make my remark. I do not think that Milverton dwelt half enough upon the additional power which has been gained by calumny from the introduction of some of the new forces. A statement is rashly made by some foolish or inconsiderate person; and forthwith it is trumpeted all over the world. Millions of people read it. And it is a melancholy fact that we are not yet enough educated to withhold altogether all belief in a calumnious statement which we see set forth in print.

Now this augumentation of the power of calumny has a most dangerous effect in lessening the power and influence of all persons in authority.

But I will not proceed further in this discussion, as Milverton said that he was tired. I trust, however, that he will take this remark of mine into consideration when he recommences.

[I must make an addition to this conversation, and must apologize for having to make it. At some point in the conversation Mr. Milverton became excited with his subject, and spoke very rapidly. Moreover, what he said particularly interested me, and, while thinking of it, I failed to make a note of it. He was speaking of the great power which the governing classes of any country still possessed—great power for good, as he said. And then he went on to say that whenever in history the governing classes had broken down, as it were, and the State had gone into revolution or into ruin, it was because those governing classes had either been cowardly or unsympathetic, or perhaps both combined. He scarcely could believe, he added, that a nation could drift into these evil courses so long as its upper classes were courageous and sympathetic. He took care, however, to make an exception for those cases where the political disturbance was created by foreign war or dynastic quarrels.]

If you are not right toward God, you can never be so toward man; and this is forever true, whether wits and rakes allow it or not.—*Lord Chatham.*

Tinsley's Magazine.

WON AND LOST.

"Those that will not when they may,
When they will they shall have nay."

A GARDEN-PARTY on the banks of the Thames: croquet and strawberries the excuse; flirtation and matrimony the object. But in all the glory of a June sunlight, the bright river glittering as it runs on to the sea, roses flinging their rich perfume on the air, soft music blending with the song of birds, the excuse and the object are sometimes forgotten, and a delicious sense of purposeless idleness and inexplicable enjoyment alone remains.

At least such was the case with Philip Kerr, captain in the Royal Rifles, as, leaning against a tree, he looked at the scene around him.

What to him was the remembrance that two brothers stood between him and a title? What the apparently certain fact that his father's broad woodlands and the halls where he was born were not for him? that his only home was the headquarters of his regiment in a garrisontown, or the dining-room of the Rag and Famish? It was nothing to him at that instant that his pockets were empty, and his banking account overdrawn. Had he not irreproachable lavender kids on his hands, and, as far as he was concerned, priceless boots on his aristocratically small feet? Above all, was there not smiling on him, between her turns at croquet, the only unmarried daughter of the great city firm of Richley, Alpaca & Co.? Not very young, and not very handsome, to be sure, but then there was a dowry of thirty thousand down, and seventy thousand to come when the senior partner should take his flight to a better world, and that surely would balance thirty years of age and a remarkably plain face.

Besides, she was well inclined to regild with her wealth some worn-out coronet; or, failing that, to attach herself as a branch grafted on to some long-descended family tree, and so enter "society" in her own right, as fourteenth cousin by marriage to a peer of the realm, rather than be admitted by sufferance of dowagers on the lookout for heiresses.

Whilst awaiting this desirable event, she kept her hand in by a series of unlimited and sentimental flirtations with every agreeable and intellectual man she met with; for Theodosia Richley went in for intellect—high art, broad-church notions and women's rights—and Philip being particularly agreeable and passably intellectual, and, above all, the third son of a Scotch baron, Theodosia had selected him as her present aide-de-camp and attaché. She had always the alternative, in all cases when intellect asserted its superiority and became too troublesome, of referring it to the senior partner, without whose consent, as she plaintively remarked, "I should but inflict on you a penniless wife, my dearest Henry," or Robert, or whatever might be the Christian name of the present aspirant; and this reference generally terminated in the dismissal of the agreeable and intellectual being, no particular reason being given, and the fair Theodosia gently hoping, "That though things were not propitious, still friendship need not be broken." Then by way of consolation would arrive anonymous presents, and a sentimental correspondence would be kept up with the family; but to this stage Philip had not yet arrived.

He was content to be smiled upon, to disregard the warnings of wiser men than himself, and drift down the stream, careless whether it stranded him on the sunny shore of a home paid for by his heiress-love, or dashed him on the barren rocks of foreign service.

There were just two or three things that Philip could not do. With all his many fascinations, his perfect mustache, his talent for soothing irate tailors, his seat on horseback, and his step in the valse, he could not be angry or stern with a woman, or indeed with any one. He could not take anything deeply to heart, and he could not fret or fume as to what might or might not be his destiny; and he leaned lazily against the tree and

thought of nothing. The game was ended at last, and Miss Richley came toward him.

"I am tired, Captain Kerr," she remarked; "and the seats here are all in the sun."

It was a fair challenge, and Philip accepted it. He was an *habitué* of the house, and he knew of a shady walk; he could do no less than offer his arm to the heiress, and take her to it. And there they sat, the sunlight just playing through the branches, and the river rippling by. There was a certain luxury and ease in all this which struck Philip.

A vision came across him of the dull garrison town, and the troop-ship, and the foreign station; and then the contrast: a home in England, hunting and shooting, London in the season, and the moors in August; and the thought shot across him, "One word, and this may be mine." Then came a flitting thought of a fair young face, with its rosebud blushes and its trusting look. He put it away as too costly a bargain, and turned to the woman at his side.

Now, he had certainly paid great attention to Miss Richley. They had been much thrown together, and prudent relatives had implored him not to neglect so golden an opportunity, and here it was at once. He had but to speak, and dare his fate. As well finish the matter now. Poor little Louie! well, no doubt she would find a better fellow than he was; and so his resolution was taken.

Truth to tell, Theodosia was expecting an offer from him every moment. It was no new position to her, and her heart was too well arranged under her tightly-laced silk bodice to indulge in fluttering. She has gone through the same thing some fifty-one times before; yet to-day she is puzzled. "Philip dear" is the handsomest darling she has ever seen, except those Italian loves, the *guardia nobile*, and *they* are useless; and then his father is a baron, who married a Lady Alice Somebody, and his second brother is a clergyman, who married the widow of a dean, who was the daughter of an archbishop. Yes, dear Philip is on all sides so well connected; yet Theodosia *was* puzzled. A friend had only that day spoken to her of a Scotch baronet who desired an introduction, and then she would be a lady, if not in her own right, at least in right of her husband.

Yet the friend had said Sir M'Gregor M'Gregor had red hair, splay feet, and an irritable temper; and dear Philip was so good-looking, and with such a sweet disposition; so what between Philip's charms and her own indecision, she listened when he spoke of his "devoted love" with a pleased smile, and he felt that the day was won, and that they were engaged.

No, not engaged.

She was too good a daughter for that—not engaged till she had spoken to her dear papa, and smoothed the way for Philip to appeal to him for his paternal blessing. Phil would have dispensed with the blessing if the settlements had been all right without it, but he had no choice; he tried to throw a love-like ardor into his voice as he said, "Do not keep me too long in the agonies of suspense, dearest!" but he felt a certain sense of relief in the fact that, not being formally accepted, he could not be expected to imprint a kiss on his fair one's cheek. There was not much of a rosebud blush, and a good deal of *poudre de riz* there, and it looked dusty, to say the least.

Miss Richley had a strict sense of propriety, or rather a desire to avoid its being known to the world at large how far matters had gone in any little affair of this kind, therefore Phil was not called upon for any display of devotion; and when he put his heiress in the carriage which was to convey her back to the mansion in Marquis square, where the family resided during the season, the farewell on either side was so studiously courteous and commonplace, that the acutest of chaperons could not have detected anything particular.

Phil chartered a hansom, lighted a cigar, and drove back to London, pondering on his present position, and wondering lazily how it would all turn out; but as he dismissed his vehicle at the club door, a woman offered him roses for sale. He stopped, and a shade came over his handsome *insouciant* face as he gave her a sixpence and took a pale tea-rose from her stock.

"I wish I was a rich man for your

sake, darling," was the thought that flashed across his mind; but the Rosebud to whom that thought was dedicated was far away across the seas: and Phil dismissed the passing cloud, and went up the steps humming a gay air.

Next morning, however, his courage slightly failed him, when he went to his necessary interview with the senior partner. If he did not succeed, he would probably have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the commissioners in bankruptcy, and if he did—but the life that such success entailed offered a prospect not too agreeable to the well-born thoroughbred Philip Kerr.

Apparently, the visions of the night had not presented the Scotch baronet, red hair, splay feet and all, in too delightful a view to Miss Theodosia Richley; "besides," as she mentally observed, "after all, dearest Philip was an honorable." So, dressed in a most elaborate morning costume, all white furbelows and blue ribbon, she welcomed the handsome rifleman with one of her most fascinating smiles.

Mr. Richley, though only a shopkeeper, was at heart a true gentleman; his daughter's welfare and happiness were his first consideration.

"Let her future husband," he often said, "be a gentleman, and, above all, a good man, and I'll find the money for a house and home, such as she has always been accustomed to."

Under these circumstances, Phil's honest acknowledgment that he had nothing to offer in the way of settlement was no bar to his prospects. His handsome face, his kindly genial manner, won Mr. Richley's heart, and the acute old tradesman read his character truly. If he had no very strong points about it, at least he had no very weak ones. His virtues and vices were all of the negative order, except that he possessed a splendid temper.

The paternal consent and blessing were soon given; and then appeared on the scene Mrs. Richley, who, duly prompted by her daughter, added her blessing and congratulations, till Phil felt he could do no less than kiss his bride-elect, in a most calm and decorous way, in full view (as was proper) of her loving parents.

Moreover, he was invited to take up his abode there for the remaining fortnight of his leave; and in a good or evil hour, as it may seem to each individual reader, he accepted. The luxurious establishment in Marquis square suited not only Phil's notions of comfort better than his three-floor bedroom and his club dinner, but also the state of his pockets. Rooms and dinner were gratis in Marquis square; that was a great point. All went well for a few days, till the arrival of some country cousins, who, being newly married, expected to see every couple of lovers as demonstrative as they were themselves. Phil did not do enough kissing to please them; he did not squeeze his fair one's hand in corners; and he made himself generally agreeable without seeking perpetual tête-a-têtes with his *fiancée*.

"My dear Theodosia," observed Mrs. Russell one evening, on their return from the opera, whither Phil had escorted them, "I suppose it is not the fashion; but really, now, if my William in our courting days had not put his arm round my waist as we drove in a carriage, and in the dark, too, I should have been seriously uneasy."

Another time it was, "Dearest, how very odd that Captain Kerr never seems to care to be alone with you. My William could not bear a third person in the room!"

Theodosia might have disregarded this, but her own sense told her that Phil was not a devoted lover; and though the congratulations of the Kerr family had been most enthusiastic, though they had mentally adopted Theodosia and her thirty thousand as a daughter and sister, dear to their aristocratic hearts, yet there were sundry outlying members who preserved the right to opinions of their own, and would have preferred Phil's bride being considerably younger and very much prettier, even if her pockets were not so well lined.

Now this heresy against the right divine of gold Theodosia secretly resented, and again she had visions of the baronet, and thought that "Lady M'Gregor" sounded quite as well as, or better than, the "Hon. Mrs. Kerr." In short, having landed her fish, Theodosia was getting weary of it.

The pleasure to her was in the catching, not the keeping, and Phil was far too secure and careless to please her.

Courteous and gentlemanly he could not fail to be, but he was no actor. He could not assume a virtue he had not; and he could not look impassioned, and he could not speak poetically, when he was feeling peculiarly cool and indifferent.

So the time went on, till, on the morning that he was to leave, it was Mrs., not Miss Richley, who greeted him on his entrance to the library.

"It is a very painful task, Captain Kerr, that is imposed upon me, but I have no resource," were her opening words. "I cannot control my daughter's feelings, indeed in this instance I coincide in them; so does her father. We all feel that there does not exist between you the love which alone can render marriage a state of blessing, and it is better at once to end this hastily formed engagement."

Phil stared, but said nothing.

Mrs. Richley, having applied a filmy pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, went on:

"Do not answer me, Captain Kerr" (Phil, by the way, had not attempted it); "this decision is final; yet, as an interview with my daughter would be very painful to her, and useless to yourself, I must beg you will at once leave the house without urging it."

What could Phil say? A certain sense of relief, too, flashed over his mind. He simply bowed, expressed his thanks for the hospitality and kindness he had received, his regret at the sudden and, he must observe, unexplained termination of his engagement, and requested that a cab might be called to transport himself and his portmanteau to the club.

So ended Phil's dream of an heiress. Yet that heartless young man was actually heard to whistle "A te o cara!" as he drove away from Marquis square; and Mrs. Richley would have felt herself more than ever justified had she read his thoughts: "Free, even if a beggar. Rosebud, I may think of you lovingly now."

Phil did not lament when he found next morning that sudden orders had come for the regiment to sail for Canada.

One week later and he was off board the troop-ship as it steamed down the Mersey, and the band struck up "The Girl I left behind me." A dear sweet face seemed to hover before him with bright soft eyes, not cast up and down and sideways like Theodosia's pale gray orbs, but yet which spoke of a bashful affection as pure and true as ever throbbed in the heart of a gently-born English maiden.

Yes, the hackneyed old tune carried his thoughts away to a bygone time and a southern land, and Phil Kerr came to the conclusion that he was, as he himself would have expressed it, a "brute," and that he had been "a big fool."

Phil was the only patient passenger on board; for, strange to say, he had begun to think, and seriously too. Perhaps the bracing sea air affected his very easy-going ideas on many subjects; perhaps it was that he had nothing to do but too smoke, play whist, and think; but certain it is, that the gallant, self-satisfied and careless Phil began to think his honorable self but doubtfully worthy of that true love.

It might be, too, that the last month had shown him more of his better nature than he ever knew before; that love was as necessary to his happiness as gold; and that a future yet lay before him, far holier and truer than a wealthy marriage could give. Phil Kerr was a changed and better man.

A year has passed before we see him again, and now it is in the capital of the world—Rome; a salon in the Hôtel Costanzi, a scent of orange-blossoms, and a lady and gentleman breaking the seals of their English letters—Philip and his bride the Rosebud.

A sad and fatal boat-accident had ended the lives of his two elder brothers, his father had died of a broken heart for the loss of "his bonny boys," and Philip Lord Kerr had resigned his commission and hastened to Florence, where Rosie Amherst lived with her brave old soldier-father and her gentle mother.

He wooed and won the Rosebud of his dreams, and there was no complaint this time of a want of lover-like ardor; and now they sat side by side, in an attitude good Mrs. Russell would have highly approved of, reading their letters.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Phil, "Rosie, look here. You know I told you that I was always getting anonymous presents after that foolish affair was broken off—you know what affair, don't you dear?"

Phil here twisted his mustache, after the fashion of embarrassed Englishmen in general who possess such an appendage.

"I know all about it. You were a very naughty boy to think of selling yourself for gold. I only wonder you did not go behind the counter to qualify yourself for a junior partner—Richley, Alpaca, Kerr & Co.! How very distinguished it would have sounded!"

Rosie met her justly-merited punishment for this bit of sarcasm, and a reconciliation having been established, which included sundry pulls of Phil's chestnut locks, that much-tried individual continued:

"Well, then, Rosebud, after that sad accident, I had a letter from old Mrs. Richley, asking me to stay there when I returned to England. I came off so hurriedly that I never answered; and then you see I started for Florence."

"I know all about *that*," replied Rosie, nodding her head *à la* Burleigh.

"Now, you see, pet," Phil went on, "the paragraph in the *Times* and *Morning Post* cannot be published in England till to-day; but it is more than a fortnight since I wrote to my agent, giving him my address here, and he has forwarded the letter. Read it, Rosie, will you?"

Rosie took the letter. The perfume of patchouli clung about it yet, and the monogram was gorgeous in green and mauve and gold. An irresistible smile broke over her bright young face as she read it:

"MY DEAR PHILIP—or rather, I suppose I must forget the past and call you Lord Kerr—I do indeed congratulate you on your new honors, and they could fall to no one more worthily. Your extended views of life, your liberal ideas on every point, render you peculiarly fitted to hold a high place in this age of progress.

"My father too has met with unexampled success since we parted, and nearly doubled his fortune. But what is wealth to me? It is intellect I look for, and that I found in you.

"After you left, I refused Sir M'Gregor M'Gregor. He had persevered for some months, but in vain. Could I bury myself in that Highland castle, with his dreadful sisters (three confirmed spinsters), and his dogs and horses? No. Though he offered magnificent settlements, what were they to me? Nothing to what my father could have given me, less than nothing compared with *one* memory of the past! You know me. I could not live without intellectual society—intellectual and devoid of bigotry; a society in which you would shine. It was my parents that parted us; I yielded to their will. Forgive me, and at least let us be friends, even if we are never to be more than friends to each other. Write to me that you are well and happy. Ah, would that your happiness still depended upon me! It would be the hourly study of your devoted THEODOSIA."

Rosie fairly laughed aloud.

"Poor old thing!" she said; "what a queer jumble of strongmindedness and sentimentality! But, Phil, you never loved her?"

"Never, darling, never; and I should have given the same answer—'Much obliged, but otherwise disposed of'—even if this precious epistle had not come too late. She would have bought me with gold; little sorceress, *you* bought me with smiles and blushes and priceless love. Heaven be praised for that Scotch baronet, for I really believe he came to the rescue just in time; and thanks to him, I have lost an heiress and won a Rosebud."

Tinsley's Magazine.

TO A TOO PALPABLE FLIRT.

FLIRT though you be, one thing excels
  Even flirting in your estimation,
And that is folks to scandalize,
  And make them witness each flirtation.

The *demi monde*, of which you seem
  In some respects so apt a student,
May teach you decency, at least,
  And make you just a little prudent.

You think my censure harsh, perhaps—
  I should regret your feelings hurting—
But to be found out, in my creed,
  Is a worse error than flirtation.

Temple Bar.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY DR. DORN, CAPELLMEISTER OF BERLIN.

I WAS a young man of three-and-twenty, prosecuting my legal studies in Berlin, when I first knew Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years old. One winter's experience showed me, that though I could get through my college terms, I should never be able to pass all the necessary law examinations, as I had so much musical business on my hands. At evening parties I was in constant request, being found very useful, as I was at once a piano-forte player, an accompanyist, and a solo singer—a rare combination in one individual, of which I can recall no other instances than Gustav Reichardt and Reissiger. Musical parties in Berlin at that time were at the height of their glory, and attended only by ladies and gentlemen who really loved music and cultivated it as an art, and who were able upon emergency to perform whole operas or oratorios. Tea was handed round before the musical business of the evening began, and we wound up with cold refreshments and quartet singing.

One Friday, at the "at home" evening of my old countryman Abraham Friedländer, as I was in the midst of the well-known duet of Spohr's between Faust and Röschen, with a talented young singer, a commotion arose in the anteroom, which was most unusual, for a profound silence always prevailed when anything was going on. During the pathetic air, "Fort von hier auf shönere Auen," my partner whispered to me: "Felix is come;" and when the duet was finished, I made the acquaintance of Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years old, residing with his parents on the Neue Promenade, only a few steps from Friedländer's house. He apologized for having interrupted our song by his entrance, and offered to play the accompaniments for me; "or shall we play them alternately?" he said—a regular Mendelssohn way of putting the question, which, even twenty years later, he made use of to a stranger in a similar position. At that time it would have been difficult to picture a more prepossessing exterior than that of Felix Mendelssohn; though every one made use of the familiar "Du" in addressing him, yet it was very evident that even his most intimate acquaintances set a great value on his presence amongst them. He was rarely allowed to go to such large parties, but when he did so, the music, and the *con amore* spirit with which it was carried on, seemed to afford him real pleasure, and he, in his turn, contributed largely to the enjoyment. People made a great deal of him, and Johanna Zimmermann, Friedländer's niece, who had lost her husband while bathing in the Tyrol, regularly persecuted the young fellow so that he could scarcely escape from her attentions. Young as he was, he even then accompanied singing in a manner only to be met with amongst the older and more thorough musicians who possessed that especial gift. At Königsberg the orchestral management of the piano was an unknown thing, and even in Berlin I had as yet had no opportunity of admiring this skill and facility in any one. That man was considered a very respectable musician who played from the printed copy *con amore*, and thus helped the singer now and then; but he who was able to enrich the slender piano-forte accompaniment with octave basses and full chords, of course stood in a much higher position. Such a gifted being was Felix even at that time, and in the duet between Florestan and Leonora, which he accompanied, he astonished me in the passage "Du wieder nun in meinen Armen, O Gott!" by the way in which he represented the violincello and the contre-basso parts on the piano, playing them two octaves apart. I afterward asked him why he had chosen this striking way of rendering the passage, and he explained all to me in the kindest manner. How many times since has that duet been sung in Berlin to the piano-forte, but how rarely has it been accompanied in such a manner! In the winter of 1824–25 I was quite at home in the Mendelssohns' house—that is to say, I made my

appearance there every Sunday morning at the musical entertainments, and was always invited to their evening parties as a singer to be reckoned upon, and as one always ready to take a part in the dance. At the *matinées* I came by degrees personally acquainted with all the musicians of importance in Berlin. Men, such as Lanska, who had instructed both Felix and his sister Fanny (Fanny Mendelssohn at this time played more brilliantly than her brother Felix), Wollank (councilor of justice, and the composer of many well-known songs), and Karl Friedrich Zelter, almost alone marked that heavy period of Berlin's musical history, during which time no creative talent of any importance appeared. Simultaneously, however, with the recall of Spontini from Paris, three stars arose, and the whole attention of the musical world was directed to the native genius of Berlin, in the persons of Ludwig Berger, Bernhard Klein and Felix Mendelssohn, all in the different ages of life.

I very seldom missed one of those interesting gatherings at the Neue Promenade, where, besides the greater compositions, which were henceforth studied under Berger's guidance, the newest works of the wonderful boy Felix were regularly played over—mostly sets of symphonies for stringed instruments with piano-forte accompaniment—by a small number selected from the royal chamber musicians. Professor Zelter, with whom Felix had studied counterpoint, was his most eager auditor, and at the same time his most severe censor. More than once after the performance I myself have heard Zelter call out in a loud voice to his pupil that several alterations were necessary, whereupon, without saying a word, Felix would quietly fold up the score, and before the next Sunday he would go over it, and then play the composition with the desired corrections. In these rooms, also, before the family removed to Leipziger Strasse, a three-act comic opera was performed, all the characters being apportioned and the dialogue read out at the piano. The *libretto* for "The Uncle from Boston" was written by a young physician, Dr. Caspar, who afterward became a famous man. Every one who came in contact with him had something to relate of his wit, and I remember even now Holtei telling me, when I was at Riga, of the sparkling witty farewell speech addressed by Caspar to the Councilor Nernst, on the removal of the latter as Postmaster General from Berlin to Tilsit. He finished with, "Depart, and the peace of Tilsit be with you!"

Although the musical compositions of this "American Uncle" pleased all the parties connected with it extremely, the subject of it was nevertheless very weak. Dévrient, and his *fiancée*, Therese Schlesinger, Johanna Zimmermann, the Doctors Andriessen and Dittmar, all took part in this opera. I was also a chorus singer in it, and from one circumstance this evening will never be forgotten by me. When the opera was finished there were the regular slices of bread and butter, with the usual addition of anchovies, cold meat, cheese, etc. Edward Rietz and myself were enjoying our portion, when Felix, who was going the round of the room to thank all the singers personally, stopped before us to ask how we were faring in the way of refreshment. I showed him my share of the spoil.

"And which do you consider your *dux?*" (the leading, principal subject), he asked; "and which is your *comes?*" (the secondary theme).

"Well, of course I consider my bread and butter my *dux*."

"Oh, no," said he, "a guest must always regard his bread and butter as only the *comes*."

Just as he had uttered this little sally, Zelter's voice resounded through the room:

"Felix, come here."

The old gentleman stood in the middle of the room with a brimming glass in his hand, and whilst every one was listening intently he said; "Felix, you have hitherto been only an apprentice; from to-day you are an assistant, and now work on till you become a master."

Therewith he gave him a tap on the cheek, as if he were dubbing him a knight, and then the whole party pressed forward to congratulate the affected and astonished parents, as well as Felix, who pressed his old master's hand warmly more than once. This is one of those scenes that can never be effaced from

one's memory. It made such a powerful impression on me that I wrote the following day to my guardian to ask if I might become a pupil of Zelter's, and by his help rise to the higher grades. This permission I certainly received, but how different anticipation is to reality! Zelter was a whimsical old fellow, to whom it was all the same whether his pupils were young or old, gifted or without talent, beginners or advanced. All were treated alike, except as in the case of Mendelssohn's private lessons, when he really did instruct. I bore it for half a year, then I could not put up with it any more, and so I went over to Bernhard Klein, and never had reason to repent doing so.

With the removal of the Mendelssohn family from the Neue Promenade to Leipziger Strasse, to the same house where our present Chamber of Deputies hold their sittings, the circle of their acquaintance was much extended, owing in a great measure to Felix' increasing fame. Among the more intimate acquaintances may be reckoned Rietz, Klingemann, Marx, Franck and Dévrient. Rietz, elder brother of the royal chapelmaster at Dresden, was himself a member of the royal orchestra, and Mendelssohn's instructor on the violin. I may safely say that of all Felix' friends no one loved him more enthusiastically than Rietz. He was a grave, silent person, of a middle size and spare figure, endowed with a large share of nose between two fiery eyes, and always dressed in a tail-coat. When the two friends were together the idea was always suggested to me of Faust and Mephistopheles, though there was certainly little enough of the diabolic in either of them. Robert and Bertram might perhaps have been more suitable, but such a connection had not then been proclaimed by Scribe and Meyerbeer. Rietz' artistic career was early cut short by the nerve of his third finger being injured during the performance of "Olympia." He died in 1832. Mendelssohn has dedicated his famous "Octett" to him.

Klingemann, the son of the well-known composer of plays, and manager of the theater at Brunswick, made the most agreeable impression upon me of all Mendelssohn's more intimate acquaintances. He was attached to the Hanoverian Embassy, and was therefore admitted to the higher circles of society. Both his appearance and demeanor had something unaffectedly aristocratic in them, and in his whole manner to the ladies of the house he was vastly superior to the other visitors. It always appeared to me that Klingemann was most correct in his judgment of Felix. He did not worship him, and it could never have entered into his head to rival him, for he did not compose; he was neither insensible to the great qualities nor blind to the weak points of his young friend; and that he thoroughly knew how to appreciate ths strongest side of Mendelssohn's talents is shown in the words which he wrote for Felix to set to music. A great many songs which Mendelssohn has arranged have been quite as well, perhaps even better, set by other musicians, but no one has ever yet succeeded in surpassing a song of Mendelssohn's with Klingemann's words; it was like two hearts beating with one pulsation. The capabilities of the youthful secretary to the embassy were certainly not equal to the composition of opera librettos; this was not, however, the field on which Felix ever earned any laurels, even when master of his profession; indeed they never bloomed for him at any time, as is shown by the production of his opera, "The Wedding of Camacho," written in the high tide of his youth. Klingemann was an eager supporter of the Berlin *Musical Times*, which had been started in 1824.

A great contrast in appearance with his colleague was the editor of this paper, A. B. Marx, who, although he had a more thorough education, both as regards music and his profession as a lawyer, than either of the above-named gentlemen, and far exceeded them in cutting sharpness of intellect, yet, from his lack of polish and manner, his real scientific and dialectic superiority did not have the happy effect on those around that it would otherwise have done. He quickly interested himself about persons and things, and his sympathy once aroused, there could be no warmer nor more skillful advocate than he. He soon gained a great influence over Felix, which was often annoying to the elder Mendels-

sohn; but he had his own good reasons for not abruptly breaking off the connection. Marx was the editor of the *Musical Times*, at that period the only critical organ, and therefore not to be despised, especially as it was supported by many gifted friends of the Mendelssohns. Moreover, the elder Mendelssohn was very fond of contradicting, and of being contradicted; and in our Abbé (as he was called, after his initials A. B.) he found the right sort of opponent.

Midway between Klingeman and Marx stood Dr. Franck, of Breslau, possessing much of the refinement of the former, with more reserve of manner, and all the liveliness of conversation of the latter, with, however, less solidity. He had a sound judgment in musical matters, and soon discovered the weaknesses in Spontini's "Cortez;" he wrote a stinging article upon that opera in 1826, which was the signal for a complete rupture between Marx and Spontini; he had only armed his party with spectacles, and had overlooked many bright spots in the opera, rejecting the good with the bad. Spontini afterward led the whole opposition against Mendelssohn; and as previously there had been little affinity between two such different elements, any nearer approach was now rendered impossible.

In 1849 I again met Franck—now, instead of the life-loving, exuberant man that he had been, a complete hypochondriac. He still took an eager interest in literature, and was quite imbued with the Wagner mania, and sent me that composer's "Nibelungen-Tetralogie." What would Mendelssohn have said to this, had he been alive at that time? Franck came to an untimely end soon afterward in London; but these are painful recollections, and the circle of Felix' friends shall be concluded with the name of Dévrient, to the truth of whose interesting book about Mendelssohn, which has lately appeared, I can vouch. I had frequent opportunities of meeting Mendelssohn at the room of Johanna Zimmermann, the young widow previously mentioned, who, although somewhat eccentric, possessed a thoroughly musical nature; so that Felix felt himself completely at his ease in that unconstrained artistic atmosphere. His own house was, of course, much frequented by interesting and celebrated people, but the greater portion of them were not musicians. Foreign musical celebrities were, indeed, always hospitably received, but native talent was very weakly represented. Although Felix was by no means insensible to praise, he was not at all blind as to whether it was given with discrimination or the reverse. Marx and he were at Dehn's rooms on one occasion I remember, and the first part of the evening we employed ourselves in all sorts of fools' tricks, such as cutting out figures with paper and apple-parings, until Felix got up and, unasked, played on the old piano till long after midnight a number of his own and other compositions. This gave him more real satisfaction than on many an occasion at his parents' house, where, with a first-rate Broadwood at his command, he had a large but very mixed audience. I well recollect a lady (Rahel Varnhagen) asking him for the A Minor fugue of Bach's. "If I had played some variations of Czerny's, it would have been all the same to her," he remarked to me afterward. Such an uncongenial assembly was never to be found at Madame Zimmermann's; there all participated equally, listening and performing; and I have never heard Felix extemporize better than at this house, where he was conscious of being thoroughly understood.

Before I left Berlin, in March, 1828, I was present at the first performance of the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," conducted by Mendelssohn himself, with a full orchestra, at his father's house. This work certainly contains the germ and bloom of all Mendelssohn's compositions, and the grand chorus of St. Paul, "Mache dir auf, werde Licht," alone deserves to be put by its side.

In May, 1830, Mendelssohn visited me in Leipzig, where I was officiating as director of music, at what was then the Theater Royal. He had just returned from London, and having attained his one-and-twentieth year, was about to commence his travels through Italy, to which we are indebted for that interesting collection of letters, which afford so deep an insight into a real poetic and musical nature. I invited him with Marschner, who was then busy on his

latest work, "The Templar and the Jewess," to come to my house the following evening, and I quickly asked a few other celebrities to meet him; in spite of the party being of the ill-omened number of thirteen, we were most animated, and everything went off admirably until the time arrived for my grand finale. A present I had received some time back of some rare old wine of a celebrated vintage, all covered with cobwebs and dust and dirt of half a century, was to be brought forward on a certain sign from me. The auspicious moment arrived, the maid put fresh glasses on the table and disappeared, and I prepared the minds of my guests for the monstrous sight they were about to see by drawing an exaggerated picture of its horrors. In the midst of my flourishing address, the maid walked in, and placed on the table four brightly-scoured, shining bottles, exactly resembling those containing that agreeable *vin ordinaire* called "Kutscher"; mark, seal, label, all had disappeared, and fallen a sacrifice to the principle, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." My disgust can be well imagined. Fortunately, our palates bore testimony to the excellency of the wine, and so my friend Kistner's honor was retrieved.

On the 2d of June, 1830, I received the following letter from Mendelssohn, dated from Weimar:

"DEAR DORN: Herewith follows my symphony, very punctually, and still in time I hope to be copied out, studied and performed by the day before yesterday. Seriously, however, I am very sorry that I could not fulfill my promise. You always declared you knew how it would be, but I can assure you I had quite made up my mind to do it, and the very first day of my arrival here I began the necessary corrections in the score, which soon became so numerous that I had to take away much of the old part, and to add to the last portion. If the copyist recommended to me had kept his promise, you would even then have had the symphony in time, but he put me off from day to day, and here I have been fourteen instead of four days. It comes at last, you see, and perhaps you will look through it and communicate with Marschner as to the sufficiency of the abbreviations in the last part; when you have had enough of it, which I am afraid will be very soon, will you kindly forward it to Madame Hensel. Perhaps it is as well for some reasons that the performance has been postponed, for it occurred to me afterward that the choral part and the other Catholicisms would have a strange appearance in a theater, and that a reformation song would not sound very well at Whitsuntide. In short, I am an optimist. Remember me very warmly to Marschner, and thank him for his many kindnesses, and for the enjoyment he has afforded me by his beautiful compositions. I mean to write him a long musical letter as soon as I get to Munich. Farewell, and think of me always kindly. Yours, etc.,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN."

That I have never ceased to do.

On the 13th of September, 1843, Robert Schumann celebrated the birthday of his wife Clara. I appeared as an unexpected guest at the breakfast table, where, besides David and Grützmacher, I met Mendelssohn again after thirteen years. When we had partaken of a bountiful repast, we had a succession of musical enjoyments. Schumann surprised his wife with a new trio, which was instantly tried, and Felix produced as his present, "The Spring Song," and played it for the first time. This beautiful piece is the pearl of the fifth book of his "Lieder ohne Worte" which, as is well known, is dedicated to Madame Schumann. The little company was so enraptured with it that the composer had to repeat it twice. It was a worthy conclusion to the celebration of the day.

The next day I dined at Councilor Frege's, and again had the pleasure of meeting Mendelssohn, who even during the dessert placed himself at the piano and gave us some of his beautiful songs, which were sung with full appreciation by Livia Gerhardt, the celebrated singer. My third and last day at Leipzig was devoted to my friend Petschke, who had assembled a little party in honor of Mendelssohn, who seemed to be as much at his ease as he had formerly been as a young man in the house of Johanna Zimmermann. Petschke had asked me to bring some of my own compositions with me, and I found some attentive listeners to my "Schöffen von Paris."

Mendelssohn, however, greatly surprised me by declaring he already knew one of the airs I had played, and seating himself at the piano, went through ten or twelve bars, where certainly the harmonies of my air occurred, although I failed to recognize where I had heard them before. "Why, you do not know your own composition again?" said Mendelssohn; "that is the final chorus to "The Magician and Monster." That was a melodrama for which I had written the music, and which Mendelssohn had liked at the time, and of which now, sixteen years later, he could remember chords that had long since passed from my mind. When I expressed astonishment at his memory, he said, in a very gratifying manner, "It is only good melodies we should endeavor to retain."

I fear that the musical festival at Cologne, which gave rise to so much unpleasantness between the heads of the various musical societies, also caused a coldness between Mendelssohn and myself; I could not, in the interest of my party, approve of all the measures which were carried out, and I fear my conduct was represented to him in a manner calculated to wound. Unfortunately, I had neither time nor opportunity, during his twelve hours' stay, to explain to him the Cologne comedy of "party faction," so I am afraid that he parted from me with resentment in his heart, whilst my admiration for his genius, profound knowledge, noble striving and great lovableness always remained the same.

On the 9th of November, 1847, five days after Mendelssohn's death, I directed the second winter concert at Cologne, and, amidst the universal sympathy and expression of the deepest grief, the solemn chorus from St. Paul was introduced: "Behold, we reckon those happy who have endured; for though the body die, yet will the soul live for ever."

Tinsley's Magazine.

THE INFLUENCE OF TRAVEL.

We allow most entirely that the individual influence of traveled men is rapidly decreasing; but we assert in the strongest manner that the new habit of continuous travel is exercising, on this nation at all events, a wonderful influence, which seems to us very good. In old times, a man who had been to the First Cataract was a lion in public and a bore in private life. Now a man might as well try to give himself airs from having been to Aberfeldy as from having been to Melbourne. Thirty years ago the Geographical Society would have listened patiently to a man who had gone up the Mississippi; now you require a pundit who has been over the Great Steppe to keep them interested. A man admits with something like a blush that he has never been to Rome, though he may have been to New York. A friend told us the other day, that when comparing notes with a traveler who had been where he had not, he always "shut him up" with Sedan; no one ever went there before the battle.

Our fathers had always a great idea of the Grand Tour, and they were most perfectly right. The old Grand Tour was done by the governing classes, mostly by men who were destined for parliament; and even in the days when all continental nations were despotic, save one, this did our ruling classes a great deal of good. We are not aware of any despotic nations now in Europe, save those of Russia and Turkey; and so our young statesmen have more opportunities for comparing different degrees in freedom than their fathers had; in the last century we were the only free nation in Europe (and not so very free either) except the Swiss; now free or partly free institutions are the rule everywhere, and we can watch their working by a fortnight's journey. Surely, if any nation could get good experience of the working of the institutions of other countries, that nation should be the British, who travel more than any others. Let us hope that this nation will have the wisdom to profit by these experiences.

If a man without any particular pre-

judices will take the trouble to travel now, he may see an enormous deal for three hundred pounds, and reflect thereon for the rest of his life; but then a traveler must get the habit of political thought before he starts, or he may as well go to the top of the Duke of York's monument and survey London. Englishmen more than Scotchmen have, for instance, the absurd idea that when they have crossed the nineteen miles from Dover to Calais, they are in a country as remote from them as China; one of the influences of travel is to dissipate this idea. Certainly, the English do not as a general rule speak French, and it is an uncommonly rare thing to find a Frenchman who can speak English or German for social purposes, although, if it is worth their while, the French will so far yield to the Teutonic nations as to speak their languages. Yet the wants of the lower classes in the two countries are much the same, and the wonderful International Society has found that out, and is perfectly aware that it has a terribly large trump in its hand. A traveled man has infinitely more chance of giving an honest opinion on this great and very strange fact of the International Society, than one who has only read the newspapers; the majority of men now who want to find out the simple truth about matters must be travelers who know foreign languages, and who must be *connected with no newspaper*. Our newspapers are the most liberal and outspoken in Europe; but a man who is connected with a newspaper is not exactly free, deny it who can. Any ordinary traveler, however, can have his opinions inserted in any decent newspaper in the form of a letter; therefore we urge that some of our most valuable contributors to our newspapers are the great unpaid, who are not bound down to give us either the obverse or the reverse of the medal.

There is nothing for a traveler so good as *viva-voce* conversations with foreigners; not with *a* foreigner, but with many intelligent foreigners, as many as possible. Our countrymen are nearly as bad as the French in this respect; they will only get introductions to men of their own modes of thought, and not to their opponents. Suppose that a regular "Knickerbocker" New York gentleman were to come to England, and associate entirely with old Whigs and Conservatives, his opinion would not be of any extraordinary value with regard to the state of parties in England. Suppose, again, that an extreme American radical should come to England, and associate solely with English extremists, would his opinion of the temper of the country or the balance of power be one whit better? We suppose here the case that the representatives of the two nations speak the same language. What must it be in the case where the traveler, like nine Frenchmen out of ten, can speak no language but his own? Look at the French deputation to Ireland the other day, and how they were sent away with a most dangerously false idea about the position of affairs; traveled men would have been much more cautious than those extremely puzzled gentlemen. A foreign traveler should have no foreign politics, but should most certainly understand three languages before he can express an opinion on the balance of parties abroad.

It may be said that no foreigner can understand the politics of a foreign country, but this is quite an error. Some of the shrewdest judges of the state of parties in England are quiet, not political, Americans. The Americans are not so very far wiser than other people: but their travelers come very much of a class without any strong prejudices, and they mostly speak both English and French; consequently it is very hard to find a man who understands European politics better than a highly educated American. European politics are a mere game of chess to them, at which they are onlookers, and consequently they are the best umpires. *O, si sic omnes!* We this last year have been holding high words between ourselves about the Germans and the French. Some of us had been most in Germany, and some of us more in France. Those who had been at school with Fritz at Bonn were German; those who had been to school with Alphonse at Dieppe were French. As for argument, there was none among the main of us. The artistic and half Roman Catholic Bavarians who burnt Bazeilles were denounced fiercely by the French party among us as the Protestant hordes of Prussia; while the

almost entirely ignorant and brutish peasants of France were described as perishing in defense of the most highly civilized country in the world—France. On the other hand, that small part of the great untraveled, who hung by Germany, overstated their case quite as badly. Surely a little more travel, and a little more knowledge of language, would enable our countrymen to see that neither Frenchmen nor Germans were cowards or ruffians. A traveled American could judge of the question quite well; while we were blinded with political passion. He would never have called the highly-educated army of Germany, the most truculent of which were the men of Munich, the fellow-citizens of Kaulbach and Piloty, a horde of ignorant barbarians; nor could he, on the other hand, have called the French cowards. One incident of French heroism is too beautiful to be lost. Outside Paris a regiment of German cavalry was opposed to a regiment of French cavalry of splendid appearance, with scarlet breeches and kepis, and long snow-white cloaks. With a "Hoch!" the dark-blue travel-stained Germans went at them: the pretty French regiment was scattered to the winds at once, and then the Germans heard from their prisoners what regiment this was. It consisted of shop-boys and counter-jumpers, who had been dressed up like that and put on horses which they could not ride, and after a fortnight's drill told to fight. They had done their best, and this nation which bred them are no cowards. We happen to consider these boys in white cloaks and red breeches quite as great heroes as the splendid fellows who rode them down. We have no shrieks over the matter, simply because we happen to know both Max and Louis very well, and we have associated with them, and learned to love them both very dearly. We had to attend on Max and Louis last summer, after they had fallen out, when they were both in bed side by side with their heads broken. We asked the German doctor what proportion of French there were in the barn; and he said that he could not tell us, he only spoke to them individually in either language. "But the sister will know," he said with beaming eyes. And the sister told us that she did not know; for these men were the worst cases out of the trenches, and they had been hurried up only yesterday; for Bazaine was expected on us every hour, and their uniforms were left behind. "Some are German and some French; but, Herr, I cannot tell you exactly as to numbers. One thing is certain, that all my pretty men must die if Bazaine makes another dash at us; so whether they are German or French, it does not matter. His outposts are only two miles off, and I shall lose them all if he beats us past here." Now here, I claim, was a traveled woman. *She* was a German, and by her dress I believe a Protestant; but the men were all alike to her in their common misfortune. She had only traveled into that land of ghastly horrors called Lorraine; but she had learnt something—that the nationality or the religion of a naked and ruined man mattered nothing in the sight of the God she worshiped.

We wish to illustrate now, you see, the fact that travel, in its most hideous and horrible form, that of war, does some tenth part of good in proportion to its unutterable evils. For my own part, I cannot find words sufficient to overrate my detestation of war, unless some great principle is to be gained by war. Looking at it in that light, some will say that no principle was gained by the late war; but let that pass. War has this fifty-millionth part of good in it, that if it is decently conducted it throws men in a domestic manner against people of whom they previously knew nothing. This last war has caused the Germans to travel into France to the amount of about 700,000 men. This generation of Germans has never been there before. The affair went for the Germans, and the sons of the men of Jena found themselves conquerors of France. It was necessary that they should stay there among a violently irritated population—the most easily irritated population in the world, as some say. What do they find? That, on the whole, the French have behaved very well, and that the only reason why the French have not fraternized with them arises from a sense of national dignity, for which the Germans never gave them credit before. They are "Blitz Franzoren" no longer. What do

the French gain by this occupation, if their newspapers will let them gain anything? They gain that they must have a settled and strong government of some sort—most likely republican in the real sense—and that a nation hardly their equal in point of numbers can conquer them (for it is little less) by self-sacrifice and organization. Then they find, or we hope they find, that the German, with his superior education, his family and his religion of obedience to death to his *sacramentum militare*, makes a better soldier than the Frenchman, with all his wild dash and valor. The French people also will (or may) learn in time that the majority of their newspapers mislead them in the most gross and shameless way, as we can testify by constant perusal of them, as to the Germans. If this raid of the Germans into France can teach the French to insist on proper education, other than that of the Christian Brothers and priests, it will have done some good. Our hopes are not strong on this point; the average Frenchman is too hopelessly besotted. But, at all events, the journey of the Germans into France will leave some good behind it. It is impossible, or it would be impossible with any man but a Frenchman, that an occupation of Teutons of one years' length should leave no fruit behind it save that of hate. Surely there are some Frenchmen who can see that if things go on as they did last year France will become as great a nuisance as Mexico. But some Frenchmen will neither travel nor learn, and in that fact lies a terrible and always existing danger for Europe.

A man may be no Internationalist. He may think that each nation should, if possible, wash their dirty linen at home. He may think that the masters have, as a general rule, the best notion of what they can afford to pay; and, in fact, he may think that the masters are generally in the right in most cases, and the workmen are often the screws, and not the masters. He may think that this, however, is a matter which is capable of infinite discussion, and there is no doubt that a great battle between labor and capital is imminent, in which labor, *with good generals*, will win quite as much as it ought to win; that if they win more they are ruined. He may say that the masters have made a most foolish mistake at the very beginning, and have played straight into the hands of the International Society, by inviting foreign workmen over here. It is a Saarbrück for them; let them mind that it is not a Sedan: they have sent away five or six hundred propagandists from the English trades-unions—that is all they have done by their move; and as sure as there are apples in Devonshire they will reap what they have sown sooner or later. These men have been sent back with money in their pockets to tell the countries from which they came that the trades-unions are all-powerful. The masters, says our imaginary friend, in reality made the first practical move in Internationalism. Had they taken the trouble to travel more among the working classes abroad, it is possible they would not have made it.

While thinking of these above sentiments of my friend, I came back to Max and Louis, and to the eternal hatred between the Latins and the Teutons, a thing which I do not believe will last forever if traveling goes on. Max was brought from Pomerania to fight in the cause of a united Germany, which he did most nobly on the great day of St. Privat; on the other hand, Louis was brought from Brittany and Alphonse from Languedoc, to fight for a general thing called France; they, too, fought well, and all three were wounded and housed in the château at Briey, where I first saw them. The Germans had taken all the tobacco; but when I heard that there were three convalescents at the château, I took my private stock there. There were two French and one German among the vines. Max, the German, the only educated one of the three, was lying with his head in Louis the French lad's lap, and Louis was feeding him with grapes while he translated the *Kölnische Zeitung* into French. Will those two boys ever fight against one another again? I say no; they are *zénoy*. It will come some day—not yet—when it would be dangerous for any king who depends on his throne for the principle of nationality to let his people see much of other peoples; but this power is passing out of the hands of all princes, presidents and parliaments. The time

will come when Louis and Max will fight together for a cause and not for a name. Max fought for a cause, and has traveled and learnt: if Emperor William thinks that Max is the same man he was before he went to France on his errand, then Emperor William will find himself very much mistaken. It is possible, looking at all things as well as one can without further facts, that this last expedition of Germany to France will have an "influence of travel" (dare we say the word) not quite contemplated by the great Bismarck himself. Max has lain wounded for months among the sons of the great French Revolution.

AMERICA AND THE WAR.

But let us get on to far pleasanter matters. Look at the wonderfully genial influence which recent travel has bred between the peoples of England and of America. Eleven years ago the civil war in America began, and the feeling at first was most favorable to the Northern States. Then, in consequence possibly of the action of Captain Wilkes, possibly of the sudden loss of cotton, possibly of the very ill-advised speeches of Mr. Cassius M. Clay, the feeling turned against the North, until in 1860-61 it was hard to find a man in society who was not more or less a Southern sympathizer. One band of men, however, were generally sympathizers with the North, and those were the men who had traveled in America. At one time there were only three journals of great note who were on the Northern side, the *Star*, the *Daily News* and the *Spectator*—we can remember no others. Since then the journey to America has become popular, nay fashionable; and look at the change of tone which has been produced by it. Year by year the two nations have been drawing closer and closer to one another: the Americans are proud of us, they always were; but now we are growing proud of them. Some people tell us that in one hundred years our coal will be exhausted, and that we shall be an agricultural people of about twenty-five millions. Let it be so if God wills it, but we shall still look on America with her 100,000 millions with pride. A knowledge of them, gained by intercommunication, has removed all jealousy; and if they are to be more powerful than ourselves, we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are carrying freedom and civilization wherever they go. Every traveler who goes to America brings back a new message of peace. Eleven years ago it was all anger between us, and had it not been for a few cool and wise heads on both sides of the Atlantic we might have been at war. Eleven years ago they would have thrown our money back in our teeth, even if we had offered it. What do we see now? One of their most beautiful cities and one of their fairest provinces have been ruined by a visitation of God: instantly every Englishman, Scotchman and Irishman worthy of the name dashes to their assistance; they receive our aid without the smallest *arrière-pensée*, and thank us in terms which we, at all events, shall never forget, paying us ten times over in sheer good will. The amount we are sending to Chicago and Michigan is very small; it is not half enough at present; but the two nations know one another now so well, that the will is taken for the deed, and they thank us in terms which warm the heart of every true man among us. Why is this? Because we have got to understand one another by circulating in one another's countries, and by finding out that we both want the same thing—peace, freedom and sound government. Newspapers, with all their enormous value, are sad mischief-makers sometimes. Nations will never get to know one another through their newspapers; a hundred things prevent any newspaper from giving the public opinion of more than a certain section of the community. Take, for example, the *Spectator*, which, with all ability and valor, stood up, as far as we remember, alone among the weekly press for the North in the American war. Did the *Spectator* represent the public opinion of Great Britain? Most certainly not. We may more or less allow that they were right now, but their position was very unpopular then. Newspapers cannot be taken, as a rule, to express the public opinion of any nation; for example, are the present Nationalist newspapers in Ireland a true representation of the feeling of the people? We most profoundly think not.

Now, Irish and American newspapers are written in English, and very soon copied into our own. So we get the result, that any idle word or taunt has double its force to us. What is the simple remedy for this? Let the intelligent citizens circulate more among one another and speak by word of mouth: this is only to be gained by circulation, or, in other words, by travel; and this leads us to the very sad reflection, that for ten of my acquaintances who know France, but one in ten knows Ireland.

What a result of travel would be here, if Englishmen could be induced to go to Ireland as they do to Scotland! But they do not, and will not. Scotland every year is like another England. Englishmen, in extremely bad taste we think, absolutely adopt the so-called Highland dress, and go about with bare legs. (By the bye, Mr. Hill Burton, who should be an authority, says that this dress is only an invention of the last century.) Scotland and Scotticism is a kind of craze with some Englishmen; and the money which is poured into Scotland in consequence of this craze takes half the winter to count. The Scotch take the money and give the money's worth for it; while their members act as a solid Whig brigade, free and generous enough to any ministry on imperial questions, but absolutely inexorable on Scotch questions. They have got "home rule" with a vengeance, and without a thought of separation. Why? Because they are always meeting the English both in Scotland and in England; because the two nations entirely understand one another from talking together. There is some grumbling in Scotland just now—for example, about game and hypothec—and the Scotch have been saying that they have been neglected for the Irish, with much justice; but the Scotch interchange words with the English habitually, and so the Englishman knows that, although the Scotchman will wait, he will not wait forever, and that if the Scotch get sulky, their behests must be done. The Scotch brigade might not have waited quite so long for a few things, had it not been that the two nations see one another continually. But who ever goes to Ireland? What an immense deal there might be done did English people travel more in Ireland! For some reason, Ireland remains almost as little known as America. We honestly confess that we find a great difficulty in accounting for this fact. The greater part of Ireland is romantically beautiful, the people are amusing, kindly to strangers, and hospitable. The innumerable agrarian outrages of which we read, have no more to do with the safety of strangers, than the dangers of a number of Greek banditti. Ireland is exceptionally free from crime, save of agrarian crime. The Fenians are not in the least degree likely to meddle with a stranger. There must be something of fashion in this neglect of the beauties of Ireland. We wish that some great personage would set a new fashion. The last royal visit to Dublin was a perfect success; the mishap in the Phœnix park had little or nothing to do with it.

It is a great pity again, in many ways, that the intelligent French do not travel more and learn other languages than their own. The result of their almost universal stay-at-home policy is that they, with the best intentions, enormously overrate their moral influence in Europe. Take, as one example, the manifesto of Victor Hugo in his new paper, the *Rappel*. In it is shown an almost entire ignorance of European politics. The questions which are torturing the *ouvrier* classes of Europe are, fair wages, fair hours, free land, free speech, and the avoidance of war. M. Hugo starts by saying that France is the pillar of the universe, and goes away into generalities, which must make his best friends smile, and the gist of which is that they must have one revolution more. Dear old Garibaldi is rather a hasty and unthinking man about politics, but he has seen many men and many lands intimately; consequently, his manifesto, though remarkably vague, reads like common sense beside the Frenchman's. The Americans and the British are the greatest travelers, and, whether by accident, or in consequence of traveling, are the only two great nations at this moment free; for France is certainly not so, though we hope for the best. The Swiss, the only pure republic in Europe, is composed of men notoriously cosmopolitan for ages.

Look at the enormous injury which Chauvinism has done France—an injury which a generation will not repair. Now, what *is* Chauvinism of the worst kind, save want of travel? The English, as a rule, have seen and know a great deal of France, and have consequently got over the strange old Chauvinism which began at the Revolution, and scarcely ended until the Crimean war—this belief in the immeasurable superiority of the English in all things. We know now exactly where we are superior to the French, and where the French are superior to us; but the average Frenchman does not know, because he will not come and see us. He has imbibed certain notions about us, and to them he clings through everything. The Englishman of the French stage is much the same as he was thirty years ago; and so is the Englishman of the *Petit Journal pour Rire* of the last few months a ridiculous-looking lunatic. We at one time had in our caricatures a most remarkable being, whom we called a Yankee, with short trowsers and large Wellington boots. We have, since we have known the Americans better, entirely given up this wonderful American, and have discovered that the American gentleman is as well dressed, as well spoken and as well educated as any of us; but the old French Englishman is as rampant as ever.

I have written down above some of the slighter social and political results of travel; let me, before concluding, look farther afield, and take a larger view.

One of the greatest highways in the world was sealed to us twenty years ago. The Nile, which casts a vast volume of fresh water into the Mediterranean, in Egypt was totally unknown to us beyond Abyssinia; in fact, it was generally supposed that the little Blue Nile was the real river, until Grant and Speke announced the discovery of the great system of lakes in the center of Africa, with a nearly fair water-way leading to a vast and rich district, capable of producing most things. This system of lakes was further developed by Baker, who discovered one of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, surrounded by mountains which in all probability give every climate—for Mount Mfumbizo is clothed in snow nearly under the equator. Here is a discovery which may make Alexandria double the place it is now. Baker is up there with the power and wealth of the Khedive at his back, getting his steamers on the great lake, and surveying. The country can scarcely be more unhealthy than India; for Sir Samuel and Lady Baker went through a course of hardship and starvation there which would have killed them in most countries in the world. If this region can be made to produce anything, and it swarms with the most gigantic forms of animal life, a few hundred thousand pounds will be enough to make locks on each cataract, and the road into the center of Africa is free from the Mediterranean.

We are waiting breathless to hear what Baker is doing, and whether he will find Livingstone. Alas, if he does, the kindly soul which waited so long and so patiently for the return of his friend has passed from among us, and if Livingstone is ever welcomed at the Geographical Society, Murchison will not be there to meet him. This expedition of Baker's will, we believe, have a result of travel which is at present incalculable. The influence which it will have on the slave-trade, and on Eastern manners and African civilization, is equally beyond guessing.

The results, again, of the Pacific Railway are utterly beyond human calculation, but are beginning to show themselves already, notably in the suppression of the Mormons, a most objectionable body, who were, to my own certain knowledge, doing an immense injury to idle young Americans. That place was to some, and I have heard it from their own lips, very much like the establishment of the Old Man of the Mountain, of which we may read in Marco Polo. Now that the railway has come within thirty miles of it, the nuisance has become too patent, and the United States have said inexorably that monogamy is to be the rule of their great future empire. The Mormons thought that they had got entirely beyond human reach. But no; traveling pioneers came and reported that a railway was possible; it was made, and the Mormons have no place on earth to fly to; the irrepressible

American is upon them, and they must submit or go. It is the same way in India; now intersected by railways, the irrepressible Briton is there, destroying old prejudices, introducing new ideas. East, west, south and north, the traveling nations are civilizing; while the untraveling ones, equally able, equally brave, seem to spend the most of their time in cutting one another's throats.

Temple Bar.

FRED REDESTONE'S ESCAPADE; OR, THE ROMANCE OF A GARDEN.

I.

"BUT, my dear fellow, do none of your friends know her? Can't they help you somehow? You don't usually stick like this."

These words were spoken by Everard Travers to his old friend Fred Redestone, as they sat one summer evening in the rooms of the latter, which looked upon the Temple Gardens and toward the river. A bottle of un-Gladstonian (Fred called it Conservative) claret was on the small table between the two friends, whose chairs were placed close to the open window. Both gentlemen were smoking vigorously, and Fred's short, quick puffs, anxious face and restless manner showed that he was in what he himself would have called "a crisis."

Before, however, explaining the "crisis," we may as well explain Mr. Fred Redestone—he being the chief performer in this extraordinary escapade which we are about to narrate; and it is almost enough to say of him that he had arrived at the age of four-and-twenty, and found himself with a good constitution and £500 a year.

With a good constitution, £500 a year and animal spirits, we are given to understand that a young man can enjoy life; and we know as a fact that Redestone had enjoyed life, and at the period of our narrative *did*. At school and college Fred had been a proficient in every known game, from "hocky" upward to cricket and boating, and as for amateur theatricals that was his *forte*. A story was told of him at school of his having called one day upon the "rector," dressed up in the character of his own father (whom the rector had never seen), and so completely deceiving the worthy old gentleman as to procure himself a half-holiday. As to his character, that will appear sufficiently from his own acts as now to be narrated. Suffice it for us merely to quote the remark which his present chum, Travers, made about him at the university, on the occasion of a "wine" in his honor.

"He's the right sort, is Redestone; never turns his back on a friend, and fights his enemy face to face. There's not a better-hearted nor pluckier fellow in the college, and if he hasn't been rusticated, why, gentlemen, that's not his fault." [Tremendous cheering.]

Fred's father, an officer in the Indian army, had died some years ago, and Fred had been left to the tender mercies of an uncle, who had first sent him to travel for a year, and then "disposed of him," as he said, by entering him for the bar.

His present difficulty was a new one to him. He had actually fallen—not into an ordinary flirtation, but, as he himself expressed it, "into a sincere and rather incomprehensible affection. Incomprehensible in this sense, my dear Travers, that it has sown its seed, sprung up, and developed itself all in the course of one evening. I met Miss Esther Raymond one day at dinner, sat next her during dinner, and spoke to her while she sang and played after it; saw her into her carriage, and went home that night with the bewildering feeling that I had left my real self in that carriage, and that what I was taking home was of no consequence —a mere husk, an outer shell, thoroughly well cracked."

Redestone had met Miss Raymond at the house of some friends who were giving a farewell dinner just before starting for the Continent. It was now three weeks since then. During that time he

had been unable to get the sweet face, bright eyes, and lovely form of Esther Raymond out of his mind. The tender tones of her gentle voice were ever sounding in his ears, as he thought of the words she had spoken to him that evening, full of such freshness and nature, and so striking in their originality, vivacity, and lively wit. As Fred said to Travers, who sat calmly smiling at his friend the while, "her thoughts seem to come straight from her heart, and to be enriched by an earnest love of everything that is beautiful and good, and all that sort of thing you know, Travers;" and here Master Fred blushed.

But the difficulty? Well, the difficulty was this: Fred had wished to assure himself that "the whole thing was not a bit of absurdity," a mere passing feeling, and, while so satisfying himself during these weeks, his friends, at whose house he had met her, had left for the Continent. *She* lived in the country, and was not to be met, like other London ladies of fashion, in the Park, or at concerts or promenades, and he could not find means of becoming more intimately acquainted with her. Hence the question at the commencement of this narrative naturally enough put by Travers.

"No," said Fred, in answer, "not one of them knows her. I've made the round of them, and they don't: they cannot help me one bit. But as for my giving in, and not getting out of it, or over it, or through it, as you say, somehow, I don't mean to do anything of the kind. Gold doesn't drop into a man's pocket the moment he wants it, and champagne and claret must be procured, and don't spontaneously present themselves. I know all that well enough. Only it's not just as easy to say all at once how a rather difficult thing is to be done, and so I want your assistance and advice, old fellow."

"You know who she is, and what she is, and all that sort of thing, I suppose?" said Travers.

"Oh, yes—I know all that," replied Fred.

"Do you know her address?"

"Yes, I do," said Fred; "luckily I found that out. Indeed I asked her. She was talking so much of gardening that I imagined she must live in the country and have a garden of her own, so I put the question rather plumply, and she was good enough to tell me."

"Why not run down and see her?" suggested Travers.

"Well," replied Fred, smiling, "you see I should not quite like that; my slight acquaintance with the family would not warrant it; besides which, I confess that I should wish to have some further knowledge of the young lady's character before doing anything so marked as that."

"Go down all the same," said Travers; "take a look at the place; there is no saying what may happen. You may meet some friends in the neighborhood who may assist you. Go on a Sunday—it's a day of opportunities. Disguise yourself a little—spectacles, seedy clothes, a pot hat, and a colored handkerchief tied loosely over your collar. Your old amateur theatrical experiences will help you in the matter of complexion. Trust to the chapter of accidents—it's not a bad chapter to trust to after all, provided a man knows how to read it when the page is turned up for him."

"Thanks, old boy," said Fred; "I'll do it. Next Sunday I shall go, trusting to kind Fate. Though I don't at present see how it can help me, yet it may. *Fortuna favet* those who try; so here's success to the plan in the last bumper of this good red wine."

II.

On the banks of the Thames, not very many miles above London, stands a villa, built after the manner of a Swiss châlet, inhabited by and belonging to Henry Raymond, Esq., retired banker, and (in these latter years) author of a book upon "Ornamental Gardening, with Criticisms on the Dutch System:" a work which, though it has not yet become generally known, is deserving of the reader's study—should he wish to ask a favor of Mr. Raymond. The villa itself is by no means so small as its rustic models which dot the waysides and mountains of Switzerland; and its overhanging roof and balustraded wooden galleries looked quite picturesque, and by no means out of place, among the tall English trees which grew around it. A lawn of about two acres stretched from its front down to the

river, at the edge of which were steps, giving access on occasion to the boat, which usually lay in the adjoining prettily-carved wooden boat-house. To the back of the house was as much ground again, laid out with some taste as a garden. The choicest and most costly flowers were to be seen scattered in elegantly-shaped beds, and nestling among the stones of the different rockeries which rose in several places, and varied the monotony of the dead level on which the garden lay. A high wall, and massive gate of light-colored wood, separated the garden from the public highway.

Mr. Raymond was a widower with one child, a daughter, now nineteen years of age—the Esther Raymond Fred Redestone had met in London, and of whom he had spoken to Travers.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening of a beautiful and warm summer day, that Esther Raymond, throwing open the glass-door of the villa, came out, as was her wont, to watch the sunset as she paced up and down the fresh green lawn by the river-side. Redestone had not done her more than justice when he praised her to his friend. She was, indeed, very pretty and very graceful, and there was a look of genuine delight in her face as she watched the changing colors in the sky; her lips slightly parted, and a smile of pleasure broke over her face. As the last rays disappeared behind a large black bank of cloud, the smile on her face gradually vanished with them. A stillness and solemnity seemed to come over the country, and Esther's nature was far too susceptible not to be sensible of it. There was no gloom on her face, for that was never seen there, but a quiet and reflective expression fell on her features as she folded her hands before her, twining her fingers together in a way peculiar to herself, and slowly walked along the gravel path under the willows. Her thoughts recurred to the subject which had often occupied them these few weeks past—the dinner-party at Mr. Neville's, where she had met a young barrister named Redestone. Sometimes she would reason with herself (as she was doing now) thus: "It *must surely be my solitary* and quiet life here, which has no incident in it to take my thoughts away from the last little event of a London visit, which makes me think so much and so foolishly of that night. What do I know of him? How can I care for him? It is absurd. And yet I *do* think of him—so much. It is strange—and so silly! Why, I was fool enough to-day to let my imagination tell me I brushed past a figure like his as we came out of church. Silly? It is contemptible weakness. I must throw it off," she said, unclasping her hands with an impatient gesture; and calling to her dog, a little terrier, "Come, Ruby, we must go and get papa's tea ready." But Ruby was at that moment occupied in worrying something, an operation which he conducted under a strong sense of duty. Under these circumstances, Ruby could not reasonably be expected to leave his post.

Esther paused a moment, and then turned again toward the river, to follow out, yet a little longer, the thoughts which still *would* rise in her mind; "Yes, it is strange that I should be so foolish. What can he care for me? He scarcely knows my name, has seen me but once, will probably never see me again, and is doubtless busy at this moment in his law-chambers—not thinking now, or indeed at any time, of the girl he happened to sit beside, by mere chance, at dinner a month ago. I suppose he has seen ever so many others since, whom he has dismissed from his mind in the same way. His town life, so full of incident, has no space for thoughts such as these. It was just an ordinary everyday event to him. And yet" (and Esther smiled, and slightly blushed, as this thought passed through her mind)—"and yet, that night, he spoke sometimes with such a deep feeling in his voice, and so gently and respectfully, and with a look of truth in his face which I could not doubt. He did, too, ask me where I lived, and spoke of rowing up the river being such splendid exercise, and asked if I came often up to town. But it is so utterly childish, all this. What would he think of me if he knew of these silly thoughts? I am surely above girlish folly, and have sufficient sense to banish them. Ruby, come here," she said aloud, quickly and firmly, and walked toward the house.

Hearing her father's voice in the garden, Esther went round the house to see if he wished her, and found him standing beside the wooden gateway, speaking to the gardener.

"This ivy wants looking after, too," he was saying to the gardener, as she came up. "It's going too much over to the road. Come here, Esther. I've been talking to James about these rockeries. They are far too formal—stuck up there like the four corners of the earth. We must have them altered at all hazards. It will involve rearranging a number of these plots, some transplanting, perhaps, and some new turf. I dare-say it will take a little time and labor—perhaps a week; and James here wants some one to assist him. Is there no able-bodied fellow among these poor people of yours who might be of use to us?"

"No, papa, not one; they are mostly children and old women."

"Holloa!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond. "What's that? I thought I heard a noise, like some one coughing, among the ivy, on the other side there."

So he had. Our friend Fred had come down from London that day, had been to church, and had seen Miss Raymond there; and after a late dinner at a neighboring inn had strolled down toward the villa, not in hopes of seeing her, but simply because he took pleasure in the thought that he was near her. He had been taking his last turn when he was arrested by the sound of Esther's voice, and breathless, and for the moment powerless to move, he had heard the few words of conversation as to the garden improvements and the extra labor required. As Mr. Raymond had spoken, a bright laughing light came into his eyes—and his old school-fellows, had they been there and seen it, would have said: "There's Fred up to one of his larks; he never has that look but he's in for some jolly game or other."

So he was. The noise which Mr. Raymond had heard was Fred saying, half aloud, "By Jove, I'll do it!" He had scarcely uttered the words when he checked himself, and, afraid of being discovered, walked softly away and continued his thoughts in silence. "By Jove, I'll do it!" he repeated. "It's perfect folly, and madness, and impossible; so Travers and everybody else would say. But I've had that said to me before, in the old days at school, and come well out of it notwithstanding. By George!" thought Fred, as he walked like lightning along the road in a tremendous state of excitement, "perhaps they'll disbar me for it. More fools they! So that's settled. Let me see now. There's that fellow I had a chat with at the door of the little inn. He's doing nothing. He'll give me working-clothes for a sovereign or so. It's lucky I know something about gardening and flowers. I'm in pretty good training, too, and that's well, as I fancy I shall have to dig and carry eight or ten hours a day. I must take the last train up through, and see Travers, and get old Battens to give me some disguises. I'll be here by 6 A. M. to-morrow by rail, or cart, or cab, or somehow, though every bencher in the Temple say 'No' to it. Hang the proprieties!—confound the etiquette! There's a prize here I'd stake my life for, were it only half as beautiful and good as I think it is."

Such a hair-brained scheme surely never entered into the heart of man. But it was just the originating and pluckily carrying out such wild schemes which had made Fred famous when a school-boy. He was not one of those who start an idea, amuse themselves with it a short time, and then give it up. Once let that bright twinkling smile come over his face, as he saw his plan before him, clear as day, and he'd carry it through, whatever might be the risk, trouble or danger. As he himself now expressed it, whilst running up to town by train, in more legal phraseology: "It *shall* be done, in spite of every known law, custom or usage to the contrary, and come what may."

III.

At eight o'clock on the following morning, old James the gardener came up to his master, who was taking a turn round the garden before breakfast, and said:

"Please, sir, I've got a hand as I think can do the garden work you were speaking of last night."

"Indeed, James; and who is he?"

"Well, sir, I picked him up by chance through Tom Groves, who keeps the *Holly Inn.* He says he's out of work, and knows something about gardening, and is quite agreeable about wages—sixteen shillings a week, sir, with his bed and meals. I think you said that would be the agreement, sir, and there's the bed above the stable, where the coachman slept before he was married. He's a likely enough lad, though he *has* a bit of black plaster on his face about half the size of my thumb; and is fair-spoken, too. He's an Irishman, and speaks very strong that way. Would you like to see him, sir?"

"No, I think not, James. Or stay; you had better let me see him. An Irishman, did you say? The fellow may be one of those wretched Fenians, and my quiet home may be turned into a perfect hot-bed of sedition in a few hours. Send him round, James."

James stepped back a few paces, and beckoned with his hand, upon which a figure came swinging round the corner of the villa, dressed in workman's overclothes, a rather dirty blue-striped shirt, and a pair of thick, coarsely-made boots. He carried his brown velveteen coat over one arm, and had a spade in his hand. He had the appearance of being very much sunburnt, wore his rather dusty-looking hair over his face a good deal, and had a large piece of plaster across one cheek. Notwithstanding this last, his general expression was very taking, especially when he slightly smiled as he touched his cap, and with a decided Irish accent wished Mr. Raymond "Good-morning, sir."

"Good-morning," said Mr. Raymond. "My gardener tells me you've done this kind of work before. Where did you do it?"

"Now for it," said Fred to himself. "I must tell a story, so here goes. In Ireland, sir."

"Have you just come over from there?"

"No, sir; I've got a friend in London, and came over from Ireland three weeks ago to make my fortune, and I've been doing odd jobs ever since—just what I could get, sir."

"Have you a character you can show me?"

"Not I, sir. Sure the character of a poor man like myself isn't worth puttin' on clane white paper. But I've always tried to get honest work, sir, ever since I left my ould father's cabin in Connemara; and I'll do your work well, sir, and heartily, if your honor will give me a fair trial."

"You don't associate with those rascally Fenians, I hope?"

"If 'sociate means havin' anythin' to do with them, I haven't, sir. I've seen too many of them breech-loadin' guns in Phœnix Park to have anything to do with them as wants to stand before them."

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Raymond.

Fred had somehow omitted to settle this little point, and was accordingly obliged to give the first Irish name which occurred to him on the spur of the moment. The name which happened first to occur to him was that of an old fellow-soldier of his father's, and now a kind friend to Fred himself. So he answered, with only a moment's hesitation:

"Fred O'Melley, your honor."

"Well, Fred," said Mr. Raymond, who had rather taken a liking to the pleasant, good-humored countenance of the pseudo Irishman, "we'll give you a trial. But remember, no rows or drinking. Do your work quietly and well, and we'll get on very well together, I dare say. Go into the kitchen, and have some breakfast before you begin work."

"Thank you, your honor," said Fred, as he walked off, and thought to himself, "If ever I felt in a cold perspiration in my life it's been within the last ten minutes. I'm glad it's over, and so well over too. He's a fine, genial old fellow, I've no doubt we would get on well together in any capacity. Just to think I may be that man's son-in-law some day!—after this, too," thought Fred, looking down at his workman's dress and discolored hands. "But I'm going too fast, too fast, as usual. I've everything to do yet. So now to make the acquaintance of the cook and Miss Raymond's *bonne.*"

Thus reflecting Fred marched off with his new friend, James, the gardener, to

partake of his first meal in the villa. As he did so he passed the dining-room window, and with a rapid glance caught sight of Miss Raymond at the breakfast-table, waiting for her father. Her eye caught his for an instant, and the next Fred was out of sight, but with such a beating of the heart that he imagined she might even hear it, it was so loud.

"I'll defy her to recognize me in this state, though," said Fred to himself. "Travers didn't when I stopped him in the Temple and asked him the way to his own rooms So I think I'm safe."

When James had told Fred that he would have to eat and sleep on the premises, it had taken all his self-control to prevent an exclamation from escaping him. But he managed to suppress his delight, and partially relieved his feelings by allowing his face to expand into a broad grin as he thanked James for getting him a place where there was such "good eatin' and dacent quarters."

Now it ought here to be mentioned that the young lady who officiated as cook in Mr. Raymond's establishment was rather an important personage; at least no one in the house doubted that she thought so herself. It was her boast that she had been mistress in that kitchen ever since Mrs. Raymond's death, five years ago; and it was an article of her creed that she was entitled to be consulted in all matters affecting her domain. Accordingly, when she was told by James that it was a settled thing that an under-gardener was to be added to the establishment, and to have his meals in her kitchen, the indignation of Miss Chobbs boiled up. Her "missus" hadn't mentioned it to her; her master had not spoken a word to her upon the subject; and up comes James, who knows all about it, and talks of it as a settled thing. It was too bad!

So thought Jane, the cook; but when Jane thought, especially on such a matter, she also spoke. She was a stout, middle-sized woman, with a very full and powerful arm, and the way in which that arm caused a cleaning-cloth to pass up and down along the bright handle of a stewpan, when she was expressing her views on this subject, was very terrible to behold.

"Coming into my kitchen!" said she; as if there wasn't enough of work to do, and meals to cook, and floors to scrub without calling in all the tramps in England to stuff themselves with good food in a decent place! I wonder what master thinks I'm made of? It isn't Jane Chobbs that 'll stay in his house and cook victuals for every ragamuffin Irisher, as will likely get drunk at *Holly Inns* and places, like *some* people!" This was an unkind cut at James, who had once—only once—been indiscreet in the manner alluded to. "And all because people are lazy, too," continued cook, quite unnecessarily going on with the scouring of the stewpan handle, "and can't do their own work themselves!"

"Its only for a week," James remarked, apologetically, at this the first available pause.

"Week or no week," replied cook; "there'll be little comfort or cleanness in this kitchen every day of it, with mud and gravel all over my floor!"

It was not to be wondered at that James had thought it prudent, under these circumstances, to give Fred a gentle hint to use his best efforts toward mollifying Miss Chobbs.

"Not that she's a bad soul," said James; "but she does want a little soft earth, and a good place in her own plot. You had better wipe your feet," said James, as they entered the kitchen.

Cook was standing with her back to the door, quite aware who were coming in, but motionless as a statue. Fred saw that a blow must be struck at once, or matters might instantly get into a state it would take a long time to put right again. So, pausing at the door, he said, addressing himself to cook:

"Good-morning, ma'am. Maybe my dirty boots will spoil this beautiful clane room. I'll just go and give them a rub on the grass, with your lave, for a moment, ma'am."

"Come in," said cook, rather pleased with this consideration for the cleanness of her floor, and liking the broad, genial tones of Fred's assumed voice. As she said "Good-morning" she turned round, and saw the disreputable-looking patch of plaster on his face, and her heart again hardened against the new-comer. Fred noticed this instantly, and, as he took

off his cap and walked into the kitchen he deemed it prudent to defer further attempts at pacification for a minute or two, and, like a skilled salmon-fisher, to give the fish time to come to the surface before casting his line again. So he spoke quietly to James about the garden, while cook was busying herself with the preparations for breakfast. At last it was ready, and on the table. James at once drew in his chair; but Fred remained standing, with his good-humored smile lighting up his face, and pretending to examine and admire a patent roasting apparatus attached to the fire-place. Cook had meantime been "taking stock" of him, and, the patch notwithstanding, was beginning to like his pleasant voice and quiet easy manner. So, as mistress of the kitchen, and with a touch of civility in her tones, she said:

"Won't you sit down and have your breakfast?"

"Thankee, ma'am," said Fred; "after you, ma'am, and the other ladies." And then, when he burst into Irish raptures at the "glorious cookin'" and "beautiful boilin'" he was asked to do justice to, cook felt herself fairly conquered by his politeness and downright outspoken compliments, and was disposed to think him, as she afterward said to the housemaid, "a very decent, quiet, respectable young man."

All that day Fred was busy at work in the garden, and gave James the utmost satisfaction. Mr. Raymond came beside them frequently during the day, to give directions and consult about the proposed alterations; but of Miss Raymond Fred only once got a sight, and that was at a distance, as she crossed the front lawn.

"By Jove!" said Fred that night, as he tumbled into his snug little bed over the stable, "I never was so glad to get between the blankets before. What with the hard work, and the stooping, and the constant excitement of the thing, I'm fairly done up, and could sleep on a bed of rocks. I hope it's clean, though—above the stable, too. I do hope there are no—eh! what—confound it! Oh, no, it's only a sharp straw! Thank heaven! And now, good-night my weet beauty! May gentlest sleep fall softly on your bright eyes, and may the good gods grant that I shall dream of thee!"

IV.

On the following day the two gardeners got through a good deal of work, and Fred's healthy muscles responded heartily to the unusual strain put upon them. But though hours passed, never once did Miss Raymond indicate, by her presence, that she was interested in the changes going on in the garden. Fred, however, kept his ears open, and gathered a good deal from his fellow-servants of his fair mistress's character. Not one had a fault to find with her; and even cook, in her most excited moments, had nothing but praises for "Miss Esther."

"Not that it's her fault," she said, upon one occasion, when rather put out, and expressing herself with her accustomed rambling volubility, which was rather bewildering. "Not that it's her fault, poor dear! But master *will* go doing reckless things, asking four people down to dinner as he's picked up in London in the forenoon, and sending nothing but a dirty bit of yellow paper by electric two hours before dinner, as if that would help a person. Much more sensible if he sent a nice bit of brill, or a turbot. But he's no common reason in him, though he was a banker, and took in shillings and halfpennies over the counter, as I've heard from my sister Susan, as is married to a greengrocery, most respectful, and has two rooms behind the shop, and used to send her little boy, twelve years old, and in the measles at this blessed moment, with them all tied up in a canvas bag."

That evening after dinner, Esther, who had been very much occupied indoors all day, came out to take her usual saunter, and, after a few turns in the lawn, went round to the back of the villa to see what changes had taken place in the garden.

"Why, papa, look there," she said to Mr. Raymond, who was seated in the summer-house beside a small table, on which he was wont to have placed his pint of after-dinner port. "There's that Irishman of yours working still."

"Is he at it still?" said Mr. Raymond. "He seems an energetic fellow; and with some taste, too. He asked leave to

try his hand at arranging these rockeries himself; and if the thing turns out as well as he made it appear when he spoke of it, I expect a success. By the way, it's most extraordinary how well that fellow sometimes expresses himself. I can't understand it."

"I'll go and see what he's doing with the rockeries," said Esther, "for I've a pet project of my own about them."

"Very well, dear," replied her father.

Esther walked round the house, and approached the spot where Fred was busy among the stones of the rockery. He saw her coming, and continued his work busily, merely touching his cap to her when she came up to him, and not daring to raise his eyes.

"Mr. Raymond tells me you are going to make a pretty rockery of your own planning!" said Esther, encouragingly and kindly.

"Yes, miss; I'm goin' to try, if you plaze."

"I think we shall require some larger and better stones than these," said Esther—"at least to carry out the plan I have in my mind about them. What is your idea?"

"Well, miss, I wouldn't have four of them. I'd have them all into one, and it would be a different shape—not like a big sugarloaf, but spread out like, facin' the house, and raised in the middle, and fallin' away at the sides to two small towers. I'd have all the flowers in bands—very thick at the bottom for a foot or two up, and gettin' thinner, so as to show the rough water-stones more and more, as we get to the top."

Esther started with surprise. It was her own plan. She had, when talking of gardening to Redestone at the well-remembered dinner-party, explained it fully to him. But how could this man know of it? He could not have hit upon the same idea so exactly by chance. So she asked—

"How came you to think of this?"

"Well, ma'am, it isn't my thinkin' at all. I was doin' an odd job down at the gardens by the riverside in London, where the lawyers live; and one of them, ma'am, was walking through the gardens one day I was there, and he comes up to the gardener there, and said to him—says he, "Why don't you have a few rockeries, Roberts?" And he draws the thing out on the gravel with his stick, and describes it, as well as I can remember, just as I've told you, ma'am. He was very particular about it, and wishin' Roberts very much to try it."

As Fred spoke this story (which was, of course, a pure invention) he still kept working with the stones; but he had told it with an object, and so, pretending to go round to the other side of the heap of stones, he allowed himself one rapid glance at Esther's face; and that showed him the blush, which his tale had raised, dying away on Esther's cheek, and a half-checked smile of pleasure lingering about her lips.

"Heaven bless her bright face!" said Fred to himself when he saw it; and taking up the heaviest stone near him, he sent it flying away into the near corner of the garden, among the stones he had rejected as unfit—not because this particular stone deserved rejection, but because he was in such a state of excitement that he felt he must have some outlet for his feelings. It was no slight or trivial pleasure to him to find himself so remembered by her. There must have been a good deal of force put into that stone, for, as it struck the wall, it broke into a half a dozen fragments. Esther uttered an exclamation of surprise at the unnecessary vigor and violence of the act, which Fred, with his usual ingenuity, hastened to explain:

"I ax your pardon, ma'am," said Fred. "I thought I saw one of them water-rats among the stones; but I've missed him. If you plaze, do you think the rockery will be dacent at all?"

"Oh, yes, I think it will do very well," said Esther, as she walked slowly to another part of the garden. Just at that moment she was not at all inclined for conversation with her gardener, or any one else, and preferred to have the companionship of her own thoughts and reflections. What she had just heard about a young lawyer suggesting *her* plan to the Temple gardener required both solitude and reflection.

"It must have been he," she said to herself; "he has at least remembered my plan. Why should he wish to have it in the Temple Gardens? Perhaps he liked it so much; he said he did. And yet—

and yet——" And she scarce finished the thought in her mind, but allowed herself to fall into a dreamy state of wonder and vague indefinite pleasure. Then she found herself trying to picture the scene in the Temple Gardens; not that she had ever been in them, but she had heard of them. She knew they were famous for crysanthemums, for she had seen in the papers notices of the shows of these flowers, held in the Temple Gardens, and had often heard them spoken of. She knew, too, that they were on the river's bank, and were surrounded on the side from the river by a great mass of buildings where barristers had chambers, and that there were curious little courts, with curious names and narrow passages, and great halls and libraries, and she thought how fresh the flowers and grass must look beside all these dry, gloomy law-buildings, and how pleasant it must be for the barristers to go out there, and wander about now and then smoking! So she drew quite an imaginary picture of the place in her own mind, and almost fixed upon a particular spot—on the grass beside the fountain, which would be a likely place to have a rockery—where Mr. Redstone stood when he suggested her idea to the Temple gardener. She imagined him taking the cigar from his lips, as he drew out the sketch on the grass, and described the shape and height of the rockery, and this very gardener, now working near her, standing beside him. Oh! if she only dared to ask one or two questions, or he would only speak about it and tell her more, so that she might really and certainly know if it was Mr. Redestone. It was all so indefinite and uncertain; and she thought herself so silly and foolish, and said so to herself quite angrily, and was wofully ashamed of her weakness, and yet could not help it. She turned to go into the house, and, as she passed along the walk which wound among some large evergreens, she suddenly and unexpectedly came upon Fred leaning thoughtfully on his spade, and steadily contemplating a bed of most beautiful flowers. He seemed so absorbed as not to notice her, so she said, gently:

"Are you admiring these flowers? We consider them to be very rare, and very fine."

"Yes, miss; I was thinking they war very pretty." Then, still keeping his eyes fixed on the flower-bed, he continued: "They tell me, ma'am, that there's a meaning in these things, and that they spake a language of their own."

"Yes," she said, "there is a language of flowers."

"I'd like to learn it."

"Why?" asked Miss Raymond.

"Because I think it would be a pretty language to listen to, ma'am, just like some people's voices. There would be nothing ugly or mane in it, and nothing but what was good and beautiful. I think it would be as smooth as cream, as swate as honey, and as soft as the wind among the potatoes on a summer night."

"Oh," said Esther, laughing right out, "you are a regular Irish poet."

"There's some people, ma'am," said Fred, touching his hat, "that a poor fellow can't be near without spakin' poetry in spite of himself."

"Now I've put my foot in it, like a fool," thought Fred the moment the words were out of his lips, "but I could not have helped it to save my life; I'll be turned off for insolence, likely."

But Esther was far too good-natured and sensible to be offended at the silly compliment; so she only laughed, and told him that she saw "he had all the vices of his native country."

"She didn't even frown," said Fred to himself. "I believe she wouldn't hurt a fly; all things are coming out in her favor, and nothing against her. I'll work off my week, if possible, for I'd rather be near her in these clothes, and doing this work, than be sitting on the woolsack as Lord Chancellor of England."

V.

NEXT morning, after breakfast, when Fred was preparing to resume his garden duties, Bertha, Miss Raymond's lady's-maid, came tripping up to him with an open letter in her hand. Bertha had been rather struck with the handsome and masculine proportions of the new gardener, and, though she considered an under-servant very much beneath her, and quite unworthy of the honor, had indulged her flirting propensities in that quarter—"as there's no one else," she

had said, and greatly to the annoyance of Fred, who wished, above all things, to be left alone as much as possible. So, as pretty Miss Bertha came up to him, with a merry, saucy smile on her face, Fred awaited the attack with resignation.

"Look here, Mr. Frederick," said she, holding up the letter. "Did you ever see pink paper before, scented far sweeter than all your flowers put together?"

"No," replied Fred; "it's beautiful! Who sent you that, Miss Bertha?"

"'Tisn't for me at all; it's for Missus. She's going out to a great dinner-party to-morrow, up in London, and this is the invitation, with a coat-of-arms on it in green-and-gold. She's given it to me, because she knows I keep all the crests I can get. Bless her! She wishes a bouquet of flowers to take with her to the dinner. You won't forget, sir, will you?" and Bertha shook the letter at his face.

"Going to dinner in London," thought Fred. "I wish I knew where!" But he only answered quietly: "I'll not forget, Miss Bertha; and I'll gather one for you, too—quite as pretty, if you'll let me. I know one flower that would look very pretty in your black hair."

"Go along, sir," said Bertha. "But you may bring it, and let me see it; and maybe, if you behave yourself, I'll accept it."

"I suppose she's going to dine with the Lord Mayor?" said Fred, fishing.

"No, you silly goose. The idea! She's going to dine in —— Square, with some people of your outlandish name—a General O'Melley. I suppose they're relations of yours, Master Frederick?" added she, with a saucy little sneer. "You were all kings once in your country, I believe."

"No," replied Fred. "My ancestors were all gardeners, and always married lady's maids with bright eyes and dark hair. I wouldn't depart from the sacred custom myself, for all the pigs in Ireland!"

"How dare you, sir?" said Bertha, giving Fred a slap, and running into the house.

"A dinner to-morrow, at General O'Melley's," thought Fred, as soon as she had gone. "Good heavens! There surely can't be two General O'Melleys. It must be my poor father's old fellow-soldier. If it is, by St. Patrick, I'll be there!" And as he continued his thoughts the old light shone brightly in his eyes, and he positively trembled with excitement and delight. "I'll risk it," he said. "I'll send a telegram on the chance, and a letter, and a messenger, if I can get one, into the bargain. I haven't seen them for two years. I had forgotten they were coming over from Dublin for a week or two of the London season. What luck! I'll soon find out the number in the square from that girl Bertha, and I know they will make me welcome. To think of meeting her on equal terms again. There is some hope in that, for though this gardening work has given me an opportunity of knowing her real character, it doesn't seem likely to do more. So I'm off to-morrow, and we'll see what can be done at O'Melley's." So Fred, after obtaining the exact address of the O'Melleys from Bertha, made an excuse to go down to the village that forenoon, and sent off his dispatches with a beating heart.

As he was sauntering back by the riverside, he suddenly heard a scream from some one farther down the bank, and, on rushing past the intervening bushes, he saw Miss Raymond standing about twenty yards off, close to the edge of the river, with her hands clasped together, a look of agony on her face, and her eyes strained and fixed on the current of the river where it swept past the adjoining promontory.

"What is the matter?" inquired Fred, as he bounded to her side.

"Ruby!" she said. "It's Ruby drowning! He has gone too far out, and his strength is gone, and he is drowning! My poor Ruby!"

The next moment Fred was in the stream, striking out with a long full stroke to where poor Ruby was struggling, and sinking every now and then, and being whirled round and round like a cork. Fred was a powerful and practiced swimmer, and the stream took him swiftly toward the drowning dog.

"Oh! he's down—he's down!" cried Esther, as Ruby sank again, and she clung to her father, who had heard her cries and joined her.

"He's down, and he'll be drowned, poor dog!" and she turned away her head, and buried her face on her father's breast.

"Not yet, Esther," said her father. "That man is only three yards now from where it sank. He's diving. By Jove! Well done! He's got it on his shoulder. Ruby is all safe, Esther. How well that rascal swims! I'll give him a sovereign for this."

Fred soon came up dripping wet, and laid Ruby at his mistress's feet, and then, touching his hat, was about to walk away.

"Stay a moment," said Mr. Raymond. "You have done that very pluckily, my good fellow, and deserve a reward. Esther, dear, give him some gold; I haven't my purse."

Fred had made a gesture of dissent when Mr. Raymond put his hand to his pocket; but when Esther, with trembling hand and gentle thanks, held out a gold-piece, he bent his head low as he took it, and, having thanked her, vowed to himself to wear it ever after next his heart.

"Now go in and get dry clothes," said Mr. Raymond.

"Thank your honor," said Fred, as he walked away. "If luck isn't in my way to-day," thought he, as he gave his streaming garments a shake, and crossed the lawn toward the kitchen, "it never was before. I would rather have saved her dog, bless her sweet, tearful face, than have won honor in the Balaklava charge!" From which observation it may be seen that poor Fred was very far gone indeed, and that his malady was rapidly reaching its crisis.

Perhaps, however, if he had known Esther's thoughts at that moment his excitement would have been even greater still. For Fred's dip in the river had not only washed off the black patch which he had placed across his face, but had also removed, to a considerable extent, the coloring matter which he had every morning applied to his face with all the consummate skill of an old green-room hand. Esther, even in the midst of her joy at recovering her half-drowned pet, had not failed to observe the marked change which the removal of these disguises had produced in the countenance of the under-gardener; and her heart beat with a feeling half of surprise and half of a sort of terror, as she thought she recognized the features of the man who had of late so much occupied her thoughts. She almost forgot poor Ruby, and, half stunned with amazement, she carried him into the house, handed him to Bertha to be treated as his case required and then hurried up to her own room—where she locked the door, sank down on a sofa and sat there breathless and almost fainting with the excitement which this unexpected revelation had produced in her mind. "It was impossible," she thought. "It could not be. It was madness to suppose it." And yet, there was the color gone from his face, and a new expression in it as unlike that of Fred the gardener as it was like—strikingly like—her friend Mr. Redestone. At last she rose, and, moving toward her window, looked out upon the garden. As she gazed dreamily upon the plots of flowers, and saw below her the half-finished work of the man who had saved her dog, the absurdity of the supposition gradually grew upon her mind. It was indeed impossible. Why, there he was coming out from the stables with a slouching walk and a menial air, and as unlike a gentleman in every movement of his body as James the gardener. The very way in which he was putting his hand on his forehead, and shading his eyes as he looked up to the sky, was to the life the manner of his fellow-servant, and far too natural to be assumed. His face, too, bore not the smallest resemblance to Mr. Redestone's now; and though the thought passed across her mind that he might have again disguised himself, yet she flattered herself she could at once detect *his* features under any concealment, and here was not the smallest trace of similarity. So she promptly dismissed the foolish thought, as she called it, and set it down as the product of her fancy acting under the excitement occasioned by the danger which her dog had been in. It was indeed too foolish. She had lately been reading quite a volume about such strange delusions, and doubtless her mind had been infected by reading a lot of nonsense about second-night, and old wives' stories—so she peremptorily ordered the

fancy away, and triumphed over it, at least for a time. And yet during the whole of that evening, and all the next forenoon, the "fancy" would assert itself as a fact, and she could not get rid of it. She was afraid even to step out into the garden, lest she should meet him face to face, and recognize her lover in that menial dress. Not that she would have despised him—not that she resented in her heart the boldness of the man who would so humble himself for her sake. On the contrary, there was a feeling of pride in her bosom as she thought of this devotion; but she feared to meet him face to face, and dared not run the risk. It was still in this state of doubt and fear that Esther, on the day after Ruby's danger, called her maid to her room and prepared to dress for the dinner-party at the O'Melleys.

VI.

LATE in the afternoon of the day which followed Ruby's misadventure, Fred quietly walked out of the gate of the villa, and, without saying anything to anyone in the house as to where he was going, took the train to London, reached his chambers in the Temple, and again assumed the habiliments of his class. "Well," soliloquized he, as he kicked off his heavy boots, and threw his assumed disguises into a corner, "I feel a sensation like something between coming out of a green-room and coming out of a dream. Egad, but it was hot work too! What with manual labor all day, and boiling excitement, and constant expectation, and the fear of detection, and one thing and another, my life has been a perfect whirlwind these last few days."

At half-past seven o'clock that same evening, Fred Redestone was in the drawing-room of General O'Melley, cordially shaking hands with Mr. Raymond (who had been introduced to him at the dinner party of a month ago, where Fred had first met Miss Raymond), who "remembered Mr. Redestone well, very well indeed," said Mr. Raymond, as he shook hands again with Fred. "My daughter, Mr. Redestone. Ah! you know each other. Of course. What am I thinking of? She was at that very pleasant dinner also."

And so it was that Fred came to greet his late master and mistress, not without very peculiar feelings, and a strong desire to indulge in a hearty laugh. He had explained matters, so far, to General O'Melley, and confessed his passion for Miss Raymond; but he had carefully avoided mentioning anything about the gardening escapade. The old general had given him a very hearty reception, and wished him all success, and promised to say "all sorts of things in your favor to Raymond, and win him, at least. The young lady I leave you to manage yourself, you young rascal!" With which affectionate and complimentary remark the old general walked away, to attend to his other guests.

When Miss Raymond had seen Fred enter the drawing-room, her bewilderment was beyond expression. It was not then, after all, Mr. Redestone who had been playing the part of under-gardener down at the villa. She had been the victim of a weak girlish delusion, when she imagined that this barrister, learned in the law, had stepped down from his professional pedestal to do the menial work of an under-servant for her sake. Here he was, occupying his proper position in social life, dressed as a gentleman, probably fresh from his unromantic labors of reading briefs and pleading in courts of law, in which he had as probably been quietly engaged even since she had last seen him, weeks and weeks ago, without bestowing even one thought upon her foolish silly self. As for the much-thought-of under-gardener, he was probably at that very moment taking his supper in the kitchen at the villa, with Jane the cook and the other servants. She was quite angry at herself for having allowed herself to be so deceived, and resolved to be very stiff and prim in her manner to the gentleman who had been the cause of her folly.

Fred was determined to make the most of his opportunity, and having previously arranged with the host that he should have charge of Miss Raymond, he offered her his arm on dinner being announced, and led her down-stairs. "Now, if one might only be allowed to keep that for good!" thought Fred, as he looked down at the little gloved hand resting on his arm.

He had determined that during dinner

he should make no special advances to Miss Raymond. So he merely spoke of his past life, his relations and friends, and of his profession, tastes, and likings. "It's just as well," thought Fred, "that she should know as much as I can tell her, about me and mine, and so I shall enlighten her, even at the risk of appearing egotistical." He could not, however, when the conversation reverted to her home and country occupations, resist throwing in a remark, which, by the knowledge it implied on his part of the domestic arrangements at the villa, completely mystified Esther. "However," said Fred, mentally, "I'll reserve the full fire of that battery till a later period; for *it's quite clear* I can neither make horticultural confusion in a satisfactory manner, nor make love in the close proximity of neighbors at a dinner table."

So the dinner passed off innocently enough, so far as actual love-making was concerned—Fred talking in his usual merry strain, and Esther responding to his sallies, and answering his many questions, with her usual prettiness and vivacity; but, at the same time, with a feeling of doubt and mystification, which gradually produced in her mind the conviction that she was dreaming. At one moment the utter absurdity of her foolish supposition struck her so forcibly, that she scouted it as madness; but at the next, the tone of his voice, or a look of his eye would so vividly recall Fred O'Melley, her under-gardener, to her mind, that she trembled with doubt and confusion. At last she gave the matter up in despair, and resigned herself to dinner and talk, determining to think it all over up-stairs after dinner, when she would not be interrupted in the endeavor to solve the perplexing problem by the necessity of answering questions, and taking her part in conversation. So she banished the subject from her mind, and listened to his easy talk, as he rattled over a number of his foreign adventures, *or spoke* of his old home and earlier life, and lightly threw off his opinions and criticisms upon different subjects. "He talks so well," she said to herself, when the ladies had ascended to the drawing-room, "and so easily. He laughs at and satirizes things and people, apparently so carelessly, and yet so cleverly. And sometimes, too, with all his light banter and wit, he seems to feel so deeply when he talks of what he admires and reverences. How different his whole manner and tones were when he was laughing at poor Miss Eddy's rouge, false hair and powder, and when he spoke of his favorite books, and of the great men he esteemed! He is so gentle, too, and seems somehow almost to caress one with his words. And yet he is so deferential and respectful. Oh! I *can't* make out this mystery; it's no *use* trying any more. How I wish some one would ask me to oblige them with a little music! I should like to play something with terrible heavy execution and a great deal of pedal." And Esther tapped her little hand impatiently with her fan.

Half an hour later, Esther was sitting at the piano, while Fred stood beside her, turning over the leaves of her music as she played or sang.

"Thanks, for that song, Miss Raymond," said he, as she finished singing. "'*Non e ver*' is one of my favorites. It really has given me great pleasure to hear you sing it. I suppose you sing a great deal at the villa? It passes the idle hours so easily."

"I do sing there, Mr. Redestone; but as for idle hours, you town people seem to think that unless a person is over a desk, or in a court, and five miles away from anything like nature, there is nothing in the world to do."

"Pardon me," said Fred; "I forgot there was gardening. Have you had leisure to carry out your grand idea of a rockery?"

"Now, Mr. Redestone, that is too bad, laughing at my poor little plan! You men are too severe, and most unreasonable. Whenever we women remain passive, go to church, manage our households, and 'don't interfere with things we don't understand,' you look upon us as a sort of refined, well-dressed, and so far entertaining lower animal, which ought to be patronized, and occasionally petted. But the moment we start an idea of our own, down comes the heavy cavalry of solid male sense and hard reason, and ungenerously cuts us all to pieces!"

"Well, the 'heavy cavalry' is fairly discomfited on this occasion, and begs

for mercy and forgiveness. But I really do wish to know how the work progresses? Believe me, I take an interest in it, and, if I dared, would go down and construct it for you myself."

"It's a pity you didn't offer sooner then, Mr. Redestone, for we have been obliged to get an additional gardener for a week to carry on the great work. What would you say to sixteen shillings a week, with bed, board and lodging?"

"Supposing a man were asked that by the girl he loved, and he not only said 'Yes,' but went and did the work for her sake, and in order that he should be near her—associating with the menials of the household, and undertaking the labors of a common workman—what would you think of him?"

There was the very slightest touch of seriousness in the way Fred put this question which made Esther's face lose color for an instant. But she shook off the momentary feeling, and answered:

"Well, I should think he would be a very strange lover—*not* to be found in this matter-of-fact century of strong common-sense."

"You would respect his sincerity, then," said Fred, "and not laugh at his apparent degradation and folly?"

"No, certainly not," replied Esther. "But what a question, Mr. Redestone! Are you thinking of winning some young lady's heart by digging potatoes and carting turnips? You should really publish a book on the subject, entitled, 'Covent Garden Bouquets retired in Disgrace—Brocoli and Brussels Sprouts promoted!'"

"Who is being satirical now?" said Fred, laughing. "But, seriously, I am to have the pleasure of seeing this famed villa of yours. Your father has been kind enough to ask me to go down on Saturday and inspect it."

Esther bent her head, and said she would be glad to do the honors to "so distinguished and critical a guest," and promised even to let him see the rising rockery. "And I'll introduce you to another of our household," added she; "the most important one in it—my dog Ruby. Poor thing! it was nearly drowned yesterday, and would have been, had not our under-gardener plunged into the Thames and saved it."

"Do you know what he did with your reward?" said Fred, in low tones, and with a peculiar smile. As he spoke he put his hand to his breast, and showed, just for a moment, the piece of gold which Esther had given him attached to a silk ribbon, and suspended from his neck.

Esther started as if she had received a great shock, and turned as pale as death. Then she forced the trembling words out almost in a whisper, scarcely knowing what she said:

"Mr. Redestone, what does this mean?"

"Esther!" said her father, now coming up in a hurry. "The horses have been waiting half an hour, and we cannot keep them a moment longer. Come, dear, we must go."

Fred offered his arm to Miss Raymond to lead her to her carriage, and when they had reached the hall, and whilst Mr. Raymond, who had forgotten something, ran up-stairs to fetch it, Fred spoke:

"You asked, now, what my having this token meant, Miss Raymond? It means that there *is* a man, even in this hard century, who has done a thing of which he is half ashamed, but which he shall never regret; who would count all toil pleasure if for the sake of the woman he loved, and who would risk his life—not once, and for gold, but ever, and freely—to gain, and to keep, her dear heart. Miss Raymond," continued Redestone, hurriedly, as he heard Mr. Raymond returning down-stairs, "I have scarcely a right to speak thus to you. I have no right to ask a reply now. But I trust you will forgive my foolishness, and my rashness, and perhaps answer me gently some day—even if it should not be as I wish."

Redestone's passionate words had been so hurried, and her father had joined them so immediately after they were spoken, that Esther could not possibly have answered them, even had she thought it right to do so. But her poor heart was beating very fast, and her little hand trembled very much upon Fred's arm as he led her to the carriage. When she shook hands with him, she did manage to say the words "Good-night;" and Fred's whole face was lit up with a glad joy as he noted that it was not in

unkind or offended tones that she spoke the words.

"Good-night, Mr. Redestone," said Mr. Raymond, as they were driving off; "don't forget Saturday!"

As Mr. Raymond settled himself comfortably among the cushions of his carriage, he observed to his daughter: "A very pleasant young man, that Mr. Redestone. After you ladies retired he sat next to me, and I had a long talk with him. General O'Melley, it seems, was a great friend of his father's, and served with him in India. Fine old fellow, that general! Brave man! Keeps good port!" And Mr. Raymond then became silent, and pleasantly meditative, as he recalled the hearty old general's conversation, and thought of the wonderful flavor of that last bottle of wine. Suddenly, however, he woke up, and said:

"By-the-bye, Esther, I've asked Mr. Redestone down to lunch with us on Saturday. He's very fond of gardening, he says, and evidently knows something about it. So I thought I'd let him see ours, though it's a pity it's not quite in order yet."

Esther's heart had begun to beat very fast when she heard this announcement from her father of Fred's intended visit; but the darkness hid the color which had rushed into her cheek, and before her father had finished speaking, she had sufficient command over her voice to answer, with apparent unconcern:

"Very well, papa. Lunch first, I suppose, and gardening after. Performance to commence at half-past two o'clock precisely. Will that do?"

"Yes, dear—that will do very well," said Mr. Raymond; and then he added, with a puzzled air and tone: "Do you know, Esther, it strikes me that I've seen Mr. Redestone's features elsewhere than at these two parties? But I can't think where."

Esther could not help smiling at this, and, making some commonplace reply, she drew her shawl more closely over her face, and remained very silent during the rest of the drive home, reflecting upon Fred's strange adventure, and his last ardent words.

VII.

"HALLO, Fred!" said Travers, as the former burst into his chamber, on the morning after the O'Melley's party. "Back from the country. What news? Have you been dismissed from your situation, old fellow?"

"Not quite," replied Fred; "but I have taken French leave."

Then Fred told his old friend all that had happened down at the villa, and what he had spoken to Esther the night before; and was very anxious and serious over it, so much so that Travers gave up his usual bantering style, and spoke to him quite quietly and kindly.

"My dear old boy," he said, "why be downcast when you have succeeded so well? You've done wonders—far more than I ever dreamt you would do in so short a time. When I told you to trust to the chapter of accidents, I never imagined you would make so much out of one little chance. Everything has prospered. The lady is not offended, or standing on the 'proprieties;' and that's good, because it shows she is not an ordinary silly girl, who can't see a true passion through a strange escapade. From the way she's taken it, I should say your chances are good. She ought, too, to feel gratitude toward the man who ran some little risk of life to save even such a trifling thing as a dog for the sake of his mistress. Never fear! Go down on Saturday with a brave heart, and all will be well."

Fred, however, was not to be calmed, or much comforted, by words. He saw, and exaggerated, all his chances of failure. Bold and venturesome, he, for the first time in his life, felt something akin to a positive fear; and those merry frank eyes of his had a look of anxious care in them which his friend never had seen there before. However, he had said he was to go down to the villa on the Saturday; and, of course (though he looked forward to the visit very nervously), he never thought of altering that arrangement. The intermediate time he got through with the help of his friend Travers, who took him out boating and riding, and listened to Fred's doubts and fears, and, as he said, "quite made a martyr of himself in the cause of friendship, morning, noon and night."

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the appointed Saturday, Fred pulled the great bell of Mr. Raymond's villa, and

entered the grounds by the gateway through which he had last passed dressed in the garments of a servant of the establishment.

"It's very odd," said Fred to himself, with a smile, as he passed through the garden, and saw James busy among the flower-plots. "It's a very odd sensation being received by one's fellow-servants with such respect and deference. I don't think that fellow would touch his hat so respectfully if he could recognize me."

But the next instant he was met by Mr. Raymond, who shook him by the hand, and gave him a most cordial welcome. "My daughter is in-doors, Mr. Redestone," he said, "and will be glad to welcome you presently. Pray step in. Down, Ruby—down, sir! Why, Mr. Redestone, that dog seems to know you."

"Nice dog," said Fred, carelessly, as he patted Ruby, and stepped into the villa.

"It was all but drowned the other day," said Mr. Raymond; "and had it not been for an Irish fellow, who worked in the garden here, jumping in after it and saving it, we should have lost poor Ruby. A most extraordinary fellow, that Irishman, by the way! He was engaged here for a week; and the other night, when we came home from the O'Melleys, we found he had levanted before his time had expired, and, strange to say, without taking away any of our goods and chattels with him, as I at first feared was likely. He left a note for me, begging pardon, explaining that he was obliged to leave for some outlandish reason, and requesting that his wages might be given to the head-gardener. I never heard of such a thing. He has been getting letters, too, it seems, daily, directed to him at the post-office, to be called for. I fear he's one of those Fenian rascals; though I liked the fellow well enough, too."

Fred bit his lip, to keep in the almost irresistible laugh, and then rose to shake hands with Miss Raymond, who now entered the room.

Poor Esther was in a dreadful state of confusion, and her face got red and white by turns, in spite of herself. However, as they almost immediately went in to lunch, her duties as hostess occupied her, and helped her a good deal. Mr. Raymond did most of the speaking; and, though Fred's efforts at conversation were rather spasmodic, and very unlike his usual easy flow of talk, the meal passed off well enough. After lunch Mr. Raymond asked Fred to go out with him to the garden, and inspect the flowers. "My daughter," he said, "will join us after she writes one or two letters which I wish sent off at once." So Esther was left in the house, and the two gentlemen went out into the garden.

"Now or never," thought Fred; "I must not lose this opportunity."

"Mr. Raymond," he said, aloud, "I have come down here, on your kind invitation, to see your beautiful villa and grounds; but my main object was a very much more serious one—to ask your permission to propose for the hand of your daughter."

It must be admitted that Fred had the knack of going very directly to the point; and so Mr. Raymond thought, as he answered:

"You do surprise me, Mr. Redestone, very much indeed; for though, to tell you the truth, my old friend O'Melley gave me a hint that something of that kind was going on"—("The traitor!" muttered Fred between his teeth; "it's a good thing I did not let the general into the secret of my gardening exploit!")—"I never dreamt of anything so precipitate as this."

Then Fred pressed his suit long and urgently, and appealed to Mr. Raymond more eloquently and more powerfully than ever he had done, or could do, to a jury. It would have required very strong objections, and a very stubborn heart, successfully to resist his earnest pleading. There was no doubting the honest look in that flushed and handsome face, and the genuine feeling ringing in those words. Mr. Raymond felt his objections gradually being overthrown, in spite of all he could say—not by Fred's arguments, but simply by the force and power of his passion, as it shone in his eyes and sounded in his tones. He had quite taken a liking for Fred the first time they met, and the liking had increased each time he saw him. His kindly and genial heart was touched as he listened to Redestone so

eagerly urging his suit; and at last he fairly gave way, and thus answered Fred's appeal:

"Though I have known you for so short a time, Mr. Redestone, yet, to speak frankly, I know all about you and your family and position, both from General O'Melley and from others; and while I think a little time for you to know each other would be advantageous, yet I do not forbid you to address my daughter as you desire."

Fred was most profuse in his thanks, and fairly won Mr. Raymond's heart by the way in which he expressed his gratitude.

"If my daughter," thought Mr. Raymond, "can resist that kind of pleading, it's a deal more than I can. But they're curious creatures, women—curious creatures; all susceptibility in some matters, and as hard and unimpressionable as iron in others. The way in which my poor wife—bless her!—listened to me proposing three separate times to win her before she would even give me an answer, is a thing I never could understand, and don't to this day."

Very soon after, Esther joined the gentlemen in the lawn. Mr. Raymond, true to his promise, made some excuse, and, greatly to the consternation of Esther, left her alone with Fred. Redestone saw that she was agitated, and knew, too, that his time might be limited; so he made a bold plunge into his petition without preface.

"Miss Raymond," he said, "you know what I feel toward you. You must think me bold as well as foolish, but I trust to your generosity and forgiveness. I have sought your father's permission to address you as you know I wish, and he has consented. I now come to you with my humble request for your hand. I know I am unworthy. I can scarce believe that I dare hope, but I am urged on by a love which will not be stayed. I seek from you, I beg of you, what is far more dear to my heart than all the honors I may win, and than every happiness that can befall me."

As Esther listened to these words, her face was very pale. Very different feelings were struggling and contending within her heart; for while she could not but feel glad to be wooed so ardently, yet could she say that she really loved him? Did she really know her own heart in the matter? Could she think of promising to wed this impetuous lover, on so short a knowledge of him? Nay, was it maidenly or right, even if she did favor his suit, that her hand should be thus lightly given? True, it was not a month since she had first met him. True, not a day of all that time had passed without her thinking of him—even admiringly and kindly. True, also, that during the past night she had not slept at all as she lay thinking, not without a feeling of pride, of the passionate words in which he had spoken his love, and of the story of his devotion (wild and reckless though it was) which he had revealed. He had proved the truth of his affection by braving the risks and the shame of discovery and ridicule, as few men would have dared to do. "Yet," she thought, "he might have restrained even his wild impassioned nature for a time, before he asked me for an answer so suddenly and so rashly." Her maidenly pride was offended, and came to her assistance; and though her face was very white, and her expression fixed and formal, she answered, slowly and with dignity, and with a strange coldness in her tones:

"Mr. Redestone, I cannot but be flattered by what you have said; but is it right that you should speak so rashly to one you know so slightly, and who has become acquainted with you only so very recently? You must pardon me if I say that you do not sufficiently consider your own position, or what is due to the person—whoever she may be—whom you so address."

The words had scarcely passed her lips when she felt how cruel they were—how, in their strict and stern justice, they ignored utterly all the little palliations of poor Fred's case. She thought how freely and generously—even if rashly, and so far inconsiderately toward her—he had given her his whole love, his proved affection, and how he had trusted to her not piercing the heart he laid bare with words of coldness and of selfish pride. She had not even uttered one word of kindness, or gentle pity, to soften the bitterness of his pain. Surely maiden pride, and a mere feeling of offended

dignity, were not to be maintained at such a cost of suffering, and ought to give way somewhat before a love which forgot, not only pride, but position and station, in the ardor and honesty of its fullness and strength!

Fred's face fell, and he walked slowly on beside Miss Raymond, with the folly of his rashness and inconsiderateness fully disclosed to his mind. He felt that he ought to have thought of this sooner. He felt that his passion had carried him too far and too fast, and that he had been shamefully blinded to what was due to the woman he loved. So, in a low and trembling and sorrowful voice, he spoke his regret and apology:

"Miss Raymond, you are right—as I believe you ever are and must be. I humbly seek your pardon for my rude and hasty love. It is true *I* do not need to know you more, for I know well the nature and goodness of the prize I seek to win. But I wrongly thought that in my words and acts you might have seen enough to judge me, and thinking that, and loving you so dearly, I could scarcely bear to live and not know my fate!"

There was such a look of pain in Fred's face, and a tone of such agony in his voice, that every word cut Esther to the heart. She could not bear to think that it was her words of merciless self-assertion which produced this pain. She was right enough in what she had said, if she had only said it more gently and kindly. And after all she did love him. She knew it now, at this instant, while he was speaking to her—clearly and surely, as she had never known it or acknowledged it to herself before; and as her heart melted with pain at his sorrow the tears rose in her eyes.

Redestone stopped suddenly before her, his eyes now lit up with new hopes, as he said to her:

"You do pity me, then, Miss Raymond, and I would fain hope you may some day learn to love me. Do not still call me bold and rude, but let me take this hand, to guard and to keep till you say me nay again. Do not think unworthily of me, but trust my heart to love you faithfully until it beats no more upon this earth."

Esther had covered her face, and tried to hide her tears with her handkerchief, when he stayed her on the gravel walk; and as he took her hand gently in his own, she did not take it back from him, but allowed him to press it ardently to his heart and to his lips. Need more be said? Esther's hand was given, and her heart pledged; and with the summer sun shining down upon these two bright figures by the river side, the curtain falls upon the final scene of the last act of "FRED REDESTONE'S ESCAPADE."

Temple Bar.

THE TALKING ANIMAL.

IN these alarming days, when such formidable discoveries are being made as to our genealogy, it behooves us on no account to let go or waive those old and respectable distinctions which have at various times been made with the laudable object of drawing a hard-and-fast line between us and those whom we suppose we are still permitted to describe as the inferior creatures. No one can well commit a more despicable action than is involved in repudiating or disowning his own flesh and blood; still there are circumstances and occasions which justify a person in striving to make out, if the relationship cannot wholly be denied, that the connection is, at any rate, very remote. That is just the position, we take it, that, at the very worst, man can be said to occupy toward his anthropomorphic ancestors; and, therefore, without cutting them dead altogether, he may surely be allowed to show that the lapse of time, with its supervening broad lines of distinction, has made the kinship even more remote than is usually associated with an Irish cousin.

It is not likely that a better class-distinction, a more satisfactory assertion of superior caste, will ever be made, than

is to be found in the good old definition that "man is a talking animal." Our fair readers—of whom we hope we have many—will not be offended by informing them that when such a proposition as "man is a talking animal" is put forward as a definition, it does not mean that he is one of the talking animals, but that he is the only talking animal. This being so, it follows that the definition must be given up as soon as stated, if by talk be signified a mere oral method of communication between one living thing and another. Ants are proverbially silent workers; yet it is probable that sharper ears than ours would detect something akin to the fussy hum we can ourselves observe in a hive of working-bees—to the hoarse notes of call and response we note in the social crow—to the whizzing clamor of fieldfares when bullied by or bullying an aggressive hawk, or to the sweet long-drawn pipings of our garden warblers when stirred to intercourse by love. Indeed, we might traverse the whole animal kingdom without being able to lay our finger upon a single family of whose members we could affirm with any confidence that they never communicate with each other by what may fairly be called speech. The horse is one of the most silent, the pig one of the most loquacious of animals; yet each alike knows how to summon his fellow by intelligible sounds, in moments of appetite, anger, or excitement. Clearly, therefore, when it is said, and if it is to be continued to be said, by way of definition, that "Man is a talking animal," we must ascribe to the power of talk something more profound and extensive than the capacity of comparing wants and guarding interests.

The threshold of the inquiry is not encouraging. Not conversation, but the subject of conversation, being the note or distinguishing mark which is to enable us to say that we are not fratricides or cannibals, our efforts must be directed to showing that our topics are as lofty as our pretensions. That they are potentially so in all cases, and actually so in some, we shall see; but a survey of the lower lands of human discourse, rather strengthens than weakens the painful theory, which makes us at one end touch the creatures of flood and field. We will suppose a very common case, and sketch a scene that will be readily recognized. A party of well-to-do people, say from our own island—refined, gentle, educated, in the sense in which those words are generally employed—have been spending the day in travel. They are on their road from Rome to Florence—from the most famous of ancient cities to the most beautiful of modern. They have means and leisure; and, spurning the cheap convenience of the rail, they are journeying by easy stages, under the care of a pleasantly slow vetturino. What have they seen to-day? Perhaps they have visited Assisi, lifted loving eyes to the frescoes of Giotto, and lowered reverent ones before the last resting-places of the good and great St. Francis. Perhaps they have loitered at Cortona, wandered round its Pelasgic walls, or been set wondering by the sight of that marvelous female head, the most precious record of ancient pictorial art, found in the baker's oven of the famous city. Perhaps they have gazed into the still silvery depths of that pellucid stream, "a mirror and a bath for beauty's youngest daughters," overlooked by the disputable Temple of "fair and delicate proportions." Perhaps the forenoon was spent at Perugia, in the Sala del Cambio, or in the sacristy of the San Pietro in Casinensis. Night has fallen. The lumbering carriage stands —without driver, without horses, without burden—in the solitary court-yard. The trusty team are feeding in the warm dusk stable. The swarthy driver is sitting in the kitchen, eating his simple Italian supper. Our English travelers are upstairs, looking almost as cosy and comfortable as at home. They have finished their meal, and will soon retire to rest. They are talking. What about? About Spello, Foligno, Spoleto, the miraculous thirteenth century, the influence of Dante upon art, or of art upon Dante?—of something of this sort, no doubt? Alas! not all. They have got hold of a book, and it is amusing them vastly. It is affording food for conversation. In Heaven's name, what is it? It is the visitor's book of the inn. After all they have seen this day, all that incites to reflection, suggests comment, and should provoke the amenities of discussion, they have fallen back, and with thankfulness, upon the

empty catalogue of names which tells who have trodden these same paths before, and who have trodden them last. Has Jones been this way? Yes, here is the entry; and those refined, educated, traveled folks are at once transported to Tyburnia or Westbourne Grove, and have found a topic worthy of sustained conversation, a topic that never flags. Need we go through the list of their friends concerning whom they find some entry in this diverting volume? How many such they stumble upon decides the hour at which they retire. If they meet with no familiar names, they soon are sleepy, and everything has been barren from Dan to Beersheba.

Let the locality and the scene be changed. We are in an English drawing-room, happy abode of elegance and ease! We are in the center of the highest forms of civilization. The ingenuity and genius of all the ages have gone to produce a score of inanimate objects around us, which by reason of the profuseness of all that is agreeable to the eye, we scarcely notice. The history of wood-carving, the story of mediæval and modern art, the record of the triumphs of industry, might almost be written out of the materials around us. Emilie Souvestre would have had no difficulty in writing a thousand volumes on the journeys he took up and down, round and about, such a chamber as this. One of the company had just made such a journey, after the rest of the party had for some time apparently been resting from their fatigues —so dead a silence had fallen upon them all. This adventurous traveler to the table over there has been rewarded; he has found something. He returns with it, and suddenly he is the center of a lively group. The spell is broken—they are silent no more. What has he found? A photographic album, and all the talking animals assert their distinctive superiority. Now the flood-gates of conversation are rolled back, and the stream of remark and comment, of quip and crank and criticism, rolls along merrily enough. It is just as at the little Italian inn. The old faces, the old names, the old people have come to relieve the dullness and the boredom inflicted by the great unknown. People, people, people—the people one knows, or knew, or wants to know—behold the beginning and end of the wise prattle of the talking animal! It is surely well to be interested in one's species, and in the individuals who compose that species; but pray, is their welfare the stirring motive or the absorbing theme of all the hours upon hours of talk devoted to them? We trow not. Is it not their fathers and mothers, their grandfathers and grandmothers; the legacies that came to them, the legacies they have missed, the legacies they intrigued to obtain so meanly: their wives and the little love they have for them, and the little love their wives bear them in return; their temper, their debts, their dinners, their inferior cellars, their excessive staff of servants, their sordidness, their extravagance; their thousand-and-one qualities and accidents in which they are no better or worse than their neighbors, but which are of absorbing interest, because the two, or three, or four talking animals live in the same county, have a house in the same square, or once danced in the same quadrille? Look at the books scattered about, for the first idle hand to open. They too are picture-books, and the pictures are an excuse for opening without reading them. Never was there a more dire invention of the enemy than illustrated books. It was once observed, as a most correct induction from experience, that music is an excellent background to pictures. Thus, ever farther and farther recedes the real, and ever nearer and nearer and more obtrusive comes the unreal, the delusive, the shallow sham. Helps to conversation are obtained by banishing from sight, or obscuring from observation, all that makes converse worth the trouble of opening one's lips.

If we reflect for a moment, we shall perceive that this poverty, this meanness, this vulgarity of the topics of talk, springs from the fact that there are certain matters of interest common to us all, and that beyond these we must not attempt to travel, since, if we do, we shall find ourselves making the journey alone. If we reflect yet a little more, we shall recognize that one of the primary results of that material civilization which brings us more constantly together, provides no remedy for this evil, if indeed it does not aggravate

it. Neither do the great triumphs of material science assist us. We all read the same newspapers, the same telegrams, the same speeches, the same articles, the same essays. No doubt this ought to increase the number of topics worth oral handling; but if we stop by simply inquiring, "Do you see what is said in this morning's *Thunderer?*" or by answering, "Yes—and did you see what was said in yesterday evening's *Universe?*" we are not much better for the plank thrown out to us. Accordingly it is only the garrulous people—the people who wag their tongues when they see a human pair of ears, just as some folks swing their arms when they hear a piece of music—who take the trouble to make such inquiries. The rest, being perfectly aware that everybody reads the *Thunderer* and the *Universe*, peruse and are silent. These are the wiser, and more properly deserve the designation of "talking animals," properly understood, inasmuch as they do not use a valuable gift without due provocation. Indeed, we should not be sorry to see introduced into society a law analogous to that old one by virtue of which a man proposed a new piece of legislation with a rope round his neck. If everybody had to pay a severe penalty who started a conversation that led to nothing, we should all be the better for it. By leading to something we do not mean that the conversation so started must end in demonstration or agreement. Conversation, like art, is an end in itself; only, like art, it should be somewhat elevated and elevating. Indeed, general conversation—which is what we are considering—has this distinguishing mark, as against special conversation, that nobody knows, or should know, where it will lead us. Special conversation is work, serious work; general conversation should be the diversion of our leisure. Special conversation is to end in a resolve, and in action. General conversation ends, as far as any visible effect is concerned, with itself. Thus, what is familiarly called "shop" should be rigidly banished from the latter. There are moments when women may fairly compare notes about their servants, their children, their dress; when lawyers may fittingly discuss their suits, their clients, their courts, their reforms; when artists may properly canvass the time expended over certain pictures, their price, their technical merits, and so forth. But, be it understood, all this is business; it is nothing but "shop," let the conversation be carried on when it may. General conversation needs all of these—indeed, there is no aid that it scorns; but it needs them as accessories, not as principals. They should be used as the side-lights, the timely illustrations flashed upon the main theme, at moments when it is threatened with darkness or dimness. This main theme should be no one's in particular, but should seem to be any one's at times, and in turn. Thus only can be reconciled the two at first seemingly conflicting conditions of all good general conversation—that it should not be mean, common or vulgar, and yet that everybody should have an interest in it. It is the humility of some, and the arrogance or egotism of others, that prevent the happy combination from being more common. People have only to begin with three axioms—the first of which is, that everybody is entitled (indeed bound) to form his own opinion, quite irrespectively of anything he may have read or been told; the second of which is, that everybody is equally entitled to declare that opinion; and the third of which is, that everybody's opinion is entitled to consideration, and that not only on the ground of courtesy, but because it is certain that any opinion honestly and independently formed is worth something, and, opportunely expressed, may contribute in a striking manner to a current discussion. But for this most desirable consummation to be reached, difference of opinion must no longer be thought to verge upon bad manners, and truth, or the pursuit of truth, not victory, must be the common quest. In the following stanzas we seem to see something of what is wanted, though it is declared to be but a vision:

"And oftentimes was brave contention,
Such as beseems the wise,
But always courteous abstention
From over-swift replies.

"Age lorded not, nor rose the hectic
Up to the cheek of youth;
But reigned throughout their dialectic
Sobriety of truth.

"And if a long-held contest tended
To ill-defined result,
It was by calm consent suspended,
And over-difficult.

"Then verse or music was demanded,
Then solitude of night;
By which all-potent three expanded,
Waxeth the inner sight."

Here the talking animal reaches his throne, and need entertain no fear that he will be pursued by hydras and chimeras dire. Nothing on the earth, or in the waters that are under the earth, share with him in any degree in the divine privilege of communicated thought, when thought ceases to be concerned with mere interests—with food and raiment, with hunger and thirst, with individual peculiarities, with toiling and spinning, with rivalries and hates, lusts, jealousies, and all uncharitableness—but soars into the calm of a rarefied atmosphere, gazing down from which the ordinary cares and passions of earth appear so trivial. The upper ten thousand of this world pride themselves upon being so vastly superior to the rest of the human race, that they are confidently justified to themselves when they strengthen the barriers which separate them from the common herd. We are not among the believers in the social equality of men; but we cannot allow ourselves to be blinded by the spurious distinctions which now pronounce them unequal. Abolish distinction of dress, manner and speech, and where is the difference between many a lady and her maid, between many a gentleman and his valet, between some peers and their grooms? The conversation of the drawing-room is, in too many instances, not one whit better or more elevated than that of the servants' hall, and the discussions of the smoking-room are perfectly on a par with those of the stable. And if we are to stick to our definition, does it not follow that he is the highest man whose conversation, *i. e.*, whose thoughts—for, depend upon it, the two things are convertible—is habitually the highest and the most soaring? We do not want to see society composed of a circle of pedants and prigs; there is no necessity to bump against that Scylla. But there should be something academic, something of the grove and the portico, in the general conversation of all educated and cultured people. No delight, save that which is given by music or by verse, can for a moment compete with it; and the three may readily be combined. Formal arguments not being the means, nor definite conclusions the end, of all such lofty converse, let no one fear to quote appositely from any of the great teachers of mankind. At present we have hackneyed citations from a handy-book or none, just as we have no wit or the Joe Miller of the period. There have been few ages in which the conditions were more favorable to the talking animal, as we would fain see him. Beliefs on nearly all subjects are very much unsettled, and the field is free to speculation. Let us be less narrow in our interests, and man may still remain the glory, and perhaps the riddle, but no longer the jest of the world.

Chambers' Journal.

TRUST.

By that strange shadow on your brow,
And in your darkened eyes,
I know that you are angry now—
Nay, show not such surprise—
Do you suppose, that waltzing there,
I saw not how you frowned?
I watched your discontented air
Each time the dance came round.
I would not break your gloomy mood,
But let you frown your fill—
For watchfulness in love is good,
But trust is better still.

Have I confessed my love to you,
And hearkened all you said,
For you to doubt me (as you do,
Although you shake your head),
Because of each slight foppish thing
That gives me tender looks,
And turns the pages when I sing,
Or finds my music books?
In your too great solicitude,
I say you treat me ill—
For watchfulness in love is good,
But trust is better still.

Nay, sir; your brows must not be bent;
Don't try to frown me down.
Ah! now I see that you relent;
I will not let you frown.
Have you forgotten that spring day,
When in the lanes we strolled,
And how the twilight passed away
Before your tale was told?
Then trust me, as you said you would—
Ah, yes, I know you will—
For watchfulness in love is good,
But trust is better still.

LITERARY NOTICES.

JOHN JASPER'S SECRET; a Sequel to "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

The authors of this book claim that in it they have carried out "what they have fully traced and identified as the intention" of Mr. Dickens as to his unfinished story of Edwin Drood. They say that in his intercourse with his friends he had supplied a great many hints in regard to the scope of his work, from which they have been able to form a much closer estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten, than he himself could have believed, and that the careful collation of all these hints, of whatever kind, has provided the outline of the story of John Jasper's Secret. Although the book is published anonymously, we have no reason to doubt the truthfulness of the preface, but it is of course impossible to tell how accurately the writers have interpreted the suggestions of the master, or how sufficient these suggestions really were. We are assured by the publishers, however, that they have the testimony of Mr. Charles Dickens, Jr., to the effect that, except in one important particular, the story is here completed in accordance with his father's design.

The admirers of Mr. Dickens, then, whose grief for his death was aggravated by the fact that it left the mystery of Edwin Drood unsolved, may be glad to have the solution thus presented to them, and we may say that the story is well worked up, and sufficiently interesting, whether read as a sequel to the original fragment or alone. The exception mentioned above, is the reappearance of Edwin, whom Mr. Dickens, it is said, intended to have killed outright, but perhaps most readers will be better pleased by the more cheerful termination. The writers of this book disclaim any intention of imitating the style of Mr. Dickens, but we can hardly believe that the marked resemblance to his characteristic language and manner observable in some of the chapters was unconscious. But these more superficial characteristics are very easily imitated; "all can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed."

GESTA ROMANORUM; or, Entertaining Moral Stories, etc. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. Charles Swan. New edition with introduction, by THOMAS WRIGHT. New York: J. W. Bouton.

The stories contained in the two handsome volumes before us, supplied to many generations of the mediæval clergy the means of pointing their pulpit teaching and making it intelligible to the simple folk who listened to them, as well as an unfailing source of fireside recreation. Many of them are evidently of monkish origin, others come from Greece and Rome, and more, perhaps, from the Oriental nations, through Spain or by way of the crusades. But from whatever source, they had all, doubtless, floated about for many years before they were collected by Pierre Bercheure, prior of the Benedictine monastery of St. Eloi at Paris, under the singularly inappropriate title of "The Acts of the Romans." There was no more popular book in all mediæval Europe than this, and it was one of the earliest which was printed in England; but of late years it has only been known to scholars. The translation made by Mr. Swan was published some forty years ago, but not many copies, we fancy, found their way to this country, and in the elegant and com-

plete edition now published by Mr. Bouton, American readers for the first time have access to a remarkable treasury of mediæval thought. Many of the stories are very witty, others are a pitiful jumble of nonsense, but all are quaint and amusing, and the reader may find no little entertainment in dipping occasionally into the volumes.

BLADE O' GRASS. By B. L. FARJEON. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is not very much of a story, but it is very prettily and pleasantly told, and powerfully in parts, and gives better promise than anything we have heretofore had from the author. A good deal has been said of Mr. Farjeon in the newspapers and elsewhere, and we have been told that he is to be the successor of Dickens; but it will be necessary to wait until he has published something of greater importance before we pronounce a final verdict upon him. The present story is a sketch rather than a completed work, and it shows the hand —we will not say of a master, but—of one whom we may expect to win his way to fame, unless he should unhappily have greatness prematurely thrust upon him.

"Blade o' Grass" is a forlorn little London cast-away, whose twin sister is adopted by a benevolent lady, while she is left in misery. There is a good deal of tender feeling in the story, and at times it is quite pathetic, and now and then strong; but what will probably strike the reader most is the manifest influence of Dickens upon the author's work. We hope to hear more of Mr. Farjeon.

A LEAF IN THE STORM, and other stories. By OUIDA. Philadelphia: J. Lippincott & Co.

e not an admirer of Miss Rame's fact, we consider them abomi- the four short stories contained in this volume, reprinted from Lippincott's Magazine, are really charming. How anyone who can write so simply and sweetly can also write in the atrocious manner that has made the name of "Ouida" one to be shunned, we do not understand, and we are led to hope that she has abandoned her younger manner for one that fits her better. We sincerely hope that this may be so, for we would gladly welcome many more such stories as these, while we never want to see another Granville Devigne.

POOR MISS FINCH. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS. New York: Harper & Bros.

Miss Finch is called poor, we presume, because of the terrible tribulations through which the cruel Mr. Collins causes her to pass. She is blind, and her lover is blue, this peculiar tint of his complexion having been produced by the two free use of nitrate of silver as a remedy for epilepsy. The lover has a twin brother, as like him as one pea is like another, except in color, who also becomes enamored of Miss Finch, and a skillful surgeon having restored her sight, she is so indiscriminating as to embrace the ruddy villain, instead of the genuine boy blue, who thereupon hastily leaves. However, she suspects that something is wrong, and the grief thus produced having made her blind again ,the hero returns and the villain is discomfitted. This curious plot is related with all that distressing detail which Mr. Collins uses so cleverly, and the result is beyond doubt a very interesting story, even if somewhat absurd.

BARTHOLOMEW'S NEW SERIES DRAWING BOOK No. 1.

TEACHER'S GUIDE: Companion to Bartholomew's Drawing Book No. 1. By W. N. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE NATIONAL COMPOSITION BOOK. Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co., New York.

The publications are worthy the notice of teachers and school directors.

THE

TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1872.

Belgravia.

HOW THE "GADFLY" FAILED.

A NEWSPAPER EPISODE.

I.

THE Champion Bill and Gigantic Circular Printing Company, which, for the sake of brevity, it may be well in future to indicate in the course of this narrative by its initials, was not a success. Not even its most sanguine shareholders could go so far as to say that there was any prospect of its being a success. The printing engines were standing idle, the workmen complained in very outspoken terms that their wages were not paid with the regularity which they had a right to expect, and the foreman was at the present moment assuming an attitude strongly suggestive of a strike. Persons who had employed the C. B. G. C. P. C. had been heard to say that there was a lack of business method about the whole concern; that their orders were not executed with the punctuality and dispatch which the circulars of the company had promised; and so had it come to pass that orders had become fewer and fewer, till at last it seemed that they had begun altogether to vanish.

"An infernally nice business this!" said Major Roarer, when he came down to bleed the company's coffers for funds wherewith to carry on his afternoon whist campaign at the Pandemonium Club. "Not a sou to be had! What the deuce is up, Tan, eh?" And the major expressed himself in the vigorous fashion in which "an officer should."

"Tell you what it is," replied Mr. Tan—Mr. Tan and Major Roarer, it may be observed, were the two prime originators, and now almost the only two remaining shareholders, of the company—"you've played this sort of game once too often. Always told you it never could stand it—frisking the till, as Muffet" (Mr. Muffet was the sole clerk and secretary of the establishment) "calls it, every aftenoon. Hang it, Roarer, you've never given the concern a chance!"

Here Major Roarer rose from his chair, opened the door, called for Mr. Muffet, who responded in person, and the pair engaged for several minutes in a close colloquy. The result was, that Major Roarer reappeared in the apartment dignified as the "board-room." "Tan," he said, "meet me at the club at seven-thirty sharp, and bring Simpkins and Reefer" (Messrs. S. and R. were two gentlemen who still had some faint remaining interest in the C. B. G. C. P. C.), "and we'll see what can be done." When Major Roarer gave a command, he was accustomed to have it executed; and so on this occasion, thinking it superfluous to wait for Mr.

Tan's reply, he strode out of the room, like Ajax *makra bibas*, as a certain gentleman of strongly-defined classical tastes, to whom we shall have occasion later to introduce the reader, was in the habit of saying, stepped into his very neat brougham, which was waiting at the door, and told the coachman to drive to the Pandemonium. "And look sharp, mind you," added the major.

It was a curious phenomenon in Major Roarer's chequered existence, that he was never without that perfectly-fitted brougham and that pair of first-rate horses. The major might complain of the tightness of the money market, and make facetious allusions to the frequent salutations on paper he was in the habit of getting from her Majesty; but none of these things made any difference in the gallant gentleman's exterior. Men whispered at the club, when, not on one occasion, but many, the major had adverse runs of luck at Newmarket or Epsom, that "Roarer was about done for." Never was club opinion more lamentably wrong. The major "always came up to the scratch smiling," as Mr. Muffet would say. His friends might fancy they heard the crash of consummated ruin round Major Roarer; but in a few days' time he was visible again at the club, fresh as ever, cool as ever, and apparently more prosperous than ever. Ready money the gallant gentleman was always provided with in plenty—how, nobody knew, and nobody cared. Some said it was his aunt, others said his wife, others again attributed it entirely to his whist. "He's a rum'un, is the Major," Mr. Muffet would inform you; "have to get up precious early to take him in. Don't think he's sharp? Bless you, that's all his manner—that is. He looks upon all this sort of thing as a lark; but he'd beat your American Jew of Scotch extraction, would the major, for all that, in a canter, if he was to try."

Such was Major Roarer—one of those social sphinxes, those incarnate enigmas in whom modern civilization abounds—and such was sapient Mr. Muffet's opinion of him.

II.

"I'M the best financier of the lot of you," were Major Roarer's opening words when his business colleagues met him that evening, as agreed upon, at the Pandemonium Club. "I've been in wonderful form this afternoon. When I was down at the office, Muffet gave me every halfpenny he could spare, and see what I've done for you;" and the major pulled out a rouleau of bank-notes from his side-pocket. "So much for afternoon whist. A five-pound note is a pretty thing, and there are twenty of them there. That's what I call employing one's talent and improving the shining hour."

Mr. Tan, Mr. Reefer and Mr. Simpkins were compelled to confess that Major Roarer was a master.

"And now," went on the major, "I've seen Jack Shuttle. Gadfly's at five to one for the Derby. I vote we put this money on him. I believe it's a moral. I've been over the company's books, and unless something is done, we shall have to shut up."

The proposition surprised Mr. Tan, and somewhat shocked both Mr. Reefer and Mr. Simpkins; but there was a conscious sense of superiority about the major which they could not stand.

"A bold move," said Mr. Tan.

"Rather risky," observed Mr. Reefer.

"Tempting Providence, I call it," ventured to interpose the devout Mr. Simpkins.

"It's the only chance of saving the concern, that's what it is," rejoined the major; "and let me tell you, if Gadfly wins—and it's a certainty—I intend that we should start a paper."

"A paper!" reëchoed the trio; "a newspaper, do you mean?"—who were not less astounded than if their worthy friend had announced his intention of devoting the surplusage of his income to the task of converting the Zulu Kaffirs to Christianity, or had suggested that they should give up the premises of the C. B. G. C. P. C. as a suitable site for building a church dedicated to the religious welfare of the Arabs and heathens of London. "You don't mean you want a newspaper, Roarer? Why, there are such a lot of them already."

"I mean what I say, and what I say I'll have," was the major's epigrammatic answer. "If Gadfly wins the Derby, we'll have the *Gadfly* newspaper; and if

you fellows don't like the lookout, you can cut the concern, and I'll buy up your interest."

Mr. Tan looked at Mr. Reefer, and Mr. Reefer, with a shrug of his shoulders, passed the look on to Mr. Simpkins. "Suppose we wait till the Derby's over?" said that gentleman.

"Wait as long as you like, only I'm afraid you can't wait here, as I'm off to dress for dinner. Have any sherry and bitters?" And Major Roarer stepped once more into his brougham, and thundering to the coachman "Home!" was whisked off to his toilet.

"That's a queer start of Roarer's," generally remarked Messrs. Reefer, Simpkins and Tan. "Wonder what he's got hold of now."

It was a queer start, no doubt. But the idea was not quite so sudden a one as his friends had supposed with the gallant gentleman. The truth was, the major had political aspirations, and he had been assured there was nothing like having a newspaper at one's disposal for crowning these with success. Besides, it was the correct thing in the present day to have something to do either with theatrical or literary interests. The major had at one time thought of converting the premises of his company into a temple for the celebration of the modern drama. Everybody seemed to have a theater. There were some of the major's friends who had both theaters and newspapers at their disposal. There was young Viscount Rattleby, whom it was mere matter of history, had the Folly and Phantasy Theaters on his hands, at least two weekly periodicals, and who was suspected of being the ultimate backer of a certain influential provincial daily.

"All good for trade," chuckled little Flip, the very small journalist, rubbing his hands. "Puff, my boy, let us make what we can out of his lordship while he lasts."

"Yes," responded Puff, somewhat mournfully; "but how long will that be?"

Having made up his mind that a seat in Parliament would be an acquisition, Major Roarer determined to have an organ; and in this determination was strengthened by a certain young friend of his—not, as it happened, either Mr. Flip or Mr. Puff.

It was about a month ago that Major Roarer had met, at as snug a little dinner as could well be desired, held in a private room of the Star and Garter hotel, on Richmond Hill, a certain young gentleman, Mr. Digby Penn—"a monstrously clever fellow and devilish amusing," the major's host had described him as being, when he was enumerating the different members of the company beforehand. "He can do anything, can Digby," said the gentleman in question, Captain Maloine; "and he's about the best fun I know."

Mr. Digby Penn was commencing life, and he intended to make of life a success. He had good connections and influential friends, a small income and large ideas. But the faculties which this young gentleman possessed were eminently such as could be turned to good financial account. By no means averse from the pleasures of society and the table, he could be, when it suited him, a severe student. Idleness was not one of Mr. Penn's vices; he had a considerable capacity for work; and when he did work, it was seldom to no purpose. He had already achieved something that might be developed into a name and reputation in literature; and he was bent upon adopting literature as a career. The Buffs were at that time in office, and Mr. Digby Penn was not one of the least important writers on the great weekly organ of that distinguished party, the *Hybrid*. Digby was decidedly ambitious, and it seemed to him that political and party journalism offered to him the most effective method of gratifying his ambition which he could find. Mr. Penn's enemies declared that his political conscience was a very uncertain and intangible essence; but then this is an assertion which it is very easy to make and very difficult to refute. So Digby went on his own way, and his own way answered. He had been complimented by one or two of the most considerable of Buff statesmen on his journalistic capacity; and it was well known that he was in high favor with Mr. Mather, the head electioneering agent of the Buffs, whose offices were in Guelph street, and who was reported to have a much stronger hold over the Buff

party generally than his chiefs at all liked to think. "Mr. Penn," remarked Mr. Mather to our friend, "we will find a seat for you in Parliament before long. That is your proper arena." Whereat Mr. Penn would thank Mr. Mather, and not endeavor to contradict the compliment which the observation implied.

Major Roarer was not a gentleman of strong literary interests himself. Nevertheless, at the dinner to which allusion has been made, Mr. Digby Penn's conversation produced a strong impression upon him. Major Roarer informed his newly-made acquaintance of what he was pleased to call his political convictions. They were rather of a negative kind. He hated the Blues, the whole lot of them—"quite intolerable," "simply detestable," were the hostile epithets with which, in lieu of adverse arguments, he proceeded to demolish them. Mr. Digby Penn suggested to the major, in a tone of slightly inflated compliment, that, entertaining those views, he certainly ought to stand for a borough in the Buff interest.

"Never given my attention too much to politics," replied the gallant gentleman.

"That is no matter," was Mr. Penn's rejoinder; "an ounce of conviction is worth a ton of study. What we"—meaning the Buffs generally—"want is force—moral force—earnestness, confidence, genuine simple honesty, Major Roarer. These are quite as valuable, politically speaking, as any powers of verbal refinement or flourishes of rhetorical skill. If the Buffs are to take their place as the great party of national liberators, it will be less by virtue of the argumentative ability"—here Digby took another glass of champagne—"the mere argumentative ability of its supporters, than their heart-deep faith in the integrity of the cause."

Mr. Penn paused for a moment. The major thought he had never heard any person put the whole matter so admirably before.

"Besides," Digby went on, "with your special opportunities, Major Roarer"—the major looked puzzled—"I mean the opportunities which, as the proprietor of a large printing establishment, you must have—you would be an ally of unspeakable value to the Buffs."

"Don't quite see it," said the mystified major.

Mr. Penn then continued to observe, that the political press of England was capable of an infinitely greater and more efficient development than it had yet received; that the most powerful ally which the modern statesman could have was the pen; that considerable dissatisfaction existed among the leaders of the Buff party with the newspaper organs at their disposal; and that it had occurred to him (Digby), in the course of their conversation, that the major might dispose of the resources at his command in a manner advantageous, not merely to the Buffs in general, but to himself, the major, in particular.

"How in the world can I do that?" asked the amazed major. Whereupon Mr. Penn explained to him, that in his capacity of main, if not the sole, proprietor of the Champion Bill and Gigantic Circular Printing Company, nothing would be easier than to originate a political evening paper, of such a character, and conducted in such a way, that it would give him, the major, a claim upon the Buff party, which would at once invest him with the highest amount of political importance. "Then," concluded Mr. Digby Penn, "you have but to name your borough, and you will have the seat immediately."

This suggestion was almost too much for Major Roarer. He scarcely knew whether to take it *au sérieux* or simply as an excellent joke; and while he was pondering the matter, the dinner-party broke up.

"We must talk over this matter again, Mr. Penn," were Major Roarer's parting words.

III.

The Derby was over, and the winner of the blue ribbon of the turf was no other horse than the celebrated Gadfly. Major Roarer had bought up the interests of his three co-proprietors, Messrs. Reefer, Simpkins, and Tan, and was completely and solely master of the situation. "Now, then, for the new paper," said Major Roarer; "and what do you think of *Gadfly* for a name, eh, Mr. Penn?"

Piquant Mr. Penn considered it but perhaps a little bit undignified. Still,

on further consideration, as the taste of the day was decidedly in favor of titles such as these, there was no reason why it should not do as well as any other.

Major Roarer and Mr. Digby Penn had had many conversations together since the occasion of the Richmond dinner, and the major had formed the highest opinion of the tact and abilities of his lately made literary acquaintance. Mr. Muffet, the manager of the C. B. G. C. P. C., had been taken into their confidence. It was highly necessary, he remarked, to secure the services of a thoroughly good and experienced publisher; and such a one Mr. Muffet thought he knew. This gentleman was a certain Mr. Shine, who prided himself on his powers of organization, and who declared that he had more to do with the newspaper press of England, in one way and another, than any man living. In truth, Mr. Shine's acquaintance with the journalists of London was extensive; and in the course of his interviews with the major, he favored him with an infinite series of very personal reminiscences of the members of the staff of many a well-known and triumphantly successful newspaper. Did Mr. Shine think that there was room for such a venture as that of the *Gadfly?* and what did he think its precise platform ought to be? Mr. Shine thought there was no doubt about the question of room; and with his management he rather flattered himself that he could make room. Mr. Shine continued to say, that in these times features were everything. A new daily journal, to be a success, must have some special and distinctive feature of its own.

"We are going to be political," interrupted the major.

That of course, remarked the unruffled Mr. Shine, went without saying. But mere politics wouldn't float a newspaper; it was not a "feature," and a "feature" there must be. Now he, the speaker, should suggest that the thing would be to "work up the sporting and the theaters." In this way, two very powerful interests would be conciliated; and the *Gadfly*, thus having a special as well as a general circulation, its political influence would necessarily be exactly doubled.

There was no gainsaying these arguments. "A deuced good idea I call it," put in the major, "eh, Digby?" for the major was growing quite familiar with Mr. Penn.

"I think so too. First attract the casual reader, and then convert him: that's sound policy," said Mr. Penn.

Capital, of course, had to be raised. There was some little difficulty about that, but nothing insuperable. The major was a man of many resources, and he was soon able to raise the requisite funds to float the *Gadfly* at starting. Starting, Mr. Shine impressed upon him, was the only hard thing. There was not the slightest doubt about it, that when the *Gadfly* had once made its appearance, a whole crop of eager backers would soon make themselves known.

"For the matter of that," put in Mr. Penn, "the party"—Mr. Penn alluded to the Buffs—"are quite certain to take it up."

"Think so?" meditatively asked the major.

"Not the slightest doubt of it, sir," replied Mr. Shine. "Mr. Penn is quite right."

Mr. Digby Penn had consented to be the editor of the *Gadfly*. His salary was not a magnificent one to commence with, but it was to rise; and, as Mr. Shine clearly demonstrated, adducing facts and figures in confusing superabundance to add conviction to his argument, the *Gadfly* was perfectly certain to make the fortune of every one concerned in it.

The *Gadfly* was an accomplished fact. Little dirty urchins rushed wildly up and down the Strand, shouting out the name of Major Roarer's paper. It was thrust into your face at crossings; its advertising placards stared at you in railway carriages. Mr. Shine was in his glory; the major was full of pride; Mr. Digby Penn carried himself as a man who is performing a work that is to benefit his species. The idea of the experienced publisher had been pretty well followed out. The *Gadfly* had gone heavily in for sporting and for theaters. It was political; but a striking degree of prominence was accorded to its theatrical and sporting information.

Mr. Penn had introduced Major Roarer to Mr. Mather, who has already been mentioned in the course of this veracious

history, as the head electioneering agent of the Buffs; and Mr. Mather had declared that the major had done a very public-spirited thing in starting the *Gadfly;* that the party valued it extremely; and that every one was surprised at the ability and vivacity with which it was conducted.

"I assure you, Major, that Lord Brecon and myself strolled the other night into the Coliseum, and there was scarcely a person in the building who was not reading the *Gadfly*. We were both struck by it, and both of us said simultaneously what a mighty thing it was to have all those people inoculated with sound constitutional doctrines—people whom such doctrines would very likely never reach were it not for the *Gadfly*."

The major's eyes glistened with delight. "That looks healthy," said that gentleman to his friend and editor on leaving Mr. Mather's presence—"good for my seat and good for the paper; and upon my soul they are both of them matters which require some assistance, for I can tell you, my dear fellow, that it's devilish expensive work the paper. Shall we ask Mather whether the party wouldn't put some money in, just to give it a lift?"

Mr. Penn thought that this would be premature. There was no doubt that the party would ultimately do a great deal both for Major Roarer and for the *Gadfly*. Meanwhile he was establishing a claim upon the party; that was a great thing, impressed Mr. Penn. Only let him increase this claim, and be content for the present to play more or less of a waiting game.

"You must be getting a millionaire, I should think," remarked one of the major's friends to him one afternoon at his club, "with your paper."

"Precious slowly, then: these newspapers suck up no end of a lot of capital, I can tell you."

"Strikes me, Roarer," remarked his candid friend, "that if you want to make the *Gadfly* the success which I have no doubt it will be, you ought to let it burn its own smoke for a little while—I mean consume its own capital. Cast your bread upon the waters, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

Excellent advice, no doubt, on the part of the major's friend, but advice which was exactly of the kind that did not dovetail with the major's preconceived notion to follow. A newspaper, he reasoned, clearly existed for the good of its proprietor; and if the *Gadfly* was not instrumental in increasing the sum of his, Major Roarer's, personal conveniences and comforts, why should the *Gadfly* exist at all? "Quick returns—that's my motto," said the major. Had the major's tradesmen ventured to make the same remark, they would have been met with the most rigorous reproof which that gentleman could administer.

"What do you think of the *Gadfly*?" the proprietor would inquire of his political acquaintances.

"Uncommonly good; leading articles smart and clever, but, I should think, a little bit above the heads of a penny public," was the opinion which the said acquaintances were in the habit of expressing.

"I assure you, Major Roarer," Mr. Mather would observe, "you are conferring an immense benefit on the public. Colonel De Bille" (the colonel was one of the chief heads of the Buffs) "was only yesterday saying how pleased he was with the paper. You must be realizing a considerable income—eh, major?" dryly wound up Mr. Mather.

"Immense income be d—d!" was the major's mental and sometimes verbal reply; "it's as much expense as—as—keeping a stud."

IV.

The office of the *Gadfly* did not always present a scene of peaceful and perfect harmony.

"'E's rather 'igh-'anded is Mr. Penn," Mr. ——, the manager would observe to the major; "and 'e ain't popular enough in 'is ideas. Lor, major, 'e fires away up in the clouds; and so they all of 'em do."

The "they" in question was employed to designate Mr. Penn's literary colleagues.

"It's all very well in proper time, when the paper's regularly established," continued Mr. ——; "but it don't do now. We've got a good sporting and a first-rate theatrical connection, and we ought to cultivate it. Eh, Swipes, don't you think so?"

Mr. Swipes, it may be explained, was the prophet of the *Gadfly*, and sole sporting oracle on the establishment. He quite agreed with all Mr. —— had said; there could be no doubt that more attention should be paid to matters sporting and theatrical. Both Mr. Swipes and Mr. —— had, it may be mentioned, some little time since arrived at a tolerably clear understanding that it would be impossible for them to tolerate Mr. Digby Penn, with his high airs and his sublime impertinence, any longer.

"I'll speak to Mr. Penn," said the major; "but I must be off now; and I want some money. I'm going to whist, and money I must have."

Mr. —— trembled in his shoes. He didn't know what there was, but he would see what could be done. And so, in words that have been already employed in the course of this veracious anecdote, Major Roarer frisked the till of the *Gadfly* once more.

There was no doubt a certain quantity of truth, though tinged with a considerable coloring of malice, in these remarks of Messrs. —— and Swipes. Mr. Digby Penn could not be said exactly to consult the literary wishes, or accommodate himself to the intellectual cravings, of the not very literary or very intellectual public which the *Gadfly* had contrived to create for itself.

"Educate the plebian, sir; we must educate him; said Mr. Eglinton Beaverup, whose occasional services—they are very occasional indeed—Digby had been fortunate enough to secure for the *Gadfly* —the *Œstrum*, as Eglinton called it, who disdained at such times to employ an English word when a Greek or a Latin was as easily procurable. "Hang it, sir, what more could we want?" Eglinton would continue. "Only let him read the paper—read *this*, sir," and the speaker majestically waved his hand over some loose slips of manuscript which he had just completed, and which were in fact the "copy" of a leading article, "and I'll undertake to say he'll find it replete with humor, full of erudition, and by no means devoid of epigram."

Eglinton, it may be stated, prided himself upon being the most epigrammatic writer for the English press.

"Quite so," answered Digby. "I only hope you have not given more than six lines of Greek, and *have* given a column."

"It strikes me," said Dr. Glib, another of Digby's contributors, talking of Mr. Beaverup's leading article half an hour afterward in proof,—"it strikes me that the casual reader at the Colliseum Music-hall will find he has his work cut out for him when he takes up the *Gadfly* to-night."

When Dr. Glib made this remark he expressed, though in other words, precisely the same opinion as that which has been already mentioned as communicated by Mr. —— and Mrs. Swipes. The casual reader had his work cut out for him; and though the casual reader of a penny paper is willing occasionally to mistake mere mystification for sublimity, he strongly objects to a course of systematically confusing perplexity. These, however, were not considerations which weighed much with either Mr. Eglinton Beaverup, Dr. Glib, or even Mr. Penn himself. The doctor in particular insisted upon the necessity of writing in what he called an educational style—though with the doctor education and pedantry were sometimes synonymous terms. Eglinton's politics—and he gave them to the readers of the *Gadfly* in tolerably liberal doses—were of a decidedly feudalistic hue. "The Doctor" had two specialties—he was great upon all sanitary questions, and upon all matters anent foreign diplomacy. It was curious to hear the specious arguments by which he used to impress Mr. Digby Penn with the necessity of paying great attention to these subjects.

"The age," Dr. Glib would remark, "is eminently cosmopolitan. The newspaper which suits the age must be cosmopolitan, too. We must cast off the shackles of Bumbledom, and spurn the traces of British vestrymanship. Our public—"

"Quite so," Mr. Eglinton Beaverup, who, though enamored of his own, was not fond of the eloquence of his friends, would interpose. "Talking about publics, it's nearly lunch-time; and you had better send the boy out for some bitter ale and chops, Digby. I suppose the paper's all right?"

"Newspapers, I observe," remarked

Dr. Glib, without waiting for the editorial reply, "have a curious capacity for editing themselves. For instance, I get a note, hurriedly penned from our friend Digby in the morning, to the effect—'Not in form to-day; pray go down and see to the *Œstrum*.' Of course I go. The head printer is summoned; and there are no leaders in type, and the leader must be written. I sit down; and there being nothing particular to write about, haunt the outskirts of civilization, and censure in a column and a half of rhetorical anathema the conduct of the chiefs of some republic somewhere near the Ural Mountains, of whose existence I was utterly unaware a few minutes since, as I am convinced the public at large are till they take up that evening's number of the *Œstrum*. In three-quarters of an hour the business is done, and the paper is as good as out. This is the way in which history is written—in which nations are ruined and cabinets unseated."

The great fault of Dr. Glib's conversation was, that he talked in precisely the same strain as that in which he wrote his leading articles; and these were invariably so conceived and expressed as to be full of what the doctor's friends called eloquence, and his less well-disposed critics bombast. He had great anecdotical and great quotative powers, had this mercurial and medical gentleman, to say nothing of a genially expansive imagination. To Digby in particular he was as a host. When the contibutors of the *Gadfly* were irregular in the delivery of their manuscript, as it is to be regretted they too often were, and the editor of that distinguished paper became almost desperate, the appearance of the doctor was always a godsend. A hurried glance at the morning journals, the barest gleaning of the scantiest facts, and the doctor had equipped himself with enough of mental pabulum to produce as much in the way of ephemeral literature as might be wanted. "*Nec mora, nec requies*," would say the doctor; and, sitting down, proceed to cover slip after slip with his handwriting, till Mr. Digby Penn, who himself had been scarcely inactive, was able, adopting the classical tone of his medical friend, to exclaim, "*Ohe, jam satis!*"

It was a pleasant and it was a curious sight to witness the sudden transformation of Digby Penn's editorial table into the hospitable luncheon-board; to note the magic manner in which pamphlets, papers, and the other innumerable articles which appertained to the daily production of the *Gadfly*, were swept aside, and their place taken by plates of succulent chops and tankards of foaming ale. Under Mr. Penn's *régime* the *Gadfly* luncheons became famous. It was surprising to see the succession of odd coincidences which serve to bring together the gentlemen who composed the literary staff—choice, though few—of the *Gadfly* between the hours of one and two. Mr. —— and Mr. Swipes had been known to say, that if there were fewer luncheons it would have been better for the paper; but then neither of these gentlemen was initiated into the mysteries of the genial meal. Dr. Glib would exhaustively settle all difficulties of foreign politics over his first chop, dethrone such objectionable dynasties over his second, and reëstablish matters everywhere on a sound basis of constitutional government over his cheese. The doctor had quite made up his mind that foreign politics must be the *spécialité* of the *Gadfly*.

"In these days," Dr. Glib would conclusively ask, "what is a newspaper to do without a *specialité*, I should like to know?"

But this eminent physician was far from being the only contributor to the *Gadfly* who was desirous of monopolizing the space of that journal with what he termed his *specialite*. There was Mr. Racket, a noisy templar, who made his way into the *Gadfly* office on the strength of an old college acquaintance with Mr. Penn, and was objectionably in the habit of disturbing with his over-boisterous mirth the social harmony of the midday luncheons. Mr. Racket thought, of course, that the *Gadfly* should give marked prominence to all topics of legal interest. Then there was a Mr. Miles Madison, a gentleman of strong military instincts, and much given to washed-out witticisms; he would like to see as much stress laid as possible upon the necessity of military reform. Lastly, there was the Hon. Mr. Clarence Fitz Flumley, a patrician doctrinnaire, who performed

to the *Gadfly* in general a part analogous to that played by the chorus in a Greek play. He was a kind of general critic, who in a patronizing manner was obliging enough to tell Mr. Penn what he should and what he should not do; why such a course was injudicious, and why such another course was wise. Mr. Flumley, though, was not himself without what Dr. Glib called a *specialite*. He had a great idea that the British drama was capable of a much more pure and perfect development than it had yet known; that the stage might be made a far mightler level than most persons imagined for effecting great movements; and what was above all things wanted, was a series of succinct instructions as to the manner in which this was to be done. Dramatic criticism of an entirely original kind ought, Mr. Flumley considered, to be made a great point of in the *Gadfly*.

Lunch, with all these gentlemen for company, was really very good fun; and if Digby occasionally felt himself somewhat distracted by the multiplicity of the conflicting counsels with which his friends and contributors assailed him, he was more than fully compensated by the delight which he reaped in the course of these convivial little gatherings. Occasionally, too, Mr. Quince, the most perfect character actor of the day, would drop in, or some other genial and pleasant soul; and thus it often happened that the afternoon was some little way advanced, and the thirteenth edition—the thirteenth, it may be well to say, was in reality the third—of the *Gadfly* was announced before the lunchers in the editorial room had separated; and when they did separate, it was with the conviction that the world was out of joint, and that it was the proud mission of the *Gadfly* to put it right.

V.

UNFORTUNATELY, however, it seems to be one of the signal dispensations of Providence that enterprises undertaken in this spirit of catholic reform are generally doomed to be failures. If the world is out of joint the world likes to remain so; it certainly resists most strongly being put right through any newspaper medium. This fact Major Roarer, in his capacity of proprietor, very soon discovered.

The Hon. Mr. Flumley did, as has been already intimated, the dramatic criticisms for the *Gadfly*. In the course of one of these compositions he had ventured to remark, that it was somewhat of an anachronism for an actor in a drama, the time of which was fixed for the eighteenth century, to appear in the ordinary costume of a gentleman of the present day. Had Mr. Flumley been wiser, he would not have said this; for every person in the slightest degree acquainted, with theatrical matters knows that an obsrvation of this kind is an aggravated species of libel. Consequently one fine morning, as Mr. Penn was seated at his desk in the *Gadfly* office, preparing his "leader" for that day's issue, he received a letter from the solicitor of the grossly outraged *histrio* in question, telling him to retract and apologise for the monstrous slander that had been propagated in the *Gadfly* columns, or else be prepared to face the pains and penalties of anaction for libel. Strange to say, the judgment of Mr. Digby Penn was also at fault, and he declined the suggested apology. He had accepted the alternative: the action for libel was commenced, and an impartial jury of his countrymen decided in favor of the insulted actor. Major Roarer had to pay damages twenty pounds and costs.

Some little time afterward Mr. Digby Penn, in commenting on the case of an elderly matron who was found hopelessly intoxicated on the floor of an omnibus, went so far as to designate in print the lady thus discovered in this compromising predicament as a "tippling female." Libel again: horribly iniquitous and gratuitous libel. Due course a letter from the solicitor of the feminine Silenus, demanding abject immediate apology, or—an action for libel. His client—a lady of the highest respectability, position and reputation—drunk? A likely sort of thing! what next, indeed! Madam had been seized with a fainting fit—the consequence of exhaustion, nothing but pure exhaustion. She had started in the morning from Shepherd's-bush to Whitechapel, there to alleviate by a small dole the want and sickness of a peccant son; and returning after a long fast, when seized

with a swoon, she was called drunk! A pretty state of things, to be sure! On this occasion Digby determined to consult his proprietor as to what was to be done. The major read all the documents connected with the matter, and when he had completed their perusal he grunted:

"Quite right, Digby," he said; "the old cat was as drunk as a fly. No apology for us."

"Then, major," prudently observed Digby, "you'll take all responsibility upon yourself?"

"Of course I will;" and the major rushed down-stairs into his brougham which was waiting at the door.

The British jury, however, did not take quite the same view as the major. The license of the press must be put down. The evidence proved conclusively that Mrs. Bibulus was an habitually sober personage. They considered the libel contained in the paragraph of the *Gadfly* to be of the grossest and most unprovoked order. Once more, therefore, the gallant proprietor of the journal was met with a verdict of damages twenty pounds and costs to pay.

These little incidents did not add to smoothness of routine generally at the *Gadfly* office. There were other matters, too, which were unfavorable. The major had an unusually ill run at whist lately. His bets had not turned out well; and the "good things" on which Mr. Swipes had put him had shown themselves to be very especially vile. Not to put too fine a point upon it, money became rather more than tight in the *Gadfly* office; and Mr. Digby Penn's contributors, excellent fellows though they were, when they found that even "payments on account" were not forthcoming, began to turn restive. There were still the luncheons, but they had lost much of their old buoyancy. Mr. Madison, whose demands for money were of the most pressing nature, was in the habit of humorously expatiating upon the inaccessibility of Mr. ———, who acted in the capacity of cashier.

"Never saw such a thing," that gentleman would say; "never can get hold of the man; or if one does, he's off in a minute. Compared with——the eel is an adhesive animal."

"I say, Digby," ejaculated the major to the editor one day, "I don't think the *Gadfly* is doing what it ought. They say it isn't popular enough."

"I say, major," responded Digby, who was, to tell the plain truth, getting somewhat nettled on the score of proprietorial ingratitude, "if you don't look out, there will be no *Gadfly* in a little time to be popular or unpopular. I had Smiffins up here yesterday, telling me the men would not print, because their wages were unpaid; and I gave him a cheque myself. And remember, too, men won't write forever without receiving their payments. On my word you must find funds."

"And how the devil do you suppose I'm going to do that?" coolly asked the major. "Here, your libel actions have cost me a mint; and I've had the vilest luck lately I ever knew. On my soul and honor I don't know what's to become of me. I must be off now, though."

"I shall see you to-morrow?" asked Digby.

"I'm by no means so certain of that," was the answer; "this cursed blue producer," and here the insolvent officer produced from his pocket a bundle of writs, "may send me to Ostend. Upon my honor I'm getting sick of the sight of blue paper."

And so saying the major left the room.

In the course of the afternoon Digby received at his club a note from Major Roarer. Something very like a *fiasco* had arrived. He (Major Roarer) could do nothing; and without money the printers would not work. He had had such a run of luck against him, that he was almost driven to earth. Could'nt Digby go down and see Mr. Mather? Wouldn't "the party" take up the paper?

And this on the 13th of August, when every one was in Scotland; and Mr. Mather, he knew, was shooting in Yorkshire.

"Some person waiting to see you, sir," said a waiter, while Digby was vacantly gazing up Pall-mall out of the window.

He went out: it was none other than Mr. ——. Matters, so said this gentleman, were not merely critical, but disastrous. Unless Mr. Penn would lend

him his cheque, his *crossed* cheque, Mr. ——— significantly said, they would scarcely even be able to print the remainder of that evening's edition. That Digby should decline to do this was not wonderful.

"Then," said Mr. ——, "the paper must be stopped."

It was universally agreed that the announcement of the sudden stoppage of the *Gadfly*, "soon to reappear incorporated in a new and influential paper, the *Comet*," was a masterly performance on Digby's part. Meanwhile the promise has not yet been redeemed, and the *Comet* has not yet shot across the horizon of literary London.

As for the major he did not go to Ostend. It is stated by some that he is there still. But the generally received opinion is, that he has long since returned to London, and is once more careering through the streets of London in his brougham, and in the plentitude of his pristine splendor. As for Mr. Digby Penn, the editorial experience which he had with the *Gadfly* has been sufficient, and he no longer advises ambitious but impecunious gentlemen to originate newspapers.

"The market," says Digby, "is overstocked already."

And Digby's remark contains whatever of moral this sketch may be considered to furnish.

T. H. S. Escott.

Temple Bar.

MODERN MANNERS.

The difficulty of defining a gentleman has long been keenly felt and never been wholly overcome; but if we search deeply into the causes which have created the perplexity we shall find that they spring mainly from the repugnance experienced by most people to acknowledge that there may be, not only a distinction, but a positive antagonism, between good manners and good morals. Yet every attempt to make external deportment dependent upon interior virtue has ended in failure; and every impartial person will admit that a monstrous villain may be a man of consummate address, whilst a paragon and pattern of goodness may possibly offend even ordinarily sensitive eyes and ears by awkward actions and untimely observations. This is to put the case extremely; but it is equally true that average instances of imperfection in outward behavior and fundamental conduct establish the same conclusion. Is it invariably the most agreeable person that we most respect? And are we forever seeking the society of individuals for whom we are always ready to profess sincere reverence? It will be admitted by all Englishmen that the highest of all virtues is truthfulness, taking the word in its most comprehensive signification. For see what truthfulness implies! It implies sincerity, simplicity, courage, absence of self-interest, and a belief in the possession others of the same lofty qualities. Yet it is possible to be always and uncompromisingly truthful, and yet to be a "perfect gentleman?" We do not speak of gratuitous plain-speaking, which a spirit of truthfulness never exacts; but there are a thousand occasions when regard for the feelings and conveniences of others compel a man who otherwise loves to speak the truth, more or less to deviate from it. No doubt these deviations, so harmless in themselves, are completely condoned by the charity of the motive and the excellence of the result; but they are deviations from the truth none the less. Hence we may observe without surprise, that the most truth-telling nations are the least polite, and the least truth-telling nations the most pleasing in their manners. We have only to compare Englishmen with Irishmen or Frenchmen, Germans with Italians, and the European with the Asiatic, to be convinced of the accuracy of the dictum, laid down by way of generalization. It is often observed that the French people are rapidly ceasing to deserve the character they

have long arrogated to themselves of being the most polite people in the world; but those who make the observation are acquainted only with Paris and a few other large towns, in which democracy is the watchword and mentor of the majority. When a Parisian shopman, waiter, or cabman is rude, it is because he does not wish to lose the opportunity of conveying to you the fact that he is just as good as you are, and that you and he are and must remain on terms of perfect equality. But the "just as good as you" doctrine, when carried into practice in this conscious direct way, must necessarily be the death of all good manners. It induces men to arrogate what they ought to be content to receive, and to refuse what they would be wise to give. It is to overlook the obvious truth, that if two people treat each other with reciprocal deference their equality will be established in the same way that occurs when a couple of rival political candidates vote each for his opponent. On the "just as good as you" principle the weaker is sure to go to the wall, and the contention which underlies all intercourse based upon such a system can be ended only by one of the rivals succeeding in being more rude or more arrogant than the other. This incidentally, though by no means irrelevantly. But we see here, as in prior instances, that it is the wish to be frank and truthful that spoils the French democrat's manners. Every traveler in Oriental countries has come away impressed with the superiority of Asiatic politeness, but at the same time insists with equal zeal on Asiatic duplicity. Amongst Europeans, diplomatists are generally supposed to have and to require the finest manners. It is scarcely necessary to point out what it is that renders these fine manners indispensable. When we say that a person would never do for a court, we again imply that his candor would shock its well-bred atmosphere of dissimulation.

It does not at all follow from the above unavoidable concessions that the greatest liar will be the most polished gentleman, or indeed that disingenuousness of any serious kind is required in a gentleman at all. But it rids us of the supposition that perfect virtue and perfect manners are strictly convertible terms, and forces us to look elsewhere than in morality—at least as that word is generally understood—for the secret and soul of gentlemanliness. We believe they are to be found in what may be called the half-way house between a systematic frankness and bluntness of speech, and conscious insincerity. Nothing can be more opposed to our idea of active truthfulness than reticence or reserve; yet no discriminating person would confound them with real disingenuousness. Now, from what do reticence in speech and reserve in manner spring, so long indeed as they are not carried to an extreme and do not raise the notion of shyness or excessive caution? We think the answer that ascribes them to self-respect united with a respect for others will commend itself to most people. Respect for one's self, which is not complemented by reverence for one's neighbors, will more generally be known by another name, and be justly stigmatized by the opprobrious epithet of pride; whilst respect for others which does not commence at home is sure to be attributed to an inherent spirit or an acquired habit of servility. But regard that looks both ways, that is careful not to offend, and does anything but invite offense, will be misconstrued only by those who are not initiated into its invaluable properties as the guide and guardian of social intercourse.

It will be evident that nothing is so incompatible with the good manners which, as we now see, mainly depend on a certain fine reserve and a certain judicious and instinctive reticence, whilst these again spring from reciprocal respect and consideration, than what is colloquially known as familiarity. It is in this sense that we are to read the wise old maxim, that familiarity breeds contempt. Many, alas! have construed it in a more literal sense, and this adherence to the letter has chilled and killed various promising friendships. Ours would be a world not worth living in if it were once established beyond contradiction that the more intimate we become with each other the less likely to endure will be our esteem and affection. Closeness of intercourse and thorough knowledge constitute the only true basis of perfect love and regard. But perfect love and regard are never

familiar, in the sense in which the cited saw warns all of us against being. To permit one's self to be thus familiar is to permit one's self to take liberties, and to take them is to provoke them. Every man who respects himself strongly objects to be the object of them, and he would therefore never dream of subjecting to them any one he revered or was attached to.

Slowly, but we trust surely, we have thus arrived at the heart of our subject, which is, Modern Manners. We are not much afraid of contradiction when we say that modern manners unfortunately are not good; and we expect to have the whole world on our side when we add that they are nearly always excessively, and in many instances intolerably, familiar. We heard it remarked only the other day that there are but few gentlemen in England and none out of it. The observation is too epigrammatical to be quite accurate, but it contains an element of truth. We are dealing only with English modern manners, and shall therefore be spared any invidious comparison with the manners of other countries, save in so far as they may incidentally illustrate our meaning; but we fear that it is no exaggeration to say that fine manners exist among us almost exclusively as a tradition. A few old people linger here and there to deepen the contrast between what was once an acknowledged standard of deportment and the various self-constituted types of free-and-easy behavior which represent the younger ideas of social address. But these octogenarians are, in their quiet way, the most severe critics of habits utterly alien to their prior experience, and do but confirm the estimate we have formed. It is in a thousand ways that this hideous familiarity, this want of reserve, of self-respect, and of respect for others, is manifested; but never is it more noticeable than in conversation. Listening has long been pronounced, in modern phraseology, a bore; and one of the most striking features of modern politeness is a readiness to know all you are going to say before you have said it. One is constantly prohibited, in practice, from finishing one's sentences. They are finished by proxy, or suppressed in order to give way to a premature rejoinder. Another respectable element of conversation is now regarded as "a bore;" and that is, seriousness. The only persons who are considered as duly qualified to converse are the persons who can be unflaggingly jocose; witty we do not say, for wit presupposes gravity and reflection, whilst any fool can be funny. Funny fools are at present much in request, and their particular vocation absolves them from all obligation to be either reticent or respectful. They may say anything provided it raises a laugh, and take any name in vain so only it conduce to our merriment. Every man of spirit now aspires to be a chartered libertine in the matter of speech; and the unhappy individuals whose tongues are restrained by old-fashioned prejudices are driven into a cold and silent corner, whence they contemplate the lively sallies of unchastened humor with an amazement not always unembittered by chagrin. In the very highest society these phenomena may be witnessed; indeed they obtrude themselves upon our notice. Nor, even in the matter of dress, in which men of fashion are supposed to be so particular, are signs wanting that here too the familiar non-respectful spirit is gaining an entrance. In London, where carelessness in such a matter is practically impossible, and where indeed there is no temptation to it, inasmuch as a man must be prepared, morning, noon and night, for the presence of strangers by whom he would on no account be caught off his guard, no complaint can be urged. But truly good manners, like charity, begin at home; and politeness will not forget its duties even in the country, and when a mother, sister or aunt is the only judge. Yet we have heard the finest ladies complain that their sons, brothers, and nephews pronounce it to be "a bore" to don the dress which we have agreed to consider appropriate for dinner, when they are strictly in the bosom of their family and not in London; and we have ourselves been invited "not to bother," but to present ourselves in costume that prophesied an evening in the smoking or billiard-room rather than in the drawing-room. By some people this will be regarded as a small matter, and especially by those among whom, as we can well understand, what is called evening-dress is not habitually put on. When it is not

expected, the omission of it can give no offense and presumes no familiarity. But when it has long been rigorously insisted on, to pretermit the custom on certain exceptional occasions, because "it is a bore," is surely no unimportant sign of the times.

The influence of women upon manners has long been notorious; and painful as it may be, it is our duty to charge upon women a large portion of the responsibility for modern manners being what they are. It is they who not only tolerate, but encourage and abet, the laxity of which we have so much to complain. A hideous word, representing a hideous thing, has found its way into our language. Purists might well object when they heard of fast men; but criticism was stupefied when it was invited to contemplate fast women. A fast woman, to a person accustomed to hold by the niceties of language, sounds like a perverse paradox: is a contradiction in terms, *nigroque simillima cygno*. Many impossibilities, however, have become glaring facts in these wonderful days; and we do possess, there can be doubt of it, both black swans and fast women. Whether snow will, by the law of progress, soon be black too, we must wait and see. Meanwhile, a woman, and even a girl, who is not just a trifle fast is a poor creature; fit for a rural rectory, a Quaker hearth, to be a Dorothea Casaubon, if one likes, but utterly disqualified from passing the very portals of polite life. The very basis of fastness is to be familiar; and we must protest that were Polonius living now he would never dream of directing us to be "familiar, but by no means vulgar." Any reserve of manner or any reticence of speech savors so insuffurably of slowness, that to say everything and do just as you like are two golden rules. Distance no longer lends enchantment to a woman's view of man; the less deference or hesitation he displays in his manner, the more closely and the more rapidly he approaches her, the better chance has he of conciliating her favor. The surest path to her partiality is to treat her as a "good fellow"; and whilst—*credite posteri!*—she will not hesitate playfully to assure him that he is a "pig," and that somebody else is a "beast," the highest compliment he can pay her in return is to inform her that she is a "brick." It is our boast that we are no longer a pastoral people. Is it on that account that the Damon and Amaryllis of Mayfair exchange amenities in a language borrowed from the vocabulary of Arcadia? With such evidences of reciprocal respect, we cannot be surprised if, in speaking of their male acquaintances, young ladies no longer think it worth while to retain titles of courtesy, to be burdened with the prefix of Mr., but give the surname *tout bonnement*, and not unoften the Christian name, again abbreviated or travestied with all the felicitous familiarity of the play-ground. They themselves often delight in nicknames, for which a male acquaintance is usually sponsor. It would be unreasonable to expect under such circumstances that manner would be better than matter; and the women who permit themselves all these liberties of speech are not afraid of being overheard. A voice gentle and low is no longer deemed excellent. They have been converted by the legal maxim, *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*, and take care therefore to be, in their own sweet language, "well to the fore." None of their observations are thrown away, and they are more anxious to parade and proclaim their nonsense even than a person of judgment is to whisper his wit. They would stare a *roué* of the last century out of countenance, and if they do not understand *doubles entendres* that would do credit to Congreve, their simulation of intelligence does them gross injustice.

Now it is quite impossible that women should thus forget what is due to them, from themselves and from others, without the manners of the men who associate with them being mischievously affected. The society of women ought to be a school of manners for the other sex. Men come from school impudent, and from college awkward; it is in the drawing-room that they should learn to be easy yet respectful. Shyness is painful; but to behold a person who is always "at home" is offensive and insufferable. When a gentleman addresses a bar-maid he accommodates himself to her intelligence and tastes by a directness and familiarity that even then are not admirable, but may be pardoned. To judge

by the way in which most men nowadays address many ladies, one would conclude that the counter was the school of true deportment. Ladies are addressed and looked at as though they were bar-maids, and ladies do not resent it. It would be strange if men who show no deference to the other sex manifested any in dealing with their own. It would seem monstrous to treat a man and a brother with a consideration greater than is extended to his sister or his bride. Men advanced in life who refrain from this easy mode of address escape censure, for they are too old to be censured and their demeanor becomes them. But woe to the young man who acts as though he thought a fair young maiden is as holy as a shrine, or who appears before a comely matron with somewhat of the deferential diffidence that a well-bred junior counsel will display before a court of justice. He will be deemed a spiritless fellow, ludicrously sheepish, and, don't you know? not *quite* a gentleman.

It would perhaps be immaterial in a democartic age that what is still called aristocracy should be so indifferent about losing one of its most valuable and distinctive badges, if there were any hopeful signs that the leveling principles which are afloat will bring their own law of politeness with them. As we have already intimated however, the doctrine of equality, when actively employed as a creed, and the watchword of a social crusade, must be fatal to good manners. The very soul of politeness consists in giving everything and exacting nothing; though it will be obvious that the consequence of such a principle, when put in practice, is, that everybody gets as much as he deserves and most people much more. This is as it should be. The really distinguished, meritorious, and great, should receive from all a measure of deference commensurate with their merits; and the poorer creatures of life should be made comfortable in it and led to forget their inferiority by a share of consideration utterly out of proportion to their deserts. This, it will be seen, is the very opposite of "the weakest to the wall" result, which we noted, necessarily ensures from the assertion of the "just as good as you" doctrine. There is no merit in deferring to the exalted and the powerful; our refusal of deference would be of mighty little consequence. But there is something eminently pathetic in the extension of consideration to those by whom the withholding it would be keenly felt. It is not because women are superior to men —we do not mean to imply that they are inferior—that precedence is universally allowed to them, but because if it came to a rough vulgar scramble, they would fare the worst. Therefore are they put in the front rank. Tenderness for children and for animals is based upon the same proper feeling, which is the sentiment of true politeness, and eternally opposed to the "just as good as you" dogma. Politeness knows nothing of better or worse; and the polite person never assigns inferiority to any one but himself. This has nothing to do with those conventional laws of precedency which are made for our convenience, and which no sane man regards as anything more than symbols.

But there are other active reasons for the inability we remark in democratic principles to further the cause of good manners, over and above the fatal assertion of personal equality. The democratic spirit, as we are now considering it—and we need scarcely tell our readers that we are not talking politics, but are occupied solely with the matter as an ethical and social one—is the most disingenuous of all forms of egotism. It does not mean what it professes. Far from really seeking to attain the social and individual equality of which it prates so fervently, it gives rise to endless ambitions, personal rivalries, and acute struggles. As far as the democratic spirit, socially considered, has manifested itself among Englishmen, or Americans, it inculcates the habit of what is called "getting on" above every other virtue and obligation. Its ideal seems to be that life is a ladder, and that everybody should try to mount to the highest rung —we need scarcely add, by means which are certain to prevent everybody at least from attaining that lofty position. The operation, when successful, is attended with considerable contempt for those who do not attempt it, or attempting, fail. One of the immediate consequences of this soaring state is, that in those

classes which are now so numerous, and who may be described as people whose material possessions are out of all proportion to their education, culture or refinement, children have generally a profound contempt for their parents, and are not slow to exhibit it. Here, good manners are tarnished at their very source; and the reverence which young men and women should entertain for their father and mother, and which leads to reverence for all recognized, if but conventional, superiority, is exchanged for pity, sometimes tinged with shame. The parents have been highly successful, but still remain simple and unpretending folks, and very likely lack the acquirements or finish which would enable them to play a spirited part in society. This is highly distasteful to the younger generation, who, seeing themselves in possession of as good a roof, as good a cook, as good a stable, and as good a cellar, as the 'squire over the way or the Queen's counsel round the corner, are impatient to cut as telling a figure as their neighbors. The inferiority in accomplishments, and probably in manners, of their parents is obvious, though perhaps to none so much as to their own children; and the latter appear to be of opinion that they can escape being deemed to share in the parental shortcomings only by showing how thoroughly they are aware and ashamed of them. The result is usually something very lamentable. The parents may possibly not be drawing-room ladies and gentlemen; but the sons, who fancy themselves to have walked out of the family, are downright cads, and the daughters are an affliction of the flesh to those who, seeing fine feathers, expect fine birds. There is no such offensive class of people as this. Modesty, naturalness, simplicity, were all or nearly all the sins of the generation to which success has come with such rapidity. Imprudence, affectation, and vulgarity stamp the next one, whose members opine that they can become persons of fashion as expeditiously as their parents became persons of wealth. This is not always the case; and the fact that people have become rich suddenly—if honestly—is all in their favor, if the material transformation be accompanied by a transformation of mind and manner. Unfortunately, society is much too tolerant in this respect, and tolerant from the worst of motives. Nothing could be more meritorious in persons of refinement than to admit to their society persons who are wanting in refinement, in the hope that we might see the reverse of that which is said to take place when evil communications corrupt good manners. But it is matter of notoriety that a wish to partake of the vulgar advantages of this rapidly-got wealth is the ruling and indeed the only reason why people who ought to be above such sordid motives admit to their houses men and women who are little better than well-dressed boors. It is not to be supposed that the individuals thus made free of the best society attribute their admission exclusively to their money. People rarely fail to find more flattering explanations of their own successes. The line where the influence of wealth ends, and that of personal merit begins must necessarily be vague; and it is not wonderful if people who are very wealthy, and not otherwise meritorious at all, reverse the ratio of those elements which constitute their visible influence. People so warmly welcomed by an old and would-be aristocratic society may be forgiven if they conclude that they are amply qualified to move in it, and have nothing to learn from its breeding, bearing, language, or reticence. Folks affecting to be studiously fastidious, begin by eating their suppers and end by adopting their manners. Thus the proper *rôles* are precisely reversed; and the vulgarian, whom it would have been a kindness and a charitable action to teach, silently becomes a pedagogue and a pattern. He is familiar because he knows no better; and people who once knew better, end in adopting something of the deportment they at first intended, from interested motives, only to tolerate. Man is such a monkey that it is impossible for him to consort often and long with persons of inferior manners without his own manners, if originally good, becoming deteriorate. It is possible that the person who inspires him in the matter he slightly improves. But a slight improvement in so delicate a thing as good manners is not of much consequence; whilst a slight deterioration is disastrous.

At the same time all public discussion and criticism conspire toward the same end. Want of reverence, want of consideration, which, we have seen, is the cause of the sad falling off in our manners, is not a little promoted by that in many respects useful and certainly necessary institution, the Press. To be a public man is to be pelted; and even to be a private one is not always to escape the mud that is perpetually flying abont. Nothing is sacred. Ridicule is the weapon ready to every one's hand, and you are much more likely to hit somebody if you aim at the biggest people you see. There is a weekly journal which has for the last fifteen years maintained notoriety and profit by the systematic depreciation of everybody and everything that have won the respect of any portion of the community. To lead us to despise men in public life and to despise women in private life has been the main object of its energy. Such a task demands no great ability, though no doubt it requires a certain fertility in thinking evil. But the chief requisite for this sort of thing is, to be wholly free from the sense or obligation of good manners, to think truth a poor thing compared with a good or even with a bad joke, and to esteem no person's character, no matter how exalted he be, of any consequence, if, by depreciating or ridiculing it, the public can be amused. If then good manners are not to die out amongst us, reverence must be restored. The old must be honored, the weak must be considered, the illustrious must be deferred to, and, most of all, women must be respected. Women have the matter in their own hands. They can compel men to be well-mannered; and men who know how to behave with politeness to women will end by behaving with politeness toward each other. Hauteur always implies want of consideration for others, and is therefore no part of politeness, save when indeed an impertinence has to be quietly but effectively resented. If we were asked to name the word which embodies female politeness we should name "graciousness." Women should be gracious; graciousness is their happy medium between coldness and familiarity; as self-respect is that of men between arrogance and downright rudeness. Probably, there can be no true politeness where there is no humility, either real, or well-assumed. In a self-making age we cannot be surprised at meeting with so much self-assertion and so much aggressiveness. We can but wait for the time when the process will be complete, and the individual will be well-bred enough once more to recognize his own insignificance.

London Society.

LA BELLE TURQUE.

THE STORY OF THE PRINCES CÉCILE.

Of all the wandering claimants to royalty, scions of kings "retired from business," *soi-disant* regal pretenders, false or real—whether like Perkin Warbeck, or the six Demetriuses of Russia, some more recent pseudo-heirs of the house of Stuart who figured in Austria after the *Quarterly* drove them out of Scotland, "the Duke of Normandy" in London, and so forth, who have appeared from time to time, none have had so marvelous a story to tell as the Princess Cécile, "La belle Turque," as she was named, who, announcing herself, in two volumes octavo, to be a daughter of the deposed sultan Achmet III., took the heedless world of Paris by surprise, about a hundred years ago, and whose narrative has frequently been classed with romances, though it came forth as a veritable history, and with a title more clearly avowed than that of "Ascanius, or the adventurer in Scotland."

The editor, who guaranteed its truth, was a man of veracity and credit in his day; and he urged upon the public, that however extraordinary and romantic her adventures might appear, they were, nevertheless, strictly fact; and in a letter addressed to the editors of the *Jour-*

nal de Paris in 1787, he added, that in that year, the lady was still alive in the French capital, "and, notwithstanding her advanced age, in the enjoyment of good health."

It is singular that her narrative, whether false or true, as given by herself and "M. Buisson, Littáraire, Hôtel de Mesgrigny, Rue des Poitevins,"—as it would furnish ample materials for the largest three volumed novel—escaped the eyes of Alexandre Dumas, or Viscount d'Arlincourt as it is full of adventures of the most stirring kind, and, told briefly, runs thus:

The introductory part of her story, in which the names of persons of rank are concealed, contains, necessarily, the adventures of her governess, or nurse, by whom she was first abducted from her home, and brought to France.

It would appear that about the year 1700, a Mademoiselle Emilia (*sic.*), daughter of a surgeon in the French seaport town of Génes, was, with her lover, a young Genoese, named Salmoni, in a pleasure-boat upon the Mediterranean, a little way from the coast, when, notwithstanding "la terreur du nom de Louis XIVth," they were pounced upon by some Turkish corsairs—a common enough event in those days, and one not unfrequent even after Lord Exmouth demolished Algiers.

This occurred in the dusk; and the voice of Salmoni, who had been singing, is supposed to have first attracted them. Being armed, the Italian defended his love and his life with courage, but fell severely wounded, and was left for dead in the bottom of his boat, which floated away, the sport of the waves, while Emilia was carried off, and, in consequence of her great beauty, was ultimately sold, at Constantinople, under the name of Fatima, for the service and amusement of Achmet III., who, in consequence of her accomplishments, made her a species of governess to his children, instead of retaining her among the odalisques in the seraglio. This must have been subsequent to 1703, when Achmet began his troublesome reign.

She was in this situation of trust, when Salmoni, who had never forgotten her, after a long and unsuccessful search through many seaport towns in the Levant—a veritable pilgrim of love—accidentally discovered, by a casual conversation with a Turkish seaman, where she was, and how occupied; for this man had been one of the corsair's crew.

Disguised as a Turk, and giving out that "he was the father of Fatima, the trusted slave," Salmoni found means to communicate with her through an *itchcoglan*, one of the slaves or pages attached to the seraglio, and they were thus enabled to see each other and converse, their hasty meetings being but stolen moments of tenderness and joy.

Emilia was now in attendance upon a little daughter of Achmet III., born in 1710, and then six months' old. Her mother was the Sultana Aski, formerly a Georgian slave, and then one of the kadines or wives of the Sultan, ladies whose number rarely exceeds seven. Emilia was high in favor with both Achmet and this sultana, as she had been particularly serviceable to the latter at the birth of the child, through some little skill she had acquired from her father, the surgeon; thus the confidence they reposed in her, and the authority she possessed over all the people in and about the seraglio, facilitated the execution of those plans for an escape, suggested and urged by Salmoni.

With a view to this end, she desired the *bastonghi*, or head-gardener, to make a see-saw, which was in the gardens, so high that she—and her pupils, probably—might see the whole city from the lofty wall that girds the place, where still the trees planted are always green, that the inhabitants of Galata and other places may not see the ladies at their lonely promenades. Aided by the see-saw, she dropped over the wall a billet to Salmoni, desiring him to procure a ladder, "a steel-yard" to fix it to the masonry, to make arrangements with a ship captain, and, when all was prepared, to wait her beneath the wall of that terrible Serai Bournous, which no slave-woman had ever yet left alive.

Salmoni promptly obeyed her instructions; he discovered a ship for the Levant, and, by a note tossed over the wall, informed her of the night, and the very hour of their departure.

She was in the act of reading this note —probably not for the first time—when

the Sultan Achmet suddenly entered her apartment; and she had barely time to toss it, unseen, into a porphyry vase; for this billet, if discovered, might have consigned her to the bowstring of the *capidgi-bashi*, or the sack of the black *channatoraga*, and its concealment forms an important feature in the story of the fugitives.

The hour—almost the moment—for flight had arrived, and Salmoni, she knew, awaited her below the garden wall; yet, amid all the terror and anxiety of the time, so strong was Emilia's love for the little baby-girl of whom she had the chief care, that she resolved to convey the child away with her, and hoped eventually to rear it as a Christian. Collecting all her jewels, and those which Achmet had already lavished on the infant, she took with them the silken *fetfa*, or record of its birth; and, to be brief, escaped unseen by means of the steel-yard and ladder.

As she descended, the latter was held for her by a person in a gray cloak, whom she had believed to be Salmoni, and into whose arms she was, consequently, about to throw herself, when another man started forward, and plunged a sword into his breast. He fled, and a cry escaped Emilia, who fell to the ground; but at that moment the captain of the vessel, by which Salmoni had arranged they should escape, rushed up, and, tearing off the mufflings of the fallen man, merely exclaimed: "It is *not* he!" and bore her off to the sea-shore.

An alarm had been given. There was no time to wait for the absent Salmoni; she was placed at once on board the vessel, which immediately sailed and made all speed to leave the Golden Horn behind. She proved to be a small craft belonging to Bayonne, commanded by a young captain from Dieppe, who ultimately landed Emilia and her charge at Génes, where her first care was to have the little *Turque* baptized according to the rites of the Catholic church.

This, it is recorded, was done by the *curé* of St. Eulalie de Génes, who named her Marie Cécile; and, in honor of an event so remarkable, a salute was fired by the cannon of the château and those of the ramparts of the fort; and three *religeuses*, named respectively, La Mère St. Agnes, La Mère St. Modesté and La Mère de l'Humilité, are mentioned as having taken a deep interest in the escaped fugitive and her charge, who was kept in ignorance of her origin till her fifteenth year.

We know not how many daughters Achmet III. is said to have had; but in a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, dated from Adrianople, she writes of his eldest being betrothed in marriage to Behram Bassa, then the reigning court favorite, and translates a copy of verses he had addressed to her.

Cécile was now taken to several European courts, "at which"—according to the narrative—"she was received with all the honors due to her illustrious rank." In Russia, she was presented to the Czar, Peter I. (who died in that year); but in England, she would seem to have contented herself with a short residence at a coffee-house (*café*), in Covent Garden! Among other sovereigns, she was presented to Pope Clement XI., at Rome, where her beauty, which she inherited from her Georgian mother, especially the profusion of her exquisite hair, began to surround her with snares and perils.

In Rome, her guardian, Emilia, had the joy of once more meeting Salmoni! The man who had been stabbed beneath the seraglio wall, had not been he, but the Turkish corsair, through whom he had first traced her there, and who had hoped to make profit out of the intended escape by treacherously revealing it to the sultan; and for this purpose he had plotted with a female slave attached to the palace. This woman, through whose hands the important billet passed, had artfully erased the hour of twelve, fixed by Salmoni, and substituted *eleven*. Hence, though the sailor had full time to make the attempt, he failed in the execution of his purpose; so now, after all their perils, Salmoni and Emilia were married in the Eternal City, where the love affairs of "La belle Turque" speedily began to attract notice.

First, we are told, that a duke fell in love with her; but she made him her friend, assuring him that he could never be more to her, as she had already become inspired by a passion for a handsome young Knight of Malta, who hoped

soon to be absolved from his vow of celibacy. While waiting for this, the knight's father, old Prince ———, as a mischance would have it, became enamored of her, reckless that he was rival of his son; and, to avoid his importunities, she and the Salmonis set out suddenly for Paris, where, by the knavery of a banker, she lost much of the proceeds of the jewels brought from Constantinople; so that her fortune was reduced from sixty thousand livres yearly, to about ten thousand.

In a coffee-house at Paris, Cécile chanced to see in the *Gazette de France*, an account of the misfortunes that had overtaken her father, Achmet III. This was in 1730, when that weak and imbecile voluptuary, who had viewed with indifference the Hungarian troubles and the wars of the north, after being involved in a contest with Russia, by which he lost in succession the cities of Asoph, and Belgrade, and the provinces of Temsvar, Servia, and Wallachia, on the discomfiture of his arms by Persia, had an insurrection among his own subjects, and was compelled by the Janissaries to abdicate in favor of his nephew, Mustapha III., who threw him into a prison, where he passed a life of mortification and shame, "after he had," as Voltaire has it, "sacrificed his vizier and his principal officers, in vain, to the resentment of the nation."

On reading of all these things, Cécile registered a vow that she would visit Turkey, seek out her father, and endeavor to console him in his misfortunes; and the death of her guardian, Emilia, about this time, together with the annoyance she experienced from the old prince, who, presuming on her friendless, dubious, and false position, daily "became more urgent and less respectful," hastened her departure.

Alone she set out for Fontainbleau to solicit a passport as a French subject, and to return thanks for the protection afforded her by the court of Louis XIV.; but in returning to Paris her carriage was stopped at night in the forest, which then covered thirty thousand acres of hill and valley, and there ensued an episode, which, by its *coincidences*, seems too evidently romance, though truth at times is stranger than fiction.

A handsomely-attired chevalier—who proved to be the prince—requested her to alight and enter a *voiture*, which stood there with six horses, pleading that she would do so, "without compelling him to use violence."

On this, she uttered a cry for help; and ere long another *voiture* dashed up, and there leaped out a gentleman sword in hand. He proved to be the young Duke de ——, her Roman admirer, and he had barely time to recognize Cécile, when her betrothed, the Knight of Malta, also appeared on the scene, which thus becomes so melo-dramatic as to throw ridicule on the story.

"The duke is about to deprive you of your mistress," said the cunning old prince to his son; "let us jointly use our swords against him in defense of your dearest interests."

So thereupon the cavalier of Malta ran the poor duke through the body in the most approved fashion; bore off the fainting Cécile to Paris, and placed her in the hotel of his father. There the renewed, but secret, addresses of the latter so greatly alarmed her, that on one occasion she had to protect herself by an exhibition of pistols, after which she escaped with Salmoni and the knight, who urged that she should, in fulfillment of her vow, visit her captive father, while he once more strove, at the feet of Pope Clement's successor, to get his oath of celibacy absolved.

In Turkey, some unruly Janissaries slew Salmoni, and were about to offer some violence to Cécile, despite her French passport, when she displayed before them the *fetfa!* This, we are told, was a piece of yellow silk on which were embroidered, in golden letters, the names of the Sultan, of her mother Aski, and herself, with the day and hour of her birth, together with certain passages from the Koran: "The children of the sultans are bound with the *fetfa* immediately after birth; and this document is deemed a sacred proof of their royal descent; and at the sight of it, every Mohammedan must bow himself to the ground, and defend with his life the wearer of it."

By this time her cousin Mustapha III. was dead, and his successor, her kinsman, Mohammed V., on hearing of her story,

and, more than all, of her beauty, conceived a passion for her, and sent his chief friend and confidant, the Beglerbeg of Natolia, to inform her of the honor that awaited her. Being informed that it was the fame of her wonderful hair that had at first excited the curiosity and admiration of the sultan, she cut it entirely off, and, tossing it to the messenger—

"Go," said she, "and give your master this—the object of his love—and tell him, that a woman capable of such a sacrifice, knows no master but Heaven and her own heart!"

Had chignons been then in fashion, much trouble might have been saved the fair Cécile; who, finding that a hasty departure from Turkey alone could save her, demanded, but in vain, a passport from the Bashaw of Smyrna or Izmir. Urged by her father Achmet, she quitted secretly by sea, and was landed by a French frigate at Toulon, where she learned from the lieutenant of a Maltese galley that her lover had perished in a duel.

Her journey to Turkey had greatly impoverished her, and now she found herself in France almost without a friend, with only five hundred ducats and a diamond, the gift of her father Achmet III. Choosing to conceal her fallen fortune from every eye, she selected a humble dwelling in an obscure part of the city, where, long years after, her editor first discovered her, and where, at a distance from royal thrones, from human wealth and grandeur, she had sought to pass the evening of her days in peace and obscurity. "God has blessed my fortitude," she concludes. "Born in 1710, I have lived to see the 1st of January, 1786, and must now serenely and tranquilly await that peace by which death must make amends for all the surprising and afflicting changes of fortune which I have experienced in my passage through life."

Cécile—if ever she existed at all—must have been then in her 76th year. Her narrative is certainly mentioned in the *Journal de Paris;* but in the tide of events that so rapidly followed the year, in which the financial troubles of France began, the meeting of the States-General, and the crash of the first Revolution following, we hear no more of "La belle Turque," the *soi-disant* daughter of the dethroned Achmet III.

Macmillan's Magazine.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.*

On the 25th of September, in the year 1827, in a dismal French chateau, the gloom of which was increased by the presence of death—forlorn and haggard, listless and desponding, a young man of seventeen sat writing to a friend.

This young man, whose letter was the expression of piercing and bitter thought, had just achieved the highest honors attainable at the Collége d'Henri Quatre, and was supposed to have a brilliant future opening before him. It was the poet Alfred de Musset. His intellect was prematurely developed. It was easy to him to take the front place; he was already acknowledged as a genius, and his published poetry had made a sensation. He was miserable—not with the sharp affliction of one who has lost what is dear to him, but with an oppressed sense of the narrow limits of humanity, of the painful details attending the end of life, of the pitiful conventions of mourning, and of the want of a real passionate emotion.

He had been summoned from his college in the hour of success, with a festive holiday in view, to the old chateau, where his grandmother had died suddenly. A fortnight before he had left her in health, and chatting, in her easy chair, with her French vivacity. Now a heap of earth covered her remains, and the contrast struck him with dismay. With the instinct of the poet, which assimilates all the phases of human experience, he saw himself dead and

* "Œuvres Posthumes." Paris, 1867.

shrouded. His spirit rose against the assumed grief, the tragic mask which he saw put on before him. "Voilà," he wrote, "le sort qui m'attend, qui nous attend tous! Je ne veux point de ces regrets de commande, de cette douleur que l'on quitte avec les habits de deuil. J'aime mieux que mes os soient jetés au vent: toutes ces larmes feintes ou trop promptement taries ne sont qu'une affreuse dérision." He was disgusted and weary; he thought life was worth nothing, and that he would gladly get out of it if there were not the process of dying to go through, and the idea of the subsequent ceremonials of ostensible affliction among his relations to confront. The companion of his gloom was an uncle who was remarkable for his good common sense, for his erudition, and for his general respectability. He could not be expected to form the faintest idea of his nephew's mental attributes: he wondered at his tastes, while he was gratified by his success. He was continually extinguishing his fires with wet blankets. When the young Alfred talked with enthusiasm of a drama which had struck his imagination, or of a verse which rang in his ear, he would reply—"Est-ce que tu n'aimes pas mieux lire tout cela dans quelque bon historien? C'est toujours plus vrai et plus exact."—The poet felt himself another Hamlet with another Polonius, and longed for sympathetic intercourse with Hamlet's creator.

"Je donnerais vingt-cinq francs pour avoir une pièce de Shakespeare ici en anglais."

It was not to be had. The desire for the unattainable was the poet's habit of mind. If he could have called up Shakespeare from the dead, he would probably have turned away from him after the first greeting; or if his favorite tragedy in English had suddenly tumbled down from a bookshelf close at hand, he would most likely have flung it from him after the first hasty rush through its leaves. He had nothing that he cared to read, he thought he should like to write, but the thought soon wearied him.

"Je me sens par moments une envie de prendre la plume et de salir une ou deux feuilles de papier, mais la première difficulte me rebute et un souverain degoût me fait etendre les bras et fermer les yeux." Other fancies came across him.

"J'ai besoin de voir une femme, j'ai besoin d'aimer: j'aimerais ma cousine, qui est vieille et laide, si elle n'etait pas econome et pedante."

The misery of Alfred de Musset's life was not wholly due to its outward circumstances, but to the peculiarities of his temperament and to his wayward disposition. He was not a hard, evil-minded man like Lord Byron, nor a wild theorist like Shelley; he knew how to love virtue and to hate iniquity, but he did not know how to conquer an impulse or to subdue a passion. He gave way to himself. After the wrong, came the repentance. He was unable to bear the suffering of that state, and flew to absinthe and dissipation to get rid of it.

He alternated between sublime aspiration and disappointment, disgust and debauch; and, starting in life with every material advantage—good family, good prospects, and brilliant genius—he died a premature old man, broken down and miserable, at the age of forty-seven. The indications of such a development are strongly marked in the letter from which we have quoted. At the early age of seventeen the characteristics of the poet show themselves as he writes to his intimate friend: the unsatisfied desire and the fine perception, the despondency, the satire, the weakness, the despair.

"Tu es la seule chose," he says to his friend, "qui me reveille de mon neant et qui me reporte vers un ideal que j'ai oublie par impuissance. Je n'ai plus le courage de rien penser. Si je me trouvais dans ce moment-ci à Paris, j'eteindrais ce qui me reste d'un peu noble dans le punch et la bière, et je me sentirais soulage. On endort bien un malade avec de l'opium; quoiqu'on sache que le sommeil lui doive être mortel. J'en agirais de même avec mon âme."

The regret which is felt in the contemplation of a bright genius degraded, leads us sometimes to wonder sadly whether a mother, strong enough to understand and tender enough to persuade such a nature, would have averted his fate, or whether, if he had met with a true friend capable of exercising a maternal influence, of appreciating the impulses of his genius and forgiving its eccentricities, he might not have re-

linquished much evil, and have assimilated much good, calmed and sustained by such a sympathy; but there is an obvious reply to the suggestion. The poet was not prompted to seek an affection of this nature, and the fatal passion which dominated his life was taken to his heart with a distinct foreshadowing of what its consequences might be: he was very young, only twenty-three, but he went to the banquet with the warning of poison in its fruits. Rapture and agony, convulsion and swoon, seemed the necessity of his life; and if the Cleopatra who enslaved him had not existed, some other shining and evil star would still have risen to shape his destiny. His intellectual force was not equal to his creative genius. His compositions were sudden impulses which forced themselves upon him, and he wrote some of his most beautiful poems in fits of anguish; his work was followed by long periods of prostration. He was incapable of a sustained effort; but he was not easily satisfied with what he did, and reconsidered and finished his pieces with so much care, that they are justly esteemed as models of workmanship. The dialogue of his comedies is brilliant, and so delicate and subtle in its play, so piercing in its satire, that it is a matter of high ambition to the artists of the Comédie Française to deliver it with perfect precision, and to give full value to every syllable. None of de Musset's comedies are long, but all contain a great deal of matter; his wit is less obvious and more keen than Molière's; he has less fun and sharper satire; he does not hit so hard, but he wounds more deeply. His types of character are original; his perceptions of the ridiculous are exquisite, and the sense of beauty is never absent from his style, even in his lightest touches. In all his prose there is poetry. To the student he is known as a poet; to the world at large, through the medium of the stage, as a dramatist.

Among his *Œuvres Posthumes*, which make a small volume, there is a dramatic fragment, called "Faustine," of great force and interest. The scene is laid at Venice, and the Venetian atmosphere surrounds the reader. The passion is worked up to a high pitch, when the drama suddenly stops. The same volume contains a complete comedy, called "L'Ane et la Ruisseau," which is clever and graceful, and some poems and letters, from the earliest of which we have already quoted. The letters are distinguished by grace and ease of language; they are sometimes epigrammatic, and sometimes playful; they are never artificial; they are generally sad. The most humorous among them describes a singular supper at the house of the famous Mdlle. Rachel, a description which the poet valued, and which he requested his correspondent to keep, in order that the record of so strange an evening should some day be made known. The entertainment took place after a representation of "Tancrède," in the fifth act of which Rachel had obtained showers of tears from her audience, and had herself wept with such strong emotion as to make her doubt whether she could continue her performance. Afterward, as she walked down the arcades of the Palais Royal, with a company of artists, actresses and singers, she fell in with the young poet, and invited him to join them. They all adjourned to her house, where her mother and sister were established; and they looked forward to a festive supper. But Rachel discovered that she had left her bracelet and rings at the theater; she sent her maid-servant, whom she called her *bonne*, to fetch them. This *bonne* being absent, there was no servant left to prepare the supper. But presently Rachel left the room to change her dress, and in the space of a quarter of an hour she reappeared in a dressing-gown and night-cap, with a handkerchief over her ears, looking, according to Alfred de Musset, as beautiful as an angel (but the angels are not handsome if Rachel was a type of them), and carrying a dish which contained three beefsteaks, the cooking of which she had personally superintended. She set down this dish in the middle of the table, said, "Régalez-vous!" and returned to the kitchen, whence she again emerged with a soup-tureen full of hot soup, and a saucepan full of spinach. This constituted the supper. There were no plates and no spoons; the *bonne* having taken away the keys. Rachel opened the sideboard, and there finding a salad-bowl

with a salad in it ready dressed, she took the wooden spoon that stood in the midst, and began to eat apart from the rest. "Oh, dear!" said her mother who was hungry, "I know, my child, that there are some pewter plates in the kitchen!" Upon which Rachel again disappeared, and returned with the pewter plates, which she distributed to her guests.

"My dear," said her mother, "these beefsteaks are overdone."

"They are," replied Rachel. "In the days when I kept house for you I used to cook better; so you see I have lost one talent to gain another. But, Sarah," she continued, addressing her sister, "what is the matter—you are not eating?"

Sarah replied, "I don't choose to eat off pewter plates."

"That, I presume," replied Rachel, "is because I have bought out of my savings a dozen silver plates. Soon you will require one servant in front of your chair and another behind it." Then, addressing Alfred de Musset, she said: "Just fancy—when I was acting at the Theater Molière, I possessed only two pair of stockings, and every morning ——"

Now Sarah interrupted her, and began to chatter German to put an end to her sister's confessions; but Rachel went on resolutely. "No German here! I am not ashamed of what I say. I had only two pair of stockings, and I was obliged to wash one pair every morning that I might have clean ones to act in every night. I also managed everything in the house. I got up at six daily, and at eight o'clock all the beds were made; afterward I went to La Halle to buy our dinner, and I was an honest cook, was I not, mamma?"

"That you were," replied the mother, with her mouth full.

"Only once," said Rachel, "I was guilty of thieving; what I bought at fourpence I set down as fivepence, and going on steadily in this way at the end of a month I made a profit of three francs."

"And what did you do with those three francs?" asked the poet, with mock severity.

"Oh!" exclaimed the mother, "she bought a Molière with them."

"Yes," said Rachel, "I had got a Racine and a Corneille, and I wanted a Molière. I bought it with my three francs, and then I confessed my crime."

Some of the guests now went away, and the *bonne* returned. Sarah continued to abstain from eating, and to chatter German. Rachel reproved her, persevered with stories of her youth, and presently made some punch and set it alight, putting the candles under the table in order the better to see the pretty blue flame as it was burning; when this pastime was over she played with Alfred de Musset's sword-stick, and drawing the blade out of its sheath she picked her teeth with it. But one sentence sufficed to put an end to all this vulgarity and folly, and to bring poetry and the instinct of art upon the scene.

The poet said: "How beautifully you read the letter in the fifth act to-night! You were greatly moved."

"Yes," replied Rachel, "I felt as if I were shattered—breaking into bits—and yet I don't care for the tragedy of 'Tancrède.' It is false."

"You prefer the tragedies of Corneille and Racine," said the poet.

"I like Corneille," Rachel replied, "though he is sometimes trivial and sometimes turgid—he is not true to nature. The line in the Horace—

"On peut changer d'amant mais non changer d'époux,"

appears to me coarse and common."

"Not the less true for that," said De Musset.

"Unworthy of the poet, at any rate," said Rachel. "But speak to me of Racine the noble, the beautiful—I adore him! And do you know I am resolved to act Phèdre" (she struck the table with her fist as she spoke). "They say I am too young and too thin, and more such nonsense; but I reply, it is the greatest part in all Racine, and I am determined to play it."

"You may be wrong there," said Sarah.

"Let me alone," said Rachel, "I mean to do it; if people tell me I am too thin, I say they are absurd. A woman possessed by an infamous passion, yet prepared rather to die than yield to it—a woman withering away in scorching fires and bitter tears—such a woman can-

not be expected to look as plump as Madame Paradol. It would be a contradiction in nature. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. I don't know how I should act it, but I tell you that I feel it in me. The newspapers may write what they please, but they will not disgust me with it. They are at a loss what to invent in order to injure me, instead of giving me encouragement and help; but I will act it, though only four persons should be present to see it." She then made a grand tirade against the journalists.

Her mother interrupted her. "My dear," said she, "You have been talking too much. This morning you were up at six. I don't know what possesses you. You have gabbled all day, and you have been acting this evening. You will be ill."

"Leave me alone," said Rachel; "it makes me feel that I am alive." She turned to De Musset and said, "Shall I fetch the book, and shall we read the tragedy both together?"

"What could be more delightful?" said the poet.

But Sarah observed that it was half-past eleven.

"Well," said Rachel, "who prevents you from going to bed?"

Accordingly Sarah went to bed, and Rachel left the room, but speedily returned with a volume of Racine in her hands. Her demeanor had undergone a total change: it had become solemn and religious; she seemed as one administering sacred rites. She took her seat next the poet and snuffed the candle. Her mother dozed off comfortably, with a smile on her face. Rachel bowed her head over the volume as she opened it, and said: "How I love this Racine! When I once get the book in my hand, I could go on reading for two days without stopping to eat or drink." The two now began their reading with the volume placed between them.

"D'abord," writes De Musset, "elle recite d'un ton monotone comme une litanie. Peu à peu elle s'anime. Nous echangeons nos remarques nos idees sur chaque passage. Elle arrive enfin à la declaration. Elle etend son bras droit sur la table; le front pose sur la main gauche, appuyee sur son ccude, elle s'abandonne entierement. Cepedant elle ne parle encore qu'à demi-voix. Tout à coup ses yeux etincellent; le genie de Racine eclaire son visage; elle pâlit, elle rougit. Jamais je ne vis rien de si beau, de si interessant; jamais, au theâter, elle n'a produit sur moi tant d'effet. La fafatigue, un peu d'enrouement, le punch, l'heure avancee, une animation presque fievreuse sur ces petites joues entourees d' bonnet de nuit, je ne sais quel charme inouï repandu dans tout son etre, ces yeux brillants qui me consultent, un sourire enfantin qui trouve moyen de se glisser au milieu de tout cela; enfin, jusqu'à cette table en desordre, cette chandelle dont la flamme tremblote, cette mere assoupie prəs de nous, tout cela compose à la fois un tableau digne de Rembrandt, un chapitre de roman digne de *Wilhelm Meister*,, et un souvenir de la vie d'artiste qui ne s'effacera jamais de ma memoire."

It was now past midnight, and Rachel's father came home from the opera. He was hardly seated before he addressed some brutal words to his daughter, and ordered her to leave off reading. Rachel shut up the book, saying: "It is intolerable; I will buy a match-box, and I will read alone in my bed." Tears rolled down her cheeks.

It was intolerable to the poet to see such a creature so treated: he rose and took his leave, full of emotion and admiration, and before he went to bed he wrote down an account of the scene, which he addressed to a lady well known in Paris for her wit and beauty, and who had a high appreciation of his genius. She still lives, and is still witty and still pretty; he used to call her playfully his "Marraine," for she was a great many years older than himself; but he seems to have anticipated the fact of her surviving him. We owe to her the preservation of one of the most curious fragments of biography ever published. To all lovers of art this picture of the poet and the actress side by side, drawing inspiration from each other as the pages of Racine glowed under their touch, must be full of interest. To those who remember Rachel's grand interpretations of the classical French dramatists, who remember the beauty of her declamation, her fire, her sublime passion, her statuesque dignity,

which made her small frame seem at times colossal, the scene here set down is a golden treasure received from the hands of the poet. The contrast between her actual life and her ideal representation woven so curiously into unity is strange, exciting, painful and yet beautiful; for no sooner did the player and the poet concentrate their thoughts upon their art than it conquered all the rest; and the sordid facts and mean surroundings disappeared under the enchantment of exalted imagination.

The Théâter Français was the favorite temple of worship of de Musset, and there he studied objectively the emotions which, when he suffered them within himself, were too passionate for his frame, and sometimes destroyed his sense.

The most beautiful of his lyrics, however, grew out of his own affliction; they are the harmonious moanings of an irretrievable sorrow, of a lost faith, of a great, ruined passion. They were written at the age of twenty-five, and are known as *Les Nuits*. They include "La Nuit de Mai," "de Decembre," "d'Octobre," and "d'Août." "La Nuit d,Octobre" is well known through the passionate recitation of Delaunay and Favart: "La Nuit de Decembre" is not less poetical; the oppressive gloom of the winter season invests it: it describes that strange impression which haunted the poet in all his misery of a figure by his side, whose aspect was the counterpart of his own: the figure was dressed in black, and its expression was that of mournful regret. It came too late to be a warning; it was too sad to be a consolation; in every disorder of his mind his strained imagination projected this image before him, and the sight of it was accompanied by anguish. He was a child when it first appeared to him. He saw it for the second time at the age of fifteen.

"Comme j'allais avoir quinze ans,
Je marchais un jour, à pas lents,
Dans un bois, sur une bruyère.
Au pied d'un arbre vint s'asseoir
Un jeune homme vêtu de noir,
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère.

"Je lui demandai mon chemin;
Il tenait un luth d'une main,
De l'autre un bouquet d'églantine.
Il me fit un salut d'ami,
Et, se détournant à demi,
Me montra du doigt la colline."

In the poet's first love-sorrow the figure appeared again, sad and anxious. With one hand it pointed to heaven; in the other it held a sword; it breathed only one sigh, and disappeared like a dream.

In the midst of unholy, wild festivity the shape next showed itself—

"A l'âge oú l'on est libertin,
Pour boire un toast en un festin,
Un jour je soulevai mon verre.
En face de moi vint s'asseoir
Un convive vêtu de noir,
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère.

"Il secouait sous son manteau
Un hailon de pourpre en lambeau,
Sur sa tête un myrte stérile.
Son bras maigre cherchait le mien,
Et mon verre, en touchant le sien,
Se brisa dans ma main débile."

The sterile myrtle and the emaciated arm were the fatal anticipations of the poet's conscience working among scenes of riot and clamor in some momentary isolation of thought. A year passed before the image was seen again; it was then at the death-bed of his father. Its eyes were deluged with tears; it was like "les anges de douleur."

"Je m'en suis si bien souvenu
Que je l'ai toujours reconnu
A tous les instants de ma vie.
C'est une étrange vision,
Et cependant, ange ou démon,
J'ai vu partout cette ombre amie."

It followed him to Italy; he saw it in the stormy days of his travel; it sometimes rose to perplex a sunny hour:—

"A Florence au fond des palais,
A Brigues dans les vieux châlets,
Au sein des Alpes desolées;
* * * * * *
A Venise, à l'affreux Lido
Où vient sur l'herbe d'un tombeau
Mouir la pale Adriatique."

Wherever he went the vision pursued him:—

"Partout oú j'ai voulu dormir,
Partout oú j'ai voulu mouir,
Partout oú j'ai touché la terre,
Sur ma route est venu s'asseoir
Un malheureux vêtu de noir,
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère."

An episode of great beauty, but too long and too continuous in its flow to furnish extracts, follows this stanza. It describes the fluctuations of that unhappy

passion for the woman who subdued his soul, which ended in despair; the fraternal shape of sorrow glides in at the hours of sharpest affliction. At last the poet questions the vision, and his passionate appeal is answered—

"Ami, je suis la Solitude."

This was not a dream conjured up in the hour of poetical composition. The poem is a true record, and it is difficult to conceive anything more pathetic. These lyrical pieces were written at the early age of twenty-five, and nothing of the poet's at a later day surpassed them either in passion or in perfection of verse.

Heine, always cruel in his satire, said of De Musset when he was thirty years old, "C'est un jeune homme d'um beau passé." But there was truth in those bitter words. At the age of thirty-seven, De Musset ceased to write; at forty-seven the burthen of his sorrows and faults was lifted from him, and he died suddenly in the night, of heart disease, on the 1st of May, 1857, at Paris.

It was after his death that the "Nuit d'Octobre" was produced upon the stage of the Théâtre Français at the celebration of his birthday, while his marble bust, crowned with laurel, looked on still and calm, as he never could be at any instant of his troubled life.

The performance of a long dialogue in verse, with no change of scene, and little action, depending wholly on the beauty of poetry and the movement of passion, was felt to be hazardous even by French artists for a French audience, but the success was complete, and the theater is crowded at every representation of this piece. It was bravely risked during the last season, when dramatic art showed its full perfections at the Opèra Comique, in London; and it warmed the cold blood of English audiences, and established the fame of the French poet with many who had never even heard his name before. His birthday is annually celebrated at the Comèdie Française, by a performance of pieces exclusively of his writing. It is an occasion when the theater is always filled with spectators of literary distinction, and with renowned artists. There is a certain sense of exaltation in these honors duly paid to the dramatist and poet; but it is accompanied by a profound melancholy as the memorial of great gifts misused, of the promise of youth ending in the blight of manhood, and of a fine imagination overthrown.

Temple Bar.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "COMETH UP AS A FLOWER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

"WHAT next?" think I, hurrying off, as bidden. "What new freak? Well, if I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth I would not have spent my life in bewailing and lamenting that it was not a pewter one." In the conservatory, no Lenore! Only two time-worn flirts of either sex, shooting their blunt little old arrows at each other's tough hearts, under a red camellia. I do not know why I do it, but I pass along, through the flowers, to a door at the other end that gives upon the outer air, and opening it, look forth. It is snowing rather fast; great, shapeless flakes floating down with disorderly slowness; but it is not very dark. My knowledge of my sister has not been at fault, for, through the snow, I see her, at a little distance from me, walking quickly up and down a terrace walk, with her head bent and her hands clasped before her. "How good for a person with a weak chest!" I cry indignantly, skipping gingerly out on the toes of my white satin boots, and flinging the tail of my gown adroitly over my head. "Any one more unfit for death or more resolute to die than you, I have seldom had the pleasure of meeting."

I put my arm within hers and drag her along, back into the lighted warmth of the conservatory. A great tier of orange trees and chrysanthemums hides us from

the veteran lovers. I look at her: the snow-flakes rest thickly on her hair, on her flimsy dress; run in melted drops off her chilled white shoulders.

"It does not wet one much," she says, with a rather deprecating smile. "See, one can blow them away. How white they are! They will make the snowdrops that the school-children are to strew before me to-morrow look quite dirty, will not they?"

"Lunatic!" cry I, highly exasperated, shaking her; "fool! If I may be permitted to ask, what is the reason of this?"

"I was hot," she says, a little wildly, "stifled! Those flowers stifle me. Odious jonquils! Did ever any flowers smell so heavily? They are like the ones in that dreadful bouquet Charlie brought me for the ball."

I am shaking and flicking, with my best lace pocket-handkerchief, the snow from off her dress, so make no answer.

"You know, from a child, I was fond of running out, bare-headed, into a shower; I liked to feel the great cool drops patter, patter on my hair. I wish to God I could feel them now. Put your hand on my head" (lifting my cold, red hand, and placing it on the top of her own sleek head).

"My good child," say I, startled, "you are in a fever!"

"Jemima," she says, taking down my hand again, and holding it hard pressed between her two hot white ones, while her glittering eyes burn on my face, "I am quite happy, as you know, perfectly. No one has more cause to be so. I am quite young; I am better looking than most people; to-morrow I shall be rich, very rich; which, after all, includes all the others; but, do you know, sometimes, within the last few days, I have thought—it is a ridiculous idea, of course, but sometimes I have thought I was *going mad!* How do people *begin* to go mad? Tell me."

Her voice has sunk to an awed whisper. "Fiddlestick!" cry I contemptuously; "do not be alarmed, only clever people go mad; no fear for you."

"If any ones comes suddenly into a room, if any one bangs a door, or speaks in a key at all louder than usual, I feel as if I *must* shriek out loud. I told you so the other day, if you remember talking of the children; sometimes I am afraid of lifting my eyes to yours or any one else's face, for fear you should think they *looked* mad."

"Nonsense," interrupt I again, now thoroughly angry; "it is all nerves! Nerves are troublesome things if you are not moderately careful of them, and you never give yours a chance; you never sit still, you never rest, and it is my belief that you never sleep."

"Not if I can help it," she says, feverishly; "not if I can help it. Sometimes, when I feel myself falling asleep, I get out of bed, and walk about in the cold to wake myself thoroughly. I *hate* sleep; it is my enemy! As sure as ever I fall asleep I am back in Brittany with him; we are as—as we used to be."

"If I were you," say I, with that sober eye to the main chance with which one regards life after five-and-twenty, "I should be glad to wake from such a dream to find how much more prosperous the reality is."

"So I am, so I am!" she answers hastily, contradicting herself. "Of course! it *is* prosperous, is it not? Everybody says so; you—you are *joking*, are you, Jemima, when you say I am so prosperous?" (her eyes resting distrustfully on my face.) "I am *really*, am not I? But sometimes I think, when I look at you, that you are *pitying* me. Heaven knows why! for nobody needs it less; if you are, do not—that is all! I hate being pitied; pity yourself instead."

"Dreams or no dreams," say I, trying to lead her from a theme which is making her painfully excited, "you *must* sleep to-night, if we give you laudanum enough to make seven new sleepers. If you do not, mark my words, to-morrow you will look as yellow as the little orange in your wreath." No answer, only a vacant plucking at her dress. "Dead-white in the morning," say I, with a judicious adhesion to the subject of millinery, "is almost always fatally trying to the best complexions, particularly when in juxtaposition with snow." No answer. "Only this morning you told me that you were determined to look your very handsomest."

"So I am," she says, rousing herself, and speaking with quick interest; "so I

am! You say right—I *must* look my best—I shall; one always does when one wishes; my veil will be down, too—they will not see me very clearly, you know; but, however I look, you must be sure to have it put in the papers that I looked beautiful and—and—radiantly happy. They say those sort of things now and then, do not they?"

"As to the being happy—never that I saw," reply I, snappishly. "A bride's happiness is taken for granted."

"I do not know whether I ever mentioned it to you before," she says, with a hesitating strained smile, "but I should like the announcement put into a good many papers beside the *Times*—the *Morning Post*—*Standard;* but it must be in the *Times*, too, of course. People always read the births, deaths and marriages in the *Times*, don't they?"

She asks this last question with a keen anxiety that would have puzzled any looker-on to account for.

"*Women* do," reply I brusquely. "I do not think that *men* ever look at them."

"What nonsense you talk!" she cries rudely. "Of course they do. They always glance over them, at the least, to see whether there is any name they know. I have seen them, a hundred times. I have seen Charlie—"

"What about Charlie?" cries the young man, appearing round the screen of flowers simultaneously with his name; "he has not done anything fresh, has he?" (trying to laugh, but yet speaking with a most anxious smile). "Jemima, how is she?—how are you now, my darling?" taking her in his arms with as little heed to my presence as if I also were a prim dumb cameleia.

"*How am I?*" retorts she, pushing him away with a gesture of distaste, and then, as if bethinking herself, accepting his embrace. "Why, how *should* I be? Much as I have been any time these nineteen years, with the exception of the solitary week when I had the croup. Reassure yourself—I have not the croup now, and I never have any other diseases."

He looks at her silently, with a pale passionate wistfulness.

"You mean to be kind," she says, in a constrained voice, with a sort of remorse, "and you really are a very good fellow. I do think so always, though I show it rather oddly now and then perhaps; but you must know that I have an inveterate aversion to being asked how I am. It is not confined to me. Many people have the same feeling. I really" (with a forced smile) "must draw up a list of prohibitions for you. 'You must not do this,' and 'You must not do that,' before we set off on our travels, or we shall inevitably come to blows before a week is over."

"*Do!*" cries the young man eagerly, as one catching at a straw. "I do seem to be always blundering, don't I? and saying the wrong thing? One would think I did it on purpose; but, as I live, I do not. I shall get better, however," he continues, hastily, as if afraid of her taking advantage of his confession; "every day I shall get better. Being with you always, I shall grow to understand your character better. Dense as I am, I cannot help doing that, can I, Jemima?"

"I really do not know," reply I, turning away with a dry smile; "there are some very sharp corners and unexpected turns in it, I can assure you."

"Jemima is right," says Lenore, gravely, gently unwinding his arms from about her. "You have got a very indifferent bargain, pleased as you are with it. To let you into a secret, you have overreached yourself. You will get a bad character of me from all the people I have spent my life with; I have the distinction of having everybody's ill word."

"I dare say" (defiantly, while his eyes recklessly, boundlessly fond, grow to her calm, chill face).

"It is not too late yet," she says, in a low voice that has yet nothing of the whisper in it; "it is one o'clock; I hear it striking. You have yet ten hours' grace."

"Ten hours!" cries the young fellow, wildly, throwing his arms again about her, and straining her, whether she will or no, to his riotous heart. "Lenore! Lenore! the nearer the time grows the farther you seem to get away from me. Are you going to slip away from me altogether at the last moment, as you did out of my arms just now? But no!—

why do I put such ideas into your head? It is too late. You could not throw me over now, if you wished. Reckless as you are of all conventionality, even you dare not do that."

"What are you talking about;" she asks, petulently, with a nervous laugh. "Why should I wish to throw you over? If I did, what could I do with all my fine clothes, and my otter-skin jacket? Do you think I could have strength of mind to send the Webster's teapot traveling back a *second* time?"

He continues looking at her, and holding her, but says nothing.

"I *like* you, she says, looking round at me with a sort of nervous defiance, "I do not care who says I do not. I am proud of you—I—I—I *love* you. Do not I, Jemima? Have not I often told you that I do?'

"You have told me a great many things in your time." I say, oracularly, "some that were true and some that were not. I will tell you one thing in return, and that is, that if you do not go to bed now, this minute, to-morrow you will be yellower than an orange."

CHAPTER XVIII.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

It is a circumstance never to be enough deplored by the female world that marriages and drawing-rooms are broad daylight ceremonies. Mature necks and faces, that the great bold sun makes look as yellow as old law deeds or as the love letters of twenty years ago, would gleam creamily, waxily white, if illumed only by benevolent candles, that seem to see and make seen only beauties and slur over defects. Even the lilies and roses of youth—unlike the smooth perfection of their garden types—are conscious of little pits and specks and flaws when the day holds his searching lamp right into their faces. Day repudiates tulle and tarletane; they are none of his; and as he cannot rid himself of them he retaliates by behaving as glaringly and unhandsomely as he can to them. Nature is holding a wedding outside too, apparently; at least, it is all white, *white!* Heaven has sent down a storm of diamonds in the night, as a marriage present to Lenore; wherever you look there is the glitter of the myriad brilliants. Last night, at each iron gate, there was a high wide arch of evergreens, but during the dark hours the fairies carried the dingy things away, and replaced them by others of glistening white jewels. They are so bright, so bright, one cannot look at them; one turns away with winking eyes. I fancy that with some such luster shine the archways which the Faithful People go and come in the deathless white City of God.

There is a nuptial stir and bustling in the house; everybody but the bride has been down to an early breakfast, and has gone up again to put their best clothes on. The maid servants are hurrying about the house in uniform gray gowns and white caps, all except the ladies' maids, who have the right of exercising individual will in the choice of their magnificence. The footmen have new liveries. The wedding breakfast is laid out in the dining-room; I have been reconnoitering it. One has to look out of the window to assure oneself that the season is winter. On the long glittering table summer and autumn hold their scented sway. Regiments of tall flowers—both white and vivid-colored; shady fern forests; bunches of grapes, big as those fabulous ones swinging in gilt over an ale-house door, or as that mighty cluster represented in the illustrations to "Line upon Line," as borne between two stout Hebrews, slung upon a pole; odorous rough-skinned pines. I indulge in a pleased sight, and glance at the *carte*. I draw a slight mental sketch of what my own share in the banquet will be. Truly, one waxes gluttonous in one's old age.

Since then I have been pervading such of the ladies' rooms as intimacy gives me the *entrée* to. I have seen twelve passably fair maids, in twelve gauzy bonnets, each with a murdered robin sitting on the top, as a delicate tribute to the season. Pretty and clean and white the dozen look; but, alas! they will present but a drabby-gray appearance by-and-by out of doors, when contrasted with the wonderful blinding snow-sheet. I am not a bridesmaid; I have not been invited, nor, if I had, would I have consented to intrude the washed-out pallor of my face among this plump pink rose garden.

Now I have returned to the bride chamber, where Sylvia, fully dressed,

and apparently laboring under some hallucination as to being herself the bride, has usurped the cheval glass; at least, on my entry, I find a pretty little figure in violet velvet and swansdown, with bust protruded and semi-dislocated neck, gyrating slowly before it.

"How extraordinary one does feel in *colors!*" she is ejaculating, with a sort of uneasy complacency; "but for Lenore's sake, nothing should have induced me. I feel quite like a fish out of water; I really can hardly believe it is my own face—it seems like some one else's. What a fright one does look, Jemima."

No contradiction from me.

"Does not one?"

"No, I don't think so," reply I, consolingly; "nothing out of the way. I don't see much difference."

"Violet always *used* to be considered my color," returns Sylvia, apparently finding my form of comfort not very palatable; "always, *par excellence*. How well I remember, the very last ball I ever went to with poor Tom—I was in violet *lisse*, with cowslips—overhearing some man ask, 'Who that lovely little woman in mauve was?' What a rage I was in?"

"And who *was* she?" ask I, with interest.

"*Who was she?*" (reddening). "What stupid questions you do ask, Jemima! *Who was she?* Why *I*, of course."

"Mauve suits everybody, even *me*," say I, peeping over Sylvia's shoulder at my own unusual lilac splendor, "it was well-named the 'refuge of the destitute."

Having discharged this Parthian shaft I turn away. The room is blocked with great imperials, packed and half-packed. A whole haberdasher's shop of finery is surging out of them, and a big white L. S. is on each side of their shiny black lids. L. S. herself sits before the dressing-table, but—difficult as it is to help it—she is not looking at herself in the glass. Her eyes are on the ground and her brows gathered. She is fully dressed, with the exception of the wreath and veil—all dead white—dead white, like the doll on the top of a twelfth-night cake; only that the doll invariably compensates for the colorlessness of her attire by cheeks that outshine the peony, and *Lenore's* cheeks are dead white too. To my mortification, I perceive, that in spite of Worth's gown, and old Mrs. Scrope's Flemish point, my sister is looking as little handsome as a thoroughly good-looking woman ever *can* look. Hardly a touch of pretty red, even on her lips, and a pinched blue look of cold and utter apathy about her face and whole attitude.

"If I am to arrange your wreath," say I, speaking sharply, "we had better begin; there is no use hurrying, and it takes some time to dispose it properly."

She did not move or change her position.

"Will you be good enough," continue I, ironically, "to look round and convince yourself that this is not a funeral?"

Still no answer.

"Lenore" (raising my voice), are you dead? are you dumb? are you cataleptic? For heaven's sake, why do you not say something?"

"What *should* I say?" she answers at length, raising her heavy eyes, and speaking with harsh irritability; "why *should* I speak? I have only *one* hour more of my own now" (glancing with a sort of tremulous shudder toward the clock); "surely I may spend it as I like."

"That is better," rejoin I, not heeding the matter of her speech, but regarding her, with my head on one side, with an artist's eye. "When you speak you look ten per cent. better. I must tell you in confidence that as you sat just now, with your shoulders up to your ears and your nose resting on your knees, you had a near escape of being an anomaly in nature, a plain bride."

No reply.

"For mercy's sake, say something," I cry, crossly; "do not lapse again into that utter silence! Dear me!" (taking the wreath gingerly out of its box) "how beautifully they do make things nowadays! But for the scent, I really think they out-do nature."

The wheels of the first carriage become audible; very faintly, by reason of the snow, but still audible, and Sylvia, after one final glance, shuffle and whisk, swims out of the room. I become absorbed in an artistic agony, as I throw the lace, in a shower of costly flimsiness, over my sister's impassive head, and delicately insinuate the chilly nuptial flowers into their resting place on the top of it.

Carriage after carriage rolls up: doors are opened, steps let down. My curiosity gets the better of me. I leave my nearly finished task, and, running to the window, press my face against the frosted pane.

"The Websters," say I, narratively. "Ha! ha! ha! Old Mrs. Webster in a twin gown to Sylvia; even to the swansdown on the body and tunic! Poor, dear Sylvia! she will never get over it; it will be the death of her."

As I stand there, laughing maliciously, I feel a hand on my shoulder. "What! are *you* come to look at them, too? Take care, they will see you. It shows a little want of imagination in Mrs. James making two dresses pin for pin alike, does not it?"

I turn toward her; but, as soon as I catch a glimpse of her face my mirth dies, and I utter a horrified ejaculation. It is lividly white, and she is gasping.

"Open it wide!" she says, almost inaudibly. "I—I—I am stifling!"

"Good heavens!" cry I, apprehensively and dissuasively, with my usual practical grasp of a subject. "You are not going to faint? Do not!—not till I get you a chair. You are so heavy—I never could hold you up."

As I speak I am struggling with the hasp of the window, which is old, rusty and evidently constructed with a view to never opening except after ten minutes of angry wrestling.

"Quick! quick!" she says, faintly panting, "wider! *wider!*"

But it is too late. As the frozen casement grates slowly on its hinges, her head, with all its smart paraphernalia of lace and flowers, falls back lifeless, and the whole weight of her body, in all the leaden inertness of death's counterfeit, rests in my strained arms. No one knows, until they have tried it, how heavy dead and swooned persons are. I stagger under my sister's weight, and with much difficulty, and many bumps both to her and myself, get her down on the floor, where the little icy airs come and ruffle her useless laces and her soft tossed locks. Then I fly to the bell, open the door, and call mightily down the passage. "Louise!" I cry, "Louise!" as Sylvia's French maid comes floating airily along—not in the least hurrying herself, but rather throwing gallantries over her shoulder, as it were, to a strong valet in in the middle distance. "Louise! Louise! Make haste! Mademoiselle Lenore is so ill! I do not know what has happened to her!—all of a sudden, too! she has fainted, I think; I suppose it *is* a faint, is not it?" (looking nervously in her face) "not anything *worse?*"

Louise gives a little yell, and says "My God!" in her mother tongue, in which flippant language that adjuration does not sound half so solemn. Then we kneel down, one on each side of her, sprinkle water in her face, considerably to the injury of her tucker—pour brandy down her unconscious throat—hold strong smelling-salts to her nostrils—roughly chafe her dead hands—use all the unpleasant asperities, in fact, that are supposed necessary to induce people to come back to that life which, as a rule, they are so loth to quit. But it is all to no purpose: she shows no signs of returning consciousness.

"I do not half like it," I say, looking apprehensively across at my coadjutor, and speaking in an unintentional whisper. "I have not a notion what to do next! Run, Louise, and tell John to go as quickly as he can for Dr. Riley—and—and—I do not like being left here by myself with her—send for Mrs. Prodgers."

"What do you want with me?" cries Sylvia, pettishly, coming fussing in, a minute or two later; evidently in complete ignorance of the errand on which I have sent for her.

"I wish you would not send such mysterious messages. I am so nervous already that I do not know what to do with myself! I declare just now, when Lord Sligo was talking to me, I had no more idea what he was saying——Good God!" (catching sight of Lenore's stiff prostrate white figure), "what has happened? What has she done to herself now?"

"She has fainted," repeat I, briefly, "all of a sudden, before I could look round, and we cannot bring her to."

"Good gracious, how dreadful!" cries Sylvia, kneeling daintily down on the floor too, not however, before she has plucked up her violet velvet skirts. "What does one do when people faint? —put cold keys down their backs—cut

their stay-laces—hold looking-glasses before their mouths—oh no, of course, that is to see whether they are—heavens, Jemima" (her face blanching), "you do not think she is"——

Mrs. Prodgers has an inveterate aversion for pronouncing the little four-lettered word, that, in its plain shortness, expresses the destiny of the nations.

"Nonsense!" cry I, angrily, again seizing the salts, and futilely holding them to her nose.

"Feel whether her heart beats," says Sylvia, looking very white, breathing rather short, and speaking in an awed whisper. "I am afraid to do it myself—I dare not!—you are feeling the wrong side, are not you?—they say it is nearly in the middle."

Complying with these anatomical instructions, I feel. Yes it beats. Life's little hammer is still knocking feebly against its neighbor ribs.

"She will be all right, just now, of course; it is only that we are not used to this sort of things. I never was the least frightened myself," say I, doughtily, but not altogether truly.

"I wish her eyes were *quite* shut," says Sylvia, peering into Lenore's swooned face with the horrified curiosity of a child; "they look so dreadful showing a bit of the pupil."

"The wedding will have to be put off, of course," say I, rising, and walking toward the clock; "half-past eleven now; it is very certain that she will not be well enough to be married before twelve."

"But the *people!*" cries my sister, squatting in a dismayed purple heap on the floor, for the moment utterly oblivious of nervousness, swansdown, or even the aptness of velvet to crease, unless sat upon straight. "They all come; everybody is dressed; most of them are already at the church; the bishop has been there half an hour."

I shake my head. "It cannot be helped."

"And the breakfast!" cries Mrs. Prodgers, as a fresh and worse aspect of the calamity presents itself to her mind. "Of course, the cold things do not matter; they—they will be as good to-morrow or the day after as to-day; but the soups, the *entrées!*"

I stifle a sigh. "There is no good in talking of it," I say, with forced philosophy. "You had better go at once and send them all away; there is no use in keeping them waiting in the cold. Charlie, too" (with an accent of compassion); "poor boy! what a bitter disappointment it will be to him!"

"As to that," says Sophia, with a slight relapse into the preening and pouter-pigeon mood, "I do not suppose that a day's delay will kill him: men are often not sorry for a little reprieve in these cases. I am sure no one can feel more thoroughly upset than I do; if I were to follow my own inclinations I should sit down and have a good cry."

"Do not follow them then," I say brusquely, "or, at least send the guests away *first*, and cry as much as you please afterward."

By the aid of Louise, and with many appeals on her part to the French God, skies and Virgin, I, heavily and with difficulty, lift Lenore on to the bed. Hours have passed, the doctor has come, Sylvia has resumed her black gown and giant rosary, the last carriage has rolled away with snowy wheels, before Lenore lifts the quivering white of her lids, and looks round upon us languidly, one after another. There are only three of us—the elderly doctor, to whom from our earliest infancy we have been in the habit of exhibiting our tongues and pulses, I, who am nobody, and thirdly, a poor young man in a smart blue coat, with a kind, miserable, beautiful face, who has spent the last three hours and a half in clasping and kissing a limp white hand, which, had its owner been possessed of consciousness, would hardly have lain with such passive meekness in his fond grasp. As her eyes open he springs up joyfully to his feet and bends over her. I do the same. With a faint gesture of distaste she turns away from him to me, and speaks in a weak whisper:

"I—I—I—am at home, am I not?"

"*At home?* Yes, to be sure."

"I—I—I am not *married?*"

"No, not yet."

"I am so glad!"

Soon afterward she relapses into unconsciousness. All that day, and most of the following night, she lies like a plucked snowdrop in January's sleety lap, reviving from one swoon only to fall

into another. Toward midnight she grows better and sinks into a natural and healthy sleep.

"I wish you would change your clothes," I say to Charlie, in a whisper, as we stand staring at her with shaded light, "they look such a mockery" (touching the fine blue broadcloth). "Your poor bouquet, too."

"Not a very good omen, is it?" he says, with a melancholy smile, lifting with his finger the drooped and yellowed head of his gardenia. "Bah! who cares for omens? Only old women."

"Only old women," repeat I, mechanically.

"She was not well *last night*," he continues eagerly, "was she? I told you she was not: it accounts for her talking so oddly, does not it? It shows" (peering anxiously into my face) "that she did not *mean* any of the things she said, does not it?"

I say, "Of course," in a constrained voice, and try to turn away.

"Stay," he says, laying his broad hand on my shoulder, "do not go; I want to talk to you. I say she was not quite herself when she woke up first, was she? —did not know what she was saying—*meant* nothing?"

I know that I am lying, but I answer: "Oh dear no! of course not!"

"Was it my fancy?" continues he, with a painful red spreading even to his forehead; "one gets odd notions, and these damned candles" (striking one viciously with his forefinger) "cast such deceptive shadows—but it seemed to me, Jemima, that she turned away from me, as if—as if—she had rather not look at me. Did not she like my being here, do you think? She is so—so—*maidenly;* she thought I ought to have staid outside?"

"Nonsense," say I, shortly. "It is evident that you have never fainted; you do not understand how slow people's wits are in coming back. I do not suppose that she knew you from me, or me from the doctor."

He does not answer. I can hardly expect my logic to be very convincing, seeing that it has not convinced myself.

"Riley is not in the least surprised at this," I say, nodding slightly toward our patient. "When I told him about her not eating and sleeping—it is my belief that she has not closed an eye for the last fortnight—he said that the only wonder was that it had not happened before."

"Jemima," says the young fellow, turning me unceremoniously around so as to face him, while his eyes in their searching truth go through mine like swords, "tell me—I wish to know—what is it that has taken away her sleep and her appetite? Is it *I?*"

It is not, as I am well aware, but I maintain a stupid silence.

"Do not answer me," he says, with a sudden change of mood, pushing me away from him. "I do not want an answer; it was an idiotic question; this fuss and bustle have been too much for her, have not they? and the hard weather has tried her. She will be all right again when once we get quietly off, will not she? Jemima—I say, Jemima—do you think there is a chance of our being able to have it to-morrow?"

I shake my head. "I doubt it."

"The day after, then?" (very wistfully).

I have not the assurance to say "Yes," and I have not the heart to say "No," so I say, "We will see."

CHAPTER XIX.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

ALL the next day Lenore lies in bed, weak and white—it does not take much to pull her down—and, for the most part, silent. She asks for no one; expresses neither regrets nor self-congratulations on the subject of her deferred wedding—lies with her face, gentle and innocent as any saintly martyr's—what falsehoods faces do tell!—on the pillow, crowned by a bright brown glory of hair —an aureole given her by nature, not martyrdom. She is not ill, neither well; very still, and only turning restive under doses of brandied beef-tea, repeated *ad nauseam.* There are few of the minor diseases that are worse than beef-tea and brandy. The following day passes in much the same way; but on the third morning Jemima enters cheerfully:

"Riley says you may get up."

The communication does not seem to afford much satisfaction to the person to whom it is addressed. She turns her face away with a pettish jerk and hides it in the pillow.

"He says you may dress and come down as soon as you like."

"*As soon as I like?*" repeats Lenore ironically; "that would be a long time off. Why may not I stay here?"—(stretching out her arms lazily). "I am happy. I like to lie here all day long; the noises of the house seem so far off, and your footsteps outside sound so gently. I like to listen to the clocks one after another, and count them as they strike. I feel nothing—I think of nothing. I have not been so happy for years."

"He says that staying in bed is very weakening."

"Then I like being weakened."

"Nonsense! Please talk like a rational being."

Never was toilet more slowly made than Lenore's—partly from weakness—for her illness, though brief, has told upon her; partly from a deep and innate unwillingness to return to the well and work-a-day world. At length there is no evading the fact that she is fully dressed; not only fully dressed, but established in an arm-chair before Sylvia's boudoir fire: a banner screen between her face and the flame; novels, work-boxes, point lace, a pug—everything that is necessary to make a rational woman's happiness—within easy reach of her hands. There is one other addition, without which, many rational women think happiness incomplete—a lover; and even he is not far off.

As a man's heavy step sounds muffled along the carpeted passage, as a man's fingers close on the door-handle, Lenore turns her head resolutely to the other side—like a child averting its face from the inevitable rhubarb and magnesia—and rests her cheek on the back of her chair.

He enters softly, and afraid even of breathing over-noisily, imagining she is asleep, stoops his waived gold head over her. He is soon undeceived.

"I wish," she says, in a most wide-awake voice, opening her beautiful petulant eyes, full upon him, "that you would not come creeping in, in that creakily tiptoe way; nothing in the world fidgets me so much."

He starts upright again in a hurry.

"It was a stupid trick," he says humbly, and then stops suddenly, afraid of rousing livelier wrath by further speech. As for her, she rolls her pettish head from side to side, and affects not to see him. He grows tired at last, of standing with his back to the mantel-shelf, silent, and says, with eager tenderderness but in a rather frightened voice:

"You are better?"

"Yes, I am better," she answers quickly; "at least, so they say; but I am still far from well—very far; it will be long enough before I am strong again, and—and—and—up to anything."

"Riley says that there is nothing like—like *change of air*" (reddening guiltily).

"Riley is an old woman" (reddening too).

"Lenore!" throwing himself down on his knees, on the rug beside her, and in so doing, giving an unconscious buffet to the pug's black face, who forthwith departs howling, unheeded, and with his tail uncurled. "Lenore! why need we have half the county to see us married? Why need we put on smart clothes? Why cannot you come quietly to church with me to-morrow, in your common bonnet and shawl" (Scrope is unaware that shawls are, for the moment, extinct,) "with only the clerk to say 'Amen?'"

"Where is the hurry?" she asks, tapping her foot impatiently on the fender. "You talk as if we were two old people, each with a leg in the grave. Supposing that we put it off for a year, we should still probably have fifty to gape opposite each other in."

"Even if we were sure of the fifty," he says gently, "I should still grudge the one; can one be *too long* happy?"

"I never heard any one complain of being so."

"Do you like sickly women?" she says abruptly, apparently half softened by his tone, and looking amicably at him. "I think I am radically sick—see how half a day has pulled me down—my elbows stick out like promontories" (pulling up her sleeve to show one)—"if you married me you would have to be always *cosseting* me—trundling me about in a bath chair, and measuring out physic in a spoon for me."

He is about to burst into a storm of

protestations, but she interrupts him.

"Do you know what Jemima said, that day, when I told her I was going to marry you?"

"No."

"Well, she said it was *indecently* soon."

"I do not see what business it was of Jemima's," says the young man, looking rather surly.

"Neither do I; but all the same it is true—*indecently* soon—that is the very word that expresses it." As she speaks, her face becomes spread with a hot blush, and his own is not slow to repeat it in deeper colors of manhood.

"What does this mean," he asks, rising to his feet, while a look of utter fear makes the red in his cheeks give way. "What is this the preface to? Is it *indecently* sooner than it was yesterday, or the day before, or the day before that?"

"Do not be angry," she says deprecatingly, stretching out her hand on which his own diamonds are flashing. "You know you are always reasonable—you always mind what I say, even when it is not reasonable; that is why I like you."

There is something of the turkey-cock about every woman; gobbling and swelling if a man is frightened and runs; small and silent if he stands still and cries "Shoo!" It is his turn now; there is no use in gobbling at him; he affects not to see her hand, and only says briefly, "Go on."

"You know," she says, sitting upright in her chair and straining her neck backward, so that her eyes may attain his face and watch it, "that I proposed to you—it is not a sort of thing that a man would be likely to forget. I try to think of it as little as possible, but it is true; and you accepted me;—I suppose" (laughing awkwardly) "that you could not well have been so uncivil as to do otherwise."

"Go on."

"Well" (fidgeting uneasily), "I mean to marry you still—*fully*—but—but it must be—not just yet—not now; a year—six months hence, perhaps—instead."

Unwilling to witness the effect of her words, she has dropped her eyes at the last clause; but as the moments pass, and no sound comes, save that of a cinder falling from the grate, she looks up again.

"Have you no tongue?" she says irritably; "are you *never* going to speak?"

"*A year hence?*" he says in a low voice, turning a face, white as the face of the uncolored dead, toward her. "That means *never*. Thank you for leading me so gently up to it. Do you think I do not see what you are aiming at? Do you think I have not watched it coming during the last fortnight? I have prayed not to see" (striking his hands together). "I have entreated God to let me be blind always. Good God!" (flinging his arms down on the chimney-piece, and hiding his face on them), "how do men bear these things? Who can teach me?"

"Bear what?" she cries, rising hastily to her feet and putting her hands on his coat-sleeve. "What are you talking about? What is there to bear?"

"So you have been tricking me all this time, have you?" he says, raising his ruffled head and looking deliberately at her, with a resentful calm in face and voice. "At least, it can hardly be called trickery; it was so lamely done, a child might have seen through the deception."

Silence.

"Of course you know best" (in the same polite, cold tone); "but would it not have been simpler, and come to much the same thing in the end, to have left me alone in the first instance?"

Left him alone! The very question, in almost the same words, that Paul had once asked.

"I had gone clean away," he continues, in the same repressed and sedulously quiet voice. "Your polite speeches had effectually rid you of me. A man would not willingly listen *twice* to some of the compliments you paid me at that ball. I had no intention of coming back; why did you send for me?"

Still no answer, no attempted defense.

"I can at least" (with a bitter smile, that sits ill on his fair smooth face), "pay you the compliment of saying that you are not a *good* liar. You are not apt at the trade; you bungle. Every day, and fifty times a day, your *mouth* has said to me, 'I like you—you are a good fellow—we shall be happy together;' and every day, and fifty times a day, your eyes and every movement of your

body have said, 'I *loathe* you. I can hardly bring myself to speak civilly to you."

Still silence.

"Did it ever occur to you" (taking her by both slender wrists) "to make a rough calculation how many falsehoods you have told me during this last month?"

"Stop!" she cries, wrenching away her hands from his grasp, which has more of the gaoler than the lover in it. "Stop! you are very bitter to me—very. I can hardly believe that it is you; but you speak truth. I *have* told you many, many lies, but at least I have told them to myself too. I have said them over and over again, in the hope that they would come true at last."

He smiles a dry smile of utter incredulity.

"That was very probable."

"You do not believe me?" she says passionately. "Well, *I take God to witness*—you will hardly disbelieve me now—that ever since that day in the library, when I thrust myself so immodestly on you" (she is crimsoner than any closed daisy's petals at the words), "I have longed and striven with all my heart and soul and strength to—to—care for you—as—as—you wish to be cared for."

"Well?"

"I have said over and over to myself all your good qualities, like a lesson. I have tried" (her face contracts with an agony of shame) "to wrench away all the love I ever had to give from—the—the person who once had it, and to give it to you instead."

"Well?"

"Sometimes, when I was away from you, I thought I had succeeded; but when you came near me, when you touched me, good and kind and handsome as you are——"

She stops abruptly.

"Go" on, he says, in a hoarse whisper. "Do not let any consideration for my feelings stop you; it would not be *you* if you did—*good and kind and handsome as I am*" (ironically repeating her words).

"It was too soon—too soon," she cries, clasping her hands in deep excitement, while the large scalding tears drop hotly over her cheeks. "Jemima was right, it was *indecently* soon. In the grief and shame of being so treated, I wonder, Charlie" (smiling painfully) "that you are so anxious to marry a *jilted* woman. I thought I could forget all in a minute, but I cannot; nobody could. If I were to go away to-day, and throw you over for ever, could *you* forget *me* all in a minute?"

"I would try my best," he says, with a fierce white smile. "Perhaps it would be more correct to say, 'I *will* try my best.'"

"Do you think I do not *wish* to forget?" she says, taking his hand of her own accord, while her wet eyes gaze wistfully upward, into the deep angry blue of his. "Do you think I remember *on purpose?* Does one *enjoy* not sleeping, and not eating, and being in miserable, uneasy pain all day and all night?"

He keeps silence.

"I am no great prize at the best of times," she says, half sobbing. "My sisters—all my people—will tell you that; but what sort of woman should I have been if I could have jumped straight out of one man's arms into another's, quite easily and comfortably, without feeling any shame? It was bad enough to be able to do it at all. Oh, Charlie! Charlie! knowing what you did about me, how could you think me worth taking? How could you take me?"

"*How could I take you?*" he says, with a harsh, low laugh, as unlike the jocund sound of his usual boyish mirth as possible. "Do not you know that when a man is *starving* he is not particular as to having a *whole* loaf? He says 'thank you' even for *crumbs*. I tell you, Lenore, that morning in Ireland, when I got your note, I had as little hope of ever holding you in my arms as my wife, as I had of holding one of God's angels. When I found that there was a chance of my so holding you, judge whether I was likely to throw it away."

He has put one of his hands on each of her shoulders, and stands gazing steadfastly at her with a bitter yearning in his eyes.

"I knew that your *soul* was out of my reach," he continues sadly; "that I should get only your body, and even *that* shrank away from me. Shall I ever forget those first two kisses that you gave me—that I *made* you give me? They were colder than ice."

A little pause. The fire-flame quivers and talks to itself; the pug plucks up heart again, and, returning, lies down, with his nose resting on his bowed fore-legs.

"I suppose it is all for the best," says Scrope, presently, with a forced smile; "at least it is as well to say so, is not it? I was so idiotically fond of you that, if you had been decently civil to me, I suppose I should have been happier than any man can be and live." No answer. "Do you know," he resumes, in a tone of deep and somber excitement, "what has kept me up all this month, what has hindered me from cutting my own throat or yours—it was a toss-up which—what has made me smile and seem pleased at words that *bit* and looks that *stung?* Well, I will tell you—listen, and laugh if it amuses you; it is true, all the same. I *knew*" (lifting his hands from her shoulders, and framing her drooped face with them,) "I *knew* that, if once I could get you all to myself, I could *make* you love me; you would do your best to thwart and hinder me, but I could *make* you. Lenore, I know it still."

"Do you?" she says sadly, "I wish you could; but I doubt it."

"Tell me," cries the young fellow, emboldened by her gentleness to take her once more in his arms as if she were his own, "it will do me no good to hear—be tantalizing, rather—but still I think it would ease my pain a little; tell me, if you had met me *first*—met me before you came across *him*—do you think you could have liked me a little *then?* Say 'yes,' if you can, Lenore!" (with a suffering accent of entreaty).

"How do I know?" she says sharply, for once not shrinking from his contact—not struggling in his embrace, but rather coldly taking it for granted. "What is the good of looking back? It seems to me now, that if I had not met *him* I should have gone on always, as I had gone on before, laughing and amusing myself, and being happy in my way, and not loving anybody *much*. I never was one to fall in love *easily*—never!"—(drawing herself up with a little movement of pride).

"You fell in love with him easily enough," says Scrope, roughly.

"Yes," she answers, almost humbly, though her face flames, "you are right, so I did; it was a boast I had no right to make."

"What on earth made you do it?"

"How can I tell? Perversity, I think; I always was perverse from a child; they said I should pay for it, sooner or later. I think I have now, have not I?" (smiling drearily). A moment's pause. "Other people cared for me of their own accord," she continues, sighing; "as for him, almost every word I said *grated* upon him; I had to fight and battle even for his toleration."

"And *that pleased* you?"

"Does one ever care for the things that one can stretch out one's hand and take?" she asks, bitterly. "I do not, neither do you—that is evident, or you would not be here." After a little pause: "He thought very meanly of me from the first—very. He almost told me so in so many words, and I—I—well—I only meant to make him alter his mind; that was how it began. "Bah!" (breaking off suddenly, with a tempest of angry pain in her voice), "what does it matter how it began? Is not it enough that it *did* begin, that it went on, and that now it is *ended?*"

At the last word her raised voice sinks down, and dies in a sob. His hold upon her grows lax, he gives a long sigh of astonished, indignant grief.

"If that was the way to your heart," he says with a sort of scorn, "no wonder I missed it." Silence. "Merciful heavens!" cries the young man, smiting his hands together in a sort of wondering frenzy, "did you ever hear the like? Must one hold you cheap, and have the ill manners to tell you so; must one cut you to the heart with frosty looks and words that *stab* like your own; must one love you tardily and leave you readily, before you will give one your affection? If so, Lenore, I tell you candidly that—stark staring mad about you as I have been for the last six months—I tell you candidly that I had rather be without it."

"You are right," she says coldly; "it is not worth having. After all, you agree with him; *he* thought it was not worth having, and so threw it away."

The moments flash past; the little moments, that tarry not to listen to brisk

wedding chimes, or the slow passing-bell. The two young people still stand opposite one another, each buried in thoughts, whereof it would be hard to say whose share was the bitterer. Scrope is the first to break the silence that has fallen on them.

"Tell me, Lenore," he says, breaking out into impetuous speech, "you have said so many disagreeable things to me in your time that *one* more will not matter; yes, tell me—I will promise not to burst out into violence, I will even try to look *pleased*" (smiling sardonically)—"is there—is there—any talk of *his* coming back? Have you any hope of it, that you are getting rid of me so quickly, all of a sudden?"

"What do you mean?" she says harshly, with a shrinking shiver, as if one had torn open a great gaping wound in her tender body. "Do you think that if I had had any hope I should have sent for *you?* He is not one to speak lightly, to say one thing to-day and one to-morrow; I should wear out my ears with listening before I heard the wheels of his carriage coming back. No, no!" (with a low sobbing sigh) "I have no hope! It is humiliating to speak of hope in such a case, is not it? I suppose I should not, if I had any spirit."

"If you have really done with him *forever*, then," says the young man, in a voice which is still half doubting, "Lenore—I do not want to be glad at what makes you sorry; but how can I help it?—then, for God's sake, come to me; what is there to stand between us? I *know* I can make you forget him; even to-day—perhaps you will laugh at me for saying so—you seem to hate me a shade less than you did. Oh, beloved! out of the great harvest of love that you lavished on him—him who did not take it, who hardly stooped to pick it up, who tossed it carelessly back to you—have not you saved *one grain* for me, who have been hungry and famished so long?"

There are tears in his shaken voice, though none in his eyes; and indeed a man who *weeps* in wooing mostly damns himself. In a hairy blubbered face there must always be less of the moving than the ridiculous.

"Say 'yes,'" he cries, with a passionate agony of pleading, twining both his arms once more about her. "I will hold you here until you say it. I will let no sound but 'yes' pass those lips that has never yet given me a kind word or a kiss worth the taking."

"What am to say 'yes' to?" she asks, holding aloof from him, as much as may be, with the old gesture of shrinking distaste. "Am I to say that I will marry you? Well, I said that a month ago; that is settled. Why must we go over all the old story again?"

"But *do* we mean the same thing!" asks Scrope, with distrustful vehemence. "That is the question. Will you marry me *now—at once*, without any senseless, causeless delay?"

She has drawn herself away from him, and now turns, and walking to the window, looks blankly out on the drear, white, snow world—on the long sharp icicles hanging from the leaves.

"Speak," he says, his voice sharpened and roughened, following her to the other side of the room. "I am waiting—I will wait on you as long as you please; but if I keep you here to the Judgment Day I will not go unanswered! Will you marry me *to-morrow?*—great heavens! if it had not been for this unhappy *contretemps*, by to-morrow you would have been four days my wife!—or will you not?"

She is trembling all over, and her cold white face is twitched with pain and wet with unwiped tears.

"Not *to-morrow!*" she says, with an involuntary shudder; "not so soon—not quite so soon. Let me have time to draw my breath! I am not well; as I live I am not well. See how thin I have grown" (holding out a hand, on which the wandering veins and the small bones indicate their places more clearly than they did last year). "I, who" (smiling) "used to be so afraid of growing too fat! I do not think I need be afraid of that now, need I? Let me get quite well—quite strong first. I shall be better worth your taking then."

"Lenore!" cries the young man, seizing her by the arm, in an excess of sudden and uncontrollable passion, "did you ever in all your life think of any one but yourself?" What business have you to spoil my life for me? What business have you to make me a laughing-stock for everybody?—tell me that?"

"I have no business — none," she answers, drooping her long neck and sobbing.

"Will you marry me *to-morrow*, Lenore?" (speaking with the stern quiet of self-constraint).

"Not to-morrow—not to-morrow," she answers wildly, turning her head restlessly from side to side. "I meant really to have married you on Tuesday—you cannot doubt that? Had I not my wedding-dress on? But see how ill the thought has made me. Give me six months. In six months I shall get used to the idea; perhaps I shall get the better of my temper. Six months is a long time; things that happened six months ago seem a long way off" (her eyes straying dreamily out to the still white trees and the square church tower).

"I see how it is," he says fiercely; "I have been very patient with you, and you think I shall be patient always. You are mistaken; I am sick of patience; I have done with it. I will marry you *now* or *never*."

At his words, her swimming eyes flash, and the wet carnation flowers hotly on her cheeks.

"Do you wish," she cries, violently, "for a wife who hates your touch?—who dreads being left alone with you?—who never hears your footstep without longing to fly out of sight—out of earshot of you? If you do, you have odd taste!"

He clenches his hands, and his teeth close hard on his under lip, but he does not trust himself to speak.

"Is not it my own interest to be fond of you—to marry you?" she continues, in strong excitement. "Are not you rich and prosperous? and have not I all my life been in love with ease and wealth and pleasure? Is it from choice that I wake all night? I am sick of being unhappy, and fretting, and hating everybody. God knows I would be happy if I could! Be patient a little longer—only a little."

But he only answers—"*Now* or *never*."

"Well, then, it must be *never!*" she answers, vehemently—"there—you have said it yourself; it is *your* doing, not mine. It is *you* have thrown *me* over—not *I* you."

"Very well," he answers, in a husky whisper, hastily averting his face, to hinder her from seeing the havoc that despair is working on its beauty; "you are right; it shall be *never!*"

Utter silence for a space: silence as deep as if they had been dead.

"Lenore," he says at length, turning toward her for the last time his clay-white face and the indignant agony of his eyes, "you make one say ugly things to you. Were you ever anything but a curse to any one that you had to do with? You have cursed full six months of my life, but you shall curse no more of it: I *will* do without you. There is no lesson so hard that one cannot learn it in time, and I will."

She is silent.

"Even for a good woman, who had loved one, and whom one had lost by death, one would not mourn forever," he continues, in the same rough unsteady whisper; "how much less for you, who have never given me anything but unlady-like insults—unwomanly gibes! Good-bye, Lenore! Yes, good-bye! But before I go, give me one kiss—one *real* kiss. Since they were to have been *all* mine, spare me one."

So speaking he stoops, and for an instant lays his lips upon her unwilling mouth. Then he goes. Thus she is rid of *all* her lovers.

London Society.

A SPRING CAPRICE.

CAME your merry laughter falling,
  Musically on mine ear,
As from birds in Spring days calling
  To their loves, the carols clear;
Came your sweet low laughter pealing
  Through the sad grove of my mind,
As between sere breach-leaves stealing
  Blows the gentle evening wind.

Came the richness of your laughter
  As a song, that, brought again,
In the mournful days hereafter,
  Bids the dry heart melt in rain;
Came its tones, such music making
  As when, ranked in merry band,
Curl the crisp waves lightly breaking
  On the dull and sullen sand.

Came its liquid murmur clearly
  As a fountain's music sweet,
That, in the parched desert, dearly
  Doth the tir'd traveler greet;
Came its cadence lightly speeding
  O'er my heart's waste, silent ground,
As Eve's silver laugh from Eden
  To the bare, blank world around!

Belgravia.

SOME CURIOUS OLD CUSTOMS.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

It would form a most interesting work, if some learned antiquary would collect for us, into a tangible form, the curious old customs of this our island; the only objection to such work would be, that it would extend to so many volumes, that the space of an ordinary life-time would scarcely suffice for their perusal.

Even in London, which nowadays gives itself entirely to the prosaic business of money-making, we still retain some curious, not to say ridiculous customs. Many more have of necessity become obsolete, but sufficient yet remain to show that "use" really becomes "second nature" to such an extent, that any custom once established—no matter how absurd and ridiculous—may retain its hold on the people for centuries.

The University of Oxford (which is perhaps, take it for all in all, the most *conservative* spot on the face of the habitable globe) has many most curious old customs, established centuries ago, and to which the glorious weather-beaten city clings with praiseworthy tenacity. Queen's College (founded in 1340 by Robert Eglesfield, confessor to Queen Philippa, consort of Edward III.) has two or three of these ancient customs. Everybody likely to read these pages has heard of the ceremony of bringing in the boar's head on Christmas day at this college, whilst a carol, partly in English, partly in Latin, is sung. It is not therefore necessary for us to give a detailed account of that ceremony, or to quote that oft-repeated carol. But there is another yet more curious custom practiced at this college on New Year's day, of which perhaps many of our readers have not heard. This it is. On that day the bursar of the college (the gentleman appointed to receive and *disburse* payments) presents to every member of it a threaded needle, saying, "Take this, and use thrift." The words, "aiguille et fil"—needle and thread—form a sort of pun on the name of the founder of the college, Eglesfield.

University College, which claims to be the oldest in Oxford, and to have been founded by Alfred the Great (although Merton is the college that can produce the oldest title deeds), has a very curious custom. This is called "chopping the tree," and the performance of it is as follows. On Easter Sunday the cook of the college adorns a small tree, or a good-sized bough of a large one, with wreaths and flowers, and places it in or near the buttery. The members of the college all dine in the hall, according to the University custom. After dinner, each member, from the master of the college down to the youngest undergraduate present, as he leaves the hall chops at the tree with a small ax placed there for the purpose. Then comes the gist of the whole business: the cook (all the college cooks are men-cooks) stands by with a plate in his hand, into which every member of the college, after he has had his "chop" at the tree, drops a fee. This fee is, for the head of the college (termed "master"), half a guinea; for the fellows, five shillings each; and for the undergraduates, half-a-crown. The custom must be a truly delightful one for the cook, and probably was originally instituted to furnish an adequate income for that important functionary; just as at Eton it was once the custom to collect a sum of money termed 'salt,' to defray the expenses of the captain of the school when he went up to the University. Oxford cooks, it may be remarked, are important personages, receive large salaries and perquisites, and very often acquire comfortable fortunes.

The college of All Souls has a quaint custom called "hunting the mallard." It is said that, when the college was originally founded (in 1437 by Henry Chichele, Bishop of St. Davids, and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury), the workmen, in digging for the foundations, unearthed from a drain a splendid mallard. This was caught, roasted, and eaten (not much amongst so many), and was seized upon as the pretext for instituting a college "custom." Accordingly

on the fourteenth of January, which is the foundation day, the cook procures the largest and finest mallard to be had for money, and when it is introduced a song is sung, the burden of which is:

"O swapping, swapping mallard."

Magdalen College (founded in 1456 by William of Waynfleet, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord High Chancellor) has a far more pleasing and picturesque custom. On the first of May, at four o'clock in the morning, the choristers of that society (sixteen in number) ascend the splendid tower of the college, and there usher in May-day with songs, to the great delight of all who assemble to hear them. As we have listened to this performance ourselves in our under-graduate days, we can speak from experience as to the pleasing effect of the "ring" of the pure boyish voices on the soft morning air.

We may perhaps state here, that it was formerly a custom in Oxford, when the sovereign paid a visit to the university, for the students to perform a play, for his or her pleasure. Thus we hear that Elizabeth was entertained in 1566, with *Progne*, a Latin tragedy; a comedy (the name of which we cannot call to mind); and a part of *Palamon and Arcite*. It is recorded of the performance of *Progne*, that "it liked her majesty not at all;" but she was so pleased with the performance of one of the scholars, who played a female part in some other piece, that she "did especially commend him for his virginal modesty and simplicity," and that she made him a present of eight guineas, a largish sum in those days. James I. (although that pedantic king set up for a learned man), we are told, did not like this fashion of performing plays at all; on the contrary, he *went to sleep* during the performance. As for his queen, it is recorded that she "waxed exceeding wrath" at what she thought the indelicacy of the dresses of the performers. When Elizabeth visited Cambridge, the sister university, she was entertained with the *Aulularia* of Plautus, performed in the chapel of King's College (which we should now think an act of desecration), and a play called *Dido*. She listened to these with much seeming attention; but whatever she thought of their performance (and she herself, as a most erudite scholar, was well competent to judge), she was so well pleased with her reception by the university, that it was said: "If provision of ale and beer for the retinue could have been made, she would have staid some days longer, so well was she content." She personally, at the request of the Chancellor, addressed the students in a Latin oration, which surprised and pleased everybody by its unstudied elegance and its grammatical correctness. And here, lest we (as King James said of the University plays) should become "diffuse and tedious," we will refrain from the temptation of extending this short paper.

Belgravia.

MY GRANDFATHER'S GHOST STORY.

I HAVE frequently heard the following marvelous story related by my grandfather as an actual episode in his life. I will give it, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words, leaving each reader to form his own opinion upon the incidents, without any commentary upon my part, further than the statement, that my grandfather was a man whose veracity I had never any reason to doubt.

It was during a summer vacation that I met Karl Körner. I was reading hard for my degree; for having been somewhat idle and dissipated during the term, I found it necessary to spend what should have been my holiday among my books. For this purpose I pitched my tent at Bucksleigh, an ancient and romantic village in the New Forest. I was guided by several considerations in my choice of locality: first, it was a reasonable distance, even in those days, from London and Oxford; secondly, I was bitten about that time by an entomological mania, and here was the spot of all others for rare moths and butterflies; thirdly, a de-

lightful and salubrious climate; and fourthly, not far away, near Stoney Cross, was the family seat of some college chums, whither, if books and butterflies became too monotonous, I could flee for a day or two's relaxation. These friends had very much pressed me to take up my abode wholly with them; but had I done so, I might as well have left Greek and Latin behind me, for all the use I should have made of them there; so I prudently declined, with the compromise I have mentioned.

The house I lodged in was at least as old as the Tudor days—pointed roof, overhanging stories, latticed windows, painted beams, dark oak staircases, paneled rooms, carved fireplaces, etc. It belonged to a family who had resided abroad for several years, and was let, during the summer months, in apartments to visitors. I had but one fellow-lodger when I first came to Bucksleigh, Karl Körner, a German, who, with his servant and the old woman who looked after the house, was, beside myself, its only inhabitant. From the first he curiously impressed me. In appearance he was the very beau-ideal of the mysterious German of romance. Long fair hair, blue eyes deeply sunken, pale hollow cheeks, a moody demeanor, and tall powerful figure—he might have been Charles Moor himself. In his habits he was reserved to moroseness. He had a weird way of talking to himself, and a strange trick of almost every moment casting sharp fearful glances over his shoulder, as though he fancied some unpleasant object were behind him. No one was suffered to enter his apartments save his own servant, a dark saturnine-looking man, as mysterious as himself. I questioned Mrs. Adams, the housekeeper, as to who he was. But she was as much in the dark, and far more curious than myself respecting him. About two months before his arrival she had received a letter from her master, who was then residing in Germany, to say that a foreign gentleman would, in the course of a few weeks, arrive at Bucksleigh. The choice of apartments was to be given him; she was, in all respects, to attend to his wishes, and, above all, was to ask no questions. The time of his sojourn was uncertain; he might leave at any moment. This was all the information she possessed.

There was something about Körner that attracted, and yet repulsed me. The mystery that excited my curiosity may be ascribed to the first feeling; the dark sinister expression that sometimes mingled with the gloom upon his face to the second. I frequently saw him wandering about in the forest during my entomological rambles; but both in and out of the house he avoided an actual meeting.

We had been fellow-lodgers about a fortnight, when, without having previously exchanged a greeting, we became suddenly acquainted. It happened in this way. I had been out in the forest all the morning butterfly-hunting, and having captured in my net a splendid red admiral, two peacocks, and some smaller fry, I was lying basking in the shadow of a huge beech, gloating over my prey, when, happening to look up, I saw the German leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon me. I had not heard his footfall upon the soft turf, and his sudden appearance quite startled me. Without a word of introduction, he threw himself upon the grass, and entered into conversation as freely as though we had been old acquaintances. He spoke English fluently, although with a strong foreign accent. I found him to be a man of highly-cultivated mind. Our topics were Greek, Latin, poetry, entomology, scenery; and upon all his remarks were equally just and full of knowledge. He grew warm and eloquent, his cheeks flushed, his eye brightened, the whole man was transformed. Suddenly, without any warning, in the very midst of a speech, he stopped, the color died out of his face, leaving a ghastly pallor in its place, while his eyes, full of horror, stared wildly upon vacancy. The change was so instantaneous, that for a moment I was struck as speechless as himself, my eyes instinctively following the direction of his. I could see nothing but the waving branches of the trees and the bright sunlight. Before I had recovered my self-possession sufficiently to speak, he sprang to his feet and hurried away; as the trees hid him from my sight, I saw him cast the old fearful look over his shoulder.

There was something about the incident that, in spite of the bright sunshine, gave me a strange superstitious feeling. After a long cogitation, I could come to only one conclusion, that the German was mad, and that the saturnine servant was his keeper.

A week passed away, and I saw no more of Körner, beyond a fleeting glance, as he passed by my window on his way to the forest. In the mean time I had a visit from my college chums of a few miles off, to whom I related my German experiences, and thereby inflamed their imaginations with the most outrageous ideas. He was one of Schiller's robbers: Mephistopheles, a Werter, the wild huntsman, Salathiel, a banished count, and I know not what. Ensconced behind my window-curtains, they waited his passing to catch a glimpse of him, and the sight of his strange gloomy face made them almost seriously incline to those ideas that had been but jests before. The object of their visit was to induce me to go with them to a ball that was to come off in a fortnight at Southampton. But I heroically resisted all entreaties; so they left me to my studies in disgust.

Great was my surprise one evening, just as the twilight was closing in, at receiving this message from Mrs. Adams—"Would Mr. Serle honor Mr. Körner by his company, and sup with him that evening?" The old lady was all in a flutter, as she spoke the words. We exchanged looks. My curiosity was aroused to see the sanctorum that none had beheld, and I instantly accepted.

When I entered the room, I felt almost surprised to find that there was nothing peculiar in it, except that it was peculiarly comfortable. Although the weather was warm, a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and three large lamps illumined every part of the large somber room.

"I like plenty of light," he said, after cordially greeting me; "I hate dark corners."

So it seemed, I thought. Our conversation turned upon German literature, which the translations of Scott, Coleridge, and others, and the imitations of a host of English writers, was bringing into fashion. His mind was deeply impregnated with its mystic and metaphysical character. I found him to be a profound believer in the wildest dreams of the Rosicrucian and the demonologist. Our conversation had naturally, although almost imperceptibly, drifted into this channel, and I could not help remarking the strange forced manner in which he spoke upon the subject, as though compelled to talk of it by some occult power against his will. I ventured to be skeptical, and shall never forget the look with which he turned on me.

"Your philosophy," he said bitterly, "rejects all things that do not come within the scope of its narrow reasonings, regardless of the fact, that every object that exists contains within itself unsolvable mysteries. Of the nature of our own souls, of their condition or destination, after they are freed from their bodies, we know nothing. Can we conceive eternity? can we conceive illimitable space? Space before matter? the principles of our own being? We know these things are, but we cannot bring them within the petty circle of our reason. In the face of these mighty mysteries, and of the yet mightier mysteries of the Christian faith, how dare man arrogantly assert that aught *cannot* be? One of your poets says, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Wisdom is usually purchased at a bitter cost."

There was something in his manner that deeply impressed me, and I would have continued the conversation, but he skillfully changed the subject, and we were soon deep in the discussion of the comparative merits of ancient and modern literature. In this agreeable discourse, aided by an excellent supper, some equally good wine and cigars, time glided on almost imperceptibly.

It was just upon the stroke of twelve when I wished him good-night. As I opened the door, I fancied I heard a sound like the rustling of a woman's dress. Thinking it was Mrs. Adams, who was the only female in the house, coming up to speak to me, I turned my head; but there was no one upon the landing or on the staircase. The sound passed me, and there was a flutter in the air, as though it was disturbed by some moving body. Following its supposed direction, my eyes fell upon Körner. In a few seconds a ghastly change had fallen

upon him. His face was deadly pale, his eyes fixed with a look of horror, his hands convulsively clutching the arms of the chair upon which he sat. I was advancing to him, thinking he was ill, when a hand laid upon my shoulder held me back. I turned, and saw the German servant, who by word and gesture requested my absence. The next moment I found myself outside the door and heard the key turned in the lock.

A week elapsed, during which Körner and I never once met. I had been hard at my books, had completely shaken off my late superstitious terrors, retaken to skepticism, and had thoroughly made up my mind that the German was the victim of some painful disease, of which I had witnessed the paroxysms.

It was the night of the ball, which I have before mentioned. I had had a letter from my friends that morning, as a last persuader, to meet them at Southampton, and accompany them to the ball. But I heeded not the voice of the charmer, and was further strengthened in my virtuous resolution by the weather, which, uncertain for several days past, toward the evening in question assumed a most savage aspect: the rain descended in torrents, the wind blew a hurricane, and there were distant mutterings in the air that portended a thunder-storm. As I looked round my gloomy room, in the fading light, I could not help picturing with a sigh the brilliant ball-room at Southampton.

While thus meditating, there was a knock at my door. Before I could answer it, Körner stood before me. Even in the twilight I could preceive that his air was excited with a kind of forced gaiety.

"How horribly dull you are here!" he cried. "Come up to my room; I have a cheerful fire and plenty of light, a bottle of good wine, an irreproachable cigar, and Mrs. Adams is preparing an appetizing little supper."

Now, after my one experience, I did not much care about passing the evening with Körner, so I began a polite apology about the necessity of study. But he impatiently interrupted me:

"Pshaw, man! it is the last opportunity you will have of refusing me."

"Are you going to leave us then?" I inquired.

"Yes; my release is at hand, and I wish you to join me in celebrating it."

"Your release!" I reiterated.

"Yes; but we will not talk of it to-night; you will hear all about it to-morrow," he answered lightly.

After that I could not refuse his invitation.

There was a strangeness in his manner that I could not understand, which impressed me disagreeably. He was as gay as a Frenchman; he laughed, told anecdotes and doubtful adventures, sang German student songs, and was so unlike himself, as I had previously known him, that at times I had serious doubts whether I was waking or dreaming.

"I astonish you," he cried. "I have cast aside what you call the blue devils for to-night, and, as Shakespeare says, 'Richard's himself again:' what I was in my old student days, the merriest fellow within the walls of Bonn."

But I did not like his merriment—it was to me far more depressing than his gloom. I drank his hock, I smoked his cigars, and I laughed at his stories; but I felt all the time like one oppressed by a nightmare, and would have been delighted to have found an excuse to get down quietly to my room.

In the meantime the storm was raging violently, the rain dashing in sheets against the windows, and we could hear the crash and moan of the forest as the wind rushed through the trees; and the thunder, nearing, though still distant, rolled sullenly through the air.

"A pleasant night for a journey!" he cried, in the light jesting tone he had assumed throughout the evening.

"You are not going a journey to-night?" I said.

"No; but Fritz has gone. I shall not start upon my journey till to-morrow morning—a far longer one than Fritz's."

I shuddered, I knew not why.

"Now, my friend, it is time that we separate," he said suddenly, rising, and holding out his hand.

The intimation was sudden, and not strictly polite; but I took the hint with the most cheerful alacrity.

"Pardon my abruptness, but I must now prepare for my journey."

An odd time, I thought, to begin preparations for a journey. As I wished him good-night, I heard the rustling as of a woman's dress behind me, felt a movement in the air, and the sensation of a passing body, just as on my previous visit, and on Körner's face fell the same ghastly look. My nervous system was highly wrought, whether by the shadow of coming events, or by the electricity of the atmosphere, I know not; and without another word I hurried out of the room. As before, I had heard the key turned in the lock; but, as before, I did not hurry down to my own room, for my limbs trembled so violently, and my head felt so dizzy, that I was obliged to lean against the wall for a moment, for fear of falling.

The tempest had reached its culminating point. The thunder-clouds were upon us, and sent forth peal upon peal till the house trembled and shook as though swayed by an earthquake; the lightning flashed in sheets, and in streams of jagged fire, now blue as steel, now luridly red; the rain had abated, but the wind, rushing through the forest leaves, sounded as though a furious mountain torrent or a roaring sea was coming down upon us; while the branches crashed, and groaned, and shrieked, as the hurricane swayed and broke and hurled them one against another. Never have I heard so awful a contention of the elements. I can never recall the memory of that terrible night without a shudder. And there I stood in the full blaze of the lightning, as it shone through the staircase window, with the fascination of terror upon me.

Suddenly through the din of the storm there rose a sharp wailing cry, that curdled my blood and bristled my hair. It came from the room I had just left. By a sudden impulse, which I could never explain, I resolved to try and solve the awful mystery that was about me. There was but one way. Across the front of the house ran a narrow balcony. The window I was standing against was in a line with those of Körner's room. With the rain beating down upon my bare head, and the wind sweeping round me and almost lifting me off my feet, I crept on to this balcony, and between an opening in the curtains peered into Körner's room. And this is what I saw.

The room was blazing with light, just as I had left it. With his back toward me, quivering and crouching, was the form of Körner; facing the window, and looking into his face, stood a woman. Her dress was that of middle-class German life, but her face was the most lovely I ever beheld; the hair was of the brightest, rarest yellow, the complexion faultlessly pure; the eyes large, dreamy, and of a deep violet; the nose and mouth of the most perfect shape. While I gazed, fascinated by her extraordinary beauty, a hideous transformation took place before my eyes. The clothes faded from her form, her beauty melted away like a vapor, and in its place my horrified gaze was fastened on a skeleton, on a grinning loathsome skull, out of whose mouldering recesses crawled bloated obscene worms. The vision was but of a second's duration, and then I saw the bones crumble before my eyes, and the skull totter and fall.

I saw no more. A mist gathered before my eyes, and the sickness of death overpowered me; but as I fell I heard a loud explosion, which sounded unlike the thunder that a moment afterward mingled with its echoes.

When sense returned, I found myself lying upon the pavement of the balcony, saturated with rain, and cold as ice. The morning was just breaking; the storm had cleared away, all but the wind, which still blew hard, but in fitful dying gusts. With a dazed brain, upon which still lingered the dark shadow of the horrors I had witnessed, but no substantial idea, I mechanically sought my own apartments, and in the same automaton fashion swallowed a large glass of brandy, undressed, got into bed, and without any further recollection fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by a sudden shock, and the sound of loud laughter. When I opened my eyes, I found myself upon the floor, and my friends from Stoney Cross standing over me, convulsed with laughter, at, I presume, my ridiculous and scared appearance. In returning from Southampton, they had come several miles out of their way to pay me a visit. Upon hearing I had not risen, heated with champagne, and ready for any mischief, they entered my room,

lifted me out of my bed in my sheets, and bumped me not very gently upon the ground.

We had just sat down to breakfast when Mrs. Adams put her head in at the door, and beckoned me out mysteriously. "I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you, but I am so uneasy about Mr. Körner that I couldn't contain myself any longer."

"What is the matter?" I asked in great agitation.

"Well, you know he is an early riser, never in bed after six. It is now ten, and I have neither seen nor heard him. I have knocked at his door, and can get no answer."

"Where is the servant Fritz?" I inquired.

"He went away yesterday, saying he should not return for some days, and that I was to attend upon his master in the mean while."

I told her to wait until after breakfast, and I would see what could be done. All the horrors of the last night came vividly back upon my memory, filling me with evil forebodings. It was impossible to conceal my perturbation from my friends; and after a very little pressing, I told them of the housekeeper's fears, and certain of my own experiences; omitting all mention of what I had seen through the window, which would have excited only their ridicule.

The breakfast-table was abandoned; and while I proceeded to the German's chamber, the others waited the result at the farther end of the corridor. No answer was returned to my knock, and after a little hesitation we decided to send for a locksmith, and make a forcible entry. No one thought of entering by the windows, and I dared not propose it; I could not for my life have looked through them again. In a very short time the lock was taken off, and the door thrown open. The room was darkened by the curtains, save in one spot, where the sunbeams streamed through an opening, and fell full and brightly upon an awful object—the upturned blood-bespattered face of the German. He was quite dead; his hand still grasped a discharged pistol—he had blown his brains out.

I need scarcely remark that I did not pass another night under that ill-omened roof, but at once accepted my friends' invitation to return home with them.

Of course you are now anxious to know the explanation of the mysterious specter and all other mysteries. All that I can tell you upon the subject was gathered more from inferences than from direct information. In Körner's writing desk was found the miniature of a lovely girl, which I immediately recognized as the face I had seen in my vision; and beside it was a strange and horrible letter, of which I made a copy at the time, and which, as nearly as I can remember, ran thus:

"When you read these lines I shall be no more. Living, I am powerless to avenge your wickedness to me; but if there is a just God, my revenge will reach you from the grave. I have prayed unceasingly to be directed to a retribution as awful as the misery you have brought upon me. My prayer has been heard, and, *mark me*, scoff as you will in your skeptical conceit, it will come to pass. In my dark hours of despairing agony, this is the vengeance I have engendered, and which I *will* execute. From the hour in which I draw my last breath I will haunt you. Fly to the furthermost extremities of the world, and my shadow shall still pursue you; alone or in a crowd, in the darkness of the night or in the brightest sunshine, you shall know no moment of your life in which I may not stand before you. And lest habit should in time dull the horror of my presence to your hard godless soul, in each visitation you shall behold the progress of the corruption of the buried body as it festers in the earth. As the body is at the moment I stand before you, in that guise shall you see me. And when the last stage is reached, when the bones crumble into dust, then shall thy earthly career close. Pray, then, if you can, that the tortures you will endure in this life may mitigate those prepared for you in the next."

Putting together the little information I gathered at various times, chiefly through Mrs. Adams, I framed this story. At Bonn there lived one Adeline Sturm, a burgomaster's daughter. She was the beauty of the town, had been educated far above her station, and was as notorious for her haughty and disdainful pride

as for her personal charms. All the young men were madly in love with her, but upon all she looked down with equal scorn. Karl Körner was at that time a student at the university. He was a scion of a noble family, strikingly handsome, heir to a fine fortune, and the most heartless libertine in Bonn. The stories he was continually hearing of this girl's unimpressible nature, excited his pique, and over a debauch he laid a heavy wager with a fellow-student that he would win her love, degrade her pride, and abandon her. He succeeded too well in all that he proposed. It was an act of monstrous villainy; for he had not even the excuse of passion for accomplishing Adeline's ruin, while she loved him with all the fervor of her proud powerful nature. Upon discovering the conspiracy of which she had been made the victim, she took poison. From that time Körner was accursed; he wandered from land to land, from one division of the globe to another, but nowhere finding peace or rest.

A skeptical friend has suggested that the letter worked its object without any supernatural intervention. Written under such awful circumstances, under so powerful a conviction that it would be given to her to execute her implacable will, it worked upon the guilty conscience of her betrayer until his diseased imagination, constantly brooding upon its terrible suggestions, created for itself the very horrors threatened. In regard to my share in the illusion, his theory is this: "From the first, Körner impressed upon your mind with a sense of the abnormal and the mysterious. His behavior in the forest gave a form to what had been before intangible, by suggesting the idea that he was haunted by some ghastly vision. The next stage in the mental process was reached on the occasion of your first visit to his apartments. The cold air, rushing through the open door and mingling with the overheated atmosphere within, rustled among some unseen objects, and suggested to your excited imagination that the thing was about you, and from the nature of a sound, suggested a female apparition. Upon Körner's face you saw your own impressions reflected, but in his case intensified by a visual illusion. On the occasion of your last visit, every circumstance favored the exquisitely sensitive condition of your organs. There was a terrible storm raging; the air was charged with electricity—a most important point; when you looked through that window, reason had entirely vacated her throne. You were utterly under the spell, and by one of those curious mental phenomena, of whose occasional occurrence we have undoubted proof, the horrible illusion of Körner, intensified to an immeasurable degree by the agony of coming death, communicated itself to your mind, thus causing your vision to be similarly impressed."

Very ingenious indeed, I tell him, but a good deal of Bishop Berkeley's metaphysics about it. There is a vast difference between dreaming that you are burned and the actual sensation.

Macmillan's Magazine.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

I KNEW a maid; her form and face
  Were lily-slender, lily-fair;
Hers was a wild unconscious grace,
  A ruddy-golden crown of hair.

Thro' those child-eyes unchecked, unshamed,
  The happy thoughts transparent flew;
Yet some pathetic touch had tamed
  To gentler gray their Irish blue.

So from her oak a Dryad leant
  To look with wondering glance and gay
Where Jove, uncrowned and kingly, went
  With Maia down the woodland way.

Their glory lit the amorous air,
  The golden touched the Olympian head,
But Zephyr o'er Cyllene bare
  That secret the immortals said.

The nymph they saw not, passing nigh;
  She melted in her leafy screen;
But from the boughs that seemed to sigh
  A dewdrop trembled on the green.

That nymph the oak for aye must hold;
  The girl has life and hope, and she
Shall hear one day the secret told,
  And roam herself in Arcady.

I see her still; her cheeks aglow,
  Her gaze upon the future bent—
As one who thought the world will go
  Beloved, bewitching, innocent.

London Society.

THE BAL MASQUÉ AT MI-CAREME.

A REMINISCENCE OF PARIS IN THE SPRING OF 1870.

I AM one of those lucky individuals whom chance led to Paris in the spring of 1870. I saw her then in the acme of her glory. Never had there been a warmer or finer season. Never had the vivacity of the most vivacious of citizens reached a greater height. Never was the carnival so merrily kept. In the midst of plenty, surrounded by pure, untainted air, not a thought of famine, pestilence, or the enemy without the gate, disturbed their hilarity. The only use of the paraded troops of soldiery was for reviews on the fête days at Longchamps, or for the execution of maneuvers to the music of inspiring tunes in the gardens of the Tuileries. All was tranquil, and though the excitement of the Plebicite seemed at one time likely to swell into a tumult, yet in reality it did nothing more than add piquancy to the daily routine.

It is not my intention to dilate on the contrast presented to to me as I walked through the principal boulevards and Champs Elysées quite recently, but merely to give a reminiscence of my former visit, and a description of a national orgie which is not likely to be celebrated with equal magnificence and *abandon* for one or two years to come.

The Mi-Carême—or the day on which Lent divides—is, as I suppose most of my readers already know, a great festival in France, a sort of "half-way house" of entertainment on that six weeks' pilgrimage of our annual life on which good Catholics are supposed to fast.

Experience has, no doubt, proved that a nation of so exuberant a temperament as the French is unable to exist for forty consecutive days without an interval in which it may legitimately quench its thirst for excitement, in which it may woo its darling Terpsichore without scruples of conscience, and in which it may act up to its motto "Vive la joie," without a visit of confession to its priests. The dissipation at Mi-Carême is even greater, and certainly more relished by the votaries of pleasure, than the carnival itself; for at the latter the people join in the festivities with the delight of a well-fed gourmand at one of a series of *recherche* dinners, whilst at the former they indulge in the revels with the same keen appetite with which a *gourmêt* would relish a feast at the Trois Frères Provençaux after dining for three weeks at a Bouillon for fifty centimes.

I had the good luck, as I have said, to be in Paris at this season with two friends who, my juniors by three or four years, and fresh from college, were as eager to be witnesses, and more eager still to be partakers, of every prank and adventure that fortune might happen to throw in our way. I will call them M—— and N——, and beg to introduce *myself* to the reader by the name of the unknown X——.

We were first apprised that Mi-Carême was no ordinary day by the sound of a trumpet, by means of which a man in a balcony—opposite to the room where we were breakfasting—was making morning hideous, and we deputed N—— (the youngest of our party) to obtain full particulars of the events of the day at the "Bureau." This task N—— was by no means reluctant to undertake; for, I must tell you, that at the bureau was stationed a young lady, youthful in years and prepossessing in appearance, who—though supposed to be engaged upon an immense book of figures, which was laid out ostentatiously before her—was not loth to snatch a few moments from her calculations to talk with either M—— or N——, who in their turn were equally pleased to "air" their French in such pleasant society.

Masquerading in the streets during the day, and the ball at the opera house at night, were the pith of N——'s report, and after *dejeuner*—(second *dejeuner* of course)—or at about half-past one, we sallied forth from our hotel to see—what was to be seen.

We passed down the avenue of the Champs Elysées, which was already crowded. All Paris was out of doors, and, with eyes turned toward the street, seemed expectant of some great sight. We waited with the multitude for some

time, but, after watching a rather poor procession of people dressed up in grotesque costume, we made for the Boulevards, where, as N—— had been instructed, was the grand rendezvous. At about every fourth house on our way, men with faces purple, and eyes watering with their exertion, were "blowing up the trumpet in the new moon," as M—— expressed it. From the Madeleine to the Château d'Eau, every balcony that commanded a view of the street was thronged, the cafés crammed, and the footpaths choked by the "many-headed," all waiting to see the fun. The *fun* appeared to us exceedingly small and totally inadequate to the number of persons assembled to witness it, a mere repetition of what we had seen already. Occasionally, carriages containing some young people in tights, and men in masked costume, and, now and then, a car, on which deities were personified—Bacchus with a painted face, and Venus with some children (carrying silver paper bows and arrows) for cupids, being the favorites, drove slowly past, and then a crush would be made on all sides to catch a glimpse of them, and a murmur of applause would run through the crowd. But a small amount of sight-seeing goes a long way in Paris, as any one who has noticed the immense concourse which a Punch and Judy show will draw together, will admit.

At five o'clock, finding that the gaiety of the scene did not compensate for the annoyance of the crowd, we took a cab and returned with the string of carriages, at funeral pace, to our hotel. We there found our friend still busily employed in "blowing up the trumpet in the new moon." He had not changed his position in the balcony, and the tune—a sort of combination of a bugle call and the ending bar of a Gregorian chant—had not varied. I have not much knowledge of wind instruments, but if the exertion of blowing bears any sort of proportion to the effect produced, his exhaustion by this time must have been tremendous. I suppose it does not, for he was quite at his ease, and appeared to have only just got his second wind.

But that I may not weary the reader with uninteresting details, let me at once proceed to the grand business of the day—the Bal Masqué. M—— asserted his right of turn to make a visit of inquiry to the bureau, and was informed by the agreeable young lady that to-night the whole of Paris would be dancing somewhere; that there were private *ordinary* balls, as distinguished from bals masqués; private bals masqués, and public bals masqués for the entertainment of the aristocracy, the middle classes, etc., etc.; whilst the lower orders would deport themselves at such places as Tivoli—Wauxhall, or gardens which correspond to our Cremorne. She further told him that cards for a private ball had been left for us by our neighbors at the table d'hôte. M——, however, replied that we had set our heart on the grand public ball at the opera house. The young lady highly applauded our decision, said we should find it the greatest fun in the world, and declared she would give her eyes to go too.

My friends were nothing loth to acquiesce in my suggestion that we should consider ourselves for the nonce good Catholics who had fasted for three weeks, and seconded my vote that we should make up for our abstinence by dining together in a *recherché* manner at the Palais Royal.

I am bound to say none of us spared the champagne, and whether it was from the exhilirating effects of the wine, or the prospect of so novel a treat, at any rate, we started off to the opera at midnight in the highest spirits. We paid ten francs each for an entrance (a lady's ticket is twelve francs, and she is not admitted unless in domino); a gentleman may either go in evening dress, unmasked, or in costume.

On entering the door which leads, by means of some steps, to the *parterre* of the theater, a spectacle was presented to us which is hardly to be described. The pit was boarded over so as to be on a level with the stage (a stratagem, by-the-by, which is said to have first occurred to a Carmelite friar—was he in the habit of attending this pandemonium in mask, I wonder? From what I saw, I should hardly judge it to be a suitable place for a dignitary of the church, and cannot but regard the fact of his applying his ingenuity to such a

purpose, as an indication that the thoughts of the holy man were sometimes riveted with too great an intensity on things mundane). We stood for some seconds stunned, as it were, by the sudden change from the darkness to a blaze of light, by the crash of the music after the comparative quiet outside, by the brilliancy of the scene, and the grotesque appearance of the actors. Below, where the dancers were, a variegated mass, containing every tint of the rainbow, was whirling in and out and round and round like the ever-changing pictures of a kaleidoscope, without their symmetry. Comic figures dancing fantastic *pas seuls* by themselves; nymphs in short dresses and tights, bare as to their arms, and just a trifle more *décolletees* than would, perhaps, come up to our English idea of what is becoming; droll military men with gilt helmets and exaggerated plumes; boatmen in picturesque jerseys; young men dressed up as ancient satyrs; Neptunes dancing with mermaids; gods with goddesses; bottle-noses and funny masks everywhere. In one quadrille party I noticed personations of Bacchus, a chimney-sweep, a ghost and a baboon. It is "the thing" for every mask on making its *entree* to address a few words or gestures of greeting to the company, who, if his "get-up" pleases them, return his salutation with applause.

What struck us even more than the masks of the dancers was the dancing. No meaningless "walking through" the quadrilles for them, thank you! They move with delirious joy to every single quaver of the music. It seemed impossible for them to keep still. The girls, with their arms above their heads, swayed and bent their lithe bodies with the motions of their "twinkling feet," their lips smiling with delight, and their eyes sparkling through their black dominos like animated diamonds upon their happy partners, who, with jumps and original capers, were equal to the occasion. The thud of the feet in concert at the occasional clashes of the band, and the little laughs of pleasure as the partners caught each other for the galop round, gave one some idea of the earnestness of their joy. I had never before seen such universal good temper and high spirits in so large an assembly. Our own spirits caught the infection, and, I confess, an irresistible desire came over me to join in the dance myself. I felt competent to kick up my heels with the vivacity of the best of them, and was only deterred by observing that no one in evening dress was amongst the dancers. Imagining, therefore, that it was contrary to etiquette for the unmasked to do anything but look on, I restrained my saltatory desires, and resolved to say nothing about them to M—— or N——, who, I feared, would not be withheld by any such considerations.

Curiously enough, however, the same eagerness to be joining in the fun had possessed M—— and N——, without any suggestion on my part. After the next dance I saw them whispering to each other, and then M—— declared, aloud, he could stand this inactivity no longer—that he and N—— were going out to get masks—would I come, too. "No," I replied, somewhat hypocritically, "I do not care to make a fool of myself, but I have no objection to watching you two do so, and will help you to choose a costume."

We asked a door-keeper where we could obtain dresses; to which question he replied, shrugging his shoulders, "that it was somewhat late in the day to be thinking of our costume—that the shops had been all shut some hours;" as an afterthought, he added, "that a friend of his, who dealt in such things, would probably wait upon us if we rang him up at a private door."

We took the address, tipped him, and went our way. The mask-dealer was in; but, alas! such had been the demand for dresses that he had but one left—*that of a dragon!* I looked at the dress, and then at my friends. Would either of them have the courage to take upon him such a disguise? I asked the man how he came to make such a thing? whether the wearer would not be calculated to strike terror, rather than love, in the heart of his partner? whether he would be admitted at all amongst a bevy of fair damsels; or, if he were, whether he would not run the risk of some French St. George's coming and punching his head, in a fit of gallantry?

"No," the man said nothing of the

kind was to be anticipated. A *bal masqué* was a sort of happy family, where Greeks and Trojans might meet without bloodshed—where sheep might wander with impunity amongst wolves—where fair and tempting damsels did not fear the dragon."

He then held the dress up temptingly, and drew our attention to the manner in which the scales of the beast (formed of pieces of tinsel-paper) glittered in the gas-light. He assured us, on his honor, that the only reason it had not been sold already was that the tail was a little inconvenient for dancing, but that we should find it a becoming dress, and uncommonly taking with the *jolies petites*.

My friends, on hearing this, declared they had no objection to it at all, and immediately tossed up a sou to decide who should be the happy dragon. The lot fell to M——, who speedily donned it.

"The dress is not complete without this head-piece of horns, and a mask," said the man; "but I do not recommend the mask—you will find it hot and troublesome. I will paint your face, instead; it will be equally effective; the color is easily removed by a little soap and water."

This was soon accomplished, and was so effective as to terrify me. Indeed, I was not sorry that I was not alone with M—— in the cab that drove us back, for the way was dark, and the occasional gleam of a gas-lamp revealed a visage and appearance that I have always associated with that of the foul fiend himself. Fortunately, M—— possesses none of that self-consciousness which would have spoiled *my* pleasure under the same circumstances. His *entree* into the arena of masks was hailed with approval; and in a few minutes—having secured a prettily-dressed Swiss milkmaid for his partner—he was dancing as energetically as any one in the room.

N——, though baulked of his costume, was not disposed to remain a mere spectator. He proposed a visit to the *foyer*, where, as he had been given to understand, all the quiet flirting was carried on. I assented, and we entered a large hall whose appearance, were it not for the smiles, the animated chattering, and the occasional peals of mirth, would have been very lugubrious. With a few exceptions every one was in black. The gentlemen in plain evening clothes, the ladies in black dresses, hood, and dominos. The latter is a most effective mask, and by no means a becoming one—it would spoil the most beautiful eyes in the world. The ladies in the "Foyer" are strictly incognito, and known only to their friends by a small shred of colored ribbon or silk in their dress. They are mostly ladies who have come, escorted by gentlemen, to see the fun, or to mingle in it themselves. The spirit of intrigue pervades the whole of this chamber, and laughter-loving Aphrodite reigns supreme. Badinage of all sorts passes continually between men and masks, and masonic signs of an amatory nature are shot from eye to eye.

I was intent on making these observations, when, turning round to speak to N——, I found he was no longer by my side. I walked back a few steps, and discovered him sitting on a *fauteuil*, talking, as glibly as his broken French permitted him, with a lady, who, contrary to the general rule, was dressed entirely in white satin, her shoes, her silk hood, and her mask. "La veritable Dame Blanch!"* as a young Frenchman at my side remarked. A sweetly smiling lip, a dimpled chin, flashing teeth, and a graceful figure were sufficient to show that she was a very lovely woman, and I was able to gather from the murmurs around me that my friend was considered a happy man. I do not know how N—— introduced himself; perhaps the acquaintance originated by the masonic signs spoken of above; at any rate he was now on the best terms with her. The lady had only just come, and soon a little bevy was collected round them. "Have you seen 'La Dame Blanche?' No! Let us come, then, and see her," was what I heard on all sides.

I began to feel a little lonely on the *fauteuil* all to myself. Perhaps, in my heart of hearts, I was sorry that I had not a dragon's costume, like M——'s, or a "white lady" to talk to, like N——. I do not think it was jealousy, but I now

* "La Dame Blanche" is the name of a popular operetta that was being performed at that time at the Opera Comique.

began to consider that all this was not right. My friends were three years younger than I, fresh from the cloisters of Oxford, and inexperienced in matters of the world. Was it not my duty to expostulate with them on the troubles into which these intrigues might lead them? Below, in the *parterre* was M——, "kicking up behind and before," like the "old Joe" of nigger celebrity; above, in the *foyer* was N——' making love to a mysterious white lady!

I looked toward the seat where the latter were sitting. Why, great heavens! Three French gentlemen approach and address her. Perhaps her husband and two brothers! . . . She hides her face with her fan. . . . She is blushing at detection. . . . How will it end? . . . What will poor N—— do? . . . With the utmost *sangfroid* he is putting the three men aside, and whispering in his partner's ear. What madness! He has been taking more champagne, unknown to me! . . . The thing will end in a duel! . . . No!—the Frenchmen laugh. . . . One of them kneels to her. . . . N—— kneels, too. . . . Why they are making a public declaration of love to her, one against the other! . . . . . I can hear N——'s passionate appeal, half in English, half in French. . . . The Parisian is defeated! . . . "La Dame Blanche" gives N—— her hand. . . . He kisses it! . . . The people round applaud. . . . He leads her off in triumph to supper!

"Thank heaven, we are quite unknown here!" I ejaculated fervently, as I wiped my forehead and heaved a sigh of relief at the narrow escape I imagined I had had, of becoming a second in a disagreeable affair.

"Bon soir, Monsieur X——!" exclaimed a voice at my side.

I started as though I had been shot. A lady in black, and very closely masked, was sitting by me, and seemed preparing for a *tete-à-tete*.

"Bon soir, madame!" I replied; and then a conversation took place in French, of which the following is a pretty accurate translation:

"You are envying your lucky friend with the 'Dame Blanche'—is not this?" she asked.

"No," I replied. "But how did you know he was my friend? Have you seen him with me? or have I had the honor of meeting you before anywhere?"

"I have seen him with you, but I knew before. You must know I am a *sorcière*, and know everything!"

"In verity? Then can you tell fortunes?"

"Certainly. Shall I tell yours?"

"I should like to have faith in you first. Can you tell things that *are*—that *have* happened already, for instance?"

"In some cases."

"Then tell me a little about myself."

"Give me your hand." She took it in hers, which were small and as white as milk. (I began to feel less lonely than when I was watching N——.)

"You are twenty-four years old, *par exemple*. Your birthday was the day before yesterday."

"True," I said, in amazement; "quite true."

"You are not engaged."

"No."

"You live at Seaborough."

"Yes."

"Your sister lives there. You are extremely fond of your sister."

"Yes," I replied, in still greater amazement. I happen to be far fonder of my sister than is usual. We are twins, which, perhaps, accounts for it. I am not, I need hardly say, a believer in necromancy; and the mention of this particular circumstance by one whom I had never, to my knowledge, seen before, puzzled me extremely.

"How long have I been in Paris?" I asked.

"A fortnight."

"Where am I staying?"

"At the Hotel de C——, near the Arc de Triomphe."

"Tell me the number of my room, and I will believe in you. . . ."

"That finds itself more difficult," she said, smiling. "Let me look into your eyes."

She looked into my eyes. I felt uncommonly like Uncle Toby when the widow Wadman did the same thing to him. She still held my hand in hers.

"Thirty-eight!" she cried, after a pause.

"You are indeed a sorceress," I replied. "Now for my fortune."

"I can only give you the general circumstances. The particulars keep themselves secret. You are rich, and will be richer. You will marry one who has not much money, but it will be a very happy marriage."

"Thank you," I replied; "that is quite enough. Do not spoil it by any prophecy of evil."

"There is my friend, who is coming to take me to supper," she said. "You will come too; is not this?"

I accepted the invitation with pleasure. The friend was a merry, jovial fellow; and I have never enjoyed a supper more.

"It is only fair you should take off your mask at supper," I said to the mysterious lady. "All the world does that. Besides, it is evident that you know me; and I am most curious, I confess, to know who *you* are."

"I would not take it off on any account," she answered.

"Nor tell me who you are?"

"Nor tell you who I am."

"Then I must rest content," I replied; and her *chaperon* began to talk about the "Dame Blanche," whom it seemed no one could identify.

It was about four o'clock when we returned to the ball-room.

"Let us see how your friend monsieur the dragon, carries himself," said the lady.

"Why, do you know everything!" I cried.

Others besides ourselves had taken supper. We found the hilarity amongst the dancers extreme. The "Cancan" was raging furiously. Those who had pretty faces had discarded their dominos altogether. Weary nymphs reclined on the benches and against the wall.

But where was M——? It was some time before I could find him; and when I did, alas!

"How wert thou fallen, Lucifer, son of the morning!"

In the first place, he had found his tail so great a burden that, at the suggestion (as I afterward heard) of the company, he had cut it short, and now presented a similar appearance to that of a dog or cat who has been caught in a trap. In the second place, his scales of tinsel-paper had almost all come off, and he now looked as unhealthy and demoralized a dragon as one would wish to see. In the third place, the perspiration on his face had smeared the paint into a confused red and yellow tint very ghastly to look upon.

We were bemoaning the draggled condition of this once *débonnaire* monster when we were saluted by N——, who asked us in a piteous tone if we had seen "La Dame Blanche." It seems she had left him like a flash of lightning, and was nowhere to be found. From the dazed look of my friend's face I rather think he suspected something supernatural with regard to the mysterious lady and her more mysterious disappearance.

My companion and her friend now bade me good night, and as the ball closed at five, we summoned M——, who was nearly dead with fatigue, and returned to our hotel.

* * * * * *

I did not get up the next morning (or, rather, the *same* morning) till twelve o'clock. I called on my way to breakfast at the bureau to ask if there were any letters for me. The young lady was not at her post, but as I knew that she kept the letters concealed beneath her book of figures, I ventured to lift the ponderous volume. I found there—not a letter—but a domino—*the* domino of the *petite sorcière* who had told my fortune a few hours ago! I knew it at once by a tear on one side.

As I was standing with the mask in my hand, its owner entered. She looked first at the domino, and then at me, and started—and then blushed.

I felt a guilty thing. "I hope you will not think me very inquisitive," I faltered. "I found this quite by accident. I was looking for a letter . . ."

"How careless of me to leave it about," she replied, stamping her foot. "However, you have found me out."

"Yes. How stupid of me not to have guessed before."

"Not stupid at all. You have never come here to talk to me. Your friends would have known my voice directly." She said this rather reproachfully, I thought.

"But Monsieur N—— was with us at the last?"

"I did not speak after he came, and left almost directly afterward."

"Do you wish me to keep it a secret?"

"Ah! *n'importe*," she said, smiling, and with a coquettish shrug of the shoulders; "I am not ashamed of it. My brother knew I wished to go, and came in the evening and brought me a domino, and took me under his protection. It was capital fun, was it not?"

"I enjoyed it immensely. But how came you to know so much about me?—that it was my birthday the day before yesterday, for instance?"

"Because you gave your friends champagne at dinner, and they wished you 'Many happy returns of the day.'"

"What made you think I was very fond of my sister?"

"Because your letter yesterday to her required double postage. You must be very fond of your sister to write such a long letter to her in Paris, where there is so much to do."

"You are very clever indeed!" I replied. "But I fear the fortune you were kind enough to foretell for me will not come true. I am not rich, as you said."

"The wish was father to the thought, monsieur," she replied, making me a curtsey.

She made it so prettily that I took her hand. "May I tell you *your* fortune?" I asked.

"Merci bien! Mais non!" she cried, drawing her hand away. "We are no longer at the bal masque. Allons! Do you not see that Mi-Careme is over and it is Lent again?"

Mademoiselle was right;—we had had our fun, and it was time to put by the toys. Here, too, is the postman with a letter telling me I must be back to my work in England earlier than I expected. Well! we have had a pleasant trip, and our work will be all the better for it. M——, who is to be a surgeon, will walk his hospital with more energetic strides for having danced as a dragon; N——, who is going to the bar, will read his Blackstone with a clearer head for his escapade with "La Dame Blanche;" Mademoiselle is already adding up her rows of figures with renewed vigor after her frolic; and I hope *my* work will not prove worse for a harmless flirtation with an unknown domino. UNION JACK.

London Society.

A FIGHT FOR A LOCOMOTIVE.

CHAPTER I.

I SAT at breakfast one autumn morning, lazily sipping my coffee and trying to solve a problem that completely eclipsed the *pons asinorum*. Certainly that hated-of-schoolboys-and-frequent-floggings-and-tasks-producing-proposition never caused me half the perplexity the one I was now cogitating did. The morning paper lay uncut across my knee, the rolls had gone cold; the sunshine came in through the open window, bringing with it the scent of the late roses; and across the road and adjacent meadows came the shouts of the harvest-men gathering in the last loads of wheat from the distant fields. Yet I was blind to the fair prospect that was visible from the window of my pretty suburban lodging, and opened out in the clear, fresh air of the morning, and stretched for miles on miles; green meadows, yellow stubbles, red farm-houses, and woods already touched with the marvelous colors laid on so lavishly and yet harmoniously by the master hand of autumn; bounded by the distant line of hills over which hung the rounded outline of the Wrekin, only distinguishable from a cloud by its immovability. Many and oft were the hours I had spent in watching and drinking in all the beauty of earth and tree and sky; and why not on this particular morning.

The immediate cause lay in two letters that lay on the table. One had a narrow pink envelope of that elongated form so much affected by the fair sex. The other was an unmistakable business letter, addressed in a clerkly hand to

William Herbert, Esq., Paradise Place, Metaltown.

Place aux Dames.

"My dearest Willie:

* * * "And I really don't see that we need be in any hurry to be married. We have only been engaged a year. You are only twenty-two, and I am but nineteen; so we are quite young enough to wait some time longer yet. Although grandma *is* a little queer, yet I can bear with her easily when I think of the great happiness that is in store for us *some time*. Certainly, dear, we might manage it, as you are so impatient, if, when your uncle's will is opened, you have the £30 annuity you expect; but if you don't get it, your salary of £120 is rather small to manage with. I think, darling, we had better wait a bit. Am I not a terribly worldly wise little thing?" etc., etc.

This letter was signed "Mary."

Of course I had read her letter first, and had inwardly resolved upon overcoming her fears and getting married offhand. But the second letter put a damper on my hopes. It was from my uncle's solicitor, and ran thus:

"Dear Sir:

"The six months your deceased relative directed his will to be kept sealed were up yesterday, and the will was read by me before several of his relatives. I am desired to make you acquainted with the contents, and inclose you copy of will. You will see that, contrary to our expectations, the will, which your uncle himself made, and kept sealed even from me, does not leave you a penny. I am astonished at this unaccountable conduct, and am grieved at your disappointment.

"I am, sir, yours faithfully,

"J. H. Proctor."

My bright hopes were banished, and it was with a sorrowful heart that I came to the conclusion that there was nothing to do but to wait as patiently as possible. Suddenly awakening to the fact that I was half an hour late for the office, I hastened townward, inwardly praying that my principal, a large contractor, had not arrived. As soon as I entered, however, the chief clerk said to me: "Mr. Herbert, you are wanted in Mr. Heywood's room." I hurried in, feeling defiantly careless of the expected reprimand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Herbert. You are late."

"I have had unwelcome news, sir, and forgot how the time was passing." And I told him as much as I thought proper. After some discursive talk, he said:

"I have been well pleased with your business tact and energy, Mr. Herbert, and have sent for you now to undertake a rather ticklish matter. Oblige me by listening, while I put you in possession of the facts.

"You know we have discontinued working the Lleydem brick-fields; and it appears that our late manager has allowed the royalty to Earl —— to fall into arrears for two years. Last week a distraint was made on the premises, and the engine that used to run on our branch line, and was lying in the shed, has been seized and sold for about a quarter of its value. The purchaser has run it a little up the line off our land, and taken up the rails behind it to prevent its being taken back. Now, I consider that such a distress is illegal, and am determined to seek the remedy known in the law as "recaption." I do not care for the bother of a replevin action. Now, I want you to go to Lleydem and see how the land lies, and then take as many men as you want from the Mynedd lead-mines, together with horses, and pull the engine on to the main line after the night-mail has passed, and take her with all haste to Nantygolyn Station in time to meet the up luggage-train at 2:30 in the morning. You will then attach the engine to the train and bring her here. Here is the necessary permit to authorize you to stop the train, and a letter to the captain of the mine. If, as is quite possible, you meet with resistance, refrain from using any more force than is necessary. I wish to avoid any fighting. If you conduct this matter successfully it is quite probable I may raise your salary, for I have been well satisfied with your conduct in the office. Are you sure that you perfectly comprehend my instructions?"

I withdrew to make the necessary preparations and cogitate about my anticipated good fortune, and the strange service I was engaged upon. It had all the

charm of adventure, for I was not so sanguine as to hope that such a proceeding could be taken entirely without resistance. I determined to say nothing about it to Mary, lest she should be alarmed. I wrote her a short note, saying that I should be away on important business for the next two or three days, and urging her to keep a good heart, as I might have some good news to tell her when we next met.

CHAPTER II.

I ALIGHTED at Nantygolyn Station, and engaged a room at the sole inn the village boasts of. It was still early in the evening, and I started after dinner to walk as far as Lleydem, a distance of about two miles, to reconnoiter. The road ran along the hill-side nearly all the way. A shower had laid the dust, and the wet foliage of the trees that clung to the rock on my right hand, and overhung the path, gleamed brightly in the dying light. Far down on my left ran the brawling river, just colored with the rain, and from all about rose the soft steam from the moistened earth, speaking eloquently in its grave-like odor of the sad end of the year that was coming so quickly. Autumn is pleasant enough amid the gardens of Kent, but very sad is it among the hills. The trees are stunted, and the leaves soon flutter slowly downward from their baring branches; and those who have only heard the musical sighing of the wind through the trees of a lowland landscape can have no conception of the weird-like feeling that steals over us as we listen to the soughing of the gale among the swaying and creaking boughs of the mountain pines and birches, and its fiercer shriek as it sweeps up the ravines and over the desolate moor. The wind was rising, laden with occasional showers, as I reached the brick-field. The state of affairs was worse than I had imagined. The engine had been left on an exposed part of the line, and where there was a sharp curve, causing the outside rail to be much lighter than the other. Inclining at such a sharp angle, it had been exposed to the full fury of a recent gale, which, catching it at so great a disadvantage, had tilted it completely over, and it now lay on its side on the embankment, with the hindermost wheels, however, resting on, or only partly off, the rails. It was a small and very light engine, and had been originally intended for the Crimea.

It was a wild and lonely place where the brick-yard was situated. It was just where the moorland commenced, and where there was nothing to interrupt the eye as it roamed over the purple flat, strangely lit up in places by crimsoning gleams and patches of golden brown as the light of the stormy sunset was reflected from the surface of a pool, or shone on a lighter ground of dead rushes and ling. Beyond all was a long gray line, which could not be mistaken for anything but what it was—the bonny, open sea. If you listened intently you could even catch, borne on the wind, the faint roar of the surf on the flat sandy shore.

Nothing could be done that night, and on the morrow I mounted a sorry animal which mine host called a saddle-horse, and rode off to the mines to bespeak the services of a dozen men and three horses —all they had to spare—for eight o'clock that night, and then back to the station to put all right with the station-master. To disarm suspicion, I took a rod and made my way down to the now swollen stream. Few fish were there in it, for the deadly water from the mines had played sad havoc with the finny tribe. More time was passed in reverie than in fishing, and tender memories of the past mingled strangely with dreams of the future. How happy Mary and I could be in a little cottage *ornee* I had had my eye upon, and which I knew was to be had at a low rent. How pleasant to hurry home from business, and a fine bright face to welcome me with a kiss and a smile instead of my lonely bachelor rooms. Ah, me! would it ever come to pass, I wondered. Surely it must some day; and yet, somehow, I could *not* look hopefully forward. Perhaps it was the lowering weather and the dull, spiritless air that everybody wore that depressed me; and it was absurd: yet I felt as if I were going to be hanged, or meet with some serious accident in this midnight abduction I was engaged in. Vainly trying to shake off the feeling, I retraced my steps to the inn.

At eight o'clock it was already quite dark. When I reached the bank over the line I saw that the men, by the light of lanterns, had rigged up a temporary crane, and were tugging away at the ropes, trying to raise the fallen engine, and prizing away with levers and screw-jacks, working quietly and well. Most of them were brawny Englishmen, imported by Mr. Heywood; the rest were Welshmen, smaller made, but wiry and strong. Steadily the work went on under my directions, and all the while a soft, unpleasant drizzle gradually soaked us through and through. The wind was fitful, and many and mysterious were the sounds that it brought out of the glens. It moaned dismally through the pine woods, showing that the spirit of the storm was abroad, and ere long would be upon us in all its savageness. Suddenly a form flitted by, then another and another, and three strange men passed by the engine and vanished in the gloom. Other eyes were as quick as mine, and saw them. We instinctively knew that they were the vanguard of the enemy, and that soon we might expect opposition. As we afterward learned one of the men at the mine had not been able to keep the secret from his Delilah.

"Look sharp, lads, and get her on the line before they come," I cried, and lent a hand to the ropes myself. At last, with a thud, she was righted, and then the screw-jacks were again applied to lift her properly on the rails. This was done without interruption. The horses were harnessed to, and she began to move merrily enough, though a rattling noise inside made it evident that some of her machinery was broken. I was beginning to hope we might soon gain the main line, about half a mile away, when over the bank there came some twenty or thirty men and lads. The wheels were scotched before we could prevent it. They harnessed a couple of horses and half a dozen donkeys to the other end of the engine. Two tar-barrels they had brought with them were set alight, and blazed furiously, affording plenty of light. I warned my men not to have recourse to violence, and in this I was seconded by the leader of the opposite side, who was, in fact, the purchaser of the engine.

"It shall be a fair fight," he said. "Let us see which can pull the hardest now, and you take your chance in the law afterward."

By mutual consent we unscotched the wheels, and the tournament began. First one party gained a few yards, then the other. The animals lugged their very hardest, aided by the men. The Englishmen were the strongest, although the fewest in number, but the incline was in favor of the Welshmen, and at first it seemed as if they would triumph and drag the engine back to where the rails were broken up. No blows passed between us, and the good humor showed by every one surprised me very much. I felt that I was losing patience, and must have some hand in it, so took up a lever, and, inserting it behind a wheel, strove to urge it onward. My friend the commander-in-chief of the enemy did the same, but in an opposite direction. What was to be done? Things must rapidly end in a free fight. Nobody's patience could stand it much longer. The sons of Cambria in particular were becoming excited, and one or two stones had already struck the engine, thrown by some outsider in the darkness. The mail had passed some time ago, and the luggage-train was nearly due. If the struggle continued much longer the neighborhood would be aroused, and we should stand no chance. At all risks the engine must be carried away before daylight. As soon as one side gained an advantage the wheels were scotched by the other, and a dead-lock seemed inevitable. A bright idea struck me, and, abandoning my lever, I went up to the overseer of the mine, who was working as hard as any of them, and asked him who was the best runner among the men.

"There will be none as good as you, sir; and they be all tired with this pulley-hauley work."

"Well, then, I'm off to Nantygolyn Station; and I'll come back with the engine of the luggage-train. Do you see? Look to the points at the junction."

"Capital, sir!" exclaimed he, as I turned and dashed over the bank and into the narrow road. I had scarcely got out of the glare of the fire when I was roughly collared by somebody. As he was evidently not a friend, and there was

no time for explanation, even if I wished to give any, I placed my hand over his shoulder and my arm under his chin, and with a sudden wrench, taught me by a Welsh collier, forced his head back, and left him insensible on the ground.

That was a run!—along a rutty, stony road, and the night, or rather morning, pitch dark. It was tolerably good running that covered the two miles in a quarter of an hour, and I was thoroughly puffed as I got into the station. The train had been waiting a few minutes, and, although it was exceeding my power, I took the responsibility on myself of detaching the engine and going forward along the line. The junction was soon reached, a lantern held up showed us that all was clear, and we steamed slowly up to the engine. Both parties had drawn off their forces, and were sitting and standing in groups a little apart, while rude chaff was freely interchanged.

The firelight cast long and wavering shadows around, and made the outer darkness look blacker and more impenetrable than ever. The rain still came steadily down and hissed on the blazing fires, while the wet ground was trodden ankle deep in mud.

Such a yell arose, after the first astonished silence, from our opponents, answered back by a ringing cheer from my men. The cattle were quickly unloosened and ridden off out of the way by three men. The ropes were quickly transferred to the big engine; and in the midst of a general *melée* the two locomotives moved slowly off, dragging their horses and donkeys backward. Seeing the uselessness of employing brute force against steam, they cut their ropes, and we moved triumphantly off, followed by a volley of oaths and stones. One of the latter struck me on the cheek, laying it open and knocking me back on the coals in the tender. It was as much as I could do to restrain my men from jumping off and charging them.

Well, that is how I fought for and won the locomotive. I do not know, good reader, if you will want to know any more. In case you do, I may say that my salary was raised considerably. Mary decided to take the risks of a married life on a still small income; and, so far, we have had no reason to repent taking such a step.

Tinsley's Magazine.

ON YOUR OATH?

Is it not Lopez de Vega who remarks, that Nature, wearied with her own variety, sometimes—for mere change—repeats herself with such marvelous fidelity as to defy the keenest critic to detect a difference? When the same assemblage of feature is found accompanied with a similar expression, gait and bearing, and when to these are superadded marks and tokens which might be supposed to be peculiar to the individual, the difficulty of distinguishing, especially if the mystery be increased by fraud, can astonish none.

Social history in all ages records these remarkable resemblances. Those moving in London society at the present moment may remember two accomplished sisters, whose most familiar associates would hesitate to depose suddenly, on oath as to their identity. It has fallen to our own lot to encounter twin brethren, whose intended wives were wont, at evening parties, to rely—for distinction—chiefly upon the flowers worn by their betrothed in their button-holes!

The extraordinary trial which has of late engaged public attention, throwing everything else—save politics and racing—into the shade, has but one parallel in the annals of the law; and a comparison of the two cases may not be without interest, premising that what follows has no reference to the merits and issue of the present trial, being intended to merely illustrate the singular obstacles that may sometimes arise in the way of a prompt settlement of a question of personal identity.

It is to M. Coras, advocate-general,

subsequently a distinguished judge—and, it is melancholy to add, hanged in his crimson robes, with two colleagues, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew—that we are indebted for the most faithful report of the celebrated case of Martin Guerre. It is true the learned writer, whose heart was in his profession, has enriched his narrative with remarks and researches of the highest value to the jurisconsult; but these we must of necessity omit, and confine ourselves sternly to the hard facts.

Martin Guerre was, at the mature age of eleven, married in January, 1539, to Mademoiselle Bertrande de Rols, of Artigues, of the same ripe years. The young lady was, according to M. Coras, as wise as she was fair; and belonged, like her elderly partner, to that class which La Fontaine describes as "half-burgess," that is, above the peasant and below the gentry. A certain provision was made for the wedded pair, and in the ninth year of their marriage a third member was added to the juvenile group, by the birth of a fine boy, who received the name of Sanxi.

But an envious cloud now gathered over the domestic sky. Naughty Martin was tempted to appropriate to his own use some wheat belonging to his father, and fearing the latter's displeasure, absented himself from home until the matter should blow over. Eight days were assigned—between Monsieur and Madame Guerre—as the probable period for this; but as many *years* actually did elapse before Martin was again seen, and during the whole of that time no token of his existence cheered his wife and child.

At length, one gloomy winter's evening, the wayworn traveler—if it were he—suddenly presented himself, and, folding his Bertrande in his arms, and demanding his child, declared that he had returned a penitent man, resolved to atone by every office of affection and conjugal duty for the anxiety and distress he had occasioned.

Not the least question of the visitor's being indeed Martin Guerre seems to have occurred to anybody. His own four sisters, his uncle and every member of his wife's family then at hand, acknowledged him without an instant's hesitation. And no wonder; for not only was the newly-arrived identical in form and feature with Guerre, but he showed himself familiar with circumstances which could be known only to the latter; and these were numerous and minute enough to suggest to Pasquier (in his researches) the idea that if this were not indeed Martin Guerre, he at least knew that gentleman better than the latter knew himself.

Pasquier adds: "The most wonderful feature in this wonderful story is, that this supposed husband never enjoyed an opportunity of intimate acquaintance with the man he undertook to personate."

But Coras, whose narrative we follow, and whose information must have been far superior to Pasquier's, contradicts this.

Madame Guerre, whose attachment to her lord had never wavered or diminished in his absence, received his representative with every token of the fondest affection; returning to her quiet wifely habits as before, and, in the period of three years during which they lived together, presenting the supposed Martin with two children, one of whom, however, died in infancy. In effect, according to our judicial historian, Jupiter himself did not more successfully personate absent Amphytrion than did the returned traveler Martin Guerre.

Whether or not the wife ever suspected that she was the victim of a daring imposture, can never be ascertained. It was deemed impossible that some or other of those almost imperceptible yet positive differences, that must always exist between man and man, should not have at times awakened her suspicions. The probability is that they did so; and that her continued acquiesence in this singular connection was the result, partly of personal liking for the man who enacted his *rôle* of husband with a tenderness and fidelity the original did not, and partly from a conviction that, imposter as he might be, her peace and respectability would be best consulted by keeping her own counsel and his. But this was not to be.

What circumstance prompted the first attempt to investigate the matter was not distinctly known. It was, however, at the pressing instances of Pierre Guerre,

an uncle of the missing man, and other connections of the family, that Bertrande was at length induced to invoke the vengeance of the law on her pretended spouse. He was thereupon arrested, and before the Court of Riex Bertrande accused him of having falsely and treacherously personated her husband, Martin Guerre, and demanded that he should be condemned to do penance in the usual public form, should pay a fine to the king, and make compensation to herself in the sum of ten thousand livres.

The accused made an eloquent defense, maintaining stoutly his identity with Martin Guerre; and complaining bitterly of the cruelty of his wife and relatives, who, for interested purposes, had resolved upon his ruin. He then explained the causes of his prolonged absence, giving a minute and circumstantial history of the seven or eight years, during which he had served as a soldier, passing afterward into the service of the King of Spain. Consumed with the longing desire once more to see his wife and son, he had at length wandered back, browned and bearded, to the village he had left a smooth-cheeked boy. But his friends could recognize him yet. Yes, Pierre Guerre, that very uncle who now sought his ruin, was the first to load him with caresses, and only changed in his demeanor when he—the accused—requested an account of the moneys he had, as agent for Martin Guerre, administered in his absence. His uncle had even attempted his life, and it was only through the energetic interposition of his wife that he had been protected from mortal injury. He demanded to be confronted with his wife, persuaded as he was that, being free from the cupidity that inspired his persecutors, she would not conceal the truth; he required that she should be placed beyond the influence of subordination by his enemies; and, finally, that the latter should be mulcted in heavy damages for the wrong they had inflicted.

In the severe interrogatory to which he was subjected, he replied without hesitation and with unfailing accuracy to every question of family history; naming the time and place of the birth of Martin Guerre, his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, and even more distant relations; the day, month, and year of his own marriage, the parties present, or otherwise associated with the marriage, the dresses of the guests, and a multitude of special incidents which occurred on that and the preceding day. He spoke of Sanxi, his little son, and next proceeded to describe his departure, journeyings, the cities he had visited in France and Spain, and the acquaintance he had made there; furnishing the names and addresses of those who could most readily confirm his narrative; and unquestionably leaving a very strong impression in his favor on the minds of his hearers.

The testimony of his wife, Betrande, corrorborated all the statements of the accused, so far as they came within her knowledge, but she positively denied his identity with her husband.

The court now ordered that an inquiry should be instituted into the conduct of Betrande during the absence of her husband, and into the character and repute of the witnesses who so persistently pursued the accusation. The result was satisfactory.

On the resumption of the trial there were summoned no less than one hundred and fifty witnesses. Of these, *forty* declared on oath that the accused was unquestionably the long-missing Martin Guerre. They had been his intimate companions in his boyhood and youth, and their conviction was strengthened by the recollection of certain marks or scars, which time had not effaced.

On the other hand, a great body of witnesses as positively declared that the accused was *not* Guerre, but one Arnaud du Tilh, called "Pansette," with whom some, at least, among them had been acquainted from the cradle. The remaining witnesses, sixty in number, affirmed that so close was the resemblance they dared not pronounce an opinion.

The court now ordered that young Sanxi Guerre should be produced and compared with his alleged father. A formal report declared that there existed no resemblance; a second report averred that, on being compared with the sisters of Guerre, the boy's face exhibited an unmistakable likeness.

Greatly to the public surprise, the pro-

cess resulted in the conviction of the accused. As Arnaud du Tilh, he was pronounced guilty of the alleged offense, and sentenced to decapitation. Appeal being made on his behalf to the Parliament of Toulouse, the higher court decided that the matter had been insufficiently weighed, decreed a new trial, and ordered that Pierre Guerre and Betrande should be successively confronted with the accused. The confrontation, however, produced nothing, though it is recorded that the bearing of the accused, calm and confident, contrasted favorably with the downcast looks of his opponents.

Thirty new witnesses now appeared upon the scene. Of these, ten declared him to be the true Martin Guerre, seven or eight decided in favor of Arnaud du Tilh, and the remainder refused definitely to give any opinion on the matter.

All this, remarks M. Coras, proved extremely perplexing to the judges, as well it might, and confirmed them in their impression of the precipitancy of the "court below."

On summing up the testimony, it resulted that forty-five witnesses declared the accused to be not Martin Guerre, but Arnaud du Tilh. Among these were several who had passed years in the latter's company, while the character of these deponents sufficed to place their evidence beyond suspicion.

The principal witness was a maternal uncle of Du Tilh, one Carbon Bareau, who at once recognized his nephew, and seeing him in fetters, burst into tears at witnessing the disgrace he had brought upon the family. Other witnesses had been present when Arnaud du Tilh had executed certain deeds. etc., and these instruments were produced in corroboration.

All of them agreed in describing Martin Guerre as taller and darker than the accused, slender in body and limb, round-shouldered, with a high, divided chin, pendent lower lip, and squat (*camus*) nose, having the trace of an ulcer on one cheek, and a scar on the right eyebrow. Now Arnaud, the accused, was short and stout, having neither humpy shoulders nor squat nose. It was singular enough, however, that both the marks referred to as indicative of Martin Guerre were perceptible in the face of Arnaud.

The shoemaker of Martin Guerre deposed that the dimensions of his foot exceeded by one quarter that of the accused. Another witness alleged that Guerre was a skillful swordsman and wrestler. The accused was a novice in either art. Jean Espagnol, of Tonges, swore that the prisoner had revealed himself to him as Arnaud, but enjoining secrecy, and declaring that Martin Guerre had made over to him the whole of his possessions. Pelegrin de Liberos deposed that the accused had given him two handkerchiefs, to be delivered to Jean du Tilh, *his brother*.

Two other witnesses declared that a soldier from Rochefort, passing through Artigues, and hearing the accused called Martin Guerre, denounced him as an imposter; he himself having lately known the real Martin in Flanders, where he had lost a leg at the battle of St. Laurent, before St. Quentin. It is indicative of the wife's good faith in the process, that she had, through great difficulties, obtained a legal verification of the soldier's testimony.

Finally, numerous persons declared that Arnaud du Tilh had from boyhood been a *mauvais sujet* of the worst description; a drunkard, a swearer, an atheist and blasphemer; a man, in short, "quoted and signed to do a deed of shame" such as that now imputed to him.

Such was the formidable case set up against the "claimant." Let us now hear his answer.

Nearly forty credible witnesses asserted that he was actually Martin Guerre, whom the greater part had known from infancy. Among these were his four sisters, with the husbands of two of the latter. Friends who had been present at his marriage with Bertrande de Rols confirmed their testimony; and the housekeeper who, on the nuptial night, bore to the new-married pair the little collation, called in courtly circles *media nocte*, among burgesses *réveillon*, positively identified the accused as the bridegroom.

A great number of the witnesses averred that Martin Guerre had two teeth in the left lower jaw broken, a drop of extravasated blood in the left eye, the nail of the left forefinger missing, and three

warts on the left hand, one being on the little finger. *All these peculiarities existed in the accused.*

It was moreover proved that the prisoner, on arriving at Artigues, recognized and saluted as old friends all those who had been intimate with Guerre; that, in conversation with his wife, he recalled to her memory incidents which could have been only known to herself and her husband; and it was stated, by way of illustration, that Madame Guerre having mentioned that she had preserved certain chests unopened, he desired her to fetch from one of them a pair of white pantaloons folded in taffeta. The garment was found as he had described.

With regard to the dissimilarity in appearance between the men, it was urged that a very considerable change must of necessity have occurred in Martin Guerre; nor was there anything remarkable in the slender stripling returning, after so long an absence, a stout and sturdy man; an alteration which, to the eye, would naturally diminish his stature.

The want of resemblance between Sanxi Guerre and the accused was pronounced to be of little value. How many sons might not be classed in the same category! The report of the soldier from Rochefort, being but hearsay, could not be accepted, the law expressly refusing credence to such testimony.

The indifferent character attributed to Arnaud du Tilh could not affect the accused, who claimed to be another man, Martin Guerre; and it was at least in evidence that his course of life during the four years that had elapsed since his return had been without reproach.

Lastly, the marvelous accuracy with which the accused assumed and maintained the character he claimed transcended, his supporters alleged, human ingenuity. His acquaintance with dates, incidents, conversations, etc., in the actual life of Guerre, was as inexhaustible as it was shown, by irrefragable testimony, to be correct. M. Pasquier, who was strongly against the accused, finds himself driven to magic and sorcery for explanation of the phenomenon; an argument which, however plausible in *his* time, would be hardly acceptable at Westminster in *ours*.

Such was the conflict of reason and of evidence with which the judges of Toulouse were called upon to deal. All sources of information seemed to be now fairly exhausted. It was necessary to arrive at some conclusion; and the court, according to M. Coras, were upon the very point of pronouncing the accused to be Martin Guerre, when there occurred an event so unexpected, so singularly timed, and so decisive, that the spectators may be excused for regarding it as a direct interposition of Heaven to overrule man's erring judgment, and avert a cruel wrong. The veritable husband —Martin Guerre—suddenly stumped into court, on the wooden leg described by the Rochefort witness, and claimed to be heard.

Arrested and interrogated, he denounced the imposter—whose history he gave in detail—and demanded to be confronted with him. It was done; and a singular scene ensued. The accused—Arnaud du Tilh—in his turn denounced the rival husband, boldly declaring that he was willing to be condemned if he did not, on the spot, convict the latter of fraud and machination.

Maintaining the same arrogant tone, he then proceeded to cross-examine the other as to certain domestic incidents which ought to be within his knowledge. The answers were delivered with hesitation; and the impostor—if such he were—certainly displayed a more intimate acquaintance with Martin Guerre's domestic history than did that gentleman himself.

On examining the peculiar marks deposed to by the witnesses on the part of Guerre, these were found duly existing in the newly-arrived man, although less apparent than in the other.

The first claimant was now withdrawn, and the second—he of the wooden leg—underwent a close interrogatory touching many domestic particulars which had not hitherto been submitted to either.

To these he replied with unfailing accuracy. But once more justice was at fault; for Martin Guerre the second, interrogated in his turn, replied with the like precision.

In despair the court now directed that the four sisters, the two brothers-in-law, and uncle of Martin Guerre, the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh, and the chief witnesses

who asserted the latter to be Guerre, should appear together, and decide, once for all, which was the real man.

All obeyed excepting the brothers of Du Tilh, whom the court, with a consideration at that period somewhat rare, forbore to compel to give testimony which would probably effect the life of their relative.

The eldest sister of Guerre, who entered first, paused for an instant, as if thunderstricken; then, bursting into tears, fell on Martin's breast, and acknowledged him to be her brother. The rest followed suit; the witnesses hitherto most inflexibly against him passing one by one into the same view.

Last of all came Bertrande de Rols. No sooner had her eyes lit upon Guerre than, weeping and trembling, as M. Coras expressed it, "like a leaf in the autumn breeze," she threw herself at his feet—foot rather—entreating pardon for having suffered herself to be betrayed by artifice into so great a fault. She laid part of the blame upon her sisters-in-law, who had so readily accepted the imposture, but more upon her own warm love for her absent husband, and that eager longing for his actual return which had contributed to the self-deceit. She averred that no sooner had she become conscious of her error, than, but for the dread of God's anger, she would have concealed her grief and dishonor in the grave. In place of this she determined on revenge, and, as all the world knew, had pursued to the death the destroyer of her fame and peace.

The woman's natural manner, her beauty, and her tears, sensibly affected the whole auditory, save only Martin Guerre himself. That stern reasoner declined to be moved by passionate words.

"Dry your tears, madame," he said coldly. "They cannot and they ought not to move my pity. The example of my sisters and uncle can be no excuse for *you*. A wife must know her husband better than the very closest connections, and an error such as yours can only be made by one willfully blind. You—you alone—are answerable for what has befallen me."

The judges in vain attempted to soften the man's bitterness.

"But I would willingly ask" (writes M. Pasquier, discontentedly), "whether this Monsieur Guerre, who inveighs so bitterly against his wife, did not deserve punishment as much as the other man, for having, by his unprovoked desertion, been the primary cause of her misdeed?"

The records of this most extraordinary case do not describe what was the demeanor of the convicted imposter at the moment of discovery. He was, however, apparently one of those "resolved villains" who defy the thunderbolt of vengeance until the very moment it strikes them into nothing.

The court decreed that Arnaud du Tilh, called "Pansette," had been convicted of the several crimes of imposture, falsehood, substitution of name and person, adultery, rape, sacrilege, detention, (*plagiat*),* and larceny, and condemned him to do penance before the church of Artigues, on his knees, in his shirt, with with head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a burning taper in his hand, asking pardon of God, and the king, Martin Guerre, and Bertrande de Rols, his wife; that he should then be handed over to the common executioner, who should conduct him through the most public ways to the house of Martin Guerre, in front of which, upon a scaffold purposely prepared, he should be executed by hanging, and his body burned. All his effects were forfeited to the Crown. The decree bears date September 12th, 1560.

While under condemnation in the prison at Artigues, Arnaud made a full confession, declaring that the imposture had first suggested itself to him on his being mistaken by intimate friends of Martin Guerre for that individual himself. From them and others he had gleaned all necessary particulars of the past life and ways of the man he proposed to personate. He denied having had recourse to any magic more powerful than natural cunning and a retentive memory; but made no scruple of confessing to sundry other crimes, which had not come under the cognizance of the law.

His behavior on the scaffold was penitent and becoming enough. It was found that he had left a will, bequeathing all he

* Holding possession of a person who properly belongs to another.

possessed to his little daughter Bertrande, and naming tutors and guardians in the event of her mother's death. This instrument was duly acted upon, the Crown having ceded its right to the confiscated property in favor of the child.

Tinsley's Magazine.

THE LEGEND OF THE SNOW.

He had not seen his love for so many days, that he longed for her with an intense yearning. All through the summer, through the warm months when the earth was bright and sweet with flowers of many hues, he had pined for her presence. When his eyes rested on the green fields, when he saw the harvest gathered in, and all the teeming riches of the bountiful earth, still he pined for her he loved.

While others rejoiced, he was grieved. But the weeks glided on, and summer had passed, and autumn had come; the gold and brown lay thick on the trees, the wind blew, and when the leaves fell, and flew away, men were sad, and said to each other: "Another summer has passed, another winter is near, and age and cares and sorrows are coming upon us." But as for him, he felt his heart glad when he heard voices saying: "Soon she must be here; the north wind is her herald." Others said: "See those dark black clouds hurrying to and fro; they warn us of her coming. A few days more, and she will be with us." Men sighed, and women looked grave, while children laughed and were merry, for to them she is but a plaything.

"And so," he thought, "she is coming, my beloved, my own! I must be ready," he said to himself, "to welcome her; none must see her ere she has met my gaze."

As he listened to the cold sharp wind whistling along, he was happy; while his eyes were ever turned toward the sky, and when it looked gray and looming, he smiled.

One night the air was so still and sharp, and the frost so keen, that fires were heaped up, and the men lighted their pipes and warmed their limbs, while the women said, "The children must be made warm, for to-morrow we shall have seen the first of her, and we know she will not leave us again for awhile." Then they knitted away fast, and many a wife felt glad that her home was proof against the wind and rain. Some thought of the mothers who would see their little ones shivering and who would have no warm cot to lay them in, and many a good heart said, "We have enough and to spare; to-morrow I must seek some of those who are hungry and cold." Children inquired that night in happy expectation, "Mother, do you think she will be here for sure, to-morrow? For last year how merry it was, and Fred and I love the winter!" Other little children cried and moaned.

But the lover could take no rest; he would watch her. So he stood at his window looking out into the narrow streets, and he could see the church spire looking gray and lonely in the dark night. Little by little the lights went out, and the last window under the pointed gable roof was dark. All was still, save when from time to time the hurried step of a late wayfarer was heard on the cold and resonant earth. The sound of the great clock came booming on the night air; he heard it strike many times, and his eyes were getting weary, for she had not yet come. Suddenly, as the hour of three rang out, a thrill was felt through the air, and she was there. Yes, she was falling so light and white, touching all with her soft touch, and soon he saw she was coming quicker. Silently she rested on the roofs and window-sills, on the street and trees; and the wind seemed to welcome her, and to kiss her, while she danced merrily in that night, the cold virgin of his love. He felt his heart beat high with joy, and he wished for the morning, that he might behold her in all her glory.

When the dawn appeared, he went out to meet her, and pressing his lips to her, he murmured:

"Welcome, my bride; say canst thou hear me? Ah, how lonely I have felt since thy departure! and I am alone to love thee. They all fear and dread thee, as if thou didst not make everything beauteous. When thy mantle is spread, all partake of thy matchless whiteness. How soft thou art!—O do not melt away in my hands, dear one. How bright! Now indeed my eyes are gladdened."

He thought he would go and contemplate her lying on the great ice lake, where he had seen her often baring her white bosom to the warm gaze of the sun. None were there to disturb him. She lay without a spot on her pure raiment, and the black shrubs on the bank formed a very crown of thorns to her brow; while the sun rising in the heavens was making her sparkle with joy, for he also is her lover. But the other lover, seeing this, thought, "He is my enemy; it is he who makes her to melt and vanish. Can it be that the day will come again when I shall look no more on her fair face?" and a great sadness came over him.

As he stood he remembered that there are lands where she rests continually, and he felt that he must reach them, there to be joined to his bride forever.

"Yes," said he, "I shall go; thou wilt cheer me on the way, and then none can part us."

The evening had come, for he had stood there many hours, never weary, never tired with the sight of his love; the night was pure and bright, and the moon let fall her rays of mellow light on the mirror spread to receive them. The shadows of houses and trees looked quaint and peaceful as they stood out distinctly, and yet not harshly, on that pale carpet. With this sight his courage rose, and he started.

He had not journeyed long before she, as if moved with compassion, came and joined him. He felt her all around, and she was a light to the darkness.

So he journeyed many days and many nights, meeting her often on the road, and he entered towns and villages which she had clad with a portion of her white garment. Men were talking of her, and they wondered at the pale-faced youth who said she was his mistress. When they heard his tale the men were silent, while the women pressed him to remain, and the little children laughed and jeered; but he heeded them not. He was foot-sore, and tired, and hungry, but he would never rest till he reached those climes where she smiles everlastingly.

At last he received for answer, "Yes, she remains here always; she has rested on those hills for years;" but saying this, they warned him to stop; they told him sad tales of strangers who had tried to subdue her, and who were never more heard of. It was in vain; their warnings were as naught to him; another spirit was whispering words of love and joy, and he believed them.

In the gray morn he left the valley. Many women stood at their doorway to watch him till he was out of sight, and then turned back with a sigh.

He walked on, singing songs of love, and climbing higher and higher as he went. Toiling the whole day, he found himsef toward the evening alone in the solitudes which are her realms, while she lay as on a couch, the heavens forming a canopy to her throne. The sun was setting in his glory, and had robed her with blue and gold and purple. Lifting his eyes, he was glad. Was any beauty to be compared to hers? Then he laid himself down to partake of her glow while he said to her, "Now I am come, come to be with thee forever. O, listen not to the north wind, let not the jealous clouds hide thee from my eyes, nor the sun force thee to melt from me! O my bride, the day of joy has come, and in what robes art thou clad!"

He looked, and saw the gay colors had vanished, but her loveliness was the same. As he lay there, she, as a token of her love, began to caress his face. He felt her soft kisses on his eyes, on his mouth, on his brow; then gently murmuring, "I am resting in thy arms, O my beloved; now I shall sleep," his eyes closed, and from that long kiss he woke no more. In her bosom he rests, and none disturb them. So he died—the lover of the snow died of love and joy.

THE memory is a treasurer to whom we must give funds, if we would draw the assistance we need.—*Rowe.*

Cassell's Magazine.

HALF A DREAM.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"GENTLY, Geordie! take your time, man! Now then!" The excited gilly wades into the pool with his gaff, there is a brief struggle, and then he lays on the grass a fine salmon of eighteen pounds at least.

On disengaging the fly, it is found too ruffled and "mauled" to be of any further use. My pouch does not contain another puce floss-silk-bodied fly.

"It is na manner of use ye're trying the Spey wi' ony o' thæ fal lals," exclaims honest Geordie, turning out my best London-made flies with no small amount of disdain; "I'll jist rin awa' to the manse doon yonder; Mr. Finlen ties a fly that will kill in ony weather, and he'll gie your honor ane, I ken weel."

While he takes my compliments to his reverence, I fling myself down beside my quarry. He was my first salmon, and not a little proud was I of his silvery sides and perfect form. But the morning was hot and the heather-tufts comfortable. I lighted a cigar, and reflected on the odd chances that had brought me, William Robinson, late of the Bengal Civil Service, to the banks of the Spey.

The night-side of London, during the season, offers many curious sights to the social philosopher. Heightened by the darkness overhead, and lit by the glare of the numerous gas lamps, the contrasts of fashionable life and poverty come forth far more strongly than during the day. The scum of the Great City does not often bubble to the surface before evening. Wealthy Pleasure does not thoroughly rouse herself until dinner or ball beckons at sunset. In no scene can the various aspects of high and low life in London be so well studied, as under the corrider of the opera when the prima donna's last notes still quiver in the memory, or in front of one of the theaters when the curtain has fallen and the lights inside have been dimmed. What a rush of splendid horses, what a whirl of wheels, and Babel of excited shouts from struggling coachmen, policemen, and gentlemen, as "Lord A's carriage stops the way!" or Lady B's brougham is brought up with a sudden check! How strange to see young and lovely women exquisitely dressed and ornamented, huddling together under the slight shelter if it rains, while the dirtiest and most disreputable of their sisters leer at them from the wet and mud, with smiles obviously due to the influence of gin! Then the dashing off of adventurous gentlemen in search of a cab, the cool manner in which it is often appropriated when brought up, in the confusion, by another party, while the first man vainly attempts to collect his ladies —the subsequent feelings of these ladies after the exposure to cold and wet, when they do get into a cab at last—all this, and much more, supplies a thoughtful mind with plenty of reflections. Look at that elegant girl, in green muslin and silvery gauze trimmings! Consumption is the great *artiste* who causes her violet eyes to sparkle at her companion's sallies, and paints her cheeks with that becoming carmine flush! This ten minutes' waiting has signed her death-warrant. He has hailed a cab at last, and handed her in. Alas! has he not handed her into a hearse?

Such were my meditations one night in front of the Lyceum, while a drizzling rain was falling, and the cold canopy of fog and mist seemed settling down closer every minute. I had left Oxford that morning, and in ordinary costume was comfortably surveying the confused sights before walking to my hotel. The eagerness of those who were still within, pushed the first who had left the theater beyond the scanty limits of the awning, and many stood in the street waiting for cab or carriage. Suddenly my eye fell on a familiar face. It was Buchanan of Saint Vitus's (my own college), who in full evening costume, with a breadth of shirt-front that the rain was already discomposing, stood outside the awning with a young lady on his arm. They had no umbrella, and evidently would have to wait some minutes yet. The rain fell piteously on his companion's pretty head-dress, but she did not seem to mind it much. I pressed up to them, and said—

"Here, Buchanan; I can't bear to see your friend getting so wet. Take my umbrella till your carriage comes."

"What, you here, Robinson! how kind of you! The very thing, isn't it?" (this to his companion). "Let me hold it well over you. There!" and having ended his *petits soins*, he suddenly remembered—"Oh! Miss Frere, Mr. Robinson!—but where have you sprung from old boy, eh? Shall I see you to-night at the club? No, by the way, I shan't be able to come up to-night; hope to see you though to-morrow.—Here, John! here!" and in less time than I take to write it, the carriage dashed up, Buchanan handed in the young lady, who had only time to thank me with a word and a still more gracious smile, an elderly lady and gentleman hurriedly got in, Buchanan dropped the wet umbrella into my arms, with a "Ta, ta! old boy; many thanks," and they were whirled away, leaving me with as little ceremony, as I reflected, as if I had been engaged by the theater to stand at the door and provide ladies with umbrellas. However, Buchanan doubtless meant nothing by it, I thought; he looked very much in love with his fair companion, and probably had not many ideas for any one else at present. Small blame to him, for she *was* very pretty; what eyes she had, and what a smile! Happy Buchanan! and here I must walk solitary home to my hotel. So I lit my cigar and strode on through the dripping crowds.

It was long before I fell asleep, and even in dreams the winning smile, the graceful figure, the dainty lace that was so cruelly besmirched by the rain, and which formed the head-dress of Miss Frere, constantly intruded themselves. Her face was one which derived much of its charm from beauty of expression, and few faces so provokingly fix themselves in the memory as these. Next morning at breakfast my thoughts recurred to her, then the paper came; I finished my chop, bustled off into the city on business, and forgot her. The examination for the Indian Civil Service was beginning in a few days, and work put everything else out of my head. In due time I was appointed to one of vacancies, and (it was before the present system) received orders to be ready in three months.

One lovely afternoon that August, I had rambled from Penzance, where I was bidding farewell to friends, down to the stern granite cliffs which, hung with a waving fringe of gray lichen, hurl back defiance on the surges that so frequently assault the Land's End. It was a glorious scene that I surveyed, looking over the broken water that runs so swiftly among the black reefs off the headland on to the Longship's Lighthouse, and then to the illimitable Atlantic beyond, like the vast unknown future which lay before my life-voyage. Suddenly laughter and voices struck on my ear. Turning round, I saw a party of ladies and gentlemen, followed by servants with baskets and cloaks. Evidently it was a picnic party, so I went on with my meditations while they passed round a shoulder of rock, whence occasionally bursts of merriment floated over to me.

At length a lady, in light gauzy muslin dress, girt with a broad pink sash *à la fronde*, and accompanied by a man who was earnestly chatting to her, passed between me and the sea, clambering over the rocks. As he passed by he looked up: it was Buchanan. He uttered a cry of surprise, whereat his partner, the fair Frondeuse, raised her head, and once more I beheld the face that had burnt itself into my memory the night after the theater. It was fresh, gay, and lively as the glittering waves before us, while, as with them, slumbered under its arch expression and undercurrent not to be fathomed or understood all at once.

"What! Robinson! where have you dropped from, old fellow?" said Buchanan.

"I remember you well, Mr. Robinson," added the lady. "What a romantic place to meet in!"

"I could not forget you, Miss Frere," I observed, in all seriousness, for such was the thought that at once passed through my mind; then adopting a lighter tone for Buchanan's benefit, I said, "Haven't you brought a parasol to shade me from the sun in *my* time of need at present?"

"No; but we have plenty of champagne and ice to cool you. Come along round the rock!"

"Do come, Mr. Robinson! it will please papa to be introduced to you—

and a family picnic," she added with archness, "is generally so dull."

There is no need to describe the charm of the picnic, to me at least, heightened as it was by the pleasure of watching the varied expressions that swept over Miss Frere's face, to die out (as Wordsworth says) in her eyes, and by the singular rock-scenery amongst which we feasted. Buchanan was very attentive to Miss Frere, and I had no doubt that a few more months would see them married. Declining a pressing invitation to dine with Mr. Frere that evening, as I had to leave Penzance for town, I once more lost sight of the face that possessed such a strong attraction for me. Shortly afterward I started for India, and after five years' service, during which I had never forgotten Frere, though I had heard nothing either of her or Buchanan, I returned home for a year's rest.

Hitherto my story has dealt in suddenly changed kaleidoscopic combinations; it will now become more steady. That summer I spent with my brother and sister at Guildford, and was returning there by the last train on a lovely July night, from a cricket-match at Aldershott. Suddenly there was a violent lurch, then the carriage seemed to spring into the air, turned over on one side, and after plowing up the ground for a few yards, subsided along with all behind it into a general wreck, covered with clouds of dust. The engine had gone on, and the carriage I was in, having run off the line, had carried confusion and ruin into all behind it. To my utter amazement, beyond a good shaking I was not hurt; so having extricated myself from the smashed carriage, I proceeded to help the other passengers. There were very few of these, and none were seriously hurt, though contusions and broken heads abounded. Loud was their wrath, and dire their threats of actions, and of the compensation they would exact from the company. I left them to their grumblings, and passed to a first-class which had not been overthrown. By the aid of the guard's lamp we saw a lady sitting with clasped hands, apparently paralyzed with terror; while, to add to the confusion, a thunderstorm now broke forth in a deluge of rain. It was out of the question to leave the lady where she was. "Madam," said the guard anxiously, "I trust you are not hurt."

The lady did not stir or speak.

"Madam," I said, coming to the rescue of the guard, "suffer me to help you out; you must not stay here; pardon me!" and I took her arm, and tried to raise her.

She burst into a torrent of tears, with her hands before her face, but without uttering a word or arising. I saw that she was utterly unhinged in mind, though it seemed fortunately not hurt in person.

What was to be done? Guard and I looked at each other in doubt; still she could not be suffered to remain; so I took up her dressing-bag and cloak which lay on the opposite seat, and handed them to the guard. On doing so, a name caught my eye, which was engraved on the lock of the former article—ELLEN FRERE. It touched an old key-note within me, but that was all, and I applied myeslf again to remove the lady.

"Thank God!" at last she said devoutly, and I started at her accents. Once such tones had vibrated in my mind, but that was all gone—still could it—could it be? Swifter than thought I seized the guard's lamp, and in the rudest but most eager way held it up to the lady's face. There were the well-remembered violet eyes, suffused now with tears, the fair cheeks blanched with terror, the half-opened lips that had twice before so powerfully attracted my fancy.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Now then, sir, look alive!" said the guard roughly. I awoke from my amazement.

"Miss Frere! how very fortunate! I am thankful indeed that you are not injured. You remember me!—Robinson, whom you met at the Land's End? Now you must let me take you out, and I will see to you, and not leave you till I have safely handed you to your friends."

"Mr. Robinson!" she said dreamily; "ah, yes; I will leave this now," and she took my arm while I hurried her out of the train. Luckily the accident had happened a hundred yards from a little station, and we were soon under its shed,

she trembling convulsively still, and clasping my arm tightly. I let her remain silent for a few minutes; I then poured out some sherry for her from my flask. This revived her, and she said: "Mr. Robinson, how can I thank you enough? but what shall I do? I have forty miles yet to travel to S——, and my luggage lost, and I with such a headache! so shaken with it all?"

"The first thing is to telegraph to your friends at S—— that you are safe. To whom were you going?"

"To the Lamberts."

"They are friends of ours, oddly enough. You must let me telegraph to them that you cannot go farther to-night. Then stay with us, only a few miles on—with my mother and sister. They will do everything in their power for you; and you can go on to-morrow, when you have rested."

At this moment the station-master's wife came to beg Miss Frere to enter her house till a few carriages were got ready to proceed, and I devoted myself to helping the wounded, and doing what could be done to alleviate their sufferings. In an hour the road was sufficiently clear for an engine to take three or four carriages on. Miss Frere accompanied me, and much to my mother's amazement I took her home. It was quite clear that she could not proceed, however, for she fainted more than once before I got her safely housed for the night. Nor could she leave her room for three days.

It was impossible for the above events to have happened without my having old feelings strongly recalled to my heart. I was miserably anxious and *distrait* until she was able to be brought into the drawing-room. I was decidedly in love with Miss Frere.

I could not, however, do more than worship my goddess assiduously, as if that did aught but heap fuel on the fire! She was a rich man's only daughter—nay, his only child. Mr. Frere had been down to see her while she was ill, but had been obliged to hurry off, and gratefully commend her to our further care. What right had I to interfere with his plans?

Another consideration had still more weight with me. She had never named Buchanan, which I magnified into an acknowledgment that they were engaged—especially when I remembered the familiar terms on which they had been on the only two occasions when I had previously met Miss Frere. How could I be so treasonable to my friend as to undermine him in his absence? Clearly I could not make open love to his *fiancée*. But I was nettled all the same; and I, too, never mentioned his name.

Our talks became longer and more confidential. Sometimes I even read to her. Then there were always little cares to be attended to, flowers to be put near her couch, her shawl to be arranged over her feet, and so forth. It was a sweet yet a terribly dangerous thing to be thus brought into such close relations with a lovely and loveable girl. Perhaps she felt it too, for she was in no lively mood the last two days of her visit.

The end must come to the sweetest dreams. Miss Frere was now well enough to leave on the morrow; I was to depart for India the following week. Naturally that evening we were neither very cheerful. My sister was gone to visit a friend: my mother knitted in silence; our talk at the sofa had gradually died also into silence. Twilight crept in and brought its store of sad memories. We were to part for a long term of years to-morrow. Still how could I speak of love? Be base to Buchanan and abuse his trust? never.

At length Miss Frere rose and went to the piano. She had a light touch, and a voice as full of expression as her face. After a few soft bars, she broke into the dreamy music of *Faust*, and sang with the utmost pathos. I listened, leaning on the back of my chair in raptures. Presently she stopped, and remained seated at the instrument as if in deep thought. I had never till then noticed that my mother had been called out of the room.

After a pause I rose. "Miss Frere, to-morrow will end the sweetest week of my whole life."

"Will it indeed?" (Here was a stopper on enthusiasm!)

"Can you doubt it? And next week I go to India. I positively hate India!"

"Yes—no doubt."

"I hope, Miss Frere, that you will be

very happy. I am sure that you deserve it."

"Do I? but thank you all the same!" and still she remained pensive.

At length I said desperately: "Well, I shall sometimes—often—think of you. When is the happy day to be? Excuse my asking, but I feel quite an old friend, you know."

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow! Good gracious! Miss Frere, what *do* you mean?"

She looked up startled. "To-morrow. Did you not say, when was the unhappy day?"

"No; I said when was the happy day!"

"What happy day?"

"What happy day! why—when—when—you know—well—when you are to be married."

"Married!" and she jumped up and opened her eyes widely—"married! who ever said I was going to be married? What do *you* mean?"

I remained silent a moment. We looked into each other's faces, and then fairly laughed.

"Why, of course," I said, feeling very much relieved, "I thought you were going to marry my old friend Buchanan."

"Marry my cousin Dick, whom I have known from his cradle! who ever thought of such a thing?"

"Then if you are not going to be married, I—I——"

"I am not going to be married at all, I tell you," she said archly.

"But, Miss Frere—Ellen—don't let us make our lives a waste for want of a word—if I asked you to be married, for the sake of a very old, old love that I have cherished for you, and because—well, because of our preservation the other night"—and I drew near and took her hands—"eh, Ellen?"

"Well, if you asked me, perhaps I might possibly consent to change my mind"—but that was all she said, for in another moment she was at my heart.

After a moment more I said, "Well, when is the happy day to be now?"

"When you like."

As our conversation then began to be somewhat insensate, after the manner of lovers, and she had declared she would go with me to India, and I had avowed my intention of never taking her there, I may as well stop.

Here comes Geordie with the flies. Now you see, gentle reader, why I am thus enjoying *dolce far niente* on the grass, by the side of the Spey. I have no doubt you can guess that Ellen is up at the Lodge with her father, and that my good fortune in securing her for a wife, with a couple of thousands per annum, was all owing to my moralizing that wet evening in the street—"after the theater." I remarked then that a young lady left out in the rain often stepped into a hearse; in Ellen Frere's case it was luckily into her marriage couch.

All the Year Round.

SEERS AND OVERSEERS.

THE wholesome custom of, so to speak, checking man's current account with time, by summarising, at the close of every year, the events that period has brought forth, presents other advantages beyond those of refreshing the general memory, or aiding the after historian. Affording the opportunity of comparing what has actually happened with what was confidently foretold, it imposes a healthful check upon man's arrogant judgment, and reminds him upon how minute a pivot the whole cycle of events may turn. If it be wise to call no man happy till he is dead, it is scarcely less prudent to be certain of nothing till it has come to pass. For, unless the eye of human prescience were microscopic, as well as farseeing, the whole prophetic structure must, of necessity, be at heart unsound, and, at all events, of no higher value than the testimony of a discreet witness, who swears "to the best of his judgment and belief."

It is the common failing of our unaccredited seers to be rather too positive. But, what help? Who would care twopence about a hesitating augury? Any man can say he "thinks." It seems to be accepted, as best, to adopt a bold, sonorous ring in these pronouncements, calculated at once to confound the skeptical, and awe into silence those more curious persons who would pry into the sources of the seer's foreknowledge.

That not a few of these plunges into futurity have brought up pearls, is undeniable. In a former article* we have already given some specimens of these, and now, commencing with the remark that no political inference whatever is intended to be suggested in the examples of authentic prophecies, which, in the whirligig of time, have to all appearance reached their realization, against all rational probability, viewed from the prophet's time that such would be the case.

We will have nothing to say, at present, to the too prolific seers—men who had a sort of flux of prophecy, and who, like Nostradamus, whose vaticinations embraced two thousand years, foresaw a confused assemblage of things, among which some children of the future were born sound and fair. The seer, in large practice, resembles the fashionable physician, who, if he has more patients than his brethren, undoubtedly loses more. We will begin with the bards of small but distinct utterance, confident that what success has actually attended their foreshadowings will be a sufficient excuse for reproducing the little they as certainly did say.

Germany is by no means deficient in seers. We will not dwell much upon Joseph von Görres, whose death-bed prophecy, in January, 1848, was declared and believed to have embodied the then undeclared revolution in Poland, describing Hungary as one vast field of carnage, prefiguring the insurrection in Posen, the devastation committed by the Prussians in suppressing it, and finally the downfall of European monarchies. The last portion was considered as realized by the events in Paris, following in the same year.

*See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. iv. p. 132.

To the warning of events so near fulfillment, it is impossible to accord the dignity of prophecy, and we record it only in deference to the remarkable sensation created by it in Germany at the time.

Jaspers, otherwise the "Westphalian Shepherd," testified in 1830.

Jaspers was a simple cottager, a respectable and religious man, thoughtful, as are many of his calling, and not given to unconsidered speech, or, indeed, any—if he could help it—nevertheless, a short time before his death, which occurred in the same year, 1830, he publicly announced as follows:

"A great road will be carried through our country, from west to east, through the forests of Bodelschwing. On this carriages will run without horses, and cause a dreadful noise."

It need hardly be mentioned that, at this period, no railway had been laid down, even in England. The prophet was right, however, the rail from Cologne to Minden running right through the very district indicated.

Invited to foretell his country's political future, Jaspers, for a long time, maintained an obstinate silence. At last he opened his lips; only, however, to declare that Frederick William the Fourth would be the last King of Prussia.

May it not be said that the events of the past year have confirmed this prophecy, the kingly title being merged in the imperial?

Jaspers' third and last prophecy was:

"The German Empire shall choose a peasant for ruler. He shall govern Germany for a year and a day."

If this have reference to events already past, a coincidence may be found in the regency of the Archduke John. He had married a Styrian peasant, and adopted the costume and manners of the class, but, notwithstanding, exercised the functions of regent during the period specified.

In regard to the assumption of the imperial title, perhaps foreshadowed in Jaspers' second prophecy, it is a singular fact that one Pottgiesser, who died, long since, in Dortmund—having enjoyed some repute as a seer—drew up a genealogical tree of the royal house, and, on arriving at the present monarch, simply

wrote, "Er verschwindt." (He disappears.)

A certain gentleman, affectionately known as the "Youth of Elsen," uttered many prognostications touching the fate of nations and communities, many of which, corroborated in substance by a subsequent seer, Hermann Kappelmann, justified the prophet's assertions.

But of the seers of the Fatherland, none stood forth so prominently as Margaretta Stoffell, or Stoffler, whose declarations, reduced to writing, obtained at once a wide publicity.

Vaticination appears to have been traditional in Margaretta's family, an ancestor of hers, who flourished as far back as 1452, having united with the study of mathematics, of which he was professor at Tuberingen, that of astrology. To that fanciful source must be ascribed his many and intrepid predictions, as also their almost invariable collapse! Monsieur Stoffler certainly caused the great sensation of his day by announcing, in set terms, a most fearful deluge, to come off in 1524.

All Germany began to tremble as the time drew near. Ships were building in all directions. Towns, far in the interior, began to bristle with unfamiliar masts. Rafts, of tremendous size and improved sea-going qualities, were hastily put together. The maritime service became singularly popular, and received an impulse which was sensibly felt, long after the necessity had passed away. For nothing of the sort occurred. "On n'en fût pas affligé," wrote a grateful historian. Monsieur Stoffler admitted that he had overlooked a little point in his calculation, which vitiated the whole.

His last prophecy was destined to come true, or nearly so. He had predicted his own death by a "fall." Being one day, in February, 1531, engaged in a warm philosophical dispute, he started up to take down a volume that supported his views. Unfortunately the shelf came with it, and striking Stoffler on the head inflicted an injury that resulted in his death.

The predictions of Margaretta Stoffell were of a different character. The work in which they were embodied, exactly as delivered, at Christmas, 1847, was prepared by Doctor Edward Brann, physician of the Royal Imperial Austrian Court of Justice. It was entitled Nine Years of the Future, the whole being destined to fulfillment between 1847 and 1856. It was translated by M. Elias Schneider.

The publication was suppressed in Austria, but the book had a brisk sale in Switzerland, and an American gentleman of note informs us that many copies were in circulation at Pottsville and other cities, previous to the breaking out of the French Revolution of 1848.

It was subsequently published in Philadelphia, by L. A. Wollenweber, who, on being applied to for information as to dates, replied that he received a copy of the pamphlet from Germany in February, 1848.

There is, consequently, evidence enough to show that the prediction was, without question, uttered at a period when the thrones of Europe appeared most stable, and when not the most distant growl of Revolution had made itself heard.

No importance was, however, attached to it at the time. The pamphlet shortly died out of sight, as unworthy of notice, until the events that rapidly followed revived the recollection.

PROPHECY OF MARGARETTA STOFFELL.

"The year (1847) is past, a year which produced many a tear, and in which many a tear was also wiped away, and many an unbelieving heart directed to Him who turneth the heart as the rivers of earth.

"But repent, for the night cometh. Soon the cholera will rage throughout Europe with fury unexampled as yet.

"A great revolution will break out in France. The king" (Louis Phillippe) "and his family will be compelled to leave their country, and a war will commence against the noble and the wealthy. Many capitalists will leave France, where an attempt will be made to destroy the power of money by abolishing usury. The Jews shall also suffer much at this time, and the wealthiest among them will become a victim of the enraged multitude. There will arise a governing power of the working class, but, after a short continuance, will disappear in the midst of war with foreign powers.

"Then a conservative party will reach

the summit of power, in France, under whose direction she will again slowly recover, but only after bloody confusion.

"From thenceforth there shall be no kings in France. But a certain prince shall attempt to erect for himself a throne. He shall, however, atone for his foolish undertaking, and will lose his life thereby.

"Spain and Portugal will be rent with bloody civil wars. Then a man gifted with intellectual powers rarely united in one person, shall come upon the arena of life and give to these distracted people the boon of peace. Spain and Portugal shall lose their names, and united as the Pyrenean Republic, become great and powerful by land and sea."

(It is not without some patriotic qualms that we attend Mademoiselle Stoffell in her investigation as to the future of our own cherished land. But, courage! Forewarned, forearmed!)

"In Great Britain the distress of the working classes will increase continually. Great Britain, the world mistress of commerce, will receive an irresistible shock. Her great possessions in America and Asia will declare independence. Her fleets will be annihilated in a great sea-fight. After many vicissitudes she will again become tranquil, but will not any longer be more powerful than other nations. Royalty will be abolished, but" (this is satisfactory, as evincing the firm hold maintained by the descendants of our gracious sovereign on the loyalty of England) "much later than in the other States of Europe."

(The next prediction is distinct enough, and well worth remembrance.)

"A great revolution will occur in Italy. A storm will pass over the land, before which the Austrians will disappear like chaff. The different States of Italy will unite in one great nation, and Rome will again become its capital.

"The Christian religion will have to strive with atheism. Men will pronounce it a worn-out thing, and faith in a divine Saviour will decay. But a new defender shall appear, and the worldly power of the Pope be destroyed forever."

(The consolidation of the new German Empire is scarcely so complete as Prince von Bismarck no doubt believes. It is true there is no precise date mentioned, but——)

"Germany will be the scene of the most fearful events. A destructive war will rage from one end of the land to the other. Remote eastern nations shall be invited by a German monarch to assist him, but west and south shall rise against these barbarous allies, and, on the banks of a great river, the eastern hordes shall be put to the sword. A great German city—mighty as Babylon—shall be burnt to the ground, and sown with salt. None shall live there more.

"Poland shall rise, and the Vistula leave upon its blood-stained banks corpses enough to fatten all the ravens of the world for one hundred years!

"The kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway will resign their crowns voluntarily, and these lands, forming a Scandinavian republic, will materially promote the overthrow of the Russian Empire, against which west and south once more combine. Thousands upon thousands shall advance toward the assembly of the eastern hordes. Upon a plain, from whose center the eye sees no limit, there shall be a battle of eight days, wherein the eastern armies shall at at length be defeated and destroyed.

"It will be the greatest battle ever fought by man, and also the last. For now will commence the kingdom of God upon earth, the kingdom of love and justice, in which names all nations will thenceforth unite in brotherhood."

Lactantius, sometimes styled the "Christian Cicero," delivers a prophecy (De vitâ Beatâ, lib. 7), so singularly applicable to the First Napoleon as to be worth disinterring.

After foretelling civil discords, ruinous wars, vast standing armies, etc., he proceeds:

"But then shall there rise up a most puissant military chieftain, of obscure birth, who will have acceded to him a fellowship with the other sovereigns of the earth.

"This man shall harass the world with an insupportable despotism. He will confound and commix all things spiritual and temporal. He will be forever restlessly revolving new schemes, in order to affix the imperial crown over all, in his own name and possession. He will change former laws, and sanction a code of his own. He will pillage and lay waste, will

change names and titles, and establish the seat of empire."

That very singular work, the Previsions of Orval, revealed by God to a Solitary, made its appearance in 1544, and was supposed to have been penned by Philip Olivarius, a monk of Orval-Trèves. We will select from the predictions those which may be supposed to apply to more recent times in France, especially the first empire.

THE ORVAL PREVISIONS.

"At that time a young man shall come from beyond sea into Celtic Gaul, and show himself great in counsel. But the mighty, to whom he causes fear, will send him to the land of captivity. Victory will attend him back. He will overpower the sons of Brutus, and take the name of Emperor. Many mighty Kings will fear, for the eagle will carry off many crowns and scepters.

"Men on foot and horse, bearing blood-stained eagles, will run with him throughout Europe, which will be filled with consternation and carnage.

"But all is over. The mighty one is blinded for his crimes. He leaves his great city with an army so vast that none ever was comparable to it. But no warrior can withstand the power of the Almighty, and lo! the third part, and again the third part, of his army has perished by the cold of God! The mighty that have been humbled take courage, and combine against the man of power. He returns, humbled, whence he came. Gaul is covered with men and with machines of war. All is finished with the Man of the Sea."

(The following is said to designate the Bourbon line and rule, including the reign of Louis Philippe.)

"Behold, again returns the ancient blood of the Cap! Great peace throughout Celtic Gaul. The white flower is greatly in honor, but the sons of Brutus view it angrily, and God is offended because the holy day is much profaned. Nevertheless, He will await a return to Him during eighteen times twelve moons."

(The period we have mentioned lasted eighteen years.)

"A great conspiracy against the white flower moves in the dark, and the old blood of the Caps abandons the great city."

(The following was, long before the fall of the Second Empire, imagined to apply to Louis Napoleon and his times.)

"Woe to Celtic Gaul! The cock will efface the white flower, and a powerful one will call himself the monarch of the people. But the opinions of the men of Celtic Gaul are in collision, and confusion is in all minds. The king of the people will be found very weak. Many of the wicked will be against him. But he was ill-seated, and lo! God hurls him down. Great God! What a noise of arms! A year is not completed, and behold! many warriors are coming!

"It is done! The mountain of the Lord hath cried in its affliction unto God. He is no longer deaf. What fire accompanies his arrows! Ten times six moons, and yet again six times ten moons, have fed his wrath. Woe to the great city! Behold the kings armed by the Lord! Already has fire leveled thee with the earth. Yet the faithful shall not perish. The place of crime is purified by fire. Gaul, dismembered as it were is about to reunite. God loves peace. Come, young prince, quit the isle of exile. Listen! from the lion to the white flower."

(If, in the fullness of time, that is, after ten years, the time indicated by the hundred and twenty moons, Henry of Bourbon, the last bud of the white flower, should be recalled to France, the last "prevision" will be singular enough. A great ruler is finally foretold for that distracted nation.)

"A sole shepherd will appear in Celtic Gaul. The man made powerful by God will be firmly seated. So sage and prudent will be the offspring of the Cap, that God will be thought to be with him. Three kings and princess abandon heresy, and open their eyes to the true faith of the Lord. At that time, two-thirds of a great people of the sea shall return to the true faith.

"The white flower becomes obscured, during" (a period equal to fifteen years), "then it shall disappear, to be seen no more. Many cities perish by fire. Israel returns entirely to Christ the Lord. The third part of Gaul will be without faith.

The same among other nations. There is a general falling off, and the end of time has begun. After a number, not complete, of moons, God will combat by His two just ones. But all is over. The mighty God has placed before my comprehension a wall of fire. I can see no more.

"May He be evermore blessed. Amen."

Toward the close of the last century some attention was called to a series of predictions, the precise authorship of which was never disclosed. It was generally believed, however, to have proceeded from a priest of the Jesuits, resident at Bordeaux, who died there between 1780 and 1790, and was consequently known under the designation of—

THE JESUIT PRIEST'S PROPHECY.

"Then shall come disturbances in France. A name hateful to the country shall be placed upon the throne. It will be done by strangers. But two parties will first be formed in France, and there will be a war of extermination. The weaker shall prevail. Blood will flow in the great towns, but the wicked will not prevail, and there shall perish of them a vast multitude. They will have thought utterly to destroy the Church, but for this they will not have time, for the fearful crisis shall be of short duration. During this convulsion, which shall not affect France alone, Paris shall be so utterly destroyed, that when fathers shall walk with their children, and the children shall ask, 'Why is that desolate spot?' they shall answer, 'My children, there once stood a great city, which God destroyed for its crimes.'

"After this fearful convulsion, all will return to order, and the counter-revolution shall be made. Then shall the triumph of the Church be such that nothing like it shall be ever seen again, for it will be the last triumph of the Church on earth."

Let us conclude with the pervisions of two gentlemen, who, though not "among the prophets," are entitled to respectful attention, Moreau and Montesquieu.

A gentleman, well known in New York, mentioned to the writer that he chanced, in 1812, to find himself the traveling companion of the celebrated general, then on a tour of the States. Much interesting discourse had naturally passed from Mr. D.'s memory, but one remark of Moreau, as taking the form of a prophecy, made a more than usually profound impression.

"Will the States flourish as a republic?" asked the younger politician.

"Not permanently," replied Moreau, emphatically. "As a growing country, yes; but when it has reached a population of from fifty to one hundred millions, a change becomes inevitable. This vast increase must comprise that which we, with scant politeness, term canaille. This canaille is the rude but only material of which standing armies are formed. The material on hand, the need of using it is not so long a step as it may appear. Questions arise among yourselves. Foreign relations become complicated. Your augmented importance justifies a change of attitude toward powerful neighbors. A standing army is decreed. This, in turn, creates ambitious leaders. Death, thenceforth, to the true republican principle! Monarchy, the mere embodiment of a power to which the national will already inclines, is the inevitable result."

"And within what period can one predict so vast a population to be assembled in these States?"

"Within fifty years," said Moreau.

Ten years have passed since the period named. But then the speaker omitted from his prophetic scheme the "annexation," which supplies better employment for a profuse population than war.

As for Montesquieu, his terse prediction, "La France se perdra par ses gens de guerre," may, during the past year, have recurred with some significance to the reader's mind.

WHITEFIELD produced great effect upon his hearers on one occasion, by an illustration which appealed to the eye as well as to the ear. "You seem to think salvation an easy matter. O! just as easy for me to catch that insect passing by me." He made a grasp at a fly, real or imaginary. Then he paused a moment, and opened his hand—"But I have missed it."

Cassell's Magazine.

AUSTRALIAN MEAT AT HOME.

BY A QUEENSLAND COMMISSIONER.

It is September; the weather is now tolerably warm, and the fresh spring mornings are perfectly delicious. We are in Australia, and after riding on horseback the greater part of the day, have just sighted the house of Mr. R——, a large cattle station proprietor. We have traveled nearly fifty miles, and my friend Mr. B——, who is not yet accustomed to such distances, has more than once expressed a wish that we had reached our journey's end. We have seen during the day only one other house, which was too near the starting-place for us to regard it with favor, and not having conveniences for "camping out," we determined to push on.

We are both strangers here, and B——, who is also yet uninitiated in the mysteries of bush life, became rather anxious as he observed the daylight fading. Now, however, all is well. The house is prettily situated on a rising ground, and looking down the avenue presents, as we ride toward it, a picturesque appearance. Our way has been across some open plains, and we have likewise passed several beautiful lagoons; but, upon the whole, the tract over which we have come is of that character generally known as "timbered country."

Cattle are feeding in large numbers, and many are indulging in their "sundown drink." It is apparent at once that this is purely a "cattle station;" the distinction between a cattle and a sheep station being, that in either case the tract of country is used exclusively for grazing the one or the other kind of stock. There are, however, exceptions to this.

Before reaching the house our arrival was made known by the barking of dogs, of which there invariably are several, and generally they belong to the species useful for "working" the stock. In this instance they were three large black and tan "cattle" dogs, and a desperate noise they made. A gentleman, however, soon came out and quelled their riot.

We dismounted, and upon giving our names he cordially invited us to make use of his house. Our first duty now was to see to our horses, the "seeing-to" being of a very simple nature, for removing their saddles and bridles, we turned them loose into the "home" paddock. "Paddock" conveys here the same idea as the word "field" elsewhere; the home paddock being a small inclosure of about a hundred acres (whence we could speedily procure our horses for an early start in the morning) and is used in contradistinction to the larger paddocks, into which are admitted the quadrupeds not likely to be immediately required. The horses look after themselves, and are wonderfully enduring animals. They will travel day by day fifty miles or more, for several days consecutively, and during all this time, as a rule, are not provided with anything beyond the natural grass and herbage.

But we return to the house, and whilst appreciating a good wash, I am greatly amused by my friend B——, who, astonished as he was at other things, was still more startled at the "absolute effrontery" (so he termed it) of riding up to a gentleman's house and, though perfect strangers, expecting as a *matter of course* that he should entertain us for the night.

B—— was also not a little surprised at the primitive method of forming the avenue, viz., by cutting down the trees instead of growing them; he was puzzled by the fact that until reaching the "homestead" he had not seen a fence in any direction, and wondered that the cattle did not stray; he thought it cruel in the extreme, riding on horses all day and not giving them any additional food; but with the climax he was perfectly amazed.

Upon entering the parlor, Mr. Ross (for that was the name of our host) at once ordered "tea," which consisted, by the custom of the country, of a good solid repast, the beverage in the bush at every meal being tea.

B—— soon proved his ignorance of colonial matters, and Mr. Ross, seeing his evident wish for further information

on the food supply, invited him to stay for a couple of days. He could then ride over the station, and seeing the cattle, judge also of the systems adopted for properly looking after them. The invitation was at once and cordially accepted. We then retired to bed; and in truth there were more sleepers than beds! but one lying on the sofa and another on a mattress by the fire, we all stowed away.

Hearing my name called, I quickly turned out, and a more lovely morning it would be difficult to conceive. The sun soon rose, and over the whole sky not a cloud was visible. The temperature, though cool, was delicious. The horses were already in the yard, whither with bridle in hand I soon hastened; but B—— was before me, and a black boy, whom I met, soon explained the loud laughter which sounded from some distance; for coming up he appealed for the information of which he seemed already pretty well assured. "I believe, sa, that fellow massa new chum?" the last word being spoken as an appellation, half in pity, half in contempt for the ignorance of colonial experience which B—— was evincing.

Of this excessive laughter he was the innocent cause, for, in his desire to prove his ability, he had been for some time trying to catch his horse, but unwittingly had adopted the surest course of proving his ignorance; for instead of going toward the animal's head, he was doing his utmost to catch him by the tail; and running after the horse with the bridle swinging in his hand, the faster he went the faster went the horse, and the more frantic his efforts to catch him, the more anxious the horse seemed to elude the introduction. There being also some little mud in the yard, the galloping round of a dozen horses kicking it up behind them had not improved the appearance of the undaunted pursuer. At his efforts, two half-civilized black boys were almost screaming with laughter, and sitting on the fence, they swayed to and fro with unmistakable enjoyment till the horse was caught.

Having now breakfasted we mounted, and crossing several creeks, were just descending the spur of a low ridge when we came upon a small "mob" of cattle, which quickly seeing us, started off at a slow rate. We did not follow them, but continuing our course, reached upon the ridge of a plain a cluster of large trees, where were numerous and indubitable proofs of cattle frequently congregating; and indeed, as we saw plainly, this might be called a "camp," the meaning of which was thus explained by Mr. Ross:

"A camp," said he, "is a space of ground to which the cattle are accustomed to go; it is often situated like this on the edge of an unexposed ridge, and is sometimes formed by the cattle themselves, which for the sake of warmth, or by reason of their gregarious nature, collect there. But then again we sometimes form them. By driving the cattle to these places and hemming them in, we after a little while accustom them to gallop thither immediately upon the crack of the whip."

"But," said B——, with his inquiring mind, "what object have you in this?"

"Oh!" replied Ross, "every reason, for so soon as we get the cattle here we have them under control. You see," he continued, "the areas of our country are so vast, that without this system we should be a good deal put about; for the distance from home where we are is often so great, that had we not these conveniences we should be compelled, when we require only a few, to take to the yards at the head station a very large number; but now, say for instance we see ten cows with young calves which we want to accustom to milking; we drive them to this 'camping-ground.' Here we can select them from the large number and draft them out. If, again, we require a small number of fat bullocks for the butcher, we can select them or, as we term it, 'cut them out' from the rest. But another great advantage is that the beast, after a little time, regards this 'camp' and the immediately adjacent pasture-grounds as his home, and so long as there is plenty of feed near he never strays. Thus we always know where to find him. Why, you see, this station has a hundred thousand acres, and I have eight thousand head of cattle; but for these advantages I could never manage it, for the stock would be all over my neighbors' stations, where now they scarcely ever stray."

While chatting thus we saw in the distance another small herd of young cattle, but amongst them specially noticeable was a large roan ox, of which B—— was quite filled with admiration. "Ah! roast beef of old England," quoth he, "there you are!"

Suddenly emerging upon a large plain terminating in gently undulating ridges, we saw before us more than we could count, and looking to the right and then to the left we still saw more. They embraced every possible color known amongst cattle; but especially to be noticed were the huge, sleek, silky-haired roans, strawberries and reds, as amid a luxuriance of rich herbage they leisurely browsed, and seeming as though it were an effort to move, presented a picture for a painter.

B—— was in raptures. He had not even dreamed of such a sight; but Ross, who had lost money by his shipments to England of "preserved meat," *alias* "stuff," scarcely restrained his sarcasm.

"Australian beef! never mind," said he, "one more try, and if the English people don't like it, well, let them go without. Why, talk of comparing English beef, eaten in England, with Australian beef eaten in Australia, and I give my opinion in favor of the latter; and doesn't it stand to reason it should be better? Look at those cattle, free as birds, they have more *natural* pasturage than they can consume, they have more water than they can drink; they can walk, trot, or gallop; they are produced from some of the best blood in England, and in the improvement of the stock money has been almost lavishly bestowed; here you see them all the year round, and with their enjoyment of this absolute state of nature even winter does not interfere. Over there the demand is so great that you have to force them artificially, and don't even give them time to take natural meat. However, we don't want to compete with your beef, we only want to supplement your supply, for I suppose you hardly realise what is the consumption in London alone of imported meat. Here we allow to each man from two to three pounds of meat per diem."

"Indeed is it so?" rejoined B——. "Ah! if you could import those they would sell for high prices."

"Some of that meat," resumed Ross, "will, I expect, be there before six months, for I have undertaken to supply two hundred fat oxen at £4 10s. per head. I am now going to muster, and shall start them off in three days' time for the Meat Preserving Company's depôt."

The head stockman here cracked his great long whip, and with the black boys galloped off, rounding to their camps the cattle on the left side of the plain. Ross and the other stockman also started away, but we rode slowly after.

The cattle were rounded-to, and then followed the operation of "cutting out" from the large lot such as were considered suitable. To see the quick turning of the horses, as different animals marked out for the butcher endeavored to regain the large herd, was most amusing; for although they frequently wheeled, turning almost on a pivot, the horses were as quick, and frustrated their attempts, while the well-cracked and sometimes well-applied whip hurried the beasts onward, till placed amongst the selected lot, which were being duly kept by a stockman and a black boy.

We then secured about seventy or eighty, and turned homeward. They were now driven into the yard, whence were drafted out such as after close inspection did not appear sufficiently fat; the other lot being turned into a large paddock, where they awaited the "starting for town."

We supped about seven o'clock, and Ross, who had been pointing out to B—— the construction of the yards, filled his pipe. He took about three whiffs and turned round. "Well, Mr. B——," he said, "it seems almost a pity, since you take so much interest in this matter, that you should not see it through; but as the traveling with the cattle would be rather tedious, I'll tell you in about ten words what takes place before that beef makes its appearance in England. To-day is Tuesday; on Friday morning next the cattle start, and will travel about twelve miles a day; the men start with them every morning *very early*—as near dawn as possible—and travel half or two-thirds the distance. They then stop in the middle of the

day, letting the cattle feed and rest, and continue their journey in the cool of the evening. On Wednesday they will be delivered at the Meat Preserving Establishment, and then all the responsibility on the part of the men ceases.

"The cattle are kept for a few days to allow them thoroughly to rest and cool down after their driving; when this has been done there are run out from the number day by day, and taken to the slaughter-house, so many as are required.

"After the slaughtering, the carcase when thoroughly cold is taken to the 'cutting-up' room, and all the bone carefully removed. The best of the meat is then placed in tins according to the weights required; these being filled up with water are closed, boiled, and hermetically sealed. They are then packed in cases, and are either consumed in Australia or shipped off to England.

"The hides are carefully salted, and sent to the best markets. The horns are likewise shipped off. From the hoofs oil is produced; of some of the intestines use is made, and the bones previously to being sent away are 'boiled down' with the inferior and refuse meat, in order to extract whatever fat may remain. Formerly," said Ross, "we used to boil down all of the bullock for his tallow; but since the meat-preserving industry has come in we only boil the inferior parts. But I see you are very sleepy; and no wonder, after your ride.

"Though the system of managing sheep stations is quite distinct from what you have seen of cattle farming, the same mode of preservation is applied.

"Come! have a glass of toddy and turn in. Good-night."

A parting word he said as B—— rose: "If ever you hear English people speak of our beef with contempt, calling it cagmag and stuff, please to recall the large bullocks I am selling at £4 10s. a head."

The Spectator.

THE HORROR OF ASTRONOMICAL CATASTROPHES.

THE *Swiss Times* alarmed half the world the other day by threatening us with that particular form of sensational bogy, which, because it has a quasi-scientific authority, inspires a great deal more alarm than any of the modern feats of prophecy—namely, a comet which was to come into collision with the Earth about the 12th of next August. The threat was not, as it happens, a very well authenticated one, as it was attributed to a Geneva astronomer, Professor Paltamour, who does not profess comets, and in these days of the extreme division of labor, every astronomer has a special department of his own, and no doubt falsely ascribed to him, as no new comet of any magnitude has been lately discovered at all, and if it had been, the elements of its orbit could not have yet been calculated so as to know the exact period of its crossing the ecliptic. Finally, the public ought to know by this time that a comet is composed of matter so rare that if it did cross our terrestrial path, as many a comet has done, it would at most only make the difference which a whiff of steam makes to the course of a cannon-ball. But in spite of all this, the *Swiss Times* felt the utmost confidence that its somewhat imaginary news would be read with a certain gush of horror all over Europe, and so it was. Under the head of "A Pleasant Prospect," it was studied by thousands of newspaper readers with a romantic mixture of excitement and fear; an excitement and fear which would not have been demonstrably groundless if, instead of being founded on a supposed collision between the earth and a comet, they had been aroused by speculations on the extremely disturbed and volcanic state of our own sun. A body that indulges in flaming hydrogen cyclones, some of which appear to mount almost as far from the surface of the sun as the moon is from

the earth, must be subject to eruptive forces of fearful magnitude; and these, for anything we know, might end in such a shattering to fragments of the stay and prop of our system as appears to have happened before now to other suns of probably not less importance and magnitude. A shock of that kind would certainly put an end to the history of man on this globe, while a chance encounter with cometary vapor would not be likely to hurt us at all; and accordingly the former is the most plausible of the various scientific forms of the cry of "wolf" by which we are liable to have our nerves tried in the present day. The order for winding up, if it does come from this side, is much more likely to be due to some unexpected violence of the sun's, than to any of those highly inconstant and mobile travelers of the celestial spaces which there is any chance of our encountering without previous preparation.

But what we want to analyze is the ground of the excessive horror which these suggested catastrophes inspire. We know that the aspersion thus thrown upon the stability of the present condition of things has sometimes quite haunted timid imaginations, which can't endure to think of flame-volcanoes as the centers of astronomical order any more than to realize that the earth is mined beneath our feet in a manner which might at any time result in earthquakes such as shook Lisbon to its fall. Now we quite understand the horror of the latter sort of catastrophe. If the earth and its inhabitants are to remain, but men are to have such powerful evidence of the instability of their tenure of life, that every now and then a capital is to be blotted from the face of the globe, and some of the links of historical civilization sundered with a shock, no doubt the tendency must be to paralyze more or less the energies of those who remain—to make them feel that they are at the mercy of forces far more terrible than any it is possible for them to learn to wield, and so to sow that fatal sort of indifference which comes of comparative insecurity as certainly as prudence comes of comparative safety. Besides, where particular places vanish from the earth, there must be a sudden sundering of the ties which bind those so fearfully destroyed to those who remain, and all catastrophes of this kind are legitimate subjects of fear. But none of these considerations appear to apply to catastrophes which, if they happen at all, would sweep away every race and family and individual now existing on the globe from its surface. We can have no experience of such a calamity till it happens, and therefore none of the horrors of that vast dread which springs from memory; and again, whatever vague conception of its terrors we may attempt to form from a consideration of the possible causes, must be at least modified by the consideration that there would be no horror of parting, no pain such as is caused by partial calamities, and in all probability, no time to experience even a nervous dread before all would be over. Any solar explosion which suddenly released the earth from its present path, and sent it spinning on a totally new one, would, as far as any conception of it can be formed, cause so tremendous a shock that no human nervous system could survive it an instant. If the man who falls from a great height is said to be dead to all pain, absolutely unconscious, before he receives the blow which extinguishes life, it could hardly fail to happen that any great jar which suddenly impressed upon the earth a totally new group of forces would shock us into silence and unconsciousness before we had time to reflect what had happened. And where is the special terror of such an expectation? Why, indeed, is it half *so* terrible as that tolerably well-grounded certainty of lonely death in which we habitually live? Pascal's "je mourrai seul" has to our ears a far more awful sound than any threat of a sudden and universal sentence of death. Is it that there is a benevolent grief for posterity latent into the dread that our children and grandchildren, instead of living to inherit our houses and fields, and gardens and wealth, and titles and pleasures, and thoughts and dreams, will be launched with us at once into the new life, without ever mastering completely the conditions of the old? Hardly that, because when an innocent child dies, the grief is always said, and no doubt honestly held, to be rather for those who are left

behind than for it, and in this case there would be no grief of that kind. Besides, to those who believe in the Divine government of the universe, there is perhaps rather less difficulty in conceiving a divine purpose for a universal and abrupt emigration of "the dim common populations" to other spheres and happier conditions of being, than in comprehending the purpose of a gradual drafting away of the successive generations of elders, and, as the necessary consequence, of that interruption for long periods of years of the most tender and sacred ties which is one of the perpetual mysteries of our present life. If "those whom the gods love die young," there can be no great difficulty in conceiving that some one generation of the young might be transported at one stroke with their elders into the higher life, not for its sins, but for the promise of its virtues. A death that in all probability would be absolutely simultaneous, instantaneous and painless for all mankind, could hardly be anything but a very happy exchange for the death by which most of us will actually go, and for the separations which most of us again will certainly suffer before we go; and for those of us who believe absolutely in immortality, it would hardly be possible to grieve over a somewhat shorter lease of the bodily life of this world, in consideration of the earlier enjoyment of the higher and wider sphere of being which is to come after.

But then it will be said that for any man in health to be suddenly informed of the day on which he is to die must always be a shock, and that if this be so for one man, it must be so for millions of men; that all our more definite notions of happiness and hope are of earthly mould, and that to take them suddenly away from all men without very clearly revealing what is to be substituted for them, must necessarily be a cause of universal terror. Well, but as a matter of fact, even criminals often bear sentence of death with wonderful calmness, though they probably tremble more than others at the judgment to come. What we want to get at is, why a sentence of death pronounced equally on all, and to be executed on the same day, should have so much more terror—or, indeed, why it should not have so much less—than that same sentence pronounced on each separately would have for the individual so sentenced. Men and women go out to die with perfect composure who would apparently be horrified if they were sure that all mankind were to die with them at the same moment, and it is difficult to see why.

We suspect one great secret of the horror that any contemplation of a planetary catastrophe arouses in us, is the sense of abrupt insignificance to which it reduces so much of our past lives. There have we been toiling to till and drain, and build and study, and compile and analyze, and calculate and invent and legislate and organize, and all we have done outwardly, it is suggested, may pass into a little vapor at a moment's notice. The mere sentence of individual mortality does not carry with it this feeling of insignificance. The wealth and capital and knowledge and discovery and organization are expected to live after us, when we die decently in our beds. We go, but we leave behind us solid monuments of what we were. We leave wills and trusts, and books and memories to our children, the value of which we immensely exaggerate, but which nevertheless remain, as it were, to justify us for having lived at all. There is a certain horror attaching to the conception of the simultaneous evaporation, as it were, of all our *work* at the moment of our death, which intensifies greatly the sense of our nothingness, the feeling of the utter transience of our being. True, whatever we have done remains, so far as it has affected what we *are;* but that is a comparatively transcendental view of the matter, hardly real enough to most minds to soothe the agitation of their self-love at the thought of this sudden and complete obliteration of their doings from the physical record of events. And again, we suspect that most men look upon death with dread indeed, but with a certain sense of personal dignity, as one of the solemn acts of life which can only be gone through once, and which deserves a little attention and even respectful deference from those around—attention and deference of which they would be defrauded if they were to share in a universal and momentary death. And the following consideration, again, constitutes a real distinction between the

definite fixing of a day for one's own death, and the same kind of anticipation of a universal catastrophe — the man whose death is fixed for a given day has still to determine all the arrangements he will make for those who survive him; even if there is nothing of this kind to be done, he has still some interest in looking to the demeanor of others toward him, as they "prepare him for death," as it is called, and identify their own hopes and fears with his acts; in short though he is to die, much is still to go on in which he cannot help being more or less interested even up to the time of his death. But suppose that all are to die, and die together, and there would be as violent and sudden an arrest of all the moral movements of the world, as there would be of the physical movements if the sun exploded into fragments. With what interest would you sow, if on the 12th of August, before the harvest could be got in, you were perhaps all to die? With what interest would you legislate, if before the Queen's assent to your Acts could have been given for a week or two, the need of all legislation were at an end? Would even the mathematician care to calculate anything except the physical elements of the great destructive crisis? Would the engineer make another engine or the poet another verse? Perhaps the preacher might find a new energy, though even he would be sadly paralyzed by the assurance that he was to suffer just the same fate as his audience. But as for most of the earthly cares and interests of human life, they would be far more completely obliterated for every one by the certain proximity of death for all, than for any special individual by the certain proximity of his own death alone. And this it is, we take it, which is the chief secret of this hypothetical dread at any supposed astronomical catastrophe; that the blank in human interests of which it suggests a faint reflection is so great that it is impossible to fill it up even by the far nobler interests of that anticipated spiritual transformation, of the details of which we are so absolutely ignorant. In this life spiritual duties are so completely hung upon the framework of earthly things, that the prospect of the annihilation of the latter leaves even the souls of men paralyzed in a kind of blank amazement — and this, in spite of the fact that every living man who could really trust himself to the mercy of God and the love of Christ would have infinitely more to gain than to lose by such a catastrophy.

All the Year Round.

PERIODICAL COMETS.

THE discoveries of modern science lead us to infer that there is a great resemblance, in many particulars, between the greatest and the smallest bodies in creation; that atoms, like suns, are separated from each other by distances which are enormous when compared with their actual size; that the molecules comprising a bar of iron waltz round in circlets or ovals, exactly as Mars, Jupiter and the rest of us, whirl round Phœbus, and Phœbus himself and his fellow-stars revolve round some unknown central point. Perhaps some atoms, in bodies called solid, may dance up and down, like gnats in sunshine, the swarm remaining stationary while each gnat keeps changing its place in the airy reel; others may simply vibrate backward and forward, like bullets fixed at the tip of a steel spring, and made to oscillate by being pulled aside from their position of repose.

Atoms, too, like suns and planets, are each endowed with their own proper force. Their inconceivable minuteness by no means renders them insignificant. They are veritable giants in disguise. The attractive power of Sirius may be enormous, overwhelming the mind with such questions as, how much would a pound of lead, weighed on earth, weigh

on the dog-star's surface, if, indeed, it has a surface? But the energy of many atoms is all but irresistible. Freezing water will burst iron bottles into fragments. Terrible explosions are often the result of the attraction exerted on each other by atoms which are determined to join company at the first opportunity. Nothing can prevent their ultimate union.

We cannot suppose the atoms of which bodies are composed to be in actual contact, for in that case their expansion and contraction by heat and cold, and other causes, would be impossible. And yet we are unable to force them closer together than they choose to go. Water, so yielding to the touch, is very slightly compressible. Pressure has been tried in vain to permanently augment the density of soft metals. Steam, ice, gunpowder, fulminating mercury, afford familiar instances of the power of atoms. In short, the smallest molecules, like the largest stars, are separated by intervening spaces, perform their allotted motions, and are gifted with strength enough to insure them respect.

As the least and the largest bodies resemble each other, so do the lightest and the heaviest in their obedience to universal laws. Nothing, to be visible, can be conceived lighter than a comet. Had the ancients been aware of the excessive levity now attributed to them, they would have accounted for their extraordinary conduct by that cause. And yet the circumstance that stars shine through comets ought to have raised the suspicion that they could not be very dense. And yet, according to some, the moon was once a comet; Saturn also was once a comet. But the moon or Saturn, either of them, contains matter enough to make millions of comets.

Had the lightness of comets been known in former days, it might have dissipated all fears of their influence in causing either political disasters or physical catastrophes. Such things of nought can neither be capable of kindling wars, upraising deluges, nor splitting worlds into two or more pieces. These remarkable bodies sometimes throw out tails one hundred millions of miles in length and fifty thousand in diameter. What, however, is the mass of matter, of which such a prodigious tail consists? According to Sir John Herschel, if it were all swept together and suitably compressed, it might be carted away in a single cart-load. Can bodies so infinitely light, we feel tempted to ask, be subject to the ordinary laws of gravity?

Tycho Brahé was the first, in modern times, to find that comets are not meteors engendered in the atmosphere, as held by Aristotle and numerous astronomers of later date. Kepler was of the same opinion, which he illustrated by a striking comparison, not devoid of plausibility. "Since the sea has its whales and leviathans, it is natural that the air should have its monsters and comets, shapeless bodies engendered from its superfluous dregs by a sort of animal faculty. As to the number, there are more comets in the sky than fish in the ocean." They were consequently supposed to be not far distant from the earth. But Tycho Brahé, not being able to ascertain the diurnal parallax of the comet of 1577, concluded that it must be further away from the earth than the moon.

Their movements were still more puzzling. Kepler supposed that they advanced in straight lines; that is, we suppose, in curves parallel to the surface of the earth. It was a nearer guess that comets describe a parabolic orbit—if that can be called an orbit which is not an orbit (there being no return), but only a path. This parabola run through by a comet, may be compared to a huge pair of sugar-tongs, with legs of infinite or rather indefinite length, which could never meet at their tips, even to grasp and catch the sweetest, solidest, most inviting of comets. Each comet came from a sort of nowhere, and, after showing itself to the wondering earth, returned to its nowhere again, lost in the depths of the heavens, the abyss of space, beyond the limits of the known celestial regions.

But unfortunately for such suppositions, there is no such place as nowhere, any more than there is such a fact or process as annihilation. There is change; which is life. A condition of material unchangeability and inaction would be absolute death; instead of which we everywhere meet with force and move-

ment. The limbo of poets, if it have a name, has no local habitation discoverable by telescopes. There is no "behind the scenes" in the heavens whence new stars and comets may make their entrance and strut and fret their hour on the celestial stage; no lumber garret or property room into which they can retire and be stowed out of the way. The universe is an open, infinite somewhere, at every point of its extent as much a real somewhere as it is here, where we happen for the moment to be bowling through space.

A little thought will, therefore, tell us that it is just as interesting to know what becomes of comets after we lose sight of them as to watch their doings while they are visible. Tycho Brahé's observations led him to infer that the comet of 1577 had described round the sun an arc of a circle including within it the orbits of Mercury and Venus. Herelius, in spite of his erroneous notions respecting the nature of comets, first discovered that the curves in which they moved were parabolic in their nature; but he appears to have known nothing—a grand and vital omission—of the place occupied by the sun within those curves, nor of the laws which governed the velocities of those bodies as they approached the summits of their parabolas.

It was an immense step when an astronomer dared predict that a given comet, which he had observed, would one day return—a still greater when he ventured to fix an epoch for its appearance when he would not himself survive to witness the fact. And our interest in the comets whose periodical return is well established, increases with their increasing number. There appears no reason why this number should not augment with a rapidity comparable to the quickly successive discoveries of the telescopic planets circulating between Mars and Jupiter. At present we are acquainted with eight comets which have come back to visit us once or several times, after their return had been announced as probable in consequence of the circumstances of their previous arrivals. M. Delaunay, in the Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes for 1872, gives sundry historical details, which we propose to abridge, relating to the discovery of the periodicity of those eight comets.

The most important of these in the annals of astronomy is Halley's comet. It is the first whose periodicity was ascertained, and its period of revolution is the longest known. Very remarkable also was the clue which led to its identification, as well as its reappearance, predicted by our illustrious countryman fifty-four years beforehand. So proud was the Oxford professor of his discovery, that he begs posterity (now our ancestors) to remember that it was due to an Englishman.

Edmund Halley calculated the elements of his comet's orbit at its perihelium passage in 1682, when it blazed in the heavens with wonderful splendor. He found that orbit to correspond exactly with those of the comets of 1531 and 1607, which led him to conclude that all three were one and the same individual, making, in 1682, its third public appearance on the stellar stage. These three returns of the same comet gave it a period of revolution of about seventy-five years and a half, with a variation which might amount to two years. This incertitude did not prevent Halley from predicting its return in 1758.

Capini was the first to conceive the idea of searching the records of ancient observations for the orbits of comets, with a view to their possible return. If it had occurred to him to refer their motions to the sun's attraction, and to consider the sun as their center, he would have made an enormous step in advance. He employed the most delicate processes then known to astronomy to ascertain when comets would reappear, but he had no means of verifying his predictions, because the resemblances which he thought he found in comets were only apparent. He ought to have compared their motions by referring them to the sun's influence. Halley was the first astronomer to adopt this grand principle, and he signally succeeded in consequence. His method led to the important conclusion that comets are veritable planets. Their movements, which appear extremely irregular, are not so when referred to the sun. The difference between them (considered as members of the solar system) lies in the form of the orbits they

describe, and which, instead of being almost round, like those of the planets, are extremely long ovals, which is the reason why we lose sight of them during such lengthened intervals of time.

We have seen that there was a margin of about two years left open for the comet's return. It was an allowance made for the action of the planets on the comet's course. The exact amount of that action was difficult to determine. Nevertheless, Clairaut set to work to calculate it, in confirmation of his enthusiastic faith in the Newtonian system, which was not universally admitted then by the world called "learned," as it now is. "The comet we are expecting," he said, in the public sitting of the Académie des Sciences, on the 14th of November, 1758, "has become the object of much greater interest than the public usually bestow on astronomical questions. The true lovers of science desire its return, because the result will be a brilliant confirmation of a system (Newton's) in whose favor every phenomenon gives evidence. Those, on the contrary, who delight to see philosophers plunged in trouble and uncertainty, hope that it will not come back, and that the discoveries of Newton and his partisans will fall to the level of other hypotheses, which are the offspring of mere imagination."

Undaunted by this skepticism and opposition, which we can hardly understand at the present day, he traced the constellations it would traverse, and the planets it would meet on its way, and found that Saturn would retard its arrival by one hundred days, and Jupiter by five hundred and eighteen—in all by six hundred and eighteen; that is, this revolution of the comet would be a year and eight months longer than the previous one. In other words, its passage at its perihelium would take place about the middle of April 1759, within a month, more or less.

Never had a scientific prophecy excited greater curiosity from one end of Europe to the other. The comet did reappear; it followed the path through the constellations which Clairaut had traced for it; it reached its perihelium on the 12th of March, 1759, just a month before the date indicated. We may note that the difference between theory and observation might be caused by the action of the planets Uranus and Neptune, of which (as he did know of their existence) Clairaut could take no account in his calculations.

It was a grand triumph for the Newtonians. "We have all witnessed the accomplishment of the event," wrote Lalande, who had rendered great assistance in the calculations; "so that it is placed beyond a doubt that comets are really planets which turn like the others round the sun. M. Clairaut demanded a month's grace in favor of theory, and the month's grace has not been exceeded. The comet came, after a period of five hundred and eighty-six days longer than its preceding period, that is, thirty-two days before the appointed date. But what is thirty-two days for the various attractions of the solar system of which we have been unable to take account—for the comets of whose situation and strength we are ignorant—for the resistance of the etherial matter, which we are incompetent to appreciate, and for the numerous quantities which we are obliged to neglect in an approximative calculation? The difference of five hundred and eighty-six days between two revolutions of the same comet—a difference produced by the disturbing forces of Jupiter and Saturn—is a more striking demonstration than one could hope to obtain of the grand principal of universal gravity. It places the law amongst the number of fundamental physical truths, of whose realty it is no more possible to doubt than it is of the bodies which produce attraction."

Halley's comet was again due in 1835. M. Damoiseau, taking into account the disturbance to be caused by Uranus, fixed its perihelic passage for the 4th of November of that year. Another astronomer, M. de Pontecoulant, predicted for the 13th (according to M. Delaunay); but M. Lecouturier states that M. de Pontecoulant's calculation gave the 15th of November, at midnight, as the date. The comet really passed the point of its orbit nearest to the sun at nine o'clock in the morning of the 16th of November, thus failing to keep the rendezvous given it by so brief a delay as nine short hours. As the anxious expectant, was

aware of its coming, he probably waited patiently, for astronomy can boast of but few more brilliant feats than this.

According to the same gentleman's calculations, twenty-seven thousand two hundred and seventeen days must elapse between the comet's departure from its perihelion in 1835 and its next arrival at that point of its orbit; this calculation appoints the 24th of May, 1810, for that intetesting phenomenon to come off. The arithmetic which hangs about Halley's comet in groups of figures, inconceivable by unlearned minds, informs us that for thirty-eight years it travels in our direction from the extreme limits of our solar system to a point distant about forty-eight millions of miles from the sun; that it then retreats rapidly, and thirty-eight years afterward, leaving Uranus behind it, reaches Neptune's orbit, about three millions of miles from the sun. These figures are far too enormous to convey any definite idea of distance; but it would be easy to calculate how many years it would take a race horse to gallop round this course from the starting point, its perihelion, back again to the winning-post, the perihelion also.

So much for the comet's excursions into space. It was natural to trace it back retrospectively into the night of ages. The result has been to establish, with more or less certainty, that our coy visitant has been detected, at sundry intervals, agreeing with the periods required, up to October of the year 12, B. C.

Encke's comet, named after the calculator of its elements, completes its revolution in about three years and a half. Discovered in 1818 by M. Pons, at Marseilles, it was suspected to be identical with a comet observed in 1805, which suspicion was confirmed by Encke. Regarding merely the rapidity of its successive returns, this object might be considered a planet; but it has been left on the list of comets, both on account of the appearances it presents, and because it is not visible to us throughout the whole course of its orbit.

The most noteworthy point about Encke's comet results from a comparison of the dates of its successive returns to the same point of its orbit. Making every possible allowance for the disturbing forces exercised on it by the planet's attraction, Encke found that the period of its revolution is constantly diminishing, which would indicate the presence of a resisting medium—that interstellar space is not a vacuum, but is filled with an ether possessing some density, however slight. Such a medium, by gradually checking the comet's velocity, would cause it to yield to the sun's attraction; its orbit, contracting more and more, would be run through in shorter and shorter periods of time. Encke's comet was last seen in November, 1871.

Biela's comet (with a period of six years and three quarters) is another instance of fantastic resemblance between the largest and the smallest works of the Creator. There are microscopic planets and animals (examples, closterium and trichoda) which, after attaining a certain age, contract in the middle, become fiddle-shaped, hour-glass-shaped, and finally separate into two independent, thrifty individuals. Microscopists call this process "fissiparous multiplication." But who would suppose that a comet would ever adopt that mode of increase? Nevertheless, Biela's has, beyond the possibility of doubt, done so. Discovered in 1826, seen again in 1832, it could not be observed in 1839 in consequence of the unfavorable position of its orbit at the time of its perihelic passage. But in 1846 astronomers, without any reproach to their sobriety, saw it double. It was two comets, traveling side by side, with a tendency rather to quit than to approach each other. The quarrel, too, had come on suddenly; shortly before its complete accomplishment, such observers as Maury, of Washington, and Challis of Cambridge (England), declare that they saw no symptoms of the separation. The disunited couple are expected back in the autumn of 1872, and we shall be curious to see whether they have made it up, and behave as becomes their high position.

After this specimen of eccentricity, the other return comets are valuable rather as increasing the list of periodicals than for any special interest they offer to the general reader. There is Faye's comet, with a period of seven years and a half, discovered at the Paris Observatory in 1843. M. le Verrier, calculating the perturbations it would experience on its way, fixed its perihelic passage for the 3d of April,

1851, a little after midnight. The prediction, wonderfully exact, was fulfilled on the 2d of April, about ten in the morning. The same comet was seen again in 1858 and 1865. It ought to show itself once more in 1873.

Brorsen's, with a period of five years and a half, discovered at Kiel in 1846, is a more slippery comet than the preceding. It was searched for in vain in 1851, but found again in 1857. Similarly, in 1862, it was not forthcoming, but was detected again in 1868. Doubtless Astronomer Brorson is himself more punctual than the untrustworthy vagabond who bears his name.

D'Arrest's comet, discovered at Leipzig in 1851, has a period of six and a half years nearly. Its return was announced for the end of 1857; but as it would not be visible in the earth's northern hemisphere, the documents, and, if we may say so, its passport, prepared by M. Yvon Villarceau, were sent to observatories in the southern hemisphere in anticipation of its arrival. The result answered the French astronomer's predictions. The comet kept its appointment within twelve hours. In 1864 it gave no sign; but in 1870, on the 31st of August, it answered to its name.

On the 4th of January, 1858, Mr. Tuttle discovered a comet at Cambridge, United States. Tuttle's comet has a period of revolution of something more than thirteen years and a half. It was recognized at Marseilles by M. Borelly, in October, 1871. Finally, Winnecke's comet was discovered by its godfather, also in 1858, at the Bonn Observatory. Its period is five years and a half, and is believed to be identical with the third comet of 1819. After 1858 it contrived to elude observation for awhile, but was caught by Winnecke himself on the 9th of April, 1869. On the 30th of June following, it slipped round the perihelic corner and got out of the way, leaving us to lay telescopes on it by-and-bye if we can.

Whatever harm comets may have done by frightening half-witted people out of their intellectual remnant, comet wines have in some slight measure made up for it. M. Babinet tells us that we may further improve their errors. The perturbations of Encke's comet have helped us to weigh the planet Mercury. By-and-bye we shall verify the weight already assigned to the earth by the irregularities of Biela's comet. Faye's will one day tell us the mass of Mars. And, lastly, the hope is held out to us that the comets which traverse the circumsolar regions will reveal to us, by their unsteady march, the existence and quantity of chaotic matter which circulates with the plants round our central star and supplies the meteoric masses known as aërolites.

Cassell's Magazine.

THE FUTURE WAR.

BY W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

WILL the Baltic question burn into a quarrel, and the quarrel lead into an actual war—a war between the two chief military empires of the earth? On either side of the river Niemen stand a million men in arms: one million with their faces and their fancies mainly turned toward Europe; and a second million with their faces and their fancies mainly turned toward Asia. Are these mighty armies likely to be thrown upon each other, to decide by bayonet-thrusts and storms of shot and shell which form of civil life—the Moscovite or the Teutonic—shall in future flourish on the Baltic coast?

Thousands of Germans think they may, and millions of Russians think they must. On both banks of the Niemen there is fear of war—of early and tremendous havoc—which no courtly and imperial messages can charm away. The cause of conflict lies too deep for speeches to re-

move. It lies in what is called the nature of things—in history, in race, in growth, in law, in language, and in frame of mind. It is secreted, so to say, in the foundation of civil society in these Baltic provinces. The Kaiser loves his nephew Alexander, not without good cause, for Alexander is the gentlest and the bravest prince alive; the Czar admires his uncle Wilhelm, not without good cause also, for Wilhelm is the oldest, hardiest, and most picturesque soldier in the world; but kinsmen who admire and love each other may be drawn into opposing camps. In truth, the compliments of Czar and Kaiser have been somewhat over-done, and now, the more these potentates protest, the more men shrug their shoulders and distrust the coming day. Men feel that such a question as the right of Germany to protect her children in the outer Baltic districts is not one for emperors to settle by a friendly telegram and an after-dinner speech.

"I tell you how that matter stands," exclaims an ardent leader of the national party on the Russian side, as we smoke our evening "papers" in the luxurious English club at Moscow. "We are acting in our right, and we shall fight for what we have been doing in the Baltic while we have a rouble and a rifle left. Those countries are our own; the people who inhabit them are of a kindred stock. The Wends and Letts are two Slavonic tribes. For many generations they were serfs and slaves. A priestly Order broke into their country, drove them into heresy, and taught them foreign fashions with a rod of steel. We go to help them in their agony. They recognize in us their long-lost brethren. What we offer them, our laws, our faith, our dress, they take with joyful hearts. Berlin complains that we are Russianizing Russia! Well, Berlin is right for once; we mean to Russianize our frontier districts, and to bear the blessings of our national church to every province which obeys our flag. One law, one church, one tongue, one banner—this is what we mean to have. Holy Russia shall be one in heart and purpose; and a Russian patriot can no more tolerate a Lutheran influence on the Düna than a Catholic influence on the Vistula, and a Moslem influence on the Don."

"And you will fight upon that line?"

"Yes, fight till we have spent our last rouble. We shall fight for our ideas. You in Western Europe have the past, but we in Eastern Europe have the future. France and Germany are worn-out countries; we are still a young and virgin soil. What Europe had in her—the feudal system and commercial enterprise—she has produced. Her work is over. We alone have new and saving elements in reserve—a pure and primitive faith, a patriarchal form of life, a righteous ownership of land. These elements of a better social state are found with us, and not elsewhere. In lifting up the flag of Holy Russia, we are working on a providential plan."

An older and more sober statesman of the party adds: "No man now living can tell us what events may bring about; but you may rest assured that we shall hold our Baltic coasts. If Berlin seeks a second Schleswig question on her western border, she can find it ready to her hand. The plot is ripe; the cords are cut; but Russia is not Denmark, and we shall not yield to her the conquests made by Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great."

"Yield your conquests! Surely such a question is not raised!"

"It is by implication, if not more. The Germans talk of a protectorate—the very language that we were wont to use at Constantinople, in favor of our fellow-Christians in Bulgaria, Syria, and the Caucasus. A protectorate means divided powers; we cannot tolerate intrusion. Justice to their brethren! Sir, these German sympathizers interfere with us. They claim to have some rights in Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia. What rights can they pretend to have? Are we not masters in our own domain? Have we no more than a divided power? Are we, in managing our house, to take account of people in Berlin? If so, we are but vassals of that foreign city. We protest against such doctrines. We deny that anybody in Berlin can sit as a protector in our provinces. To raise that question would be war. If Bismarck meddles with political affairs in Riga and Dorpat—as some people think he may do—he will find us ready to repel his first advance. Livonia, Courland and Esthonia are to us what Leinster, Munster and Connaught were to you in ages past

when Spain was strong enough to do you hurt. You never listened to what Spain might say about the mass-book and the Brehon law, nor shall we listen to what Germany can say about the laws observed in Riga, and the class-books used in Dorpat. We shall treat our disaffected Baltic provinces as you treat your disaffected Irish provinces. We won them by the sword, and we shall hold them by the sword."

"You set aside the force which modern critics call the spirit of the age?"

"We set aside what modern pundits call the spirit of the age—a namby-pamby spirit—for we mean to stand by truth and fact. These countries on the Baltic are essential to our safety. When we yield Livonia and Esthonia, we must yield St. Petersburg; without these provinces our capital would be open to attack; Warsaw would become untenable; and we should have to fall back into Moscow and Kazan, and be in future what your Western writers say we ought to be—an Asiatic power."

"Would all that follow?"

"Every part of it. Without St. Petersburg we should be nothing but an Asiatic power. We have no choice; these districts in the Baltic are essential to our commerce and safety. Cast an eye upon this map of Russia. Nature, as you see, has not been kind to us in one thing—she has turned our rivers in the wrong direction. Here we stand in Moscow, with our faces toward the north and west; but all our waters flow off busily towards the south and east. We boast the biggest stream in Europe, but this river runs into an Asiatic lake. Our thoughts are turned toward Berlin and Paris, but our argosies go down toward Taurida and Astrachan. From Russia Proper, only one great river finds a way to Europe—the Düna; and this river, after wandering through a thousand miles of wintry waste and forest, falls into the Frozen Sea. One other stream, the Volkhoff, after draining Novgorod the Great and part of the province of St. Petersburg, drops into Lago Ladoga, and thence into the Baltic; but an enemy at Schlüssel might seal it up again, as Swedish sovereigns sealed it up in ages past. Our larger rivers run into the Black Sea, the Azoff Sea, the Caspian Sea. The port of Moscow and Nishni is Astrachan; the port of Kharkoff and Voronetz is Rostoff; the port of Kieff and Kremenchoug is Kherson. While our government was at Moscow, we had more to do with the Crim Tartars and the Chinese than with the French and Germans, and Pekin was oftener in our thoughts than Paris. As you know, the trading quarter of this city still retains the name of Chinatown. Livonia and Esthonia are the outposts of our empire. Take from us these maritime provinces, and we lose command of the Gulf of Finland—the approaches and defenses of our capital. If we were to drop Esthonia, our enemies would be at Narva, three days' march—as Prussian soldiers march from the Winter Palace. The capital would lie exposed, and Warsaw would be hardly tenable. If Warsaw and St. Petersburg were gone, we should be lost to Europe. Yes; my friend is right; we stake our empire on those Baltic coasts."

"To hold as conquests—by the sword?"

"To hold as you hold India, with a grip of steel."

For years it was a joke with public men that no fellow could be expected to understand the Schleswig-Holstein question; yet this question of the Western Baltic was a thing of fact and law; depending for solution on certain facts of birth and treaty, and on certain principles of public law. Given a good head, a free use of the Latin, French, and German tongues, and some acquaintance with public and family history in Europe since the fourteenth century, and a man might hope in time to make up an opinion for himself. The Baltic question is a greater puzzle, since the matter is a maze of old romance and modern sentiment, in which the sharpest critic of pretenses finds it hard to catch a single clue. In dealing with the Danish claims, both sides admitted certain facts. In dealing with the Baltic provinces, the writers east and west of the river Niemen seem to be treating of two different countries. Urief Samarin, the chief writer on the Russian side, has hardly a single fact in common with Julius Eckardt, one of his principal antagonists, on the German side. They agree in nothing, not even in the physical aspects of the

districts in dispute. In what they say about the people—race, religion, customs, sympathies—they differ like writers who might be describing Berlin and Kazan.

May one attempt—within the compass of a page or so—to sketch an outline of the case?

Along the Baltic coast, between the busy Prussian port and town of Memel, and the poor Russ port and town of Narva (where Charles the Twelfth of Sweden beat the Russians in a battle which recalled the days of Cressy), runs a broken and irregular plain—a marshy, misty plain—with forests, sandy wastes, and lakes. The Gulf of Riga dips into this plain, dividing it into unequal parts. Two large islands, Dago, and Oesell, with a group of rocks and islets, lie about the entrance to this gulf, and give it something of the safety and variety of an inland lake. This district, with the sea-coasts and islands, is divided into the three provinces of Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia; called so from ancient Wendish tribes—the Kurs, the Letts and Estts—whom German missionaries found upon the soil. The people are of mixed and mongrel race. The upper ranks are mainly Germans, Danes, and Swedes; the lower ranks are mainly Finns, Letts, Kurs, and Polacks. As a rule the upper ranks are Teutons and the lower ranks are Slaves. Five hundred years ago they were the battle-ground of rival races and of rival creeds; a war being waged along these misty coasts as fierce as ever desolated Oriental plain. From that peace-fight we get the terrible name of slave—from the Slavonic captive, who was seized and sold to service by the stronger, won by Christian knight.

Long after Germany and Poland were baptized into the Gospel, wild and picturesque pagan shepherds, fishermen and amber-divers dwelt along these Baltic coasts, from Pomerania to the Gulf of Finland. Zealous priests looked up into these northern fields of labor, but the sturdy followers of Perune, the thunder-god, took hold of any stray monk who came their way, insulting what he called their sticks and stones, and roasted him in his own fat. Until the Teutonic knights, returning from Jerusalem, went up into the Baltic provinces, not much could be achieved among those pagan tribes. But Conrad's knights made swift and easy progress with their missionary work. A short, sharp sword, an offer of the cross or death, put down Perune and all his imps. A hundred years passed by: the provinces were Christian. Many sorrows were in store for them. Courland was separated from Livonia, Livonia from Esthonia. The provinces were still the battle-ground of rival forces. Courland fell to Poland; afterward she became a sovereign State; at length the Russians seized her. Livonia was Danish, Polish, Swedish, Russian, in her turn. Esthonia, too, was Swedish long before she fell into the hands of Peter the Great. But under all these changes in their outer fortunes, these three Baltic provinces retained their natural order. The society was German. Every art and science in the provinces was brought from Germany. The Slavic peasants had no letters, no civility, and hardly any popular songs. The forts were built by Germans; and the towns were built by Germans. Knight, and monk, and trader settled in the land, cleared off superfluous woods, drained fen and swamp, and raised up colleges and cloisters in the towns. A native house was built of sods and clay; the Germans substituted brick and stone. A native harbor was a groyne of trees and rocks; the Germans threw out piers and jetties, lighted lanterns, dredged and deepened natural lakes. The missionaries were the masters, and the native proselytes were held to service under feudal lords.

Through good and evil days, this framework of society remained the same. Whether the Baltic provinces were divided or united, whether they were subject or independent, the upper classes were always German, the lower classes were always Slavonic. This German element took and kept the lead. When the German gentry became Lutheran, the Slavonic rustics also became Lutheran. A Catholic movement came in with the Polish occupation; but the peasants and the gentry held together, and the Roman movement ended like a dream. A Finnish movement was attempted by the Swedes, but came to nothing. All the law, the learning, and the enterprise were

German; and when Russia gained possession of these German colonies, she found her wisdom was to treat them as a separate State—a German portion of her empire—which would give her men and methods of superior force, and open up to her a way into the heart of Europe. Peter willingly agreed that the German gentry were to have their own language, their own religion, their own laws and tribunals, their own schools, colleges and customs. Nay, he meant to draw from these German provinces his future ministers, generals, and diplomatists; and therefore, in his selfish interests, he maintained the articles he had signed. Nor were his calculations wrong. From his day down to our day, these small German provinces have given more statesmen to the empire than all the Russ and Tartar provinces put together; men of high accomplishments in art and science; splendid writers and economists; able, patient, confidential servants of the Czars.

The Nesselrodes and Brunnows, equally with the Dubbelts and Kleinmichaels, come from these Baltic coasts More than half the Russian chairs are filled by Baltic Germans, and a large majority of seats in the Academy of St. Petersburg have been held by this highly-favored race. It would be no abuse of words to say that since the Baltic provinces were annexed to Russia, they had governed her by their superior skill in arts and arms. St. Petersburg was at once their sign and citadel; a German city with a German name. German was the domestic language of the court; German was the speech of academy, university, and lecture-room. The scientific books were printed in German; most of the Government correspondence was in German. To enter a profession a man must study German, and the highest marks of the learned professions were reserved exclusively to the Germans. In fact, it rather seemed as if the three Baltic provinces had annexed Russia, than that Russia had annexed the three Baltic provinces. When the Czar asked Lermontoff what he could do for him, in return for his great services, that soldier answered, "Sire, if you would only make me a German, all the rest would follow in good time."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Now a change has come on Russia since the close of the Crimean episode. She has begun to doubt the wisdom of her long submission to the Baltic provinces. She wants to be herself; and "Russia for the Russ" is now her passionate cry. The emperor, no longer using German in his family circles, steadily enjoins the use of Russ at court. Russ ministers are getting into place. Russ books of science are encouraged, and a seat in the Academy of St. Petersburg, with splendid rooms, a patent of nobility, and a special income, is no longer the assured reward of third-rate Germans from the University of Dorpat. Russia hopes in future to defend herself in foreign capitals—to rule herself in her home governments—by means of native wit and strength.

No sooner have the Russians caught this idea of doing without the Baltic Germans, than with Oriental impulse they desire to crush the nest from which they have long been drawing nearly all their ablest men. Two objects would be gained by Russianizing Courland, Livonia and Esthonia—that is to say, by utterly destroying every trace of German art and science, law and language, presence and supremacy in these frontier States. First—the peasants, who descend from Slavonic tribes, and may be drawn into the national party and the orthodox church, would soon be masters of the field of public action, so that all the weight of these three border provinces might be pressed against Germany, instead of against Russia; second—that supply of staid, methodical and able foreign servants which these provinces have given to every czar since the days of Peter the Great would be cut off; a wider opening in the public service would be made for Russians of the old type, and then the whole direction of affairs would pass into native hands.

The case is one without parallel in our experience. Here is a country in which the peasants are of one race, the gentry of another, and the rulers of a third. Something like this state of things occurs in Delhi, Travancore, and other provinces of India, where the common people are Hindoos, the gentry Moham-

medans, and the rulers English; but the resemblance is not perfect, even in principle; for the Mohammedan gentry of Delhi cannot be said to have civilized the country, and the Hindoo rustics have no claim to an affinity of blood with their English lords. Nor have the Delhi gentry a great and sympathetic people at their back, determined to support them in their efforts to pursue their national life. If Spain had conquered Ireland in the seventeenth century, and held it by a treaty which compelled her to respect existing institutions in that island, we should have had a closer parallel to the Baltic provinces. Occupied by a Celtic peasantry and a Saxon gentry, Ireland would have been to Spain what Courland and Livonia are to Russia; while England, as the home from which those Saxon gentry sprang, would lie at hand to fret and stir with every cry of pain from Cork and Dublin.

Russia puts her case in few and striking words. In the three Baltic provinces there are about:

Men of Germanic race, 200,000.

Men of Slavonic race, 1,600,000.

All liberal science leads a ruler to regard the interests of the vast majority of his people as his highest guide. For every German there are eight Slavonians. This one German scorns these eight Slavonians, whom he looks upon as beasts of burthen. These eight Slavonians hate the one German, whom they call a master and fear as a tyrant. In the Esthonian dialect, there is no separate word for German. *Saxa* means lord, and *Saxa* means also German. "Is this right?" the Russians ask; "why should we sacrifice the many to the few?" The only answer is, that they are bound by their own acts.

"Our treaties bind you to preserve our rights, laws, schools and institutions, as you found them," say the Baltic Germans. But a treaty does not last for centuries unless it corresponds to general wants. The Baltic treaties took no heed of that great rustic class, which has been rising in the world of late with such monstrous strides. A rude Muscovite democracy will listen to a rude Livonian democracy, in spite of paper rights; and in the name of a Slavonic movement of nationality those rude democracies are pressing on the highly-civilized German aristocracy in the three provinces.

Will the Fatherland be deaf to the low wail of agony from her Baltic shores, on which a noble offshoot of Germanic civilization is menaced with a violent death?

"This Baltic question," says a fierce Teutonic scholar, with the bronze of actual war upon his cheek, "is burning at our hearts. We cannot close our eyes and ears to it. The Schleswig-Holstein question hardly pressed so much; yet Germany could not sleep while her poor children in the Danish duchies were abused. We marched on Denmark with a pang; for we were not unmindful of the ties which bind all northern nations to each other. The Danes were of a kindred race; they knelt with us at the same altars; they were civilized and lettered, and in *their* pretension of supremacy there was at least some show of law and right. And liberal Europe, as we saw too well, was set against us in our aims and means. But no opinion of the outside world could stay that passion of the German heart—that impulse of the father to assist and save his child. Who then shall stop our march on Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia? The Russians in the Baltic are barbarians, Slaves and Tartars from the Oriental steppe. Their home is on the Volga, not the Düna; in the Kozak camp, and not the German town. They speak an uncouth jargon; they profess a hostile creed; they have no letters, no civility; and they affect no other right in those three provinces than that of brutal force. In marching on these Moscovites, we should be cheered by liberal Europe, which has never seen with patience any footprint of these Russians on her soil."

This fierce professor, who is ready to shut up his book and load his rifle, represents a mighty German force; the Teutons pure and simple—the aristocratic circles—and the anti-Moscovites in general. But his passion is not universal. Many of the philosophic liberals, though they hate the Moscovites, and wish to strengthen German culture in the Baltic, are opposed to making the cause of Courland and Livonia an imperial question. In the first place, they object to entering on another war, not only on account of the enormous cost and suffering even of

successful wars, but from the fear that every victory in the field must deepen and extend the personal power of the sovereign as against the parliamentary estates. In the second place, they have no sympathy with the Baltic Germans in the matter which those Baltic Germans feel most sorely—in their class ascendancy. The philosophic liberals rather take the side of Lett and Kur, than of their German lords. A victory of the Courland noble over his rustic neighbors, and the Moscovite abettors, could not fail to influence social and political movements in the provinces of Prussia, Brandenburg, and Pomerania, in a sense unfavorable to the march of modern thought. In the third place, they foresee that if the Baltic question leads to war, the provinces are likely to be occupied by German armies, and annexed to the new empire. Such a prospect fills them with alarm. A man who objects to the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine by force, might be expected to protest more sternly still against the conquest and incorporation of three such distant and uncivilized provinces. Esthonia would prove a second Posen. A majority of the people are not German, and if popular schools and institutions are allowed, with ballot-box and universal voting, it is clear that the representatives of that province must be reckoned, like the Poles, as so many foes within the camp. Esthonia is two hundred years behind Brandenburg in civilization, and to link these provinces together in a common march might be to embarrass Brandenburg with a weight beyond her strength to drag along.

"Would you sit still, and see the German element stamped out by the Moscovite?"

"A Moscovite," replies the philosophic liberal, "cannot stamp out a superior culture. German learning asks no backing from such men as Bismarck and Moltke. As to the aristocratic privilege, which the Baltic nobles claim as *German*, I shall see it perish with the utmost joy."

The fiercer passion that would lead to war has a better chance of being heard than the milder reason that would counsel peace. Jacobi tried philosophy with a crowd at Königsberg; his argument was just, humane, unanswerable from a philosopher's point of view; but nations are not logical, and poor Jacobi lost his seat in Parliament, and his personal liberty to teach and preach.

Suppose my fancy of a Spanish conquest of Ireland in the seventeenth century had been a leading fact in our political annals, for a hundred years the Saxon gentry might have ruled, not only in Ireland, but Spain. At last a Spanish mob resolves that Ireland shall be governed by the Celts, and that the English language, the English tribunals, the English civilization shall be suppressed. They shut up Trinity College. They give St. Patrick's Cathedral to a band of Castilian monks. They force the English children to speak Erse. They take away the land from its present owners and bestow it on the peasants. At the cry of anguish coming from these English homes in Ireland, what would England do? Would England listen to her philosophic liberals, who could give her ten good reasons for not troubling herself about the Irish question? Or, snatching at the nearest weapons, would she not dash upon the foreign spoiler of her children, and compel him to relax his grip?

Tinsley's Magazine.

AUNT BESSIE'S MISTAKE.

We were—my young nieces and I—sitting closely round the big white German stove; for the thermometer marked forty degrees of frost, and a Hamburg winter is for coldness a thing to remember and eke to talk of in the days to come. It was getting late in the evening, and the three girls, the eldest of whom was nearing sixteen, had just seen their father—my well-loved brother John—and their young step-mother, who loved gaiety and dancing as fair creatures of her age are apt to do, take their departure in the freezing January air—which had already, since the frost set in, nipped the life out of two coachmen on their

boxes and three sentries at their posts—in search of such gaiety as is to be found at the ponderous entertainments got up regardless of expense by the merchant-princes of the Free Town.

Since their dear mother's death—a sad event which, as it had happened six years before, time had mercifully softened to us all—I, being an old maid, and more than willing to make myself generally useful, had taken up my abode with John, and endeavored, to the best of my ability, to supply the place of her whom they had lost. They were good children, affectionate and compliant. Perhaps that which was said of me might be true, namely, that I over-indulged them as little ones, and showed lack of judgment as they grew older; but, arguing from results, no great harm was done. John was satisfied, and both before and after his second marriage everything went on peaceably in his household; a state of things which he, poor dear fellow, being of an indolent turn of mind, was quite capable of appreciating at its full value.

The reasons for our being at Hamburg during the bitter winter of 186– were partly business ones. John's first wife had been half a Dane; and some rich relations living at Altona being desirous of making acquaintance with their deceased kinswoman's children, it was decided (seeing that a certain wealthy old bachelor uncle was failing fast) that no time should be lost in complying with his wishes. "May"—we all called the young step-mother by her Christian name, for she was young and good-natured—made no objection; had she done so, John would have yielded at once. So we set off, a large party—*viâ* Hull, for our home was in the north of England—to the cold but hospitable North-German city.

A good many years before, when the girls were tiny trots—indeed Lottie, the youngest, had not yet made her appearance on life's stage—I had accompanied my brother and his family on a three months' visit to the place in which we had now, in pleasant apartments on the Jungfernstieg, installed ourselves for the winter. Twelve years and more had slipped away since I, a comparatively young woman then, passed a gay Hamburg winter, making many acquaintances, and cementing my intimacy with one whom I then thought a valuable friend amongst the rich inhabitants of the old Hanse town. It was concerning this last-mentioned lady, as to whose character and merits I have long ago discovered that I had made a very decided mistake, that I was about—after some entreaty from the girls, to whom I had once promised a "story" *àpropos* of Hamburg society—as we four sat round the well-heated stove, to open the budget of my memory. Perhaps I was wrong and unwise in doing so. They were so young, so ignorant of evil. Maybe, however, it was as well that the knowledge which is required to make women wise should come by degrees, and accompanied by the "precept upon precept" which *may* help to neutralize its ill effects; and so, believing in this possibility, I began my tale as follows:

"A prettier or a more winning creature than Gertrude Rückmann it would have been hard—twelve years ago, mind, darlings—to find. You will probably soon be able to judge for yourselves whether she has kept the promise of her youth; for your father heard yesterday that the Rückmanns, who have been spending some time in Frankfort, intend shortly to return here for the remainder of the winter. To go back, however, to my story. Gertrude's mother was an English woman, and about two months before our departure we had made her acquaintance at home, and I—for we had become what girls call friends—greatly looked forward to meeting her again in her own country. She was very gay, fond of admiration, and decidedly, in her way, clever; and as she and I kept up by mutual consent the intimacy which had been begun at home, it followed that Gerty, who certainly felt no shyness in talking of herself and her admirers, intrusted me with a good many of the small secrets of her heart. Amongst these, but this is forestalling, was her very decided liking for a young officer in the Hanoverian service, whose name was Compton, and who was certainly handsome, as well as agreeable, enough to justify her *penchant*."

At this point in my narrative I was

momentarily startled by an excited little spring from her place on the floor beside me of Minna, my second niece. Minna was a romantic little puss, who took precocious interest in a love-story. The approaching appearance of the hero on the scene had been too much for her equanimity, and hence the eager start, followed by an exclamation of delight, which by her less excitable sisters was summarily and sternly put down.

"Major Compton," I continued, "made his first appearance amongst us as a single man—"

"Then he was married!" in a voice of utter dismay from Minna, whilst even grave Laura ejaculated: "O, aunt Bessie, how very flat!"

I was silent for a moment, feeling sorry in my heart for the poor children's disappointment, and then I said soothingly:

"If you will wait a little, and listen patiently, my dears, you will perceive that the individual in my story in whom I expect you will take the most interest is not the handsome major who for a short while turned all our heads, more especially that of Gertrude Rückmann. When this girl, whom I was silly enough to call, for a short time, my dearest friend, was first introduced to Burford Compton—he had Irish blood in his veins, which may partly account for the peculiarities of his conduct—she had not been many days in Hamburg. Her youth and girlhood had been passed in England, and the German relatives with whom she had come to spend the winter months being quiet unworldly people, there is little chance of their young guest becoming early initiated into the gossip and *on dits* of Hamburg society.

"The ball at which Gertrude Rückmann made her *début* was as brilliant an affair as money and liberality combined could make it. The festive entertainment was given by the gay young mercantile bachelors of the city, foreign as well as German, and the cost of it was said to be prodigious. By some it was estimated at 100,000 marks, but that must, I think, have been an exaggeration. I shall never totally forget our first dinner at a *table d'hôte*, for that dinner was at the Hôtel Pétersborough, where a number of young men, who were seated opposite to us, and merry, gave free vent to their high animal spirits, whilst they discussed, now in English and now in German, the arrangements for the already famous fête, which was in a few more days to 'come off.' Amongst those who were most remarkable for their reckless talk and extravagant propositions stood first and foremost a young officer—for such he, even to our uninitiated minds, appeared to be—whom we were destined to know later as Major Burford Compton. I can see him now in his fair Saxon beauty—blue-eyed, brown-haired, tawny-bearded! That handsome beard of his was, I recollect, a subject for good-humored chaffing amongst his friends; for, as it would appear, foreign officers are obliged to be closely-shaven, and Compton, who had been six months on leave in England, could hardly venture to report himself at headquarters with that decidedly ornamental appendage to his face. The dinner, as is always the case in Germany, was a very long affair; and as it progressed our neighbors grew more and more uproarious, sending the champagne-corks right up, when the startling 'pop' came, to the vaulted skylight above our heads; and at last, when the numerous courses had been discussed, and only the dessert remained upon the table, coolly taking out their cigars, preparatory to then and there enjoying the 'smoke' in which their souls delighted. You may suppose that, after such a demonstration on their parts, *our* stay amongst those noisy, light-hearted, and, I fear, a little-excited young men was but short. Your dear father was evidently a trifle put out; for, as he said, he was an old-fashioned person, and could not bring himself to approve of tobacco-smoke being puffed from strange men's lips into the faces of his womenkind.

"'And what a conceited-looking fellow the fair good-looking one is!' said your poor dear mother, when we began to talk them over.

"In this opinion *I* was inclined to agree; but your father, although strongly objecting to anything approaching to puppyism, differed—a little to my surprise—from us both.

"'I don't know when I have ever seen so pleasant a face,' was his remark, as he warmed his hands over the big white earthenware stove that stood in the cor-

ner of our sitting-room. 'So thoroughly English! A countenance which makes one feel it would be so impossible to mistrust the man! I must inquire who he is—no common character, I'll be bound.'

"It was thus that my brother spoke of the handsome soldier, who, little more than a week later, I watched evidently making himself so agreeable to Gertrude Rückmann on the night of the famous bachelor ball. She had danced with him twice, and I was admiring—I hope without a shade of envy—the beautiful color which exercise and pleasant excitement had called to her cheek, when your dear mother, who had been for some time in close converse with a Hamburg lady who was connected with her by marriage, approached the place where I was standing, and said in a low voice:

"'I have been hearing the strangest story about Major Compton. He seems to be very unfortunately situated. He is a married man—which I for one never should have guessed—but his wife and he—owing, as most people say, to *her* bad conduct—live apart. She is in England at present, and I should think it would be just as well to give Gertrude Rückmann a hint of her existence. Only look how she is going on with him!'

"Poor girl! she was indeed, as your dear mother in her impressive way described it, going on—whispering, flirting, receiving his attentions with such sweet smiles of encouragement! It was in truth time to open her mind to the melancholy fact, that she Gertrude Rückmann, could not, in the normal order of things, hope to be Major Compton's wife.

"'My dearest Gerty,' I whispered to her, the moment I found my friend alone (I hated the task before me, and being young and foolish, my heart was beating fast), 'have you heard about Major Compton?'

"She answered me with provoking composure:

"'What about him? Is anything the matter? He was here talking to me three minutes ago, and'—with a coquettish smile—'will probably three minutes hence be here again.'

"'O, don't talk so!' I said excitedly; 'but you won't when you know all.'

"'Know what? My dear Bessie, what a fuss you are in!'

"'And so will you be,' I exclaimed, a little pettishly I fear, for her way of taking the matter provoked me, 'when you hear that Major Compton is a married man.'

"Greatly to my surprise and dismay, Gerty at this announcement laughed contemptuously.

"'So people say,' she rejoined carelessly; 'but, my poor Bessie, you will learn in time that you cannot *always* judge correctly from appearances. But here he is,' she whispered; 'not a word more! I will tell you everything tomorrow.'

"This she did, and the 'everything' amounted to this, namely, that Burford Compton had, by his own account, providentially discovered that an *informality* in his marriage with one who—according to his version of the case—was simply detestable, empowered him at any moment to free himself from his hated bonds, and unite himself, should he so choose, to a more congenial partner.

"'I never heard of a more odious woman!' said Gertrude, on whom the details of the miseries by which the handsome major's conjugal life was embittered had evidently made a deep impression. 'She is a foreigner, and has not, he says, a single nice English habit. And then she is so ill-tempered, and so dreadfully unfeeling. Their poor little boy was lost—is supposed to have fallen into the Alster—just the very day before the great frost set in. Major Compton says that he was in despair, but that *she* took it *so* coolly! Even when she was told that it might be weeks, or even months, before the poor child's body could—thanks to a thaw—be sought for, and possibly recovered, she seems to have shown no signs of emotion.'

"'And where is Mrs. Compton now?' I asked, feeling, I must own (so apt are we to be run away with by strongly urged testimony, especially when that testimony comes from the lips of one who has a *right* to be well informed on the matter), a considerable leaning in the way of sympathy toward this ill-mated Englishman.

"I don't know—traveling somewhere,

I believe. Major Compton is quite sure she is running him into debt; but he shrinks, poor man, so sensitively from taking the necessary steps to restrain her. It really seems a sad case. And he has such a kind heart; and actually cannot live, he says, without sympathy and affection.'

"After this, Major Compton—of whose married life, by the way, very little was known in Hamburg—became a frequent visitor, both at our house and the one where Gertrude Rückmann temporarily resided. We all liked him; indeed he was universally popular, and society was apparently unanimous in the opinion that the lady who had been so little known in the city—indeed she had only resided therein for one short fortnight, the fortnight preceding the loss of her little boy—was the one of the two who was solely and entirely in fault. The excellence, the perfection of his temper, and the kindliness of Burford Compton's heart, spoke in a manner not to be mistaken in every feature of his handsome face. There could be no mistake about it, *les absents ont toujours tort;* and Mrs. Compton—or Countess Fenigstein, as her husband said she insisted, notwithstanding his great objection to her doing so, on being called—was reprobated and abused accordingly.

"Well, to cut a long story short, Gertrude, impressed with the belief that the major was in *reality* a single man, grew as attached to him as her nature was capable of being. That she would one day—when the truth concerning his marriage with his *supposed* wife should be made apparent—be led to the altar by her fascinating admirer, the infatuated girl firmly believed; and it was when this blissful dream was at its height that the frost broke up, the passage of the Elbe became open for steamers, and the hour of *our* departure drew nigh. But before we took our leave of the pleasant sunny Jungfernsteig, we were made cognizant of the fact that the search estima e now unfrozen waters of the Alster, I thin e bodies of those whose remains hall nev n for months locked up therein, wa *table* ing place. Many were taken out, ber Hôte ongst them, much to the surprise come mburg society, was *not* the little ing, an ars-old corpse of Major Compton's son. He, during that trying season of suspense, remained in his own apartments; but it leaked out that his state of excitement was most interesting, and public sympathy with his sufferings was proportionately great. It had hardly begun to subside when our party—something to my regret, for we left many kind friends behind us—found ourselves steaming rapidly away in the John Bull to London.

"And now, my dears," I continued, "comes the pith and marrow of a story which you have, I fear, found lacking in interest, but which I have undertaken to tell in order that you may see the advantage of looking before you leap, or, in other words, of not being carried away by your impulses.

"I had not been more than a week in London before I received a letter, in an unknown but foreign hand, signed Marie Compton, *née* Fenigstein, requesting me in meek yet urgent terms to meet her, at any hour which it pleased me to appoint, in Kensington gardens. You may imagine my surprise. For a short time I hesitated as to whether or not I should accede to this strange request, but curiosity got the better of every other feeling, and I went."

"And what was she like? O, Aunt Bessie, how oddly you must have felt!"

"Oddly, indeed, and a good deal ashamed of myself, too, when I looked at the sweet gentle face, and heard the plaintive uncomplaining words of the woman who had come to meet me.

"'You will forgive me, won't you? You look kind, and you will tell me how I can make my English husband love me?'

"This was the burden of her piteous song. She had heard that *he* had been much with us and with Mademoiselle Rückmann, and she hoped to learn from me how, with all her love for him, she had failed to win his tenderness. There was no jealousy, no word of complaint of him; only a breaking heart clinging to a last and well-nigh desperate hope! What could I say to her? How preach to that gentle creature on the text of her great folly? She had given up all for love, and what was left to her in exchange? Simply nothing!

"We talked together long, and she

seemed to take such comfort from my sympathy, that we parted like friends of years. Afterward I learned that her appearance, her words and manner, had not belied her character. She was, at the time I speak of (so arch a dissembler was the major), staying with *his* people, who fully recognized her sweet and amiable qualities; whilst the child—ah, I am doubtful whether she was not in fault there, doing evil that good might come—had never been lost at all, but was taken away by his anxious mother, who feared for him the effects of evil example; the example of a parent who, whilst caring nothing for the boy, amused himself by teaching the little fellow to drink, and use bad words. Ah, hers was a hard life, poor soul, and certainly she acted for the best."

"And how did it end?" "Did she go back to him?" "And are they happier now?" were the questions with which, in their haste to hear the sequel, I was simultaneously assailed by my young auditors.

"Yes," I answered dreamily, for my thoughts were with the past; "the poor thing returned to her unloving mate, for her sense of duty was strong. Happily, however, for her—although I doubt whether she ever realized that truth—Major Compton was killed soon after in a duel, and she, I hear, has devoted herself ever since to the child, which is the source of all her earthly happiness."

"How sad!" murmured Minnie; "I was so in hopes that she and her husband would have been happy together in the end."

"It may be," I said, "that to the last poor Mrs. Compton shared that hope; but, dear children, remember this, that in marrying a thoroughly selfish man who has no *principle* to guide him straight, a woman's chances against shipwreck of her happiness are simply *nil*. And now, for the fire is burning low, suppose we take ourselves to bed. It is ten o'clock, and we must not forget our beauty sleep."

Half an hour afterward the girls were in the land of dreams, whilst I, as middle-aged folks will, lay long awake, thinking of the days gone by, and the youth which had fled away forever.

Dark Blue.

DE MONSTRIS.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD.

HAVE any of my readers made themselves acquainted with the *Nurenberg Chronicle?* If not, they should do so. The book is very pretty reading, though its beauties are hard to see. It is a big book—an elephant of a book—a book that would have delighted the very soul of Dominie Sampson. It is printed in black letter, the language is Latin, and its subject is a chronicle of the world's history, from the time of the creation to the date of the book. It is one of the quaintest, raciest, and most delightful of books—not very easy to read, but perhaps owing some of its charm to that very fact.

It is a nut with a very hard and tough shell, but a marvelously sweet and mellow kernel. The shell is the language, or rather, the mode in which that language is placed before the reader. The Latinity of the book is anything but Ciceronian, but it is couched in bold, vigorous terms, interspersed occasionally with strange words, which, on investigation, prove to be German words Latinized, the writer being unable to find any pure Latin equivalent. Punctuation seems to have been a matter of accident rather than of intention, and the printers have thought fit to employ every form of abbreviation that has been invented for the bewilderment of readers. Mostly they have had the grace to add the abbreviatory line, so indicating that a vowel or two, or the letters "m" and "n" are omitted, and may be supplied at discretion; so that the reader can see without much difficulty that "*aiâ*" mean *animâ*. In many cases, however, they

have even dispensed with this slight aid to the reader, and left him to conjecture that "*sex mans hntes*" stands for *sex manus habentes*, and that, throughout the book, "*hoies*" signifies *homines*.

The eye, however, soon becomes accustomed to these little abbreviations (which are wonderfully like the dress of that period—cut very short just where one would expect length), and can employ itself with the chief glory of the book, namely, its illustrations. These are really wonderful productions of ancient art. Wood engraving was then in its earliest infancy, and the engraver could only produce hard, bold lines, of nearly uniform thickness. Of perspective there was little—of aërial perspective, none; while the art of "cross-hatching," so easy on metal and so difficult on wood, had only just been discovered. Yet, notwithstanding all these diffculties, the illustrations possess, like the letter-press, a wonderful amount of quaint, stiff, homely power. The designs are attributed to Wolgemuth; but, whoever may have been the artist, there is no doubt that true art-power lay within him, and that he did as much as could be done with the very limited means at his command. They are worthy of a city which produced such men as Durer, Bebem, Hele, and Lobsinger, and are full of marvelous vigor, "cross-hatched" here and there, but absolutely destitute of grace, delicacy, softness, perspective, or expression. There is not a face in the whole book which has the least indication of human feeling or passion. If a murder be represented, the murderer and his victim are equally impassive of countenance; so that if the two heads were transposed the design would suffer no injury. Facial expression was, in those days, beyond the wood-engraver's powers, and scarcely anything could be achieved except a hard, thick outline. Yet, spite of these drawbacks—any one of which seems capable of ruining an illustration—the vigorous power of the wood-cuts is deserving all praise. The lines are hard and coarse, and the execution rough; but, nevertheless, every line has its purpose, and tells its own story, much unlike the inane prettiness produced by the facile execution of our own day.

Like the letter-press, the woodcuts treat of the world's chronicle; and by way of beginning at the beginning, the first wood-cut represents the Song of the Morning Stars before the creation of the world. This rather difficult subject is represented by a circular space, quite blank, around which are tightly packed a vast multitude of heads, each crowned with a sort of tiara, and all having their mouths tightly shut, so that if they are singing at all, they must be singing through their noses. The creation of the world is ingeniously, if simply, represented, by the disappearance of the heads, and the appearance of successive concentric circles within the open space, one circle being added for each day.

The earth being made, and the fishes, birds, and beasts duly placed in it, we come to a delightful Garden of Eden, walled and castellated, and its arched entrance guarded by a portcullis, through which trickle four diverging gutters, representing the four rivers of Paradise. As for Adam, he is certainly not handsome, but he is very far superior to the Adam represented in the frontispiece of a Family Bible now before me. Wolgemuth's Adam, rude though he be drawn, is at least represented as the first man might have been; whereas the modern Adam has had his hair nicely cut, parted, and curled—has been shaved that morning, and wears a pair of neatly-shaped whiskers. In fact, he looks as if he ought to wear clothes; whereas, Wolgemuth's Adam looks as if clothing were no more needed by him than by a Greek statue. Then we have the creation of Eve, who is represented as being pulled out of a large circular hole in Adam's side; and so we proceed with the history of the world until we come to the building of the ark.

This wood-cut has a strange fascination for me, in its mingled truth and absurdity, strength and weakness, and the under-current of earnestness that runs through the whole design. The ark is about half the size of a Thames lighter, and, small as it is, the artist has partitioned it off with scrupulous fidelity into its various compartments, and affixed to each division an explanatory label. There is an "*apotheca herborum*," and an "*apotheca specierum*." The clean ani-

mals are separated by the whole length of the vessel from the unclean beasts, and in the middle is the "*habitatis hominum*," about as large as a Skye terrier's kennel. All Noah's sons are dressed in the exceedingly abbreviated jerkin, the tight hose, and the pointed shoes of the period. One of them is chopping vigorously at a prostrate beam, making the splinters fly bravely; another is apparently splitting the skull of one of his brothers; while a third is seated on a raft, dubbing down with his adz the sides of the ark, which is at least a hundred yards from him. I have always thought that Hogarth must have seen this wood-cut before he drew his well-known "Perspective."

Then, every place that is mentioned, whether it be city, country, or continent, is illustrated by an engraving, more remarkable for its ingenuity than its accuracy. Why "*Provincia Britannia* should be represented by thirty or forty castellated towers, crushed together within a circular wall, and let neatly into the sea, is a mystery not easily to be penetrated. Supplying Nineveh with a cathedral inside the walls, and a quintain outside them, is a venial error in chronology, as are the soldiers in plate armor by whom Abraham is accompanied, and the clock in the parish church of Damascus.

Then there is a charming audacity in the way in which the same wood-cut does duty for several subjects. Take, for example, the two wood-cuts which have just been mentioned. Nineveh, which is figured in page 20, becomes Corinth in page 33. Then, the same cut which represents Damascus at an early period of the history, becomes successively, Macedonia, Verona, Ferraria, and the Province of Germany. The portraits are just as versatile. There is one, for example, which I took the trouble to hunt through the book. It represents a close-shaven, wizen-faced, vulture-nosed, under-jawed old gentleman, wearing a kind of fez cap, and reading a book without looking at it. On page 59, he is Solon; on page 80, he is Demetrius, and only two pages further he is metamorphosed into Paretius. On page 111, he is Suetonius, and on page 158, the Venerable Bede. On page 200, he is St. Hugo (*natione Gallus*); on page 213 he does duty for Barnardus of Compostello, doctor; and on the very next page he is labelled as Alexander, *doctor irrefragabilis*. Page 227 reveals him as "Johannes de Monte Villa, *eq. aur. nat. anglic*;" and we finally take leave of him on page 240, as "Johannes Gherson, *cancellarius Parisiensis*."

I have already mentioned that facial expression is absolutely wanting in these various portraits, so that, judging by the expression of the countenance, no one can tell whether the face is that of a hero or coward, an honest man or thief, a saint or a scoundrel. The artist, however, is at no loss for means by which to indicate the moral condition of his subjects, especially those of the female sex. Drapery inapriably represents piety, and moral excellence may be measured by the amount of drapery with which the various personages are furnished. Sanctity is always clad in flowing robes, while a curtal frock is a sure sign of a guilty conscience. Lot's wife, Mrs. Potiphar, and other doubtful or objectionable characters, are clothed in short and scanty raiment; while all the female saints (with the exception of Mary Magdalene, who wears nothing but her own hair, and plenty of it) are endowed with trailing skirts, proportionate in length and volume to the sanctity of the wearer. The culmination of drapery, however, is to be seen in the wonderful print representing the Adoration of the Magi. In this print the most conspicuous object is the drapery with which the principal figure is clad. Her mantle is large enough for a tent, and all in waves, like a sea, over the foreground. It is carefully gathered into a thousand angular folds, as if made of the stiffest fabric, and has more than enough material to clothe fully all the scantily-dressed sinners in the book.

As may be imagined from the character of the book, both author and artist revel in the various monsters which were fully believed to inhabit the world. Two whole pages are given up to these creations of the brain, and very odd beings they are. Some are supplied with explanatory descriptions, but others are left to the discrimination of the reader. Enormous development of some part of the human body is the usual method in which the various monsters assert themselves. There are the Pannothi of Scythia, whose ears are so large that they

cover the shoulders. There are men with enormous under lips, which fall over their breasts. There are the Unipeds, men with only one leg, but then the foot makes ample amends for the absence of a second limb. It is about as large as an ordinary umbrella, and is used for the same purpose—the Unipeds being in the habit of lying on their backs, and sheltering themselves from sun or rain by the enormous foot. These men can of course only hop, but they do so with such prodigious celerity that they chase and catch stags by hopping after them.

Sometimes the monsters enjoy a superfluity of members. There are men with two heads, like the Welsh giant who was ignominiously worsted by Tom Thumb. There are men with four eyes, and men with four arms, and men with four legs, balanced by Monoculi, or men who have only one eye—which is set in the middle of the forehead,—and men who wear no particular head, but have their eyes, noses, and mouths placed in their breasts.

Of course there are dwarfs, and a single combat between a pigmy and a crane is drawn with some vigor. The crane seems likely to get the better of the pigmy, for his beak is long enough to split the little man through and through. Then come the monsters of the composite order, *i. e.*, which are made up of beast, bird and man. There is a very fine centaur; there is a man with a human head perched at the end of an ostrich's neck; and there is a man whose head is adorned with a large pair of ibex horns, "*quales in solitudine S. Ationius Abbas vidit.*" Then there is a nation of women who have beards flowing over their breasts; and there is a whole nation of hermaphrodites, of which remarkable beings the artist gives an authentic portrait. The portrait represents a human being, man on the right side and woman on the left, divided accurately by a perpendicular line down the middle of the body, much like the well-known portrait of the Chevalier D'Eon, or the older and wider known print of "Death and the Lady." The head has a most absurd appearance, being furnished with short hair and half a long beard on the right side, while the left has a smooth face and long straight hair. And after being gratified by the sight of these wonderful beings, the reader is confidingly told that there are yet many more monsters in the world—"*quos commemorare perlongum est.*" There is an evident good faith in all these queer drawings, and the equally queer descriptions; and it is quite delightful to read a book in which these absurdities are gravely treated as true.

On examination of the series of monsters, there is one point which can hardly fail to strike any one who has some smattering of physiology, and has taken some interest in ethnology. They are all very odd, not to say ludicrous; but there is very little invention about them. Nothing is simpler than the notion of enlarging, multiplying, or curtailing the various members of the body; so that the headless men, the two-headed men, the one-eyed men and many-eyed men, the six-handed men, the big-footed men, the long-necked men, the large-eared men, and the flap-lipped men, are all offshoots of a single idea. Then all the composite monsters are but offshoots of the one single idea of grafting parts of other animals upon the human form, and there is really but little invention required in carrying it out. You may boldly join two bodies together, as the centaur, the harpy, and the mermaid; or you may tack parts of one body to another, as the satyr, with his goat's legs, the faun, with his pointed ears and little tuft of a tail, or the man with ibex horns on his head. Again, several of these monsters are nothing but exaggerations of actual fact. It has long been suspected that the ancients knew more of the world than has generally been supposed, and this idea is strengthened by examining the monsters of the Nurenburg Chronicle. Take, for example, the men with the enormous under lip. It is highly probable that the idea was taken from the narration of some traveler, who had seen one of the many savage tribes which distend their lips, either upper or lower, by the insertion of circular pieces of wood in them. The long-eared men can be accounted for in a similar manner. All ethnologists know that there are many tribes which measure their gentility by the length of their ears; and, by cutting holes in their lobes, and having weights to them, succeed at last in getting them to hang down on their shoulders, just as

is represented in the Pannothi. As to the nation of pigmies, we all know of several tribes or nations that may very fairly be called by that name; and although they are not so very small as is represented in the wood-cut, they are yet so small that when standing by the side of an European of middle stature, the grown men and women seem scarcely bigger than children of nine or ten. The many-armed monster is evidently borrowed from the Indian temples, which which are covered with statues of various deities, scarcely any of which condescend to have less than eight arms. The two-headed monster is due to the same source.

There is another point which is worthy of notice. Putting aside the centaur, harpy, and mermaid, there is scarcely any of these monsters which is not a real fact. Take, for example, the horned man. Such beings really have existed, as is well known to physiologists. There is now in the museum at Oxford, a portrait of a woman who was remarkable for possessing several horns on her head, and by the portrait is deposited one of the horns in question. After all, there is nothing so very much out of the way in this curious development. For all the hollow horns, such as were these, are nothing but modifications of hair, and it is not an uncommon phenomenon to find a different mode of development of the same material. In the museum of the late and regretted Mr. Waterton, there is the head of a sheep, with a horn growing at the end of its ear, and not on its forehead—the hair having been modified into horn, just as was the case with the horned woman. The feathers of birds frequently undergo a similar modification; and there is a well-known instance of a whole family of human beings—popularly called the "Porcupine Family," many of whom had the whole body covered with small horny growths.

Then, the two-headed man is evidently a reminiscence of one of the many known instances where twins have been partially fused together. In the present day we have the long-known "Siamese Twins," the "Two-headed Nightingale," and the "Ohio Twins," the latter being united from the back of the head down the entire spine. Plenty of similar instances have been known. There were, for example, the "Biddenden Maids," whose memory is still cherished in the neighborhood where they lived; and I have before me a collection of drawings illustrative of similar strange developments.

So with various other forms. The headless man only represents a fact well known to every physiologist; while the very bold stroke of the artist in putting the eyes, nose and mouth in the breast, is not without its parallel in nature. Multiplication or curtailment of limbs is very common, and often runs in families; so that the artist of the Nurenberg Chronicle really needed no great power of invention in many of his representations. As for "women with beards descending on their breasts," there is nothing very remarkable about them, and plenty of instances have been known. Perhaps some of my readers may have seen the late "bearded lady," Julia Pastrana, whose preternatural ugliness, quick intelligence, proficiency in modern languages, and agility in dancing, were, some years ago, quite familiar to the British public. Her beard, though it did not quite descend to her breast, was stiffer, thicker, and longer than that of many a man; and yet her hair, a lock of which lies before me, was not coarser than that of an ordinary Spanish woman. And there was a lady, very well known in a certain cathedral city a few years ago, who possessed a mustache as thick and full as that of a life-guardsman, and a beard of very fair dimensions.

Bearded woman naturally lead us to the hermaphrodites above mentioned. I fancy that the idea was originally taken from travelers' accounts of certain divisions of the Malay race, in which the two sexes can scarcely be distinguished from each other, except by the fact that the women look much more musculine than the men. Naturalists all know that, although among the human race such a man-woman has never been known, there are many creatures in which such a phenomenon does take place. There is, for example, scarcely any large collection of insects, whether public or private, which does not contain specimens of insects—generally butterflies—which are male on one side and female on the other: the division being along the center of the

body, exactly as is represented in the engraving of the Nurenberg Chronicle.

Indeed, in actual nature are to be found almost every instance of monstrosity which the mediæval mind could invent, and plenty besides, which would throw these mediæval monsters entirely into the shade. For example, the Monoculi, or one-eyed men, are represented by a wonderful number of the tiny crustacea called *Entomostraca*, many of which are remarkable for having a single eye placed in the midst of that part of the body which does duty for a head, and which are in consequence called by the appropriate names of Cyclops, Polyphemus, and so on. As to the many-eyed men, they are entirely outdone by the insects, some of which have more than thirty thousand eyes—a fact which infinitely exceeds the imagination of the old writers or artists. The men with their faces in their breasts are represented by the crabs, lobsters, shrimps, and their kin, all of which have their mouths set exactly in the situation in which the old artist has placed the mouth of his headless man.

Then the Unipeds are far outdone by many of the mollusks, whose body may be characterized as a large foot, carrying a comparatively small body on it. In the Nurenberg Chronicle the Uniped is figured as using his foot as an umbrella; but neither artist nor author would have dared to describe him as using his foot in the light of a boat. Yet this is actually done by many river snails, whole fleets of which may be seen floating leisurely down the stream, the large foot being hollowed along the center, and acting as a boat. There is no need to multiply instances, but we may receive it as an axiom that there exist in nature monsters far more wonderful than any exaggeration or combination that has been invented by man.

I cannot leave the subject of monsters without a short reference to the Japanese "mermaids," which are now and then brought before the public. These are nearly all made to represent the conventional idea of mermaids, except that the upper half is formed in semblance of a monkey, and not of a human being. They are quite common, and are manufactured by dozens, most of the makers adhering to the same type, but one or two striking out original ideas of their own.

They are well made, but not so well as is generally thought. The late Mr. Waterton, whose skill in taxidermy was supreme, had an entire contempt for Japanese mermaids, which he stigmatized as clumsy fabrications, saying that he could make better work with his left hand. Certainly the amusing monstrosities which he made, and with which he delighted to delude visitors to his collection, were much superior to the best Japanese mermaid that I have seen. Some years ago, a fishmonger in the old Hungerford Market showed me one of these mermaids, and was quite angry with me when I praised the excellence of its manufacture. He really believed that it was a genuine inhabitant of the water, framing his belief on the fact that there was no junction between the fish and the "maid." Neither was there. The Japanese taxidermist knew his business too well to have any junction at all, the seeming skin being nothing but the papier-maché, worked over a model, and having fins, scales, teeth, and nails inserted in the proper places.

FORGOTTEN.

Under the trees that afternoon,
  Across the meadows and down the lane,
Sloped the sun to the west full soon,
  Never a shadow nor cloud of pain:
Do you ever think of it now?

How fresh the breeze from off the sea,
  Bending the bluebells before our feet,
Bearing perfume from hill to lea!
  O life, it seem'd never so sweet:
Do you ever think of it now?

What did he say? I cannot tell—
  True love is very silent sometimes;
But your words, I remember well
  When we parted there beneath the limes;
Do you ever think of them now?

Only a year ago to-day,
  Yes, only a year ago; and yet
The golden light has pass'd away,
  The summer sun has forever set:
Do you ever think of it now?

Dead is the past, and evermore
  Dead is the love you whisper'd that day;
Dead, alas, are the hopes I bore,
  Dead is my life; yet I only pray
That you may not think of it now.

W. A. LAW.

Chambers's Journal.

A MUSCULAR HYPOCHONDRIAC.

WELL-MEANING moralists, and young curates, and, in fact, all persons addicted to the abuse of metaphorical language, are a little hard on feminine beauty. They can never touch on the vanity, brevity, and superficiality of things in general without pointing their dull platitudes by the most unfair allusions and comparisons to the fair sex. No doubt the perfect bloom of "all those endearing young charms" is soon impaired; but beauty is not the only thing which culminates to decline. Other charms than those of beauty have a scarcely less ephemeral duration. The charms of muscle, for instance, the glory of the calf—

> That play of lungs inspiring, and again
> Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
> Swift pace or steep ascent no toil—

all these are things which endure in their glory and perfection but for a season—a base sea-side season. Why, then, can we not have a little variety in our teacher's parables? Why not leave the epidermis of the fair, and have an occasional tilt at the muscle of the strong? Granted that our dear enslavers may be none the worse for an occasional reminder that their empire is limited—in time, for it is fleeting; and in space, for it is but skin deep. But, O Hercules! do not our "barbarised athletes" need a word in season too? Possibly, the ball-room belle sets too high a value on her charms, and is too deeply cast down by their decline; but not her emotions, when she feels she is a budding "wall-flower"—not the depression of the gentleman in Wordsworth, "who daily travels farther from the east"—not the forlorn misery of the love-sick Guppy, can approach the pathetic desolation of the athlete who feels that he is increasing in the *wrong* place. To feel that the days are at hand in which he shall no more emulate the baboon on the trapeze, or the flea on the vaulting bar; that he must soon abjure the rectangular delights of standing at ninety degrees to a chair; that he can no more hang on to a bar by his toes or the back of his neck; that, in short, he must soon abandon the high pedestal from which he has hitherto contemned his less fortunate, because flabbier fellow-creatures, is to feel reduced to the level of a retired pugilist, whose example he may almost as well follow, and open a public house. Henceforth nothing can effectually assuage the melancholy of the ex-gladiator; but such transient gleams of sunshine as gild his blighted life are when he is judge or starter at some athletic meeting; but even then he feels that he is only a sort of male chaperon, and the reflection is full of bitterness.

I do not thus borrow the language of the preacher, because I have felt in my own case how bitter it is to retire into private life. Personally, I am not muscular, nor ever was. I have always been able to pass a fifty-six pound weight without the slightest desire to push it up from the shoulder; I have always been perfectly continent in the matter of dumb-bells and Indian clubs. To scull from the barges to Sandford, with an occasional fantasia in a scratch four, was the extent of my powers and the summit of my ambition. I was rather thinking of—or at—my old college chum. Joe Rullock, with whom I was spending a few days a short time since. In our old Oxford days, Joe was to me a sort of self-appointed committee or keeper, considering it his mission to interpose his brawny person between me and all sorts of imaginary dangers; and so, in course of time, I came to play an academic Phil Squod to his Captain George; I used to steer him to Iffley, to measure his throws with the hammer, or take his times when he ran at the Marston ground. In short, he loved me because he looked on me as so helpless and feeble—though I am not really feebler than Dr. Beddoe's average man—and I loved him that he did pity me. I did indeed sometimes endeavor to protest against his mild and benevolent despotism, but he always calmly waived me off with: "Pooh, my dear fellow; leave it to me; you know you are not strong." What made my tame acquiescence in this bondage the more

ridiculous was, that I was Joe's senior in years and standing. It was therefore but natural that, when I put on my gown, I should leave my protector behind me. But this natural course of events annoyed him greatly, and caused him as keen a pang as a hen who rears a duck feels when her protégée takes to the water. But I went my way, and left Joe in a halo of cricket, and long throws, and tremendous puts, living a life of incredible hardship on raw meat, but perfectly recompensed by his inches round the chest, and his generally lumpy and tuberous condition, and the unanimous commendations of the sporting press.

Ten years elapse between the prologue and the next act. I had been serving my country in India, and Joe had retired to his comfortable patrimony, where he settled down into a model 'squire. From time to time reports reached me, through *Bell's Life*, of his prowess in cricket, and occasionally he favored me with a letter. But after awhile, without any diminution of kindly feeling, our correspondence fell through, and the notices of my friend in the oracle became rarer and rarer. At the end of ten years, I came home on leave for twelve months, and I lost no time in getting to Ashlins, where Joe gave me the warmest of welcomes. He had developed into a magnificent specimen of an Anglo-Saxon, deep in the chest, broad in the shoulders, firmly set on long, massive thighs, with a full yellow beard rippling over his honest, serious, sun-browned face. His figure, perhaps, was verging on the portly; but, as yet, he was safe from any curter epithet than portly. He wrung my hand with his old remorseless gripe, and patted me on the back with the old Oxford air of protection, so that I felt at home immediately on the old footing of the feeble dependent. I observed, too, at luncheon, that my friend's old prowess with the knife and fork still clung by him. Huge slices of beef crumbled beneath his molars like corn in a mill; and quart pewters, the trophies of his legs and arms, streamed with bright ale. Afterward, he smoked his venerable meerchaum, with that deliberate and grave enjoyment of which none but physically powerful men are capable. Luncheon over, a walk to the covers was proposed, and we were soon immersed in that discursive chat, dear to long-parted chums. Unfortunately for our quiet enjoyment, a five-barred gate threw its malignant shadow across our path. I need scarcely say that I had no more imagination apropos of a five-barred gate than Peter Bell of a yellow primrose. And I have my private opinion that Joe also had, by this time, got into a way, when alone, of walking through gates, when possible, rather than vaulting over them. On the present occasion, however, the association of ideas, I suppose, was too strong for him, for he put his hand carelessly on the gate and—struck his knee heavily against the top bar.

"Foot slipped," explained Joe; and again he went at the gate, with the same result as before. A shade of annoyance crossed his face, as if it were a humiliation to have to take a run at such a mere bagatelle as five feet six. He felt, however, that he had gone too far to recede with honor; so he took a run, and again succeeded in heavily banging his knee. The saddening conviction now began to dawn on poor Joe's mind that he could not get over the gate at all. The truth was horrible, but irresistible, and the moan of the fallen athlete was as touching as Wolsey's lament to Cromwell. "Oh, hang it, Tom," he said with a mournful shake of the head, "this is too sickening! This is the approach of the sere and yellow with a vengeance. I give you my word I once got over six foot seven at Mac's. And now I have to sneak over five foot six like a girl in petticoats! No offense meant to you, you know, because you never were strong. But to slip through one's six ages into the slippered pantaloon by thirty-five! But it's all those confounded gymnastics."

"Confounded gymnastics;" and from those lips! I could not believe my ears. No. The Pope might deny his own infallibility, and Bass might advocate a Maine Liquor Law, but Joe Rullock, the mighty gymnasiarch, the hero of a hundred "grinds,"* the unwearied haunter of the palæstra, could never give the lie to his whole past life, and deny his own gymnastics.

"Come, Joe," I said soothingly, "you're riled, old fellow. You must be chaffing about the gymnastics."

* "Grinds," college slang for athletic sports.

"I tell you," he repeated with solemn emphasis, "it's those cursed gymnastics. They bring you into an unnatural state of training and muscular development; and the consequence is that you break down twice as early as other men. Look at me: at five-and-twenty I was a sort of Milo; at five-and-thirty I am a wreck."

It was no use trying to argue Joe out of his position; besides, I had no wind to spare for talk, as it was all I could do to keep up with this poor wreck, striding along at five miles an hour. But, not being a wreck myself, I soon began to exhibit symptoms of distress at this rapid pace, whereon Joe graciously proposed that we should sit on a gate and chat. Being anxious to divert him, if possible, from the unhappy train of reflections in which he was evidently indulging, I started a hobby that I hoped he would dein to ride. "Made any long scores lately, Joe?" I inquired.

"What at?" snapped Joe.

"Why, cricket, of course."

"Cricket? Do you think a man can make a score with a pot like mine? No, sir; I'm too fleshy for that sort of fun; too fat, sir. Do you know I weigh fourteen stone seven? And what have I to thank for it? Those infernal gymnastics. They put on great lumps of muscle at high pressure, which, directly you return to a natural, normal life, turn to fat."

I tried to assure the poor fellow that his case, as yet, was by no means desperate—that he was far from a Banting; but he would not be comforted.

"I tell you, I ought to know best, Tom. It has been coming upon me some time now. I had long had some uneasy suspicions on the subject, but I was brought up sharp about two years ago. I was taking a team to play the opening match of the season with the Stalkshire Hedgehogs. Well, sir, when I came to put on my bags, I found I had precious hard work to draw them on; my thighs seemed to be in tights, and the buttons altogether refused to meet. At first, I thought they had shrunk in the wash, or possibly I had got a pair of my brother's by mistake. But, when I tried another pair, I found it was still the same; and then I realized the stern fact, that I was growing a pot. Since then, I have seldom played except with our own fellows; and I shall give it up altogether next season."

This failure of my best meant efforts dismayed me excessively, for I saw that I had to deal with a perfect hypochondriac on the subject of muscular atrophy. He persisted in regarding himself as a shattered athlete, and was perpetually "facing the infernal facts," as he phrased it. The slightest thing set him off, he would go off on the very faintest scent. For instance, when his eldest boy, as fine a lad of eight years old as ever a man called son, was brought in after dinner, I stumbled on the unlucky remark, that "he was a perfect little athlete." Joe was down on me like a knife.

"Don't talk like a fool, Tom. Do you want to vitiate the poor little fellow's mind already? I once caught that boy playing with a dumb-bell, and I gave him a good licking for it. And if ever," he continued, sternly fixing the boy with his eye, "I catch Joe on the bars, or playing the tomfool in any such way, I'll skin him! Remember that Joe; for I mean it. Gymnastics have caused your poor father misery enough, without wrecking the happiness of his son. I am no heathen, to sacrifice to Moloch."

"Come, Joe," I said, "you seem uncommonly bitter against your old love. But be a trifle more explicit; let us hear the whole of your impeachment of gymnastics. You seem to me to be as violent now in your denunciations of them, as you were formerly unreasonable in your devotion to them. Come, now, what harm have they done you?"

"Well, in the first place," grunted Joe, "they have broken my wind." I thought of the five miles an hour, but was silent. "At the slightest exertion or quickening of the pace, I begin to blow like a grampus. I tried to get up Mont Blanc last year; had to give it up at the Grands Mulets. If I go in for swimming, I knock up after half a mile."

"Well, but even if this is so, how is it due to gymnastics?"

"I'll tell you. In the first place, as I said before, they put on muscle that with the least inaction becomes fat. But beside this, only consider what fooleries

we go in for when we are at it! We get into a perfect lather of perspiration; we immediately shove our heads into a basin of cold water, or get some fool like ourselves to pour a can of cold water down our backs. Of course, the perspiration is violently arrested, and the system chilled. The result is that we thicken the bronchial tubes, we derange the action of the heart, we become asthmatic, and extremely susceptible of cold."

"Well, I admit the first count, old man. You are, comparatively—very comparatively--speaking, broken-winded. What next?"

"Well, in the next place, you never yet knew a fellow go in heavily for athletics who did not damage himself by overstraining some part or other. You knew Dupoids of Balliol—magnificent fellow! seen him throw the hammer one hundred and twelve feet — well, he strained his left breast, and feels it ever since. Long, the mile-runner, brought on varex, and wears an elastic stocking; Doolan, the spurt-runner, went into a consumption; my cousin Jack, who won the sculls, has to wear a truss. I sprained the right pectoral muscle when I was playing some stupid antics on the trapeze, and directly the cold weather sets in, I am never free from pain in the damaged part."

"Proven," I exclaimed, anxious to check his reminiscences of disabled heroes, which threatened to become lengthy. "You have made good your second count. You are damaged, in point of fact a screw—a broken-winded screw. What next?"

"Beside all this," continued he, "I am quite convinced that strong training makes a man heavy, somnolent and stupid. Plato, who, to my mind, is about the only fellow who ever understood the subject of education as a system founded on reason, is quite right in saying that physical and mental training cannot go on simultaneously. Mark Pattison, too, is tolerably well on the spot in what he says about the mania for athletics. Only, you know, he is a weakling like you, and a man does not like to be put right by a fellow that he could smash."

"Well, but the Greeks," I objected, "certainly made gymnastics an integral part of their education."

"True," replied Joe; "but, in the first place, the Greeks began their physical education at a time when the mind is best fallow, and brought it to an end in good time. Whereas our fellows grind on the river, or in the gymnasium, at the very crisis of the mind: they burn the candle at both ends. Besides, the gymnastics of the Greeks went on an entirely different principle from ours. Theirs were systematic, and, so to speak, generic; ours are haphazard and special. They cultivated the harmony of the whole body, we only develop particular parts; our fellows only aim at putting on lumps here and there. One fellow goes in for rowing, and puts a lump on his forearm, and another behind his shoulder-blades. Another fellew goes in for dumb-bells and parallel bars, and puts a lump on his biceps. Another goes in for running or jumping, and puts a lump on his calf. But there is nothing systematic; it is all chaotic and idiotic."

"Well, I suppose you must have it your own way," I said: "I will 'write you down an ass,' if you like. Let me see: that makes a broken-winded asinine screw. Anything else?"

"Yes; there are the moral annoyances and vexations of finding out that you are perpetually losing the faculty of doing some absurd thing or other, that no one in his senses feels the least desire to do. You saw to-day how I lost my temper because I could not vault over a five-barred gate. It was the same thing the other day at an athletic festival at Westwich. I was fool enough to let them humbug me into going in for the hammer—'just to show the rustics how to throw it.' Well, sir, one of my own tenants' sons threw six feet farther than I did. But come; we've had enough of this; pass the port. A few pounds of flesh more or less can't make much difference now. No more? Then let us go and have coffee with Annie."

"Just another minute," I pleaded. "At this rate we ought not to take any exercise at all."

"I never said that. Take exercise in plenty—cricket, row, ride, shoot, skate, fence, box, so long as you can do so without leading an unnatural life. But

if any one wants you to go into training for any of these things, to knock off your pipe, to limit yourself to some absurd pittance of fluid per diem, with your throat as dry as the Sahara, to variegate your skin with a crop of boils, or to live at the mercy of some brutal trainer or some pigmy cox, take my advice, and do nothing of the sort. It is better to remain an abortion like you, Tom, than to break down like me. But come upstairs, and then we'll have a pipe."

Once a Week.

RHYMED LAW.

LAW and the muses are not, as a rule, supposed to work harmoniously together; but as some curious instances have occurred, from time to time, of a happy compromise between them, the subject gives room for some amusement, if not instruction.

It is but at very rare intervals that the two discordant elements of legal technicality and rhythmical expression find a poet bold enough to attempt a reconciliation of the two. The latest example, perhaps, is given by Mr. James Hurnard, the Colchester Quaker, in his recent curious poem entitled "The Setting Sun."

We are not about to inflict upon our readers the more than three pages of a lawyer's bill done with rhythm in this very original book. A slight specimen will suffice. After having duly informed us that

> ". . . . least of all would I be bred a lawyer,
> Because I have a humble hope of heaven,"

he proceeds to give a bill of costs in full, after the following poetical model:

> "For instance, if you simply buy a house,
> He will take note of every interview,
> And charge you for receiving your instructions;
> Charge you likewise for drawing up the same—
> Eight folio pages with a world of margin;
> Charge you likewise for copying the same;
> Charge you likewise for reading you the same,
> And sending of it to the other party;
> Charge you likewise for reading long reply
> From Finden, lawyer, with a draft agreement;
> Charge you likewise perusing of said draft;
> Charge you likewise transmitting draft agreement."

And so on "charge you likewise," for another eighty or ninety lines, till we are glad when we come to the end of the bill.

There is not much humor in all this; but in a late number of the *Law Journal*—about the last periodical in the world an ordinary layman would think of taking up for half an hour's light reading—some rather interesting correspondence has been going on concerning some of the more humorous versions of law in rhyme which are extant.

Every one remembers Cowper's famous "Report of an Adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books," commencing—

> "Between nose and eyes a strange contest arose."

But the poet's humorous plea for the liberty taken in combining law with poetry has not, we think, been so often quoted. He says:

"Poetical reports of law cases are not very common; yet it appears to me desirable that they should be so. Many advantages would accrue from such a measure. They would, in the first place, be more commonly deposited in the memory; just as linen, grocery, and other matters, when neatly packed, are known to occupy less room and to lie more conveniently in any trunk, chest or box to which they may be committed. In the next place, being divested of that infinite circumlocution and the endless embarrassment in which they are involved by it, they would become surprisingly intelligible in comparison with their present obscurity. And lastly, they would by that means be rendered susceptible of musical embellishment; and instead of being quoted in the country with that dull monotony which is so wearisome to bystanders, and frequently lulls even the judges themselves to sleep, might be rehearsed in recitation, which would have an admirable effect in keeping the attention fixed and lively, and could not fail to disperse that heavy atmosphere of sadness and gravity which hangs over the jurispru-

dence of our country. I remember, many years ago, being informed of a relation of mine, who in his youth had applied himself to the study of the law, that one of his fellow-students, a gentleman of sprightly parts and very respectable talents of the poetical kind, did actually engage in the prosecution of such a design, for reasons, I suppose, somewhat similar to, if not the same, with those I have now suggested.

"He began with 'Coke's Institutes'—a book so rugged in its style that an attempt to polish it seemed an herculean labor, and not less arduous and difficult than it would be to give the smoothness of a rabbit's fur to the prickly back of a hedgehog. But he succeeded to admiration, as you will perceive by the following specimen, which is all that my said relation could recollect of the performance:

'Tenant in fee,
Simple is he,
And need neither quake nor quiver,
Who hath his lands
Free from demands
To him and his heirs forever.'"

Wills are not very safe things to trifle with, but the following solemn will and testament was actually proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury:

"The fifth day of May
Being airy and gay,
And to hip not inclin'd,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave
To some one or other—
And I think to my brother.
Because I foresaw
That my brethren-in-law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for their share,
Which I no wise intended
Till their manners are mended—
And of that—God knows! there's no sign.
I do therefore enjoin,
And do strictly command,
That nought I have got
Be brought into hotch-pot.
But I give and devise
As much as in me lies
To the son of my mother—
My own dear brother,
And to have and to hold
All my silver and gold,
As th' affectionate pledges
Of his brother, John Hedges."

Another will, proved in the same place, is too long to give in full. It began, however, as follows:

"What I am going to bequeath
When this frail part submits to death—
But still I hope the spark divine,
With its congenial stars shall shine—
My good executors fulfill;
And pay ye fairly my last will,
With first and second codicil.
And first, I give," etc.

The poetic will ends thus:

"In seventeen hundred and sixty-nine,
This, with my hand, I write and sign,
The sixteenth day of fair October,
In merry mood, but sound and sober;
Past my threescore and fifteenth year,
With spirits gay, and conscience clear;
Joyous and frolicsome, though old,
And like this day, serene, but cold.

To foes well wishing, and to friends most kind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.
For what remains I must desire,
To use the word of Matthew Prior—
Let this—my will—be well obeyed,
And farewell all, I'm not afraid.
For what avails a struggling sigh,
When, soon or later all must die?"

Here, again, is a copy of the will of one Joshua West—who went by the name, in his time, of the Poet of the Six Clerks Vice. It is dated the thirteenth of December, 1804, and attested by three gentlemen well known in that office:

"Perhaps I die not worth a groat;
But should I die worth something more,
Then I give that and my best coat,
And all my manuscript in store,
To those who will the goodness have
To cause my poor remains to rest
Within a decent shell and grave.
This is the will of Joshua West."

A judgment given by the late Sir John Pratt, on a disputed matter of a married woman's settlement returning to her after the death of her husband, was comprehensively put by a wit of the day as follows:

"A LEGAL GLEE.

"A woman having a settlement,
Married a man with none;
The question was, he being dead,
If that she had was gone?
Quoth Sir John Pratt—'Her settlement
Suspended did remain
Living the husband—but him dead,
It doth revive again.'

"*Chorus of Puisne Judges*—
'Living the husband—but him dead,
It doth revive again.'"

The advice given to purchasers of es-

tates of inheritance, in the "Purchaser's Patteno," published in 1654, is by Henry Philippes, and is none the less valuable for being in verse:

"First see the land which thou intend'st to buy,
Within the seller's title clear doth lie;
And that no woman to it doth lay claim
By dowry, jointure, or some other name,
That it may cumber. Know if bond or free
The tenure stand, and that from each feoffee
It be released; that the seller be so old
That he may lawful sell, then lawful hold.
Have special care that it not mortgaged be,
Nor be entailed on posterity."

And after several other warnings of a like nature, he concludes:

"These things foreknown and done, you may prevent
Those things rash buyers many times repent;
And yet whereas you have done all you can,
If you'll be sure deal with an honest man."

The following specimen of legal poetry went the round of the bar at the time of the famous Gorham appeal to the Privy Council, and is generally attributed to the witty Sir George Rose:

Argument for.

"Baptiz'd a baby—
Fit sine labe—
As the act makes him,
So the church takes him.

Argument against.

"Unless he be fit,
We very much doubt it,
And devil a bit
Is it valid without it.

Judgment.

"Bishop and vicar,
Why do you bicker
Each with his brother?
Since both are right,
Or one is quite
As wrong as the other.

Adjudication.

"Bishop non-suited,
Priest unrefuted,
To be instituted.
Costs deliberative.
Pondering well,
Each take a shell,
The lawyers the *Native!*"

In a book styled the "Pleader's Guide," published about the year 1815, under the pseudonym of Surrebutter—the author's real name being John Anstey—the art and mystery of special pleading is duly undertaken to be taught in poetic numbers; but although the book abounds with exuberant wit, we are afraid that the student, after reading it, will know as much about special pleading as he did before.

The description of the trial for assault, with which the work concludes, is very laughable, and we wonder that it has not been oftener quoted.

The opening of the speech of the counsel for the plaintiff will give an idea of the style of the poem:

"I rise with pleasure, I assure ye,
With transport to accost a jury
Of your known conscientious feeling,
Candor, and honorable dealing:
From Middlesex discreetly chosen,
A worthy and an upright dozen.
This action gentlemen, is brought
By John-a-Gudgeon for a *tort*.
The pleadings state that John-a-Gull,
With envy, wrath, and malice full,
With swords, knives, sticks, staves, fist and bludgeon,
Beat, bruis'd, and wounded John-a-Gudgeon.
First count's for that, with divers jugs,
To wit, twelve pots, twelve cups, twelve mugs
Of certain vulgar drink called toddy,
Said Gull did sluice said Gudgeon's body."

The evidence, as given by one of the witnesses for the prosecution—to wit, the medical man—is a parody on the style of doctors' depositions generally in courts of law, and with it we will conclude our little article:

"*Counsel.* Good Doctor Tench,
Pray tell the jury and the bench
All that you heard and saw that day.
Tench. Sir, I know nothing of the fray.
I was called in at the conclusion
T' inspect a vertical contusion;
Gudgeon was then without his shirt,
His body much besmeared with dirt.
There was an ugly, awkward cut
Ran quite athwart the occiput.
He'd have been comatose, I'm sure,
And far beyond my skill to cure,
Had I been call'd ten minutes later.
I trembled for the *Dura Mater*.

The cuticle, or outward skin,
Portended something wrong within;
The *fauces* in a sad condition,
Betwixt the *Nares* no partition;
But both so forc'd into conjunction
Th' olfactories declin'd their function.
Some teeth were broke and some were lost.
The *incisores* suffered most;
Much mischief done to the *molares;*
Aud, what a very strange affair is,
Not the least symptom could I see
Of *Dentes Sapientiæ*."

WHVT ought not to be done, do not even *think* of doing.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SPIRITUALISM ANSWERED BY SCIENCE. By EDWARD W. COX, S. L., F. R. G. S. New York: Henry L. Hinton. 12mo. pp. 79. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)

Two methods, and only two, have for the most part been adopted as explaining the phenomena, or alleged phenomena, which are commonly comprised in the term spiritual manifestations. One is to refer them to the interference of some supernatural power, angels or demons, or the spirits of the departed; the other is to deny them altogether, setting them down as a delusion or a fraud. The former interpretation is such an easy one, it is so difficult to disprove, and, if accepted, demands so little further thought, it is not remarkable that it has found many supporters; nor is it remarkable, when rappings and table-turnings, and the like, are proclaimed as the work of disembodied spirits, that the less credulous should simply refuse to believe in their occurrence, and the result has been that no one who is not willing to be ranked as a spiritualist, has dared to acknowledge that the rappings are heard or that the tables do move; and science, though bound by her own laws to carefully test and, if possible, to account for every asserted fact, has been content to denounce the whole thing as a stupendous delusion. In this unsatisfactory state of affairs, the action of the Dialectical Society of London, in appointing a committee of its members to examine and report upon the pretensions of spiritualism, was an important step toward a right understanding of the matter. This committee comprised scientific men, lawyers, doctors, artists, merchants—all of them persons of proved powers of observation and most of them wholly prejudiced against the reality of the phenomena they were to investigate; the most prominent members were Mr. Crookes, the distinguished chemist; Dr. Huggins, the astronomer, a vice president of the Royal Society, and Serjeant Cox, a very prominent lawyer. Their investigation was long and careful, but when they reported that the phenomena they had observed were real, and that "motion may be produced in solid bodies without material contact, by some hitherto unrecognized force operating within an undefined distance from the human organism and beyond the range of muscular action," they were, of course, assailed as converts to spiritualism and victims of a delusion. It is in answer to the critics that Mr. Serjeant Cox has written the little treatise before us, in which he recapitulates the scientific experiments of Mr. Crookes and himself, and the facts and arguments which led to the belief "that the power dignified by the title of spiritual, because attributed to the presence and action of spirits of the dead, is in fact a psychic force proceeding from the human structure and directed by the human intelligence." From what part of the human structure this force proceeds, and how it proceeds, are problems yet to be examined; but it is evident that if the pyschic force be the reality that is asserted, it not only overturns the vagaries of the spiritualists, but opens up a broad field of investigation for modern science in a direction the very opposite of that which it has been pursuing; for it at once raises a probability that that non-corporeal something which we feel to be within us may yet be demonstrated, not only as a matter of faith, but as a fact of nature. Certainly, the subject is one of very great interest, and Mr. Hinton has done well in reprinting this entertaining though somewhat unsatisfactory little book.

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LE MINISTRE MALGRÉ LUI:

A CONTEMPORARY STORY.

I

WHEN young Telemachus was undergoing his competitive examination for the kingship of Crete, one of the questions set him was to define a happy man, and the wise Mentor who stood behind to prompt him, conformably to a practice since abolished in competitive examination, bade him answer that the really happy man was he who considered himself so. Admitting this definition to be correct, then M. le Comte Fortuné de Ris, deputy of the National Assembly, who rented a first-floor flat in a house of the Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris, where no cats or parrots where kept, was the happiest man out. He had everything to make him happy, and sense enough to know it: a handsome face, good figure, fine health, an income larger than people suspected—though he passed for rich—and no profession, save that of enjoying himself, which is a pleasant profession when one succeeds in it. In age M. de Ris was two-and-forty, but looked younger; in complexion florid and jovial; in stature the same height as other Frenchmen. In a general way he was blithe-tempered, witty, and so thoroughly agreeable with women that he numbered more of them on the list of his intimate friends than would have sufficed for the vanity of ten less-favored beings, even supposing these ten to have been covetous.

But M. de Ris was not happy because Nature had ordained it so beforehand, just as she settles for us whether we shall have brown hair or red. He was happy because for the conduct of his life he had laid down certain simple rules which experience had taught him gave happiness to others, and which he never transgressed. In the first place, he never spoke ill of people, but suffered them to think that he admired them sincerely all round: an illusion which did them no harm nor him either; In the next place, he always kept his word—a surer recipe for contentment than many persons appear to imagine, though it must be stated that he avoided such rash promises as swearing to love one woman eternally, or vowing that he would never shake hands with such-and-such a friend again if he did this or that that was contrary to the public mood. M. de Ris' third rule was to render as many services as he could, and always to do so in such an enthusiastic way as to make the person obliged esteem that it was he, the recipent, who conferred the favor by accepting it, and that the donor was touched to the heart, overjoyed and proud beyond

measure at so much condescension. This, after mature reflection, was the only mode M. de Ris had been able to devise for preventing that each benefit conferred should become a cause of undying enmity. By leading persons to believe that in accepting his money and not returning it they were placing him under a lasting obligation, he had put matters upon a footing satisfactory and honorable to both parties. The count's fourth and most important rule absolute was to eschew politics.

Now this for a deputy of the Assembly was rather a knotty problem; but M. de Ris was not a deputy through any fault of his own. He had been returned in the winter of 1871, after the capitulation of Paris, when an assembly had been hastily convoked to meet at Bordeaux, constituencies were selecting the most popular men they could find, without much reference to their tastes or fitness. M. de Ris was nominated by the electoral committee of the department in which he owned a country seat, and had been returned out of hand. He was much chagrined by this result, which was communicated to him before he had yet left Paris, where, during the siege, he had fought with distinction as a commandant of Gardes Mobiles. His first impulse was to send in his resignation, and it is even said that his letter on this subject was ready signed and sealed; but somebody pointed out to him so eloquently that in times of trouble a man owes willing service to his country; and somebody else produced such telling arguments to show that a deputy need not know more about politics than an ordinary man, that M. de Ris gave in. He took his seat at Bordeaux in the very center of the Assembly—so centrally, indeed, that if you had drawn a string from President Grèvy's chair right across the chamber, you would have found Count de Ris at the end of it. This meant that he was a "neutral;" that between Henry V., the Count of Paris, Napoleon III., and the Republic, he had no choice whatever; and that on every occasion where his vote was called for he intended recording it in such a way as not to compromise him. This was rather like tight-rope dancing, but M. de Ris' logic on the subject was unanswerable. "If I make a selection," said he "before I know which of the four is going to win, I shall be obliged to adhere to it during the rest of my life under pain of being thought a renegade, which is absurd. The Count of Chambord is a prince of great honor, whom I venerate; the Count of Paris could hold his own in point of intelligence with any sovereign or president in Christendom; Napoleon III. was always extremely gracious to me, and decorated me with his own hand without my having ever asked for such a favor; the Empress also is charming; as for the Republic, to declare myself an anti-republican is to say that I don't believe we French are capable of governing ourselves, which is an opinion only good for foreigners." The party-whips endeavored to shake this neutralism by adroit flatteries, and the party-wits to undermine it by banter; but M. de Ris was impervious to flattery, and, when tackled by a wit, he puts his case in a nutshell by saying: "I know four ladies of equal beauty: the Marquise de Rosecroix, who is a legitimist; the Countess de Potofeu, who holds for Louis-Phillippe II.; the Baroness de Diamantelle, who is enamored of the Napoleons; and Mdme. Garrulet, the deputy's wife, who is a Repulican. If I were to enlist on the side of one of these ladies, the doors of the other three would be closed to me, and that I do not want." Whereat the wit would laugh, and let M. de Ris alone. In France they always let a man alone who knows how to defend himself.

It should be mentioned in passing that M. de Ris' independence was not quite the effect of political poltroonery, though a foreigner might have opined that there was strong spice of this foible flavoring it. His was rather the eclecticism and skeptic epicureanism of politics. He thought there was something good to be said for every party, and said it. He also thought that to pin one's faith to a set of doctrines which may be as unwearable in a year as last twelvemonth's fashion—to cast in one's lot with a particular dynasty or system which may be less long of life than a deciduous leaf, is the act neither of a clever man nor of a wise one. There was a friend of his, who, toward the close of Louis Philippe's reign, had

taken an undue interest in the Pritchard indemnity case. Every time the name of Pritchard was mentioned this hot-headed patriot foamed at the mouth, rolled flaming eyeballs, and launched such fulminating declamations against the policy of M. Guizot, that he ended by exasperating a supporter of that statesman, who called him out, and wounded him so badly that his right leg had to be amputated. Alas! who remembers the Pritchard case now? The hot-headed and crippled patriot stumped through life bitterly anathematizing the day when he was induced to part with his leg for a cause about which nobody cared a pin six months after it had been settled; and which went clean out of the public mind long before the victim of it had learned to do without crutches. This example had always struck M. de Ris most powerfully. He often thought of what it would be if he himself were to lose his leg in over-zealous debate, and though he was not a fearer of duels, having fought several without much detriment to himself or his adversaries, he caused the name "Pritchard" to be neatly set in red enamel on a locket which he usually wore at his watch-chain; and every time he felt tempted to take an excited part in politics, he consulted this locket, learning thereby the great and prudent lesson that half the questions which set men by the ears are not worth the breath that is wasted on them. There was another excellent and cogent reason for M. de Ris' abstention, which was this: Rich, young, and clever as he was (for he was clever, and had been told it so often that he really had some excuse for being modestly conscious of it), he could not, had he joined a political party, have remained one of the ruck. He must have come to the front, and, had his party triumphed, he must have risen to power, which of all things in the world was what he most dreaded. As a private nobleman he could pick his society as he pleased, flit about from palace to green-room; be on intimate terms with princes and artists, opera singers or bishops; lift his hat on a race-course within the same five minutes to a duchess and a ballet-girl; and, in a word, wherever he went cotton with the pleasantest people, without feeling under any obligation to shake the hand of wheezy retired grocers because they were champions of the ministry, or listen to the emetic-like blandishments of semi-official journalists. Once a Minister or an ex-Minister, however, all this would be changed. Even if he had held office but a day he must go on stilts to the hour of his death, be on the alert about his dignity, and hold unimpeachably orthodox views as to the blending of liberty and order under a well established government. This was why he so sedulously held aloof from everything that resembled an opinion. This was why he always kept a quiverful of repartees ready for those who sought to ensnare him; and this is why the head and front of his ambition amounted only to this—to continue leading to his dying day the untroubled and amusing life he had lived ever since he was his own master.

However, it is not in the vastnesss of our wishes, but in the intensity of them, even when moderate, that lies the danger of disappointment: and we introduce M. de Ris on a morning of last autumn when there happened to him one of those grevious things which prove how utterly vain are all human calculations.

It was about nine o'clock. Wrapped in a velvet dressing gown, the count was seated in his toilet-room, opposite a bright fire of beech logs, and looking out of the window to watch cozily the rime of October frost being melted off the trees by the early sun. This was not in Paris, but at the count's country seat, distant about two hours by rail from town—an agreeable place, made up of mediæval picturesqueness and modern comfort, and situated in a district where revolutions and issues of tenpenny bank-notes had no effect upon the inhabitants. The count was staying there for a couple of days' rest between two visits to the shooting-boxes of indefatigable Nimrod friends, and, having arrived late the evening before, he had luxuriated in bed this morning rather longer than was his wont when within gunshot of well-stocked coverts. M. Narcisse, his confidential valet, entered with a tray bearing his master's chocolate, newspapers and letters, and laid these things on a hand table near the arm-chair. Then, this done, he said with that lively and irre-

pressible tendency to converse which one had better not discourage in a French servant under pain of rendering him sulky: "What a morning M. le Comte! I suppose M. le Comte intends going over the estate?"

"I suppose I must, Narcisse," smiled his master, showing not much disposition to move, but rather drawing nearer to the fire; and he took another glance at the window. "These rounds of inspection to poultry-yards and pig-troughs are rounds of tribulation, Narcisse. You must lay me out my thickest boots, the yellow gaiters, and the velveteen coat. I am not likely to meet anybody."

"Your neighbor, Mdme. de Claire, arrived at the Chateau de Beaupré last night, M. le Comte," answered Narcisse, quite discreetly."

It was the forte of M. Narcisse, was discretion; for all which he was a brisk valet with eyebrows like two circumflex accents, which gave him a perpetual air of astonishment, also a trick of doing everything in a headlong way, as if he were haunted by the constant vision of express trains about to start without him.

"Eh? Mdme. de Claire is at the Castle?" ejaculated M. de Ris, rousing himself completely at the name which his servant had pronounced, and casting a third and much more wide-awake glance at the window. "Ah! I see the sun is shining, Narcisse, so, instead of the velveteen, perhaps I may as well air that new shooting-suit I have not yet worn; and—stay—as to the boots, I won't have the thickest—not the thickest of all I mean—those with the nails—a medium pair will do."

M. Narcisse was just then bustling about the room at the rate of ten miles the hour, and setting out razors, strop and shaving-brush on the dressing-table, as if an imaginary guard had just rung the train-bell for an instantaneous departure. He finished his precipitate work to his satisfaction, and then vanished to fetch the suit that had never been worn and the boots that were not the thickest. M. de Ris, the while, left alone, and still thinking apparently of Mdme. de Claire, gazed pensively for a short space into the fire. His reverie—which seemed to be a not unpleasant one—may have lasted a couple of minutes; then he turned to his chocolate and his letters, slowly stirring the one in its cup and examining the envelopes of the others before opening them.

The count's gallant proclivities brought so many feminine missives into his hands that there was nothing novel in the fact that four out of the seven letters on his tray should be in ladies' writing. There were two mauve envelopes, a primrose, and a pale blue one, all addressed in that cramped and pointed calligraphy which speaks of the hard sharpness of French steel nibs, these instruments seeming indeed specially designed by Providence to check the torrents of correspondence which would flow from a Frenchwoman's mind if only the native pens would glide more smoothly over the paper. M. de Ris read his letters attentively, and it looked as if they entertained him, for he was nearly three-quarters-of-an-hour over them. At the conclusion he took out of a Dresden bowl, shaped like a dog's head, enough Turkish tobacco to roll himself a cigarette, and prepared for the other epistles, one of which he recognized as coming from a friend who wrote with energy about Croatian questions, another as a tradesman's circular, and the third, of which he now observed for the first time was not stamped but franked.

There must have been something very foreboding about the look of this last envelope, for at sight of it the count stopped half-way in his cigarette work and began with sudden but rapidly growing apprehension to turn the letter over between his fingers. How had he come not to notice before that the envelope was one of those whitey-brown ones in which government correspondence is sent? that the post-mark was "Versailles?" and that the seal bore the private crest of an extremely Great Personage under the Republic? He changed color slightly. What could it be? The Assembly was not sitting then, so it could not inclose a letter of convocation. The extremely Great Personage was not likely to be issuing cards for a dinner-party at that time of the year, so it could not be that. He mused and mused; and the clouds gathered over his brow as over a sunny sky in April. Then he poured himself out a glass of water and drank it; and, as strong men in moments of emo-

tion like to be standing, he stood up and leaned against the mantel-shelf whilst he broke the seal.

This is what the whitey-brown envelope contained:

VERSAILLES, OCTOBER —, 1871.

MY DEAR COUNT DE RIS: As you heard, the Ministership for the Cochin China colonies has just become vacant, and I write without delay to offer you the post. It has given me very great satisfaction to observe how, amid the interested strife of parties, you have acknowledged no flag but patriotism, and have constantly seconded the Government by your firm and enlightened votes; it has also been a no small source of pleasure to me to perceive that your excellent example has been followed by other members of the Assembly who have grouped themselves round you and now look up to you as their leader. In this time of national mourning, when the efforts of all good citizens should be directed toward the regeneration of their country, the qualities which recommend a Minister are essentially those which you possess; impartiality, amiability, and zeal for the public good—also antecedents free from ties to any political factions or individual. I am well aware that in asking you to undertake duties fraught with great responsibility and entailing a large sacrifice of daily time and anxiety, I am making a heavy demand without having any adequate return to offer save the opportunity of widening your sphere of public usefulness. But I do not hesitate because the more arduous the labor and the less the reward so much the greater I know will be your tendency to accept. Trusting, therefore, that I may have the gratification of hearing an affirmative reply from your own lips at Versailles, to-morrow, I beg you to believe, my dear Count de Ris, in the assurance of my high regard.

Now this was pleasant. As crowning result of twenty years' careful strategy, it was worth commending to those who believe in the science of life. The count stood for a moment like a man who has turned up the two of spades when he wanted the ace of diamonds, and the unlucky letter weighed down his hand to his side as if it had been written on sheet lead. He looked so stunned that on M. Narcisse reappearing with the suit that had never been worn and the medium boots, that domestic gave a start, and exclaimed: "Dear me! Is there anything the matter? Is M. le Comte ill?"

To which the count, shaking off his torpor, replied with an abrupt vehemence which made M. Narcisse's eyebrows stand up more circumflexly than ever: "Matter! Yes, everything is the matter. Do you know what a Minister is?"

M. Narcisse stood dangling the boots in his right hand and pressing the clothes to his heart with his left arm. He appeared to turn the matter over in his mind and then answered: "A Minister, M. le Comte, lives in a mansion with sentries at the door; the newspapers cut jokes at him; he has a salary of a hundred thousand francs a year, and when a revolution comes he is obliged to escape in disguise."

"Yes, that's it, escape in disguise," answered the count grimly, as this new feature in a Minister's privileges recurred to him. "Joked at by the papers and escape in disguise—there you have it in ten words. Well, Narcisse, they want to make a Minister of ME!"

M. Narcisse dropped both the boots, and in trying to recover them let go the clothes. When he had picked them up he looked very red, and with wonder-lit eyes said: "They want to make a Minister of M. le Comte? Well —— (here his voice broke into an excited gallop); well, I hope Monsieur will not neglect this opportunity of seeing that my brother Hyacinthe gets that post of Garde Champetre which he has long been asking. Then there is my other brother Jasmin who was promised the military medal, and, as I often say, for a government to promise and not to keep is to make men revolutionary, though for the matter of that I have no sympathy with the Commune nor with M. Gambetta, whom I think is just as bad, for as I often say, when a man stirs up the elements of popular discord, which ought never to be allowed under a strong government, and places himself at their head, he is responsible for all the breakages. And I don't think either that the wife of my cousin Jacques was well served by the Indemnity Commission, for it is certain that the largest of her two pigs, weighing a hundred and eighty-seven pounds, and a perfect picture, was eaten by the Prussians, who never paid, being thieves, and as I often say for a Government to stand such things ——"

"Go to the devil," burst in Count de Ris. "At least go and order the phaeton round in half-an-hour, and fetch me some visiting clothes."

II

LESS than fifty minutes after the perusal of his letter, the count was driv-

ing up the avenue that led to the Château de Beaupré, the residence of his neighbor Mdme. de Claire. He had taken the most irrevocable resolution not to accept the post offered him, and during the ten minutes' ride between his own house and Beaupré Park he had pondered over a dozen different forms of declinatory replies to the Great Personage's dispatch. What did they mean by offering him a post for which he was unfitted by taste, nature and social training? He whipped his horses with such vigor that John, his English groom, who sat behind him, and was unused to this way of dealing with high-mettled cattle, wondered what had come over the "guv'nor." Certainly there was no other answer possible to such a proposal but a courteous and decided—no. Nevertheless the count wanted somebody to tell him he was quite right in his resolve, to pat him morally on the back as it were and assure him that nothing could be more reasonable and proper than his conduct; and this is why he called upon Mdme. de Claire, of whose good sense he had the best opinion.

The Baroness de Claire was the widow of a nobleman considerably older than herself, who had died, leaving her a large fortune. She was twenty-eight, and a woman of great beauty and tact, who exercised a queen's sway over the whole department, and whom M. de Ris classed quite apart when dividing his feminine acquaintances into catagories. If Mdme. de Claire had been less graceful, less sweet-tempered, less eminently woman-like, she might have passed for a strong-minded woman, for her thoughts were not cast in those common-place moulds which fabricate thoughts by the hundred thousand on a uniform pattern for common-place people. But as something of the notion of ill-cut gowns, and down on the upper lip attaches to the term "strong-minded" in reference to ladies, Mdme. de Claire did not deserve the epithet. She was all that a woman should be; and if men could have coined a new word to express the blending of all that is amiable and good, with what is sensible and clever, they would have inaugurated it in her honor.

She was in a morning room when the count was introduced, and exquisitely dressed in a *peignoir* of buff cashmere with wide trimming of white lace round the edges, and loose sleeves, and a lace scarf round the waist. In the rich clusters of her black hair she had set a scarlet rose and a small cross of black pearls that hung to a velvet ribbon served to show off the snowy outline of her throat. She was arranging flowers in a Japanese vase; and beside her, with her tiny dimpled chin resting on the table's edge stood Mdlle. Lucie her daughter, a little mite of a thing four years old, who held her apron full of the dew-wet flowers, and handed them up one by one to her mother as they were wanted. There was an air of home and gaiety about the tastefully furnished room which offered many a pretty knicknack for the sun to try its golden arrows on; and through the muslin curtains which were closed to prevent the ingress of the autumn wasps, who might have waged war on Miss Lucie, came a fresh, healthy scent of morning, with twittering of blithesome sparrows.

The servant announced: "Monsieur le Comte de Ris," and Mdme. de Claire held out her hand with one of her bright smiles.

"You are most welcome, my dear count. I only returned yesterday, and Lucie and I were just wondering together whether our good fortune would send us any visitors."

"You see before you the most perplexed of men," answered the count, raising her hand to his lips—for one is sorry to state that Anglomania has not yet generalized in France that charming mode of salutation which consists in squeezing a lady's hand and working it up and down like a pump-handle—"the most perplexed of men, who comes to beg alms of you in the shape of advice," added he, proceeding to salute Mdlle. Lucie, whom he lifted up and kissed.

"I dot a noo doll, une grande poupee avec bloo eyes, t'sais, monsieur," observed Miss Lucie, who, having a Scotch nurse and an English governess, spoke at times a very odd jumble of languages.

"Then Lucie had better leave us," said Mdme. de Claire with an apologetic glance toward the little thing, who was the minature portrait of herself. "You will find her terribly noisy if she remains.

Put down the rest of the flowers, Lucie, and make your best courtesy to M. de Ris."

"Oh, Lucie and I are old friends," replied M. de Ris; "she shall sit on my knee;" and Mdlle. Lucie, who foresaw that her withdrawal might lead to an hour's spelling lesson in the company of Miss Thompson, the governess, protested; "Je ne talkerai pas, maman, j'écouterai tout ce que le mousieur says."

On that understanding Mdlle. Lucie was allowed to sit on the visitor's knee and play with his watch-chain, where the name of "Pritchard," embossed on the locket, soon engaged her undivided attention. Mdme. de Claire took her place on the sofa opposite a tambour frame, on which shone, half completed, one of those smart chasubles which French ladies fill their leisure by embroidering for the country clergy. M. de Ris then drew out the letter of the Great Personage, and handed it to the baroness, beginning at the same time to unfold his most painful story.

"Then it is true?" said Mdme. de Claire, returning him the letter with a smile after reading its contents; and making a slight inclination of the head, which might be construed into a congratulation. "I saw it announced in the papers, but it was only mentioned as a rumor."

"It is in the papers already!" exclaimed the count in real consternation. "Then the matter is worse than I expected. They have done that in order to make it more difficult for me to refuse. But I shall not be caught for all that. I *will* refuse."

"You will refuse?" echoed the baroness, quite quietly, and working at her chasuble.

"Why? Is not such your advice?" inquired the count, a little astonished, and he unhooked his watch-chain to facilitate Mdlle. Lucie's inspection.

"That must depend on the reasons you have to give," said she, raising her large, clear eyes, and fixing them on him interrogatively.

"P-R-I-T—Prit," broke in Mdlle. Lucie, in a speculative whisper, "C-H-A-R-D—chat—Prit-chat"—(here a pause). "Dat is zoor cat's name: le chat Prit?" and she softly nudged the count's elbow. "Dis moi de quille coulour il est, black or tabby ton chat Prit?"

The name of the missionary who was nearly being the cause of a war between France and England lisped out from between Mdlle. Lucie's small lips acted like a clarion upon the distressed count, waking him to sudden eloquence. Mdme. de Claire wanted his reasons: he gave them her. Quickly and with that fervor which fires us all when we speak of our own hardships, he sketched the unruffled life he had led hitherto, and grew pathetic about the proposal that tended to transform him in four-and-twenty hours from the happiest man in all Paris into the most wretched Cabinet Minister of all Europe. It was like a shell falling upon a pleasure villa; a bright settling upon a tree; a drug mingling with wine—anything that was unexpected, needless and unkind. Why had they not appealed to one of those men who are constantly running after appointments, like a certain edible quadruped after truffles? There were plenty of them encumbering the Versailles lobbies—men who did not care for the jibes of the press nor blink koo-tooing to grocer politicians, and whose consciences were not sensitive to a peccadillo more or less when it suited the public good, or their own. A Minister should be a man with vigorous lungs, forward of speech, and impressed with the belief that Heaven had put him where he was to sit upon the public like a hair shirt, without paying heed to remonstrances. No man was fit to be a Minister who could not shed opportune tears over his own civic virtues, his integrity, his disinterestedness; and yet fight with desperate energy whenever an attempt was made to unseat him. Nobody had ever seen a Minister take his place in a Cabinet with the private wish to be relieved from his emoluments as soon as possible. This would be a breach of faith toward one's colleagues, a precedent likely to create confusion and bring the ministerial office into ridicule. Thus argued M. le Comte de Ris for the better part of a quarter-of-an-hour, whilst Mdme. de Claire, continuing to embroider, listened patiently and attentively. Mdlle. Lucie, less patient and attentive, slipped at an early stage of the argument off the Count's knees and went to fetch

off the hearthrug her Angora kitten, Minette, with a view to establishing points of comparison by-and-by between this much-favored cat and the Count's own *chat, Prit.*

"And now," said the count, by manner of conclusion, "I do hope you approve of all I have said; for I mean to be guided entirely by your advice as to the way in which I ought to decline this unreasonable offer."

The baroness paused in her work and looked up.

"Well, there are two kinds of advice, my dear Count; the first of which I may call 'constitutional,' for it consists in coming with a set of resolutions already framed in one's own mind, and asking somebody simply to ratify them. If it be constitutional advice you want, then I say that your pleas are very humorous, and that you cannot do better than follow your own inclination. Only I think I would go in person to Versailles and state my reasons for refusing. It is more polite than writing. The other advice is the candid——" and with a slight smile Mdme. de Claire bent over her chasuble again.

"Please give me a candid advice," answered the count, after a moment's hesitation, and looking both resigned and miserable; "I could bear anything from you, even blame."

"My candid advice, then, is, that you should accept the offer," said Mdme. de Claire gently. "You say that you are dismayed at the unsettled condition of affairs? this is reason the more for lending your aid to calm us. You urge that you have not the qualities necessary for the post, that I think is excess of modesty."

The count looked crushed.

"You cannot surely think it is my duty to set myself up as a butt for all the journalists and coffee-house orators of this scribbling, chattering nation?" said he.

"Duty is a big word, and a man can only judge for himsef where his duty lies. But if every man of education and influence refused to serve his country, what would become of us."

"I risked my life without hesitation," broke in the count, expostulating. "And I would give up every franc of my fortune to-morrow, if it could do France any good."

"Life and money are the two things to which men of your rank hold least," answered Mdme. de Claire; "but supposing you were to sacrifice that for which you really do care—a little of your time, your habits, some of your comforts?"

She glanced up at him gaily, almost coaxingly, and her manner of speaking was so sensible and feeling, that he knew not what to say. In his inmost heart the conviction arose that having asked her advice so far, he was now bound to follow it; and this added to his embarrassment; but as she proceeded to review, in her musical voice, all the objections he had raised, and found a pithy, well-put answer to each; another sentiment overshadowed the first, and he began dimly to discern a career of useful labor and fame opening to him, where at first he had seen only gloom and annoyance. After all, he was a man of birth, whose ancestors had at different times and in divers ways done service to the State; and he was the only one of his line who had set his heart's ambition on doing nothing. What was this but selfishness? He might veil his conduct under what paradoxes he pleased, his aversion to office was due to motives that were not very noble or very creditable. Of a sudden it occurred to him that in arguing him out of his apathy as she was doing, Mdme. de Claire must feel a certain amount of contempt for a man who needed thus to be spurred on to duties which a spirited mind would have undertaken at once with eagerness and pride. This thought flipped his Frenchman's vanity as with a whip, and he felt himself reddening to the roots of his hair. He was on the point of exclaiming that he saw it all now, and thanked his hostess for unsealing his eyes; but he was arrested by the reflection that he really and truly had no political opinions to use as a banner on commencing his official career, and this was certainly an impediment, for political convictions are not extemporized in a minute like puns or riddles. However, it was in quite an altered and appeased tone that he urged this new difficulty, and said: "If I only had a belief in some system

or other! By rights I ought to be a Bourbonist, but in that party faith is required, and a certain dash of fanaticism. To be an Orleanist one must needs believe in the panaceal virtues of parliaments, whereas parliaments have never cured anything in France. If I took to Bonapartism I should be obliged to agitate for plebiscitums—Heaven help me!—as if our last plebiscitum were not enough?"

"Then be a Republican," said Mdme. de Claire, simply.

He started a little, for such a suggestion in Mdme. de Claire's mouth was unlooked for. Was this the brilliant, courted baroness whose husband's shield numbered so many quarterings that it looked like a harlequin's coat? He would have thought she was mocking him, but for her perfect gravity.

"Republicanism," she said, "is a word which we have converted into a bugbear because we have always associated it with noisy people. But why not try and make of it the government of France by all the most distinguished Frenchmen? I can scarcely myself in these times understand a man having any other aim. If it were possible to restore the loyalty of the people such as it was in the days when they worshiped the king and touched his garments to be cured of diseases, then I should pray for the return of Henri V. But as this cannot be, and as the only kingship we seem able to tolerate is an expedient that has the bare name of royalty without any of its privileges or prestige, and which besides leads us into distracting revolutions every twenty years; why not adopt at once the form of government which agrees best with such theories as we still do respect: they are not many, but they are good: individual merit, equality and the popular will?"

He was quite surprised, though not disagreeably.

"I have often thought myself," he rejoined, "what a blessing it would be if we could sink our differences into a common system that would bring all parties into coöperation. But Republicanism has never succeeded anywhere, not even in the United States, where it is corruption organized, and where it will collapse as soon as the country is peopled enough and respectable enough to wish for honest institutions. The constitution of England seems the utmost to which we can aspire, though I do not even see how we are to found that."

"Nor shall we," answered Mdme. de Claire. "England is England, and the Liberal papers there call the Queen 'her Most Gracious Majesty;' until our own Opposition journals do the same I cannot see what hope there is of copying a state of things which is based on religious reverence for the sovereign; it would be like trying to make a watch without the mainspring. As to Republicanism," added she, with a touch of patriotic pride that was not without spirit, "I think we are a great nation enough, my dear count, to set precedents instead of following them. Republicanism has failed up to this moment because you noblemen, instead of regarding it as the government of all, have treated it as a mere party. You have given it over to be championed by all the most vexing people in the country, and then you complain of it having unmannerly advocates! Why not be Republicans yourselves, and study to make Republicanism properly understood: there is no form of government under which your influence would be greater or more respected? For as you may suppose I am not advocating a Republic with Mr. Rhetorician this or Mr. Iconoclast that at its head, and a whole attendant train of supporters fresh from the tavern. That is the caricature of republicanism. My republic would be the rule of talent and merit under all its forms. No man should be exiled because he was a prince, nor excluded from the chance of honor because he was poor. There should be liberty of speech and pen for all; dukes and counts should bear their titles if it pleased them, though no more empty distinctions should be conferred, and the only difference between this republicanism and monarchy would be that instead of setting over us a privileged family to rule by dint of *coups-d'état* and amid constant panics, you gentlemen who would make up two legislative chambers, should elect periodically the most eminent man among you to govern the country for so many years according to your directions. I am sure that under such a system as this, that

with Republicanism put under the safeguard of birth and genius, the fussy agitators who are now the high priests of the party would be reduced to making themselves royalists to attract public attention."

The debate, which grew more and more one-sided and more and more convincing to the one who played the passive part in it, was prolonged during a few minutes until interrupted by Mdlle. Lucie, who, emerging from behind the sofa with the cat Minette in her arms, took it up to the count and laid it on his knees, saying with becoming seriousness: "Dis moi, is he aussi blanc que this your cat Prit?"

"What does Lucie mean by your cat Prit?" asked Mdme. de Claire, amused.

The count explained, laughing, to what uses he had put the clerical name of Pritchard, and then taking off his watch-chain completely, he wound it two or three times round Mdlle. Lucie's plump and pink little wrist: it made a pretty bracelet.

"I have no further use for it now," he said, "and you must keep it, Lucie, as a souvenir of what your mamma did for an incorrigible idler—taught him that we are here to work and not always to please ourselves."

"Then I shall next hear from you at Versailles," observed Mdme. de Claire, with an expression of very pardonable pleasure at the success her arguments had wrought.

Mdlle. Lucie, one is compelled to state, had vanished behind the sofa with a forefinger in her mouth and her eyes fixed upon her trinket as if she apprehended being bidden to return it.

"I am like a knight you will have armed for the fray," answered the count, rising to go. "I have both sword and banner."

"And I am certain you will distinguish yourself in the lists," she rejoined kindly.

"I could not but act well," he said, "if I had always at hand an adviser like yourself."

His voice was somewhat earnest as he bowed.

She blushed very slightly, and he took his leave. On his way from Beaupré to his own park, and thence, an hour later, to the railway station, John, the groom, noticed that he handled his horses with much greater tenderness than he had done that morning. As for M. Narcisse, the valet, he noticed nothing; for having heard from the count's own lips that it was his intention to accept the seat in the Cabinet offered him, that excellent servant was wrapped in meditation as to whether it would not be more politic, before urging the claims of his relatives on the government to solicit, of that power (in his master's person) something for himself—say a snug bureau de tabac in a good quarter of Paris, or a place on the customs with a furnished house, a salary of three thousand francs a year, and perquisites?

III.

When the appointment of M. le Comte de Ris to the ministership of the Cochin China colonies became an authentic fact, duly notified to the world in the columns of the *Journal Officiel*, the event gave rise to much discussion. It was at a critical moment when the public mind, uncertain as to whether the government were leaning toward monarchy or the opposite extreme, looked anxiously for the first appointment which should furnish a precise indication. As it was, the appointment furnished nothing, and was consequently, from the official point of view, an extremely clever move. Half the journals in Paris were convinced that the count was a Monarchist; the other half were equally persuaded that he was a Republican. Controversies of great bitterness, and in which much irony was lavished, were waged on the subject between rival prints; and then the newspapers of each inimical section took to fighting pleasantly among themselves as to which exact shade of Monarchism or Republicanism the new Minister belonged to. This lasted a week, during which the illustrated sheets published portrait engravings of him, and the photographers stuck his cartes-de-visite in their windows at one franc apiece. Provincial and foreign journalists also called to beg for biographical details; and an "Own Cor-respondent" from New York appeared one morning at breakfast-time to interview him through the nose, and ask whether he were any relation to Count

de Ris, who had fought under Lafayette, and either beaten or been beaten by the English. Then, this inaugurative hubbub over the public folded its arms and waited patiently to see the Cochin China Minister at work.

This work was, of necessity, at first occult. As the Assembly was not sitting, no opportunity existed for a public display, and after the count had received his portfolio at the hand of the President, made his bow to Mdme. Thiers, and exchanged visits with all his colleagues in the Cabinet, he had nothing important to do but take formal possession of his two official residences at Versailles and in Paris. A certain degree of solemnity usually attends these installations, and the count found the whole staff of his office, marshaled in dress-coats and white ties, to receive him. Truth to say, he was not in very good spirits. He had felt sad on leaving his luxurious rooms on the Boulevard Malesherbes for the bleak apartments which the nation put at his disposal in the Palace of Versailles; and though M. Narcisse had assured him with some elation that no less a person than Louis XV. had once slept in the chamber where he was going to rest, this piece of glory had cheered him but slightly. Then a sigh had escaped him at beholding on a wall, as he drove along, the Gymnase playbill announcing the *Visite de Noces*. He had not yet seen this last play of Dumas, and if it had not been for his official dignity he should have been going to dine snugly at the Café Anglais that night, then afterward to the Gymnase, and between the acts he should have gone behind the scenes to compliment Mdlle. Desclée, and have a quarter-of-an-hour's chat with Mdlles. Pierson and Massin. He was, further, painfully impressed by the awe-stricken look which fell on the countenance of the sentry who saluted him as he alighted. He was not accustomed to see people so horribly frightened as this at his approach.

However, state is state, and the clerks in the reception-room looked very stately. There were clerks of every shape, magnitude and denomination—head-clerks, first clerks, second clerks, third clerks, assistant clerks, supernumerary clerks, copying clerks—in short, more than the pen can enumerate; and all these clerks bowed like one clerk as he dawned magisterially upon their eyesight. To his left walked the Under-Secretary of State for the Cochin China department, a middle-aged Parliamentarian of great tongue power, who had been very strong on the estimates during its Opposition days, but had somewhat neglected this branch ever since his own salary had been included in the budget. This fellow-worker acted as his master of ceremonies, and whispered names as they sidled along. The count strove generously by his own urbane demeanor to provoke something like a sign of life and welcome on the starched faces of the sea of subordinates, but the effort was in vain, and the chilliness of the whole scene so reacted on him that he felt his back-bone becoming ironized like that of a provincial mayor who has received the honor of knighthood. At that minute he thanked Heaven that the photographers who sold him for tenpence on the Boulevards were not behind to knock off a new set of portraits; for, catching sight of himself in a glass he thought he had never looked so stiff and ridiculous. He had no leisure, though, to pursue his reflections on this topic any further, for by this time he had come to the end of the clerks and reached a spot where stood, mingled with the clerks, and yet distinct from them, as who should say a steeple forming part of the church, and yet overtopping it, a man of venerable mein, with smooth bald head, who made obeisance to him with humble yet collected courtesy.

Impossible to look more imposing than this hairless veteran, who resembled an image of Nestor, king of the Pylians, shaved and in modern garb. Deep reverence, not unmingled with dread, was observable in the Parliamentary Secretary's manner as he introduced him—"The Permanent Irresponsible Under Secretary, Monsieur Jobus."

The count had never heard of the permanent and irresponsible M. Jobus; but a man who has never heard tell of a sphinx is not the less moved at the sight of one. M. Jobus was the Cochin China office in septuagenarian form. People in the outer world talked of the Cochin China office, its doings, its mistakes; but they labored under a wrong impression.

That office was M. Jobus; its doings were his doings, its mistakes were his—no, its mistakes were those of the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, or of the Parliamentary Minister, both responsible. M. Jobus, as above said, was irresponsible. Ministries might fall and dynasties go away by train, but M. Jobus remained where he was. Now and then the wrong-headed public would get up with the notion that things were being done at the Cochin China office which ought not to be done; and there would be an agitation about it in the papers, then speeches about it in the legislature, finally splits about it in the Cabinet, resulting in the retirement of some Cochin China Minister and his parliamentary henchmen. But after this matters would go on at the Cochin China office exactly as they had done before, because in dismissing the Minister and his henchmen people had overlooked M. Jobus, which was as if the passengers of the ship that bore Jonah to Tarshish had thrown the captain overboard but overlooked Jonah. In dealing with the affairs of the nation, of the office, or with his own affairs personally, M. Jobus always seemed to bear in mind the golden fact that he was permanent and irresponsible. If anybody belonging to the office fell athwart him, M. Jobus visited him with his displeasure, and this is what would then sometimes happen: The person visited by the permanent irresponsibility of M. Jobus would appeal to M. Jobus' responsible chief; but as this gentleman, being not permanent but fleeting, seldom knew much or indeed anything of office matters, he would refer back the appeal to M. Jobus for particulars; in other words ask for M. Jobus' opinion on his own judgment. And this might happen several times over, so that frequently a person who held in his possession five or six epistolary condemnations from successive Cochin China Ministers would virtually possess but one reply—that dictated and redictated by M. Jobus, who had acted in the matter as prosecutor, judge of first instance, judge of first appeal, and judge of final appeal. One is happy to add, however, that M. Jobus was a functionary highly appreciated by all who had ever been brought into harmonious contact with him. People had even been heard to speculate as to what the Cochin China office would ever do if deprived of his services; for indeed, men like M. Jobus are not manufactured out of hand in a day. They can only be produced by a long, most delicately nurtured and most carefully guarded career of irresponsibility.

The count gazed for a few seconds at Monsieur Jobus as if an inward voice told him that here was an official of greater weight than appeared on the surface; then by way of beginning an acquaintance, he said he would always rely on M. Jobus' zeal—at which M. Jobus bowed; that he put the greatest confidence in M. Jobus' abilities— M. Jobus bowed anew; and that he hoped often to have the pleasure of seeing M. Jobus again, whereupon there was a rustling down the whole line of clerks, like the shaking of aspen leaves set in motion by the wind. Somehow the count could not help imagining there was a symptom of ironical mirth in this rustling. It reminded him of the diabolical notes which accompany the mild-worded serenade in *Don Giovanni*.

The presentation being over, the new Minister was about to pass into his study, but the Parliamentary Secretary, taking alarm, whispered that it would be contrary to all usages not to make a speech. A speech—why a speech? What would the count have to say to all these gentlemen who were eyeing him as if he were somebody admitted on sufferance, and intruding rather unwarrantably, on the whole, into their comfortable midst? However, the hungry expression in the stare of the clerks and the expectant air on the physiognomy of M. Jobus, told so plainly that without oratory of some sort the day's programme would be considered incomplete, that he stood still and in a polite conversational tone said:

"GENTLEMEN:—I shall not forget that which I am persuaded is the guiding maxim of your own conduct, that we are the servants of the public, and should make it a point of honor to discharge the duties confided to us in the fullest way we honestly can. If we bear this in mind, and are conscientious as regards the quality of our labor as well as its quantity, I have every hope that on the day we part we shall do so mutually pleased with one another."

This is not the kind of speech that had been expected, and it caused a moment's astonishment. However, allowances must be made for a minister new to his work. The venerable M. Jobus started an applauding murmur, and all the clerks echoed the applauding murmur, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary chiming in with a sonorous "Good, good," such as those he delivered in the House, when official persons were holding forth. Nevertheless, the more did the venerable and irresponsible M. Jobus ponder upon the speech of his new chief, once the latter had withdrawn, the less did he like it. That reference to the public was singularly infelicitous. What had the public to do with the Cochin China office? Other Ministers, when they made inaugurative harangues, began with a compliment to their predecessors, which was a courtly custom, and innocuous, that ought not lightly to be set aside. Then they extolled the institutions under which they were living, cautioned their hearers against the perils of anarchy, and wound up with the promise that they would be the fathers of all the clerks, and subalterns in their departments. M. Jobus had seen full a score Ministers come and go who had been fathers to the Cochin China office; and this sort of eloquence wrought no evil. It was easily digestible, like good pastry—very different from allusions to the "quantity" and "quality" of labor, the honest discharge of conscientious duties, and so on. M. Jobus fancied he felt something disquietingly hard under this speech. He had read of iron hands covered with velvet gloves, and, though he had never met with such a thing, he opined it must have some such touch as this. His usual peace of mind was far from restored when, an hour after the speech, the Minister commanded his attendance to learn from him the current business of the office.

He found the count already at work, opening dispatches, and fresh primed with information which the Parliamentary Secretary had given him. This Parliamentary Secretary made his exit as M. Jobus entered, and then the count, motioning his new interlocutor to a handsome and uncomfortable chair with an eighteenth century back, listened with great patience, and with more than expedient interest, for a space exceeding two hours, to all that he had to say. Fresh Ministers are usually inquisitive, but not, sighed M. Jobus, to this extent. The Permanent Irresponsible was surprised, taken aback, and gradually alarmed to the depths of his soul, by the probing nature of the questions which the new Minister put, by his minuteness in having every detail elaborately explained before passing on to the next one, by his evident intention, in a word, to master all the items of his departmental labors thoroughly, just as if it was he who meant to be everything in the Cochin China house instead of M. Jobus! The fact is, the count had not accepted office for his amusement, and, as often happens with men who have never done a stroke of work all their days, he was bringing to bear on his new occupations the reserves of energy accumulated during a life-time. Such men are a curse and a bitterness to any department where they introduce themselves. M. Jobus had seen no lack of ministers evince an ardor for reform on accession to power, but this was usually no more than a flash in the pan, a brief mania that subsided under the temperate influence of official atmosphere; nay, it was one of the curious facts of M. Jobus' experience that the more a minister had talked of reform before attaining office the less did he dwell on the subject afterward—which was perfectly natural; for when a man has waded through a certain amount of sloppy country to reach a given height, his chief preoccupation on arriving is to change his boots, and to dismiss, as soon as possible from his mind, all the trying incidents of the journey. Besides, reforming ministers are generally taken up when they first come to power by the material comforts and dignities of their new position—the being housed, and having one's letters posted at the expense of the tax-payer, the being able to say: "Put more coals on the fire, Auguste," without inward pangs as to coals costing sixty francs the ton; the wearing of gold-laced swallow-tails, and seeing pretty women in drawing-rooms wreathe their faces in smiles at one's approach—with many other little nicenesses equally new and gratifying. But ministers of Count de Ris' rank and fortune, who have never

had to bemoan the price of fuel and stationery, look upon power as a field for active exertions, which exertions, in the case of clear and comparatively young minds, are apt to assume a shape extremely fatiguing for those who are pressed into forced coöperation. M. Jobus had already had occasion to observe this during the occupancy of a marquis who had worked two private secretaries on to the verge of brain fever, and during that of a viscount who had caused him, M. Jobus, much mental anguish by his love of statistics. But both these noblemen had, after all, confined their exuberant diligence to questions of great state interest. M. de Ris was the first minister whom M. Jobus had ever seen show that Frederick-the-Great-like disposition, to interfere in those minutiæ of the office which M. Jobus had, heretofore, regarded as his private, sanctified domain.

"There seems to me to be a great many clerks?" remarked the count, when he had pumped the irresponsible M. Jobus pretty nearly dry.

"Does your excellency think so?" replied M. Jobus, for it was a rule with that esteemed public servant never to commit himself to a downright statement either affirmative or negative.

"They struck me as very numerous. Could you give me any idea of their approximative number?"

"I could not venture to speak with any certitude, M. le Comte," answered M. Jobus, deprecatingly, the implied corollary being: "These questions really afflict me beyond measure, your excellency."

"Well, I should hold it a favor, M. Jobus," said the count, "if you would kindly have a tabular list drawn up, stating the exact number of clerks, their salaries, the dates of their appointments and the nature and amount of work allotted to each. At a time when France is bleeding at all her veins, you must agree with me that not a centime ought to be spent more than there is any necessity for. And I take this opportunity of begging that you will direct those whom it may concern, that my personal expenses, firing, lighting, furniture repairs, and the wages of the ushers and messengers who specially attend on me are not to be entered in the office accounts. I intend to defray all such myself. Thank you, meanwhile, for your very lucid information.

M. Jobus shivered from head to feet, and retired, not knowing, for the first time in his life, on what limbs of his venerable person he was walking. And that evening the news went forth through clerkdom that the new minister for the Cochin China department was a man bent on innovation. If you can imagine a Cingalese rising amid an assembly of Buddhists, and declaring unexpectedly that the tooth of the fourth Boodh, Gaudama, which all the faithful worship with exemplary fervor, was cut from the tusk of a hog; or a mandarin of Pekin denying in a conclave of his peers that the constellation of the Great Dog appeared in the year 647 before the Christian era, and dictated his maxims to Confucius, you may realize the sort of consternation produced by this announcement.

IV.

THE press got wind of the matter. That lively organ, the *Cigare*, announced that a strange sight was to be seen at the Cochin China office—A Minister who rose at unholy hours in the morning to work; clerks who were hushed, and attentive to their business, neither reading the newspapers in the office hours, nor playing pitch-and-toss with francs as the good old custom had been, but writing continuously and silently, and beginning to look pale from this unwonted exercise. It was further added, that people who now went to the Cochin China office for information stood some chance of obtaining a civil answer. Nobody quite believed this last report, but still it was found entertaining.

It was the truth, however, and not only in this, but in other respects, the Cochin China office had so far changed since the count's accession that the excellent M. Jobus began to feel as if he were a stranger there. He was thinning in a manner painful to witness; and besides his leanness, he was growing to resemble Shakespeare's Cassius in this other point, that he seemed to be thinking a good deal, as if there were schemes on his mind that needed ripening. He had submitted to the count, as it had been his custom to do with other Ministers

from time out of mind, certain names for gazetting to posts of emolument, but the count, instead of ratifying these nominations with a merely formal question or two, had taken time to consider the matter, saying he should suspend all appointments until the tabular list, for which he had asked, had been made out. This list was a long time coming. The count had appended to his first request a desire that it might include the names of all the employès in any capacity whatever who drew pay from the office. To this M. Jobus had answered, that a great many of the office papers had been destroyed under the Commune; that others were difficult to find, but that he would do his best, and so day after day went by without the famous list appearing. One morning M. de Ris had said very gently, but with a firmness that admitted of no reply, that he should expect the list on the morrow at twelve o'clock, and of course the list had been forthcoming at that hour. But this is the way in which M. Jobus, an old and most blameless functionary, was being treated!

Another grievous thing was this: The count had, of course, brought with him a private secretary, a young gentleman full of Greek, and with eyes that looked as if they were going to jump out of his head; but he was entitled to a titular secretary holding official rank and salary. For some days no such person was appointed; but on the morning when the list was handed him, the count, after an afternoon's study of his document, sent for a clerk, whom it so chanced the venerable M. Jobus viewed with disfavor, and who—though this must only have been a coincidence—had never earned a step of promotion in the course of fifteen year's service. The count had noticed that all the *précis* in his clerk's hand were admirably careful and intelligent; which was no wonder, for the clerk was probably haunted by some dream of M. Jobus' eye perpetually watching him for a first slip.

"This *precis* is by you?" said the count, as the clerk entered, and bent low.

"Yes, M. le Comte."

"You are of long standing in the office; how long must it be before you become a chief clerk? (chef de division)."

"It may be a hundred years, without patronage, less than a hundred seconds if your Excellency wishes it."

"Very well, monsieur; the first vacant chief-clerkship will be yours, meanwhile you will act as my official secretary."

On the evening of this occurrence, M. Jobus retired to his bed at an early hour, and, under doctor's advice, took a glass of brandy neat, in a basin of water-gruel.

The count's next move was to issue a minute with his own hand, stating that he regretted to perceive that the government stamp of the office was used to frank private correspondence. He was informed that clerks brought the letters of their families in their pockets to dispatch gratis, and were even in the habit of sending parcels through the pattern and book-post franked. This was a manifest fraud upon the revenue.* It must cease, and for the future the frank would only be affixed by one of his own secretaries on letters duly authenticated as official. In the next place, the practice of dispatching government estafettes upon private errands must be put a stop to. Mounted dragoons might be seen galloping at all hours about the streets of Paris with brown paper parcels under their arms; and a clerk in the Cochin China office was reported to have sent an unwrapped watermelon to his wife in this way from Versailles to Paris, to the great astonishment of bystanders.† Dragoons were not armed and mounted to carry watermelons. In the third place, clerks were requested to remember that civility of speech was one of the duties of their condition. This last reminder followed close upon an event which had struck as much terror in the department as the fall of a thunder-bolt. An old officer of some sort, fresh arrived from Cochin China, having applied at the office on a matter connected with arrears of pay or pension, had been received in the orthodox fashion, "Tongue-in-cheek — we don't care—and call again," style. Un-

* In 1868 M. Vandal, Directeur General des Postes, estimated at over 1,000,000 francs (40,000*l.*) the yearly loss to the revenue from illegal franking. It must be remembered that the paid government employes of all grades in France number more than 120,000.

† Fact.

fortunately, the count had entered at the very moment when the veteran, twirling his hat disconsolately between his fingers, was being sent to the right-about by a handsome sprig, in a blue-striped shirt-collar and a double eye-glass on the bridge of his nose. To the horror of all present, not excepting the veteran, the Minister had cashiered the sprig on the spot; and then, baring his head, had asked of the old officer what he wanted.

It must not be supposed that M. de Ris was in any way blind to the cheerful amount of unpopularity he was storing up for himself by this manner of proceeding; nor was his life a very sunny one. Every morning he received dozens upon dozens of letters from old friends, asking for posts, official recommendations, favors, or calling upon him to assist in the redress of grievances in which, without knowing much about them, he had professed to sympathize in his non-Ministerial days. These letters put his stoicism to a sore test. Three of them taken at hazard from a single morning's post-bag will give an idea of the rest.

The first was from the legitimist Marquise de Rosecroix:

MY DEAR COUNT: In proof of the confidence our party repose in you, I ask you not to forget my young brother Gaston in the next distribution of diplomatic posts. Prevail upon Count de Rémusat to send him to a country where the society is good; an attachéship in London or at St. Petersburg is what he would like best. If there be no vacancy at either of these courts, I suppose one could be made for him, either by removing one of the present attachés or by creating an extra attachéship. This I leave to your discretion, but trust you will get the appointment gazetted at once—say next week. Since I am writing I must tell you that the prefect in our department is a shocking man. He is one of those promoted by that horrible M. Gambetta. Pray induce your colleague at the Home office to discharge him; I think the post would suit the Baron de Sanslesou, who is a distant connection of ours, but not rich. I will speak to the baron about it, and tell him that you will arrange the matter.

Believe, my dear count,
In the best wishes of yours faithfully,
CLOTILDE DE ROSECROIX.

P. S.—You have probably some post in Cochin China that will do for the brother of our curé, a very worthy man. I will send him to you to Versailles that he may choose for himself.

C. DE R.

The next was from an old school-friend:

MY DEAR FORTUNE: Your blooming out into a Minister is an unexpected godsend. That is what I should like: a substantial governorship in the colonies, which I could hold without going out there, pending a vacant perfectorate worth having. The salary would tide me over present difficulties, which are considerable by reason of unpaid rents; besides, it looks bad at this moment not to be serving one's country. I beg to remind you also that I am only a Knight of the Legion of Honor; my appointment to the governorship would be a good pretext for promoting me to the rosette.

With best respects to your excellent Excellency,
Yours affectionately,
RAOUL DE PLUMEAUVENT.

The third note came from Mdlle. Cabriole, of the Théâtre des Folies Gauloises, and may as well be transcribed in its terse, original and artistic orthography:

MON CHAIR CONTE: Maintenant queue vous voila ministre j'espaire que vous alles vous o. q. p. sans retard de plasser mon coussin Jules. C'est un imbecille de la plus belle o qui n'a jamai ribn fait de bon à la maisson ce qui est émilion pour une famile qui se raiespecte. Ossi ce qui lui fodrait c'est un poste de 6 a 8,000 francs ousqu'y n'y aurait pas traup à faire ni d'argens a garde crainte de désagrémens. Je vous salu avecq raispect et vous embrasse de tout queur car on mattend pour la répétission du "Prince Poireau" ou j'ai un rôlle de laiegume.

Toute à vous,
TA CABRIOLE.

Of Mdlle. Cabriole's claims the count could dispose by a few bank notes sent in a bouquet; but how put off the old school-friend who wanted to be a governor, and the Marquise, whose brother was for an attacheship? It needed all the new Minister's self-control to resist the temptation of doing a little harmless jobbery on behalf of those well-loved persons; but he did resist, for the Frenchman who has got astride the hobby of performing his duty immaculately, is a being whom there is no unhorsing, attack him whichever point you will. Nothing could be firmer set than the count's lips as he sat in his study and marked with a bold R, which stands for Refused, all the letters that appealed to him on grounds purely personal—M. Narcisse, his valet, scarcely knew him again, and half fancied that some devilish enchantment had changed his master in a night, leaving nought of him but the outer cuticle. For gall and wormwood had it been to M. Narcisse, when, on venturing to sound his master about

that little place in the customs, he had received the freezing reply, "Ask me for what money you want either for yourself or your family; but do not presume beyond that." M. Narcisse had not presumed beyond that, for there are certain inflections of the voice which warn one off like a spiked gate; but every time he entered his master's presence and saw him conning over and taking notes from a portentous manuscript folio, which was none other than the hardly won Tabular List, he said to himself that this was the cause of all the mischief, and he wished that document at the other side of Jordan; as, no doubt, did many another denizen of the office, especially M. Jobus.

M. Jobus, however, was on the watch. He knew that it was not mere idle reading, this daily study ot the Tabular List, and that as soon as the count had learned conclusively that there were three times more clerks than there were any need for; that posts had been created both at at home and abroad, which were as good as sinecures, and which had no other possible object but to lodge some proteges or kinsmen of M. Jobus; when he had learned all this, and a good many other strange things, then there would be a storm. M. Jobus foresaw it mentally, and he was taking his precautions, as a man unfolds his umbrella; nor had he long to wait. The storm did burst, and broke with violence. One morning the count told M. Jobus that he intended recommending the government to dismiss two-thirds of the employes, home and foreign, of the Cochin China office; but that in considering which officials should be dismissed, and which retained, attention would be paid to length of service, the claim which M. Jobus seemed to have most disdained, seeing that all the names on his list were mixed up in inextricable confusion, promotion appearing to have fallen on no principle whatever, save that of repeatedly advancing certain names, and repeatedly passing over certain others. M. Jobus protested at this, that he was honest and irresponsible, and the debate was of long duration. It ended by the count's declaring that he would abide by his resolve; whereat, had he not feared that it would be accepted, M. Jobus would most certainly have tendered his resignation. He did better. He bowed and said it should be as his excellency wished; but in his cold eye it was easy to read that there was a declaration of war.

And what a war! Let us pass swiftly over the incidents of that tragic contest. The new Minister, in seeking to inaugurate departmental purity, had forgotten that innovation is a weapon which, if not carefully shouldered, kicks as well as hits; in assailing M. Jobus he had committed the further blunder of supposing that he was only attacking a man, whereas he was buffeting a principle. This is always the way with amateurs, be it in art or politics. Who plashes his yellow ochre and vermillion so gaudily over his canvass as the amateur painter? Who thunders so headlong at a fence as a gentleman rider? Who bawls with such histrionic ire as the amateur actor? Who rams his head so triumphantly against a stone wall as the amateur politican? Institutions, alas! are not things that we can go forth to do battle against with our naked fists; and M. Jobus, the Permanent and Irresponsible, was an institution. He was ubiquitous, was M. Jobus; he had ramifications; he extended to branches and nooks of the commonwealth where there was no expecting him. There were Jobuses in the Press, Jobuses in the Army, Jobuses in the Church, Jobuses in Society; each public office had its Jobus; for whether Jobuses by name, or by connection, or by intermarriage, or by ties of interest, gratitude or duty, they where all Jobuses, every man of them, and held together tightly, rising up at the sound of the war-note like a gathering of Scottish clans, and presenting not a bold battle front, but an invisible array of ambuscades, from out of which they shot, whistling their arrows from behind rocks, out of copses, from everywhere. The Minister began to be attacked by the papers, not the large political journals, but the light skirmishers of the press, which, in Paris, have most influence. The *Cigare* observed that his trousers were ill cut. Now every man had his foibles, and the count's was to like well-cut trousers, so he felt the squib keenly. In society it was said that his charming manners of former days were quite vanished, that he had grown a bear, and

was becoming mad; some ladies, always kind, invented that his father had died in a lunatic asylum. In the cafès it was reported that he had only accepted office because he was ruined, having squandered all his fortune in debauchery; among pious circles people asked whether it were true that he was privately married, but that his wife was a person of disreputable life, who had fled from him to drink. When a man goes to war with the Jobuses he has not many bruises to show, but he is covered all over with stains, as if a million of flies had settled on him.

The warfare had not gone very far, however, before the Great Personage, who had been the count's patron, was apprised of it. He had selected the count of all men on purpose to avoid these disturbances, and it was rather hard that the sagacity of his choice should be so soon belied. Nevertheless it was probably not too late to repair matters, so he sent in hot haste to bid the culprit, that is the Minister, come and see him at once to talk over the business.

"So your cog-wheels are not working quite smoothly, my dear count?" he said in the friendly tone of one who should remark—"The govermental machine is a difficult one for a young hand to manage, but I know what it is and will advise you."

"I am in great trouble with my department, sir," answered the Cochin China Minister. "I have discovered abuses there which I should not have deemed possible, and I have been at work on a comprehensive scheme of reform which I intend submitting to your excellency, and to the Council, at an early date." The Great Personage, making no immediate reply, the count proceeded to recapitulate what we already know, and a great deal more that we do not know, and which can be no business of ours, being only members of the public, and consequently debarred from the right of prying too closely into official secrets, which should always be respected. Whilst he spoke the Great Personage, who was standing on his hearth-rug with his back to the fire, kept the glasses of his gold rimmed spectacles fixed on the carpet, and a slight frown sketched itself between his eyebrows, and he seemed to be musing: "How fallacious are appearances! Here is a man we relied on to be soft and affable with everybody, to make us friends, and to let things in general be; and here he comes stirring up a war amongst our own people, just as if we had not enemies enough as it is."

"I do not say that right is not entirely on your side," he replied, in that measured tone which those only can conceive who have ever heard an experienced statesman speak. "Indeed, your conduct in this affair quite bears out the high opinion I had formed of your political aptitudes before inviting you into the Ministry. But, my dear count, there are cases where we must act with extreme caution. M. Jobus is a very valuable servant; he has been in his post, I think, almost half a century, and half a century is a long time. Then we could not introduce reforms into one department without doing so in all. It would look as if the Ministers were trying to outbid each other in public favor, which would be most undesirable. Again, the reforms you suggest would require money, a great deal of money, and we can afford none; the budget is the subject of my most anxious cares; I lay awake from thinking of it last night."

"But it is precisely because the budget is so overcharged that I wish to reform and retrench," exclaimed the perplexed count. "It cannot surely require money to stop waste, to dismiss people who are doing nothing, to abolish posts that are sucking up gold that is so precious."

"To abolish posts is always a serious matter," answered the Great Personage, lifting up his coat tails and speaking with gravity. "We could not dismiss anybody, you know, without compensation. Two millions of francs would be necessary in your department alone. Twenty millions if we generalized your scheme. Where is all that to come from?"

"Two millions—twenty millions!" echoed the count, aghast.

The Great Personage followed up his advantage.

"I admit that all you urge is very forcible—most forcible. What you tell me of dispatches of great value remaining unnoticed; of officials in foreign service being snubbed for conveying information, or for suggesting inventions or improve-

ments; of salaries remaining accumulated in M. Jobus' hands, and of employes being afraid to draw them lest doing so should hinder their chances of promotion —all that is very striking and very new to me. But it is not good that the public should be led to suspect these things, my dear count: it produces a bad effect. My great aim at this moment is to found an enlightened Republic, and we have need to be united, for our enemies would catch, with pleasure, at any rumors of departmental abuses. Abuses of this nature should always be reformed, *en famille*, quietly. By-and-by, at some future time, perhaps, when we have a great deal of leisure on our hands, we will inquire into all this, and operate gently. Meanwhile they talk of the clerks in your department striking work; this, of course, must be prevented at all hazards. As a personal favor to me, my dear colleague, make friends with your people; and, as regards M. Jobus, the best policy you will find is to be forbearing, for, as I have said, he has really held his present post almost fifty years!"

The clock on the mantel-piece struck twelve.

"That is luncheon time," broke off the Great Personage, gaily. "You will stay and try some Yeddo wine that has been brought me by the Japanese ambassadors—very curious—it tastes like Malmsey."

After tasting the Japanese Malmsey, the count walked back to his office. In passing the Boulevard de la Reine he could not restrain a shrug at the thought of the mob who had swept, rapid and hungry, along there eighty years before to bring Louis XVI., and his wife, to Paris, saying that once the "baker" was in the capital bread would follow. Somehow he fancied that at that date the irresponsible Monsieur Jobus, already in the flesh, and already permanent in his department, must have been watching the proceedings from behind a curtain, and chuckling to himself that it was a merciful, though mysterious dispensation of Providence, that the people in performing revoltions should always light upon the wrong culprits. Then he pictured M. Jobus reading of the execution of Louis XVI. in the *Moniteur Universal*, looking on from his window at the flight of Charles X., figuring as spectator at the downfall of Louis Philippe, raising his hat to the Empress Eugenie on her way to the railway station, on the 4th of September, 1870, and repeating to himself after each of these catastrophes: "It is certainly a great comfort that I should be permanent and irresponsible."

He imagined that the sentry who saluted him eyed him askant, as if reflecting: "You're a poor creature." A black dog —perhaps M. Jobus' dog—sitting on his hind quarters in the yard, beside a gray dog, set up a bark at his approach, and appeared to be saying, "That is the man who thought to uproot M. Jobus," at which the gray dog was seized with a prolonged fit of hilarity. He wrote a lengthy and dejected letter to Mdme. de Claire, confessing all his troubles, his deceptions, his despondency. He explained that he had done violence to his nature to seem other than he was, to be puritanical and unbending, and that it had all broken down. He thought of the talisman "Pritchard," which he used to wear on his locket, and felt it would be wise to have a new locket emblazoned with that same motto. What, indeed, did discussion or worry on political matters lead to? Government and policy were always the same, for government and policy were M. Jobus.

She answered: "Persevere; but there is no need for puritanism. Be yourself. Results are not attained in a day, and, as for M. Jobus, I suppose he will yield to time like other crumbling monuments."

V.

So M. de Ris persevered, not by attacking M. Jobus, but by letting him alone. The Great Personage had given him to understand that the shortest cut toward abolishing M. Jobus would be to found an enlightened Republic; so he devoted his energies to the enlightened Republic, devising by day and night how such an institution might best be raised. The time for opening the session was fast approaching, and the large political papers, as already observed, had not assailed the Cochin China Minister on the clerk question from not knowing accurately, as yet, to which party he belonged. They were waiting. If he turned out a

Monarchist, the Republicans would lead the assault by taking the part of the poor ill-paid clerks, whom it had been sought to turn out of house and home without indemnity, whilst bloated over-paid officials (*i. e.*, himself), reveled in anti-democratic splendor, etc., etc. If, on the other hand, he proved a Republican, then the Monarchists would open their batteries upon him by lamentations over M. Jobus, who was an institution of the past, and had been persecuted solely on that account.

The count resolved to embody his views in the form of a programme or constitution, which he should submit to his friends in the Cabinet, and then advocate publicly whenever he had a chance, in order that no doubt whatever might remain as to what his sentiments were.

This project of constitution began to absorb all his leisure. He read treatises of political philosophy—Plato, Stuart Mill, and essays in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He took in English periodicals, he sought out Englishmen and Americans in society, and sounded them as to the charters of their respective liberties. Mr. Washburne procured him a copy of the *United States Constitution*—Lord Lyons presented him with Hallam and a *facsimile* of Magna Charta. The clerks in his office began to breathe. The terrific spell of work that had fallen upon them when that direful Tabular List was being drawn up, loomed backward in the distance like a forgotten nightmare. They found time to read the news of their country, play pitch and toss, and crack walnuts during office hours as in the good old days; and save that they continued to be civil to the public, nothing was changed from what it had been of yore. The young gentleman in the blue-striped shirt-collar and with the double eye-glass was even reinstated in his cane-bottomed chair and his emoluments, on expressing contrition for the past, and promising not to put his tongue in his cheek for the future. The count had never been brusque with his subordinates even when the reforming fever was most strongly on him. He was always courteous and unassuming; but he now fell perceptibly into his old manner of letting things drift as they listed, and judging them all with a smile. He bought a new locket, with the name "Pritchard" embossed rather larger than before and in rubies, to be more conspicuous; the use of it was to keep his temper within bounds whenever he held interviews with M. Jobus. That gentleman continued to rule and be useful, as in his palmiest days. To be sure, when there was an appointment to be filled up, the count endeavored to select the best man he knew; but he had sent his hobby, Puritan, to its stable, and was determined not to risk quarrels with lady or other friends for the empty satisfaction of being treated by everybody as a jack in office. Thus his school comrade, M. de Pleumeauvent, obtained the governorship he wanted, Mdme. de Rosecroix was promised a post for her brother, and when a minor vacancy arose for which he knew of no eligible person, he abandoned the nomination to M. Jobus, who always knew of somebody. Needless to add, that water-melons began to travel once again through the streets under the custody of dragoons, and that cork-soles, heaps of newspapers, and novels were dispatched about the country with the government frank, as if nothing had ever happened to check the practice.

In this way time flew by until the opening of the session, a day or two after which M. de Ris completed his plan of a constitution, and had it neatly copied out on foolscap by his secretary, skilled in *précis* writing. It was a bright December morning when, with the document in his official portfolio, the Cochin China Minister went to attend the Cabinet Council where he intended producing it.

There was a question put to the Cochin Minister that afternoon by an honorable member of the Right, who wished to know whether it were true that a post of dignity in Cochin China had been bestowed upon a convict who had escaped from the hulks (*i. e.*, to a Republican who had been transported to Cayenne for his opinions under the Second Empire, and had fled thence.) As the count would have to vindicate his appointment, he had conceived that no opportunity could be more fitting for a public profession of his new faith, and he explained this to his astonished colleagues, who, not having come prepared to hear a new constitutional programme read to them, sat

in blank dismay round the council board, when the count drew out his manuscript, and perused it aloud with evident satisfaction.

PROJECT OF REPUBLICAN CONSTITUTION FOR FRANCE.

1. Two Chambers, viz.: a Senate elected by the Councils General and comprising certain ex-officio members, and a Legislative body of 300 members, elected by universal suffrage, for a term of three years.

2 The Senate be renewable by thirds every two years, so that the term of office of each Senator shall be of six years. The ex-officio members of the Senate to be the President of the Republic on leaving office; ex-Cabinet Ministers of five years' standing, the Chief Judges of the Cour de Cassation, Cour des Comptes, and Tribunal de Commerce; the Procureurs Generaux of the Cour do Cassation and Cour des Comptes; a Member elected out of each of the five classes of the Institute de France; the Doyen and sub-Doyen of the Faculty of Medicine; the Archbishop of Paris and four prelates elected by the Episcopacy, and the three senior Generals and Admirals on active service.

3. A President of the Republic elected by the two Chambers for a term of seven years, and not re-eligible.*

4. Complete separation of Church and State.

5. Liberty of the Press and of public meeting.

6 Trial by jury in civil cases where desired by either of the suitors; and abolition in criminal cases of "l'instruction secrète."

7 Municipal Independence; each Municipal Council to elect its own Mayor.

8. Appointment of Prefects for a term of five years subject to good behavior, and abolition of all sub-prefectorates.

9 Compulsory military service for all able-bodied citizens.

10 Compulsory education.

11. Payment of such Senators and Deputies only as shall make an affidavit that their income is below 25,000 francs.

12. Establishment of Divorce, and simplification of the Marriage Laws; men to be considered of age at twenty-one instead of twenty-five, and free to marry at that age without sanction from parents

There were some three score more articles that followed the above, which were only the more prominent items of a programme that embraced reform and reconstruction in all its branches—the recasting of the Judicial System alone absorbing a couple of dozen paragraphs. Never had the members of the Cabinet twirled their pens so disconsolately over their blotting-books. Why was this Cochin China Minister always breaking out in fresh places after this fashion? Most ruefully of all to behold too were the Republican Ministers. If this programme were pushed to a division in the Cabinet they could not well help supporting it, and this must lead to a trial of strength, after which one or other section of the Cabinet must retire. And they were all so comfortable where they were, and the compromise system that had been in force for a year had worked so well; and there really was so little need for sensational programmes, or for reform in any shape! An icy silence followed the reading of the document, and the Great Personage sitting at the head of table wiped his brow desparingly with his silk handkerchief. The count had not quite been able to understand the silence, but he understood the handkerchief: one has not been a man of the world all one's life for nothing. He rose with an agreeable, though very superficial smile, and said their excellencies would have time to think about it. Then the council being over he went out and drove to the House.

But he knew that his days in the Cabinet were numbered, perhaps even his hours. If not sacrificed by the compromise proclivities of his colleages, he would retire of his own free will, for what could he do in a Cabinet where every effort of patriotism on his part was rebuffed. It must be noticed that the count, being a Frenchman, was little imbued with the parliamentary spirit, based on mutual concessions and the strong pull, the long pull, and the pull altogether system. He was little able to perceive the ludicrous feature of a Minister arriving with a constitution on foolscap, and demanding all his colleagues to swallow it entire. under pain of Cabinet dismemberment. He did not stop to inquire what it would come to if every Minister drew up a constitution, nor how far government would be possible, if each Minister absolutely refused to consider office tenable unless all his schemes were submitted to by the rest.

*M. de Ris' idea in fixing seven years was probably this. That during a term of four years a President has scarcely the time to give full play to his abilities; besides which, Presidential elections in excitable countries should not be too frequent. Seven years is a term neither dangerously long nor inconveniently short. A French President, however, should n ver be re-eligible, for re-election in France would be the certain prelude to monarchy.

He entered the House and made a very freezing answer, in fifty words, to the honorable member who wished to know about the Republican who had escaped from the hulks. Then, with his portfolio under his arm, he went to walk about the Galerie des Tombeaux, which acts as principal lobby.

A Minister inspires so much respect to the French mind that deputies uncovered themselves right and left as Count de Ris passed, and many pressed forward to give him news of the Count de Chambord, or of the Count de Paris, or of Chiselhurst, hoping that such might please him, and perhaps induce him to make a statement indicative of Monarchist tendencies. M. Gambetta, also, having somehow heard that he had got to loggerheads with his colleagues, came and shook his hand very cordially. But the count was not thinking of Chiselhurst, and he had but a moderate faith in M. Gambetta. He was looking for some man of sober sense by conversation with whom he could refresh his excited mind. He stumbled across an English newspaper correspondent who was skurrying along with a note-book in one hand, an umbrella in the other, and a field-glass at his side. He knew this gentleman, and stopped him.

"If you wished to found a republic in England, monsieur," he asked, "how should you do it?"

"We have a republic," smiled the correspondent: "every country where freedom exists with a respect for the law is a republic. The style of the person who nominally governs matters little."

"Then, how do you define republicanism?"

"It is indefinable," answered the Englishman; "but is practicable to those who hold substance instead of shadow."

The correspondent vanished, he and his field-glass; and the Minister walked on until he came to the model of Bayard's tomb, where, scribbling notes in a book resting on the head of that warrior, stood a chroniqueur of the *Cigare*, M. Timoleon Tartine. It was M. Tartine who had written that the count's trousers were ill-cut. He would have escaped, if possible, but the count had taken him unawares, so he brazened it out.

"I know I have been attacking your excellency," he laughed; "but I had a grudge against your tailor, an old enemy of mine."

"You shouldn't attack those who are for freedom of the press, as I am; besides, trousers are not politics."

"They are French politics," answered M. Tartine: "but," added he in huge disgust, "freedom of the press, who cares for that, M. le Comte? Every day of my life, and of a Sunday in church, when I go there, I pray for a press-law which may make of journalists something higher in the social scale than they are now. Some years ago I held my head high; I had been twice imprisoned, and every line I wrote was gold. Now my editor tells me every day that he didn't quite like that last article of mine. And why? Is it that I write worse? Not I; but four years ago it was despotism, and as you dared not say much, everything that you did dare say was listened to, even when it was bad grammar. Give me back despotism and Ste. Pelagie; that's the only enjoyable government for a chroniqueur."

The Minister laughed. "France and England; there we have them. It will perhaps be an up-hill work to rear an enlightened republic with such cariatides as M. Tartine." He had got so far in his soliloquy when a silver-chained usher touched him on the arm and handed a card: "A lady desires to see your Excellency."

The card was Madame de Claire's, who wished for places in the strangers' gallery for herself and Miss Lucie. She was in her brougham in the court yard, and had come very bravely dressed in the hope of hearing M. de Ris speak. So she said, smiling, whilst Mdlle. Lucie held out her tiny gloved hand. He told them it was too late, for he had in all likelihoood made his first and last speech as a Minister.

"And why?"

He explained briefly, and she listened with her large liquid eyes so open that he could see himself in them. He felt a little ashamed of himself for having so poor an account to give of two months' power. "But it was not power," added he apologetically. "It has been like stiff plowing on a hard land which I

now see is sterile. It is no good casting republican seed there."

"Oh, if only I had the chance'" she exclaimed naïvely, and then checked herself, blushing.

But the words were out, and he was not slow to profit by them.

"I might try again," he said, looking at her, and speaking cheerfully, yet with earnestness—"if —— He paused for a word, and said in a lower voice—"if the power were made lighter to me by being shared."

She did not ask, "Shared with whom?" nor was her expression so discouraging that he felt it necessary to tell her. The Boulevard wits in Paris say that Madame la Comtesse de Ris will make an excellent republican Minister when her husband takes office again: for, on the whole, he thought it better to resign for the present. Every time he took his seat at the council board his colleagues looked apprehensively at him, as if they feared he was going to draw a new constitution from his pocket, or, worse than all, suggest some new reforms.

London Society.

LITTLE POLLY PILKERTON.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLE LIFE."

CHAPTER I.

OLD PILKERTON—old by virtue of his being Polly's father—kept a saddler's shop in Long Acre. He was the third generation which had dealt in pig-skin, and had been duly apprenticed to his father, who in his turn, had served his own father, and had been dutifully instructed in the art and mystery of making saddles. The Pilkerton saddle had a good name, and the artists who built them knew their own work. The shop was excellently kept—a pleasant large room, smelling of new leather, glittering with new bits, curbs and snaffles, and ornamented with a finely-carved head of a horse upon which the Pilkerton headstall, worked curiously and with a multiplicity of stitches was exhibited to perfection. Herein old Pilkerton received his customers, gentlemen of large estates, masters of hounds, young heirs who took an interest in hunting and in horses, and fair ladies who would step from their carriages to see their side-saddles built.

Pilkerton was a handsome dark man on the right side of forty-five, bald-headed, well-shaven and with a neat black whisker. His manner was that of a sound honest English tradesman. Quickly deferential in taking orders, firm and manly in pointing out what could and should be done, and of that kind which generally won its own way. "Leave that to me sir," he would say. "I have worked in leather more than five-and-twenty years, and I know what can be done with it."

The saddler was a widower; his only daughter Polly, rising twenty, had been well educated at the Misses Blumberry's Establishment, near Bedford Square, was an adept at music, and had carried off two or three prizes in French. On the whole she was superior in accomplishments to the general run of tradesmen's daughters, and was soberly religious, being a Wesleyan and a Sunday-school teacher.

As a rule, tradesmen who mind their shops find that their shop minds them, and have at their banker's plenty of money to fall back upon in the rainy day. But there are exceptions. Pilkerton was one. He was just as the story opens subject to a run of ill-luck. His banker had "broken," and, in breaking, broke some hundreds of smaller men into little pieces. The old saddler, however, weathered the storm. The shop did not look less bright and workman-like, but it had less stock in it: Pilkerton was in debt to his leather-seller, had to send in his own bills at an earlier date, and in-

stead of a clerk, Polly, who never saw her father's customers before, came into and ornamented the little glass case which served for a counting-house, and kept his books.

When sorrows come they come not single spies. Pilkerton, the saddler, tried to hold his own, and seeing a contract from a great house for saddlery, sent in—and blessed his luck when he got it!

The great Earl of Sangpur, a military nobleman who devoted himself to his regiment—the Red-legs, a dashing light cavalry corps—determined to astonish the world. He had invented a new demi-pique saddle, and, as the Government looked coldly on it, had obtained from His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief the great favor of presenting the whole regiment with new saddles. H. R. H. looked upon this craze with a kindly pity, but the earl had proved himself a household soldier to the back-bone, and had once added £20. per man to the regulation price of the horses of the regiment. Sangpur was beloved by his men, but hated by his officers, whom he put to all manner of expense. "What does a fellah," he once said, "do in my regiment with less than three thousand a year?" and the question was unanswerable.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth and Company, the well-known army clothiers of St. James Street, took the contract. English society will not allow the real workers to do such large jobs without a middle man. Moses, Macbeth and Company, thereon sent round to various saddlers, and Pilkerton—whose name stood very high—was selected to carry out the order of "seven hundred and fifty saddles, as per sample."

"We've got the best man in the 'orld, mi lud," said little Moses (a red-headed Israelite with a Roman nose, and a heavy mustache, dressed in the most perfect civil-military costume). He had originally been a tailor at Chatham, but had prospered—in *spite* of two bankruptcies—which ill-natured persons said made his fortune.

"Who is he?"

"Pilkerton, of Long Acre."

"He'll do," said the earl, who knew the saddler's fame in the hunting-field.

"Why then did he not give the order to Pilkerton? This is one of the mysteries of trade."

"We've got to find him the money," said Mr. Moses, with a jeer. "These good workmen are so poor."

"You can draw, Mr. Moses, when part of the order is executed," said the nobleman kindly.

Moses, Macbeth and Co. did draw; poor Pilkerton did not. Like an old-fashioned tradesman, he liked to have his money in a lump, and had a pious horror of prepayment. His spirits rose with his luck, and he worked bravely at his contract.

The Wesleyan minister under whom little Polly Pilkerton sat was the Reverend Samuel Stoker, a pious man, who did not disdain to sport an American degree of D. D. Dr. Stoker had prospered, lived in Bedford Square, had a son who was in a good position in the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, and a daughter, who, when poor Pilkerton lost his money, tried to help Polly by taking music lessons from her. Miss Stoker was very stupid but very good-natured, and Polly was delighted. So was young Samuel Stoker, who delighted in his second name of Keach—Keach Stoker, Esq.—he was named after the celebrated divine who had expounded the prophecies.

Keach Stoker was fond of music, went every Saturday to the Crystal Palace concerts, and returned so late that he was never seen at his father's chapel. It is a way with clergymen's sons as well as with those of pious non-conformists. Sallie Stoker, named Sarah after the wife of the patriarch, and born in the days before D. D. ornamented her father's name, mourned over this, and the preacher himself improved the occasion in his celebrated "Lectures to Young Men," on what Keach called profanely the "Double Event;" that is, on "Making a Bank in both Worlds." But Keach dressed fashionably, rose in his bank, shook his head when any one talked about marrying, said he was a beggar on five hundred a year—and so he was a beggar in slate-colored kid gloves, splendidly cut trousers, a glossy hat, and unexceptionable boots.

This did not—this miserable state of poverty, I mean—hinder him from mak-

ing covert love to Polly. When Polly gave her evening lessons, Keach, who was more than suspected of having been seen at theaters and promenade concerts, managed to stay at home, to the great delight of Sally and the D.D. He even joined in family prayer, carefully kneeling down on a scented pocket handkerchief. He was a universal favorite, this young fellow, so sober, so staid, yet so awake to all the doings of the world. His father, in spite of his absence from chapel, and his presence in a new very high church where he could leave before the sermon, looked upon him with high favor.

Keach on his part coached his father up on the state of the funds, and had he advised Pilkerton would have saved him from his losses. When the D.D.'s congregation, upon the conclusion of a ministry of twenty years, presented him with a silver teapot and six hundred sovereigns, Keach took his father aside, made him spend all the six hundred in "Egyptians," and in two months after sell out at a premium which made six into eight. Then he split eight into two parts, and divided them equally between "Russians" and "Turks," both went up, the first the more rapidly; and when Doctor Stoker thought fit to retire, Keach congratulated the pater, as he called him, upon having a neat little "thou," a pet abbreviation with city men for a thousand.

"You were quite right to sell just before dividends, pater. "Egyptians" don't stand quite so well *ex div.*'

"I don't touch the interest," said old Stoker, "it smacks of usury."

"Quite right, sir," said Keach, paring his nails; "I will tell you always when to sell out—and when to buy in." "Why not," he whispered to himself, "it will come to me some day."

So Keach Stoker, Esq., rising at his bank, and beloved at home, proposed with everybody except Polly Pilkerton.

The reason was not far to seek.

Almost every evening, except on those of the music lessons, young Benjamin Mansell, who also sat under the great Stoker, and made his boots, came round ostensibly to talk about the leather market and the price of skins, but in reality to look at Polly Pilkerton. Old Mansell and old Pilkerton were boyhood's friends, but the saddler consorting with a higher class of customers had learnt to look down on the bootmaker.

In his "line" Mansell was as good a workman as Pilkerton, so there could be no reason for this show of pride. But when has pride a reason. Old Mansell, a thoughtful man, like his son, and bootmakers in general, smoked his pipe, thought that his friend "showed a stiff upper lip," and said nothing. Young Mansell, on the contrary, felt the slight and would have resented it, but he was over head and ears in love with Polly. Love makes a man swallow a good deal. Ben thought that he was not fine enough, and therefore improved himself both mentally and as far as bodily adornment went. He was a fine manly young fellow; thoughtful and observant, and determined to win his way. He did not take a bad way to do it; Polly observed his improvement, put his motives with the unerring perception of women when they are themselves concerned, down to the right cause, and liked him all the better for it.

"I can't think why you encourage that young shoemaker, Polly:"

"He is a bootmaker, father—and we are but saddlers."

"Bootmakers and shoemakers are all the same—'snobs!'" said old Pilkerton bitterly. The loss of his money had made him very cynical, and his darling wish was to marry his daughter to a man who was not only rich but above his own station in life.

"Snob or not," said Polly, coloring at the insult, "he is more polite to you than Mr. Keach Stoker."

Both were thinking of the same person at the time.

"Ah! that *is* a man!" said Pilkerton, with gusto. "He's sure to rise in the world."

"I hope he will," said Polly tossing her head. That same evening she consoled young Ben by going out a walk with him round Russell Square and down by what old Pilkerton called the Fondling. She had a will of her own this Polly.

"Tain't quite a proper place for a young lady to walk, it's so lonely," said her father.

"Law! and you and mother used to go a courting round there when London wasn't half so full," said Polly, holding up her face for her father to kiss. "I can take care of myself; and Ben and I have walked and talked together ever since we were ten. He's so clever, and so fond of poetry, and tells me such pretty things."

This was true. Ben was an enthusiast, never talked of himself but when he had read some noble book or poem; and he was always reading, and spouted it out to Polly—sometimes the people thought the young couple quarreling; they had not come to *that* yet; they had not even made love.

But if Ben had puzzled his long head for a week—and he was no fool—he could not have hit upon a better way to catch Polly. When he recited in his grave tones and manly voice, and his good reading—taught him more by his own heart than by the "Penny Elocutionist" he took in, and the quarter he spent at a Mechanics' Institute elocution class—Polly insensibly connected herself with the heroine, and Ben, as the nearest male creature at hand, as the hero, and her pretty eyes turned on his often glimmered with dewy tears under the gas lamps. Ah! those happy autumn walks; happy Russell Square, happy "Fondling"—then so appropriately named. "I say, Ben," said Polly, taking hold of his arm so closely that it made him shiver delightfully, "tell me more about the 'Patrician's Daughter,' when Mildred won't have him, and she's in love with him all the time, you know— How stupid women are, are they not, Ben?"

"No, Polly; how can I think so when you can take all the points so well. They are *not* stupid. They think with their hearts."

"That's why they break them so often putting 'em to an improper purpose. But, Ben, if a Miss Mildred—wasn't it Mildred rejected you on your being a—a—not a patrician, you know—what should you do, Ben?"

"I should break mine, Polly; if I loved her as I can love."

"How's that?" said Polly, with a feigned funny little laugh.

"With all my mind, with all my heart, and with all my soul"—here he gave Polly's arm, quite mechanically on his part, a tremendous squeeze, and the same delicious shiver ran through her frame—"and my neighbor as myself," said Ben; "that's in the Church Catechism which Doctor Stoker preaches against, Polly."

"Is it?" said Polly. The tone of her voice was strangely altered. "Gracious! there's ten o'clock, Ben! How late it is. What *will* poor father say."

Somehow Polly felt rather guilty that night.

CHAPTER II.

THE old saddler worked away at his contract early and late, and took so much trouble that each saddle was indeed furnished "as per sample." Seven hundred and fifty saddles take a good deal of work and leather; and work and leather have to be paid for.

Pilkerton was too proud to unburden himself to Moses, Macbeth and Company, and it would have been of little use had he done so. He followed a well-known custom and made use of a little paper instrument; he, in the slang of Mr. Keach Stoker, "flew a kite," drawing upon his old friend Mansell, who was a "warm" man, so far as a few hundreds can make one warm, for "value received." Mr. Mansell carried out the fiction like a man and a brother tradesman; some "gentlemen" in the City discounted the bill, and Pilkerton was furnished with cash. Still, although the bootmaker had obliged his early friend with the use of his name, Pilkerton did not think it any more proper that the bootmaker's son should marry his daughter.

There was, therefore, some little coolness when Polly came home, but the saddle contract was so nearly done, the money was sure to be paid, and the saddler was too full of hope to be very full of anger.

So father and daughter found the time go very pleasantly, Polly thinking of the "Patrician's Daughter," and admiring her Ben when he recited "Romeo and Juliet," while the father stuck closely to his work with his men, paying them liberally, too, until the whole seven hundred and fifty demi-pique saddles were delivered to Mr. Moses, who looked somewhat coldly at them before Mr. Pilkerton, but was loud in his praises of the work to Lord Sangpur.

Had the saddler heard the words uttered by the Jew he would have been full of praise if not of pudding. However, the work merited all that was said by Moses, Macbeth and Co., better saddles were never delivered, and my lord drew a cheque for the balance due on the spot.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth and Co. did not go and do likewise. They well knew the value of money, and sent poor Pilkerton wearily back with hardly a sovereign in his pocket. He had exhausted all his own money and the bill as well, and sat down miserably enough to wait. His contract had taken up his whole time; he had even offended some of his best customers, and he sat in his almost empty shop, lately so full of bustle, with his strong muscular hands spread idly before him.

"You're dull, father, to-day," said Polly, apparently as gay as a lark.

"Idle men generally are dull."

"Law! *you're* not idle, why you are always at work. All work and no play, you know; why don't you go and smoke a pipe with old Mr. Mansell?"

"I shall be thinking of that bill—comes due next week," sighed Pilkerton.

"Never mind, I've got all our accounts out, and if they would only pay up—"

"Ah! but my customers are all out of town, and that man, Moses; I never saw a Macbeth about him."

"What a funny name—that's the same name that Ben talks about so beautifully," said Polly to herself. "They must pay father," she said, aloud. "It was a ready money job and at a ready money price."

"Ah!" sighed Pilkerton; "I do wish they would think so. You see, gentlemen of their persuasion have not got to do as they would be done by."

"No; Ben says, they 'do, or else they would be done,'" whispered Polly. "I don't much like them. But there are good amongst them. Hallo! here's the postman, father—with a cheque."

Pilkerton hurried forward and trembled as he took a lawyer's letter. He stammered, hardly knowing what he said, "I can't have made a mistake with that fresh bill of mine; it hasn't come due, and this isn't a writ, is it, Polly?" Poor old fellow, he was too innocent of those useful bits of paper.

"Heavens, father! what is it?"

He had torn open the letter, and one glance at it was enough for him.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth and Co. could not pay him the money; but they did the next best thing they could, they put his debt in a schedule.

"Oh, Polly! Polly! said the poor man, big drops gathering on his bald head—"bankrupt!"

"You, father!"

"Worse; the something Jews—I shall be sold up, stock, lock, and barrel frame and flap, headstall, and crupper! Then he sank on his stool, and taking up his leather cutting knife, threw it on the floor with such force that it shivered like glass, and the blade flying out of the door and nearly cutting a dog's tail off. Then the good man, and he was good, swore a great oath that he would never work more.

"Be a man, father," said Polly, trembling at his great rage, and yet somehow admiring him.

"Be a man," said he; "yes, and work for these desperate cheats, these fellows who take contracts, screw you down to the last penny, and then, aided by the law, cheat you out of that. These men who live in great houses upon the fat of the land and the lives of the poor. Be a man; be a slave; by heavens, the fellows who slouch about and won't work are right after all. How many an honest tradesman and his family have been brought into misery and starvation by such as these. Many a tender gal, and many an honest, hard-working mother, Polly —— thank God, my wife's gone."

"Oh, father, father, I never heard you say so before. What wicked men they are? May God forgive them. But, father, are you sure this isn't their misfortune?"

"Sure," said the father; when it's the third time. My mates warned me to look sharp. Old Mansell did and he knows a thing or two."

"Will you get anything, father?"

"What! when the lawyers have done their worst and had their pickings. No; do you suppose, Polly, as those gentlemen work for their own families or for their creditors? Why they are as glad

when there's a bankruptcy as an undertaker is when there's a funeral coming off."

"How bad the world must be, father?"

"Well, it is not a good one—just now. About half-a-crown in the pound is all that will come to me."

"Just the eighth part!"

"Little better than the tithe of mint and cummin," said the saddler, bitterly.

"And will that aid you? When does the bill come due?"

"In a week; the bankruptcy *may* be settled in six months."

"Why don't you go through the court, too, father," said Polly, with a sudden inspiration.

"What, I!" said the old man, a gleam of humor sparkling in his eye—"what *I*, Polly! no, I'd rather go and rot in prison, and be a journeyman again and make saddles; my right hand hasn't forgot its cunning, let the worst come to the worst I'll earn a crust for my gal."

"Oh, father, dear old father," cried Polly, "come into the back shop and let me kiss you; you're all a man, father, and you always were."

These good people, although so shaken to their bases, but they were quite subdued and spoke almost in a whisper, were not without a secret sustenance of hope. Polly counted up all the silver spoons, ran in and out her little glass case, and added up the bills again to try and make them a pound or so more in case she had made a mistake against themselves. Sought Mr. Keach Stoker, and asked him what was to be done when a bill became due, upon which he said, "Meet it like a British tradesman."

"But what if you can't, Mr. Keach?"

"Well, then, you may, perhaps"—he was going to explain about renewal, but Mr. Keach had a small opinion of a woman's knowledge of business and was silent—for a time—then he said; "the bill's dishonored, for, of course, one's friends have been applied to."

Polly blushed and remained silent; she had it upon her lips to ask some help of Keach, but her heart failed her. As for the banker's clerk he knew all about the failure of M., M. and Co., and knew very well that his father's old friend and disciple was put in great straits thereby. He loved Polly after his fashion, was jealous of young Mansell, but having his own little game to play would not hold forth his finger.

He, however, took care to warn the divine against lending money.

"You are too generous, father," returned the son, with a slightly perceptible sneer wholly lost on the preacher. "It is not to be expected that a man who subscribed a guinea to your testimonial should borrow a hundred. You *may* have such an application."

"By my word," said Doctor Stoker, a day or two afterward, "Keach, you are a prophet."

"Keach also among the prophets," said his sister.

"Father means *profits*. I have put all his money in the "Greeks," and they are moving up. You have not a penny to play with."

"You guess what I was about to say," said the D.D. "Old Pilkerton came to me, and wanted to borrow money."

"Like his impudence," said Keach. "What next, sir?"

Sally Stoker turned pale. She was about, at Polly's instance, to preface the same request. "Oh! father," she said, "you could have done it. He is a most honest man."

"But a falling one, sir," said Keach. "And, remember, never catch at a falling knife, or a falling friend. 'Tis a Scotch proverb, and indicative of that shrewd and cautious people."

"Poor old man!" said Sally. "Don't you remember, father, when he was much richer than we are, how he befriended you, and stood by you in the controversy about the sons of Noah?"

"Bother the sons of Noah, Sally," said Keach. "Are we not befriending him by taking music-lessons?"

"They are worth every penny we pay, Mr. Keach," said Sally, indignantly; and she hurried from the room to have a good cry. Sally was the only one who felt for her friend.

In the meantime the poor old saddler and his daughter fell from hope to hope deferred, and from that into a profound melancholy as the time drew near. To almost the last moment he was ready to trust to any broken reed of hope rather than have his bill and his name dishonored. He would have applied to his

friend Mansell, and have urged him to renew his bill, but he could at present only scrape together a few pounds, his debts seemed to be accumulating, and Stoker's almost severe rejection, accompanied with some of that religious advice which is so singularly unpalatable when offered without any relief of his petition quite unnerved him. He *could* not apply elsewhere; and he sat down to wait, as the Roman in his dungeon sat down to meet the assassin who was sent to despatch him.

"We must be sold up, Polly. If old Mansell chooses to put the law in force, what am I to do?"

Polly was almost as hopeless as her father. The only cheerful person about her was young Ben, who quoted generous bits of stage plays and poetry, and always declared that, by a poetical justice, the good man nine times out of ten came up all right in the play.

"Ah! but the play isn't the world, Ben; I've heard say it's a great deal worse."

"No, it isn't, Polly. You shall go to it when we are married."

"Don't talk so," returned Polly. "How can you. It's hard-hearted it is, Ben; and father so troubled and cut up. I wish it was all over."

"What, the marriage, Polly?" said Ben, drily.

"No, the dreadful bill, you cruel wretch, you. There's one comfort," she said, flashing at him an indignant and reproachful look; "you'll have to marry a beggar."

"Law!" said Ben, "is that all? She'll never be a beggar when she's my wife, and God gives me strength and health. Polly, don't cry. If that was all it would be well. And if I had thousands now, Polly, they should be yours."

"I wish you had, Ben," cried Polly, with a gulp and a sob.

"I don't. I'd rather you'd take me for nothing. All for love, Polly; for true love. It is the best thing in the world, and never wears out."

And then, with true delicacy, born of his poetic temperament, Ben so comforted Polly that while he was there, at least, the young girl felt brave and comforted.

In the meantime Mr. Keach tried to press his suit, which was not of the kind of cloth that Ben's was, and offended Polly mortally. He, as Polly might have well known, might have helped her; but he made her love, in his obscure hints, a condition, and Polly flung away from him in disgust. And yet what a power has money. Polly's two lessons to Miss Sally Stoker produced some fifteen shillings a week; and this was the gold and silver band which held Polly to her engagement, and also to enduring Keach's presence.

That gentleman himself, mortified by Polly's refusal, gloated over the coming misfortune of her father, all the more so as he had found out by ocular demonstration that Polly had preferred a plebian young bootmaker to an aristocratic banker. The notion that they who made sound boots could be preferred to those who took care of other people's money in banks—which sometimes cracked, and let the money run out—was, he observed to himself, absolutely revolutionary.

"I'll be revenged," said Keach to himself. "I'll put a spoke into his wheel."

When one is awaiting a great trial—and to the honest saddler this was indeed one—the sooner it is over the better. As the time approaches a sort of desperate courage is given one; and poor old Pilkerton, who would be a broken man on the morrow, was absolutely a brave and ready one on the evening before the fatal day. He balanced his books, made everything clear as daylight, performed the place of a boy, and swept up the shop and polished the snaffles and curbs himself, as if, with the presentation of the bill, one of the commissioners in bankruptcy and a file of policemen would walk into his little shop and declare him ruined.

"Now, father, it's all ready," said Polly, ruefully, with a sad smile. "Ready, if they come at six in the morning."

"Umph! they are bound to present it before twelve."

"Don't talk of it, father. Let us have some tea." It was a little past six o'clock. Old Pilkerton was as obedient as a child. Polly led him in and poured out his tea, and stood up to say grace. Now all was to pass from him, the old man looked round the comfortable room with a sigh and a groan, and thought

how dear it was to him. His home had never looked so well before; so homely, yet so neat and comfortably warm.

"We thank Thee for this, our daily bread," said Polly with tears in her voice.

"We have wept, and we have not been comforted; we have prayed, and we have not been answered," said old Pilkerton, savagely.

"Don't, father," said his daughter, imploringly. "Gracious! what's that?"

Rap, rap. How both started. It was the postman, who was in the middle of the shop, with a registered letter. With trembling fingers Polly signed for it, and took it in. "What's this, father?" she said.

"Nothing; some pertikler order for saddles, with drawings; them swells think everything belonging to them valuable."

It was just one week before Christmas day; for bills will come due through feasts and fasts—except on the free days and the new bank holidays—and sometimes new saddles were made up as presents; so the old man was not, perhaps, so far out.

"Let me open the letter if it is business," said Polly, forcing a cheerfulness, and sitting down after closing the glass door of the parlor. How nice and red and warm postmen do look. "Do you like your tea, father?"

"Pretty well, my dear; perhaps it's the last we may have. Yes, they are drawings."

"Oh, my! Oh! father, dear father, look here." She opened the letter, found two stiff cards, which caused the old saddler to utter his remark, and then unwinding the string which bound them pretty tightly, opened six new crisp, charming-looking pieces of copper-plate engraving—worth at least fifty pounds each, for they were bank-notes.

When old Pilkerton fully comprehended that they were real, he laid down his bit of bread and butter, smoothed his hands upon his apron, and fell down on his knees, crying, "God forgive me for my wicked haste." Then he gave way to a torrent of tears, in which Polly joined him, laughing, and choking in the meanwhile, with one hand round his neck, or sometimes patting his back, while she said: "Cry away, father; it will do you good."

Christmas came and went; the bill was paid. Old Pilkerton wanted to rush at once to old Mansell, waving his notes over his head; but Polly told him to bear himself like a man; to change some of the notes, and to await the clerk.

A very gentlemanly young man called, and presented the bill just about twelve; whereon Pilkerton took him into his glass cupboard; and Polly—"My clerk, sir"—produced the money from the desk, and it disappeared at once in a black leathern pocket-book chained round the young gentleman's waist. Then the old man got his bill, and, when the clerk was gone, tore it into fragments, and vowed he would never take a contract nor draw a bill again. His shop was not shut up. A customer more thoughtful than the rest paid his bill, and put our old saddler in possession of some ready money; and, to Keach's disappointment, Polly got another engagement, and determined to give up her friend Sally Stoker—after finding out that it was not, as old Pilkerton had long protested, that it must be that generous man the D. D. who had furnished the money.

"That's a mystery, father," said Polly; "and we will rake the money together, bit by bit, to pay our generous benefactor when we find him."

"It's mysterious; it's providential. So was that old bad debt turning out so wonderfully a month after. That gave us a hundred towards it, Polly."

"Ben said we should be helped," said Polly. To which the father gravely replied: "Benjamin Mansfield was right—for once in his life." It was curious that the opposition he had shown to that young man had not decreased, nor the admiration he felt for Keach Stoker.

It was more than a week after Christmas that Polly, still meditating upon the grateful mystery which had saved her father's credit, and perhaps his life, hurried away home from giving a lesson to her new pupils. The weather suddenly changed, and Polly, who had brought no umbrella, found herself obliged to stand up for a regular London down-pour. She had scarcely adjusted her clothes, looking most ruefully on some spots on her neat and handsome silk dress, mean-

while grasping her music-roll in her hand like a policeman's baton, when Mr. Keach Stoker came upon the scene. Polly could not refuse his shelter. Keach was delighted.

He talked of everything; then led up to races. There had been some steeple-chasing in the South; and he had understood that an acquaintance of theirs—he would not say friend—had dropped something on the race.

"Dropped something. What is that?"

"Lost some money."

"Who was it?"

"Why nobody less than Mr. Mansell, the bootmaker."

"Poor old gentleman!" said Polly.

"'Twasn't the old; it was the young."

"What, *he* take to racing—her Ben. And he lose money at racing—large, heavy sums, when her father was suffering." Polly's head was, as she afterward said, in a whirl.

"Are you sure of this dreadful accusation, Mr. Keach?" said Polly, sharply; for to her a gambler was a creature ever to be avoided.

"We're close home; now I will leave you; so sorry," said Keach as they approached the door, rejoicing that he had planted a wound that would rankle: "sure, Miss Pilkerton. Oh! yes, we men of business are sure. I was told of the name. (Mr. Keach belied himself); and on the 18th of December—settling day—young Mansell, who had been saving up money, drew the whole out—six ponies——"

"What are ponies, sir?"

"Ponies? oh! I forgot; six fifty-pound notes—for I paid it him. Good-morning—evening I should say."

The arrow sped; and a wondrous effect it had upon Polly. In she rushed to the shop; in again to the little parlor, and fell upon her knees crying: "Oh! father, father! I've found out who our benefactor is——"

"Hush! child; there's that bothering young Ben in the shop, a-waitin' upon some pretense or another."

Out rushed Polly, dragging in Ben astonished and alarmed. "What is it?" he asked.

"Ben," said Polly, beseechingly, "promise me you will never tell me a falsehood."

"I never did," said Ben, "and never will."

"Then you sent the three hundred pounds——"

"And saved my honor," cried old Pilkerton, taking hold of both his hands.

"And won my heart," said Polly falling on his neck and kissing him

"Well," said the struggling hero, rather ruefully, and blushing at his secret doings having been found out, "I thought I'd won that before, and I wasn't going to be beholden to money; for isn't a heart of gold worth more than a bag of gold, Polly?"

"You shall have both, Ben. One you've got, you darling; and when we've paid you the money you shall have the other. And Ben," said the earnest girl, her heart bounding with joy, "I'll work my fingers to the bone before——"

"I'd rather have them as they are, Polly," said Ben, seizing her pretty hands and covering them with kisses; and provided you and the governor are willing, I'll take them to-morrow."

* * * * * * *

Would you be surprised to hear—the form of question is original—1. That Polly married Mr. Ben Mansell, and that old Mansell came down on the occasion.

2. That Lord Sangpur came to congratulate Mr. Pilkerton on the new saddles of her Majesty's celebrated regiment, the Redlegs, and hearing then and there of his misfortune, vowed to make it up to him somehow, and really did so.

3. That Messrs. Moses, Macbeth and Co., finding many tough customers in their third bankruptcy, paid in full and got it annulled.

4. That Messrs. Pilkerton and Mansell are celebrated saddlers by appointment to H. M. the Q—— and H. R. H., etc., etc.

5. That Mr. Keach Stoker was a little too venturesome with the "Greeks," and that the funds of those islanders let the D. D. in. If you are, I must have told my story very badly.

LIES are hiltless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

Belgravia.

A TEDIOUS TREAT.

BETTER is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof, are among the words of the Preacher, the son of David, King of Jerusalem; and the words are specially applicable to the relief with which jaded human nature welcomes the close of some tedious treat. Shakespeare's tinker, though a poor critic, secures some of our sympathy when he inquires, with a yawn, after the very first scene of the play got up for his delectation, "Comes there any more of it?" His attendants have observed him nodding; and the improvised lord, the translated tinker, is gently given to understand that they fear he does not mind the play. "Yes, by St. Anne, do I," protests Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a peddler, by education a bear-herd, by recent profession a tinker, and now by present translation a lord; and desirous of showing a taste, by grace of congruity with his station, he pronounces the play to be "a good matter, surely;" but wistfully adds the note of interrogation. "Comes there any more of it?" "My lord, 'tis but begun," answers the page. Whereupon Christopher Sly iterates his commendation of it as "a very excellent piece of work;" but couples that commendation, in the same sentence and in the same breath, with this cordial *suspirium de profundis*, "Would 'twere done!"

How many of us have a valued friend, the effect of whose visits to us uncomfortably recalls what Plutarch says of Pompey's feeling toward Cato—that although he made much of him when present, he was glad when he was gone. And who but sympathizes to the full with Madame de Longueville caught gaping over Chapelain's *Pucelle*, and when pressed to admire it, answering that yes, it was very fine, but also very tedious—"Oui, c'est bien beau, mais c'est bien ennuyeux." Lord Chesterfield owns to almost a like impression as regards even Homer and Virgil. Of Homer, he says, "I admire his beauties; but, to tell you the truth, when he slumbers, I sleep." "Virgil, I confess, is all sense, and therefore I like him better than his model; but he is often languid, especially in his five or six last books, during which I am obliged to take a good deal of snuff." A sound history, as it is called, has been likened to a sound sermon: as we button up our coats we pronounce it excellent, but we are glad when the time for buttoning up our coats has come. A pamphlet of the old-fashioned style is described by Mr. Fonblanque as a composition of much circumlocution, and a sort of stuff best known by the name of palaver: it is a thing of stateliness and decorum, and two or three ideas pass slowly and solemnly along in a procession of winding phrases. The author is pictured as dancing a literary minuet before the public; leading out his subject, bowing to it, putting on and taking off his hat, flourishing now a leg, now an arm, and moving over a very small space of ground with a very vast ceremony and parade of action—"all wonderfully imposing and unspeakably tedious to behold." So with the *Allegories Parfumees* of Guillaume de Lorris, and the *Erudites Mechancetes* of Jehan de Meung, as witnessed on the stage by *seigneurs* and *clercs*, who went because others went, and tried to believe that dreary stuff amused them; but then, at the worst, as a modern critic says, they might have the satisfaction—it being such a select entertainment, *à huis clos*—of being bored fashionably, and of yawning in with the best society. "Au pis-aller ils auraient eu la satisfaction de s'ennuyer à la mode et de bâiller comme il faut." On the other hand, the interest of the profane vulgar in the sacred plays then in vogue was inexhaustible; custom could not stale nor time wither it. Such a performance as the *Jeu de la Passion* would be stopped short at nightfall, in the middle of a scene—or even, like Sir William Hamilton's edition of Reid, in the middle of a sentence—and would be resumed again next Sunday, without one of the spectators failing to appear; and so the performance would go on, sometimes for several months together, before a throng that betrayed neither fatigue nor impatience at the interminable drama.

Christopher Sly's aspiration occurs to one, in reading Gibbon's account of the Tanjou, the monarch of the Huns, being received at Sigan by the Emperor of China, with his mandarins and his troops, all paying the Tanjou all the honors that could adorn and disguise the triumph of Chinese vanity. Magnificent was the palace prepared for his reception, and high above all the princes of the royal family was the place assigned him; but the "patience of the barbarian king was exhausted by the ceremonies of a banquet, which consisted of eight courses of meat, and of nine solemn pieces of music." Each, no doubt, a very excellent piece of work; but would 'twere done! Certain things in this world, excellent in their way, are charged with failing from their very completeness—an encyclopædia being, for instance, the most wearisome book in the world, and the better and fuller it is, the more disheartening. The British Museum, again, has been referred to the same category; for a visit to it suggests the agreeable task of reading Johnson's Dictionary straight through, and of mastering the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by a diligent and conscientious alphabetical study of its contents. The British Museum, as it exists, is declared to be the standing bore of London, as any paterfamilias will confess whose hardest of duties it is to "go through that inevitable day of fate, when he must redeem the promise, always of an ancient date, to take his children to the British Museum." Many are the traveled tourists who, in the act of "doing" this or that superb sight, feel with Jeffrey that traveling, after all, is pleasanter when it is over than while it is going on. Too familiar are many of us with what are called the raptures of the guests at a severe musical party, where the pieces are long and scientific, and everybody says "Beautiful!" and "Treat indeed!" but at the same time puts up a hand to suppress or conceal a slight tendency to yawn. Thomas de Vaux is a plain man and a true when he tells Cœur-de-Lion, in the *Talisman*, that he would prefer his bed to hearing Blondel sing; and when Blondel does sing, and the other and more courtly courtiers affect ecstasy at the treat, this one plain man yawns tremendously, as one who submits to a wearisome penance. So, in another of the Waverley tales, when Sir Piercie Shafton, who always sings with his eyes half shut, opens them at the end of his "recital," it is to observe his audience for the most part asleep, their general feeling toward him being aptly enough suggested in Dame Glendinning's comment and query touching her superlatively fine guest—"a pleasant gentleman, and sings a sweet song, though it is somewhat of the longest. Well, I make mine avow he is goodly company—I wonder when he will go away?" That is Christopher Sly's style all over. And while dealing with lip-deep compliments of this order, we might apply to the subject the message sent to Louis XI. by the ladies of Croye, through Quentin Durward, when they barely thanked his Majesty in cold enough terms for his courtesy to them while at his court, but much more warmly for having permitted them to retire, and sent them in safety from his dominions.

When George Warrington, in *The Virginians*, relates his adventures by flood and field to Madame de Bernstein, that old lady nods off to sleep many times during the narration, only waking up when George pauses, saying it is most interesting, and ordering him to continue. "Very good and most interesting, I am sure, my dear sir," she repeats, toward the end of the recital, and putting up three pretty little fingers, covered with a lace mitten, to hide a convulsive movement of her mouth.

At a certain point in her narrative of Mr. Gilfil's love story, "George Eliot" relates how, after Sunday morning service at the village church, "Lady Assher, Beatrice, and Captain Wybrow entered, all with that brisk and cheerful air which a sermon is often observed to produce when it is quite finished." The Country Parson, whose *Recreations* have made him a name—or at least the initials of one, in the aggregate form of A.K.H.B.—appeals to his readers to own their fellow-feeling with the sense of relief he used to welcome in his youth, when his worthy pastor and master of those days reached that prayer of St. Chrysostom which signified that the long service was nearly over. The sermon he flatly declares to be in most cases "horribly

tedious." And he refers to the significant fact of Edward Irving calling his volume of discourses orations, with this reason assigned—that there is something in the very name of sermon that makes people grow sleepy, and that suggests dullness, yawning, and tediousness to the last degree. Fuller is simple and frank in making us his confidant in the matter of a personal habit displeasing to him—a way he had, when sitting down to read his Bible, of turning over the leaf to see if the chapter were long or short, and finding himself not unwilling that it should be short. If that be pardonable, how venial is such a case of relief as we have heard Madame de Longueville confess, on putting by Chapelain's *Pucelle*, a good thing, of course; but still more a good thing over. And then she has Boileau to back her in her estimate of that great work:

"La Pucella est encore une œuvre bien galante,
Et je ne sais pourquoi je baille en la lisant."

Be the why and wherefore what it might, the fact of the yawn remained a fact; and facts are stubborn things.

NICIAS FOXCAR.

Temple Bar.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "COMETH UP AS A FLOWER," ETC.

Part Third.

"Good-night, good sleep, good rest from sorrow,
To these that shall not have good morrow;
Ye gods, be gentle to all these.
Nay, if death be not, how shall they be?
Nay, is there help in heaven? it may be
All things and lords of things shall cease."

CHAPTER I.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

AFTER Life's little hot day, comes Death's long cool night; whether of the two is the pleasanter? Well, we shall know anon. Oh! patient friends, you have come with me so far, come with me yet a little farther. I will not keep you long. Already the shadows stretch themselves; the faint-colored even cometh. Summer is here again—early summer, early June, as when first, oh reader, you and I met and panted together through the "endless days," when even night brought not darkness. Down in England, the meadows have a lilac tinge over them, from the ripe heavy-headed grasses, and the horse-chestnut flower's spikes have changed into little prickly green balls. But we are not in England, oh reader, you and I; we are in Switzerland, in the high cold valley of the Engadin.

WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

We are at the end of our day's journey, have stiffly descended from the huge dusty carriage in which we have crampedly sat all the long and shining day. To-morrow we shall reach our final destination, Pontresina. Meanwhile here here we are, up among the mountains, the torrents, the pines, at this loveliest village of Bergun. An hour has passed since our arrival, and we have dined, if you can apply that sacred word to the empty form of tapping with our knives a black boned chicken's skeleton, and sipping a nauseous wine of the country, black as Tartarus, and with a flavor that is agreeably compounded of pills, slate-pencil and ink. There is no denying—degrading as it is to the supremacy of mind over body—that a bad dinner has a depressing effect. Not one of us three but feels cross and empty. Sylvia tries to sit upon a hard-bottomed, straight-backed chair, as if it were one of her own padded easy ones, and fails. Lenore stalks to the window and looks over the balcony. I think that people grow after they are thought grown up, oftener than is usually supposed. Lenore has certainly grown within the last six months, or perhaps it is only her loss of flesh that gives her such a tall look. She used to have a good deal of the shapely solidity that constitutes a person's claim to a fine woman—rather than a butcher's term of commendation, at best;—shapely she must always be, but *fine* she is no longer; only very slender and willowy. I pick up the visitors' book, read the

dreary waggeries, the lame rhymes, the consequential commendations of bed and board. I come to the last entry:

"Mr. Tomkins, London.
"Mrs. Tomkins, "
"Miss Tomkins, "
"Miss L. Tomkins, "
"Mr. J. T. Tomkins, "
"Miss Harris, "

"Exceedingly pleased with the accommodation at this hotel—the attendants excellent, rooms most clean, and food better than at any other hotel in the Engadin."

I read this aloud. "There is a prospect for us!"

"You are not serious?" cries Sylvia, starting upright in her chair, and opening eyes as round as marbles in unaffected dismay. "That is not *really* there! You are only joking?"

"Read for yourself," I answer, handing the book to her, while I joined our junior in the window. Well, one must send all appetite to one's eyes; there is at least plenty of food for them. The pearly evening sky, cut by the cold lilac peaks; the mountains, that wear always round their waist and feet a girdle of great pines; a somber army—rising, pointed top above pointed top, in their endless, fadeless green; the rough torrent course, that furrows the hill's face, like the traces of a tearful agony; an evening glimmer of meadow flowers; a flash of bright water. And right under us the little village street, the deep-roofed low houses, the tiny casements, out of which the lavish pinks and flowered picotes are hanging; the queer sententious inscription on the *chalet* nearest us:

"Das Haus stet in Gottes Hand,
Jan Peder Grigori
Bin Ich genand."

And is not that Jan Peder himself, sitting outside, on a log of wood? He is old and withered, and very much the worse for wear.

Insensibly I begin to forget the void feeling that ruffled my temper five minutes ago, as I listen to the soothing drip, drip, of the two-spouted pump, that is always pouring into a wooden trough. The pump seems to be the rendezvous of the village; the leisurely chatter, in this odd mongrel Romansch tongue, rises soft and subdued to our ears. A tinkling of slow bells, as a herd of lovely smoke-colored cows come slowly treading down the street, and stoop their sleek necks to drink. If one could see the inside of these folks' lives no doubt one would find that they were as basely grovelling as those of our own lower orders—lives probably brightened only by garlic and beer; but looking now at the outside of them, on this quiet purple evening, it seems as if one had come upon a little sudden patch of old-world innocent Arcadia.

"I wish that Jan Peder Gregori would go in-doors," says Lenore, gravely; "it must be very bad for him, being out so late."

"There must be some one here besides us," I say, leaning over the balcony, and pointing to a second and smaller dusty carriage, drawn up behind our great lumbering ark.

"A man, too," says Lenore, with lazy interest, "if a portmanteau be a sufficient proof of masculinity."

"It is such a bran-new one, too," continue I, laughing, "that he must be either a just-married man, or a man just about to be married."

"Who was it said that a new flannel petticoat was an infallible sign of a bride?" asks Lenore, languidly. "Does the same hold good of men and portmanteaus? I wish we could see his initials, but the hat-box hides them.

"Now that I think of it," I say meditatively, "I have a vision of having seen vestiges of food on that table in the corner; let us make Kolb find out who he is, for by his luggage, I feel sure that he is an Englishman."

I am right. An Englishman he is, name unknown; he has come down from St. Moritz, and is on his homeward road; he is to set off at cock-crow, to-morrow, and he went out walking only five minutes before our arrival. This is all the information we obtain, all the food we get to keep alive our faint and flagging interest.

"Do you mean to stay fustily in-doors all evening?" asks Lenore presently, with a yawn, "because I do not. I am sick of Jan Peder, and the pump and the goats; I shall go and *explore*, like Mrs. Elton in 'Emma.'"

"Do not?" cry I, hastily and dissuasively. "You know that going out when

the dew is falling always brings on your cough."

"Pooh!" replies she, lightly, "What matter if it does? I am going to set up such a stock of strength at Pontresina that it would be a thousand pities not to be a little worse before I get there."

"At least put on your" —— I begin, but she interrupts me.

"Did you ever know me to take advice in all your life?" she asks, with a petulant gesture. "I should not wonder if I met our unknown friend of the new portmanteau; I am not sure that I am not going to look for him. *Au revoir!*"

"I gaze after her and sigh, with a line of 'Elaine' running in my head—

"Being so very willful, you must go."

CHAPTER II.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

"There cannot be a pinch in death more sharp than this is."

AFTER all she puts a shawl over herhead; it is not a very thick one, but neither is the mountain air very keen on this softly-creeping summer night. It is red, and the old men and the women sitting in the doorways of the dark little houses stare at it admiringly. She passes amongst them quickly—past the rickety little wooden balconies, the piles of firewood, the numberless odd little casements, like windows in a doll's house—it is not *them* that she wants—till, at a sudden turn, the village is behind her, out of sight—the laughing, leisurely, chattering village—and the river that she sought is before her. A great bold hill-shoulder rises in front of her against the dark night-sky, and beside her the river boils and maddens along in riotous white play; it is so swift that the eye cannot follow it; it tosses high its cold spray, and cries exultingly, "Oh snow! I am as white as you." Nobody sees her—she is all alone; even the broad-faced moon has not yet looked in silver and pearl over the hill. When one is alone one does many foolish things. Lenore throws herself on her knees on a flat stone close to the brink—dashed, indeed, by the stream's stormy white dust—and speaks out loud to it:

"Oh, good, kind little river! will you drown memory for me?—will you drown Paul?"

Lenore is not always thinking of Paul; sometimes for almost a day she forgets him; but, long as it is since he cast her off, and short as was the time during which she possessed him, the impulse still holds her, on seeing any beautiful thing, to say, "I will show it to Paul;" on hearing any witty thing, "I will tell it to Paul." Paul was a cross fellow, cruel and cold, as she sometimes tells herself; but he would have loved this mad river, biting and ravening with fierce foam-teeth against the dark boulders that lie in its bed, and crying violently to them, "Let me pass!" If he were here now, among the yellow trefoil, his arm round her waist and her head on his shoulder!—they two standing, in a dumb ecstasy, with only the larches waving their green plumes above their heads, and the water's endless, restless roar, that ceases not day nor night, January nor June, making a loud hubbub at their feet—alone with the river, the mountains, and God! She can almost feel his arm; she turns her eyes to look up into his, but then the dream flies; there are no kind eyes to look into—there is no Paul—none!

She starts up hastily, and hurries on. The gorge narrows; there is only room for her and for the river—the panting fury of the stream. "Oh river! you take my breath away. Tarry a little; I cannot keep up with you!" But the river makes answer: "I cannot tarry; I have an errand unto the great gray sea." On and on, on and on she saunters, not heeding how far nor whither, until at length she comes to a slight hand-bridge of planks, that gives and vibrates beneath her. There she stands, and leans over the slender railing, gazing, with eyes that try in vain to keep up with it, at the swirling torrent. The evening is both darkening and lightening: darkening, for the sun is gone farther and farther away; lightening, for the moon is coming—yea, come. Already she has washed the hills' faces with her cool silver flood: now her pearl-white feet have reached—have lightly trodden on the water—the wonderful water! Can it be all the same—the same when it lies in opal sleep, and when it plunges against and angerly smites its drenched rocks? If one had but some one—some dear person—to show it all to!

After crossing the bridge the path she

has hitherto followed takes a sharp turning round the spur of a hill, and is immediately lost to sight. As she stands, still leaning over the rickety hand-rail, and watching the moon-colored bubbles, she hears a footstep coming along the unseen path. It is growing late; the moon is rising high; this place is inconceivably lonely. Her first impulse is to turn and run homeward, but her second contradicts it. Why should she stir? Bah! it is probably some innocent rough peasant, clumping home to bed in his deep-eaved *chalet*. He will stare at her cloak, and probably give her a Romansch "good-night," to which she will be puzzled to respond; so she stays. Nearer and nearer comes the footstep, and her heart beats a trifle quicker than its wont. Her eyes are fixed on the corner which will give to view the owner of this slow and intermittent tread. Here he comes, out of the rock-shadow into the light! He is not a peasant! He is surely, he is an Englishman! He is—*Paul!* Oh God in heaven! it cannot be! Men dress so much alike—there is such a deceptive resemblance between all the men of a class at a little distance. He comes a step or two nearer, then stops and looks upward. The moon shines down full and white on his upturned face—the honest, shrewd face, that is neither gentle nor beautiful. She sees his cool calm eyes glitter in the moonbeams. He is carelessly dressed, without any necktie. His strong throat rises bare and muscular, and his hands are buried deep in the pockets of the old Dinan shooting jacket. Do you think that she faints or topples over into the water, or screams or laughs hysterically, or calls out loud? Not she! She only stands still, with one slight hand hard grasping the hand-rail, and with a heart whose loud pulsations drown the voice of the triumphant foamy stream, waiting for her heaven to come to her. Has Death let her slip by him, having seen her bitter pain? Is she already in the blessed land? Paul is so busy moon-gazing that he is close to her—his foot is upon the plank—before he preceives her. Then he jumps almost out of his clothes—out of his Dinan shooting jacket—out of his skin.

"LENORE!!!"

She could not have cried "*Paul!*" in answer if you had offered her all the kingdoms of the world as a bribe. He stoops his tall head till his eager face is close to hers; he stares hard into her eyes; he even stretches out his hand and touches her red cloak to assure himself that she is real. Yes, it is no ghost-woman; it is a real Lenore, with a face much paler, indeed, than the Lenore he remembers—a face grave with the gravity of intense emotion, touched with the trouble of overpowering wonder—that is looking back at him with wide and lovely eyes.

"God Almighty! who would have thought of seeing *you* here?"

In the accents of intense surprise it is difficult to ascertain the presence or absence of joy or sorrow. One would be puzzled to say whether Paul were very glad or very grieved at this meeting at the world's end with his old love.

"Lenore!—*is it Lenore?*" (again narrowly scanning her white and quivering face.) "How, in the name of wonder, did you come here?"

It is stupid to be so tongueless, is not it?—standing dumb, with hanging head, like a child playing at being shy. But she seems to have lost the art of framing words.

"Will not you speak to me?" he continues, with an eager hesitation, mistaking the cause of her speechlessness; "Will not you shake hands with me?"

She puts out her hand in a moment: does he feel how it is shaking as it lies in his cool grasp?

"You—you—are not *alone* here?" (involuntarily glancing at her left hand). "You are with—with"——

"No, I am not alone," she answers, speaking every word very slowly and carefully, as if not quite sure whether the right words would come; "Jemima and Sylvia"——

"*Jemima!*" he says, pronouncing the word with a lingering emphasis, as if it carried him back into memory, and smiling rather pensively.

Both are silent for a few moments; only two voices are heard: the river's loud hoarse one, as it keeps calling always to the rocks and the dumb green pines, and the grasshopper's sharp and shrill—and infinitely content. If it could but last forever! They two standing on that

narrow bridge, on a sheet of silver, the river—all silver too—tearing and roaring below them; the larches softly tossing their small green feathers; the unsleeping grasshopper singing his pleasant song; and they two looking kindly into each other's eyes. But when could one ever say to any happy moment, as Joshua said to the docile sun, "Stand thou still?" He will not stand still; he could not if he would; he is jostled away by his pushing younger brothers.

"How often I have wondered whether I should ever meet you again," says Paul, presently, with a long sigh; "after all, the world is small—and if I did, where and how? Certainly, this is the last place that ever would have entered my head; and yet, only five minutes ago I was thinking of you."

"Were you?" she says, softly, while her eyes shine gently back at him, like beautifullest dew-wet flowers through happy tears!

"You have forgiven me?" he says, anxiously catching hold of her other hand, and holding both in the same loose friendly clasp in which he had before held the one. "We are friends, are not we? At peace?"

She has no hands to hide her face; she cannot hinder him from seeing how her drooped eyes brim over—how the heavy great tears are rolling down over her smart scarlet cloak. In the tender gentleness of her small wet face there is not much war.

"Do not cry," he says, looking surprised and miserable, as a man always does, when a woman unexpectedly weeps.

"What is there to cry about? I am not" (smiling rather awkwardly) "going to scold you, this time. You know I always was a good hand at lecturing, was not I? Often and often since I have wished that I had not been quite such a good one. I can hardly believe that it *is* you," he says, after a pause, again interrupting the river's and the grasshopper's duet.

"What have you been doing to yourself? Somehow you are different. You are too old to grow, I suppose; people do not grow at nineteen; but—but—surely you are thinner than you used to be! Have you been ill? Are you ill now?"

"Not very," she answers, lightly, "anybody else would have made a trifle of it, but you know I always make the most of things, and I have not much of a constitution—so they tell me."

He does not ask any other question for a moment.

"For my part, I am glad," she continues, with a restless laugh. "I never could see what use a good constitution was to any one, except to make them suffer more, and die harder when their time came."

"I suppose you have been threatening to break a bloodvessel again," he says, with a smiling allusion to what she had told him on one of the earliest days of their acquaintance. "Good God! can that be only a year ago?"

"Only a year!" she echoes, dreamily. "But a year is a long time."

"You are pale, too," he says, proceeding with his scrutiny; "are you always pale now? The only time that I remember you as pale as you are now was that night when I upset you into the Rance! How wet you were! How the water dripped from your long hair! I did not believe till then that women really *had* such long hair. I can see you now!" His gray eyes look kind and almost wistful as he thus travels back into the pretty dead past.

"Can you?" she says, almost inaudibly.

"It was all a mistake, I suppose," he continues, sighing, "a blunder—a bungle—but it was pleasant while it lasted, was not it?"

She cannot speak for tears.

"Lenore," he says, after another silence, in a tone of stronger excitement than any that he has yet used, "I am going to tell *you* something. Often and often I have wondered whether I should ever have the chance of telling you. Sometimes I have wished I should, and sometimes I have hoped that I should not. It does not much matter what you think of me now, one way or another, but I do not think it will improve your opinion of either my wisdom or my humility. Do you remember that last letter you sent me?"

She is not pale now; he cannot accuse her of it. No rose in any midsummer gar-

den was ever so red; and her streaming eyes flash in the mild moonlight with the old angry spirit. Is he going to twit her with that poor little overture that miscarried so piteously?

"I did not believe in it," he goes on, still in hot excitement. "I was sore and mad from your galling bitter words. Lenore" (almost entreatingly), "why do you let your tongue cut like a knife? I thought it was only a flirting maneuver to get me back and make a fool of me the second time. I hate being made a fool of! Nobody had ever taken the trouble to do it before. I hate being trodden upon. I like to walk upright and go my own way."

"Well?"

"You remember the answer I sent—I hope you burnt it—I am not proud of it," reddening through all his sun tan. Well, when it was gone I read your letter over again, and by dint of poring over it line by line I grew to think that there was a true ring in it. Lenore, it was very clever of you! I do not know how you managed to get that true ring. I began to think of—of—the dear old time" (his voice, though he is a man, shakes a little). "I began—you will laugh at me for thinking of such a trifle at such a moment—to remember the old blue gown and Huelgoat."

She turns away and leans over the bridge; and unseen by him, unseen by any one, her tears hotly drop into the cold river and are swallowed by it.

"I recollected things you used to say," he continues, with a pensive smile, given rather to the past than the present. "You had such a pretty fond way of saying things—well" (dashing his hand across his forehead, and abruptly changing his tone) "the upshot of it was that I resolved to ask you to—to—to kiss and make friends in short—I suppose one may as well word it in that childish way as any other. I had even" (beginning to laugh harshly, for one's laughs at one's own expense are rarely melodious), "got a new pen, squared my elbows, and sat down to write to you." She is trembling all over, and panting, as one breathless from a long race.

"Why did not you?—why did not you?" she cries, with almost a wail.

"*Why did not I?*" he repeats, looking at her with unfeigned astonishment. "I wonder at your asking that. Why? Because at that very moment, not a week after you had composed that triumph of pathos" (with a bitter sneer), "I heard of your engagement to Scrope. I saw how much the *true ring* was worth then; I believe I laughed. There is always something to be thankful for, and I was heartily thankful that I had not written. There is no use in eating more dirt than one can help in this world, is there?"

"But I am not engaged now!" she cries passionately. "I can hardly believe that I ever was really; people exaggerate things so in the telling. I think it was always more play than earnest."

"*More play than earnest!*" he repeats, in utter and blank astonishment. "Why, I understood that the wedding day had come—that you were all dressed—and that it was only put off on account of your having been taken suddenly ill!"

"Yes," she answers incoherently; "thank God I was ill, very ill; that was what saved me! Thank God! Thank God!"

"*Saved* you!" he repeats, looking at her with unlimited wonder; "How do you mean? Surely it was your own doing? It was only put off, was not it?—it is still to be?"

"Never! never!" she cries wildly. "Who can have told you such things? It was all a farce from beginning to end; it never was anything serious. I—I—think I must have been a little off my head."

"And you are not engaged to Scrope?" (with an accent of extreme surprise.)

"Not I," she answers vehemently; "do not suggest anything so dreadful."

"Nor to any one else?"

"*Any one else!*" she echoes scornfully. "To whom else should I be? Must I always be engaged to some one?"

Now that it is all clear between them, now that all clouds of misconception have been swept away, now that they are all alone here in the moonlight, surely he will take her in his arms. Her head will rest on the shoulder of the old jacket, where it has so often confidently lain before. But he only turns away with something like a curse, and says, half under his breath, "God! what lies people tell!" A silence. When next Paul speaks it is

in a constrained and sedulously governed voice.

"I did not bless either you or him that day, I can tell you—not that *that* did you much harm; but this was quite at the first, quite. When a thing has sense and justice in it one soon gives up kicking against it. I have long given up kicking against this; I have grown so wise" (laughing nervously), "that I acquiesce in it contentedly.

"Do you?" she says, and her throat seems to have grown suddenly dry, and to send forth only harsh and ugly sounds.

"Perhaps—perhaps—you will come round to him yet," says Paul, speaking with a very white face, and a tremor in his deep voice, "in time, you know; time does surprising things—things that one would not believe! You—you—might do worse.

A fiery searing pain goes through her heart.

"You are very good," she says, while the flame of her hot eyes dries her tears, "but I really do not see what business it is of yours."

"None," he answers, almost humbly; "none! I beg your pardon for having said it, but you know you consented just now that we should be friends, and friends may take an interest in each other's future, may not they?"

She does not answer; she is listening to the grasshopper—his sharp treble song seems to have grown very dismal all of a sudden.

"Lenore," cries the other impulsively, again catching her small hands, "before we say anything more, let me tell you—I *must* tell you—about—about my future."

"Well?"

Her eyes, dry now, achingly dry, are staring back at him, wild with an unnamed fear."

"My people have been up at St. Moritz," he says, going on rapidly with his story, "so have I, for the last two months; I am hurrying home now as fast as I can, to get things straight. I am going—perhaps you have heard it already—I am going to be married."

When one receives a mortal blow, sometimes one does not feel much pain at the first—so they tell me; one is only stunned. I do not think that Lenore feels much pain, only her wits go a woolgathering. Not for long, however. Even though one is lightheaded from extremest agony, one has still the womanly instinct to draw a decent cloak over one's ugly yawning wounds. Not much more than the usual interval between question and answer has elapsed, before some one—some kind spirit, I think, who has crept inside her cold and quivering body—speaks in almost Lenore's voice—speaks with a stiff little smile:

"To your cousin?"

"Yes, to my cousin."

A little trifling pause, that would not be noticed, so short is it, in any ordinary conversation; a pause, during which Lenore is fighting more fiercely than ever the typical lioness fought for her whelps—fighting for a voice, for a laugh, for civil careless words; and he or she who in one of these mortal battles fights strongly, with heart and soul, with decency and self-respect on his or her side, mostly overcomes. Only it takes a great deal of lint to heal the wounds afterward. Lenore overcomes. But the victory is hardly complete; she cannot let him see her face. She leans over the bridge side, as she leant five minutes ago to hide her happy tears; but there are no tears to hide now.

"The ideal girl!" she says, with a sort of laugh. "The woman with eyes like a shot partridge's—rather dull, but very loving! You see I remember all about her."

Paul does not speak; he also leans over the bridge, and there is not much of the triumphant bridegroom in the eyes that are idly fixed on a pointed rock, gray, and shining with wet moonbeams, which every minute the stream deluges.

"If you remember, I always prophesied it," says the girl, feeling her words come more readily; "only, like Cassandra, nobody believed my prophecies."

"Why did you prophesy it?" he asks almost angrily. "There was no sense in such a prophecy—no ground for it. There was not such a thought in anyone's head—no, nor ever would have——"

He stops suddenly. She does not speak, only she shakes her head gently. Her wits have come quite back; she has buried the pain in a shallow hole, out of

sight, for the moment. When this is over—when he is gone—it will shake off the light covering of its temporary grave, and rise up like a giant. Then again she will have to fight; but now for the moment she has won a most numb quiet.

"Why do you shake your head?" he asks abruptly. "Does it mean that you do not believe me? At least in the old time you used to give me credit for speaking truth—sometimes too much truth to please you; why should I deceive you now?—*now* that no word that either you or I could speak could bring us one jot nearer each other?"

Still she only leans her arms on the rail of the bridge—leans heavily on it—and her drooped head sinks low down.

"When was it that you prophesied it?" he asks almost in a whisper, coming nearer her. "Was it at Huelgoat, or at Chateaubriand's tomb, as we stood and watched the waves and the sea-gulls? If you did, I compliment you; you were indeed far-seeing." (No answer). "I never was one to care violently for anybody—never. The game never seemed to me worth the candle. It does not sound well, but I had always liked myself best; but—somehow I like to say it now, though there is not much sense in it (shake your head as much as you please) —but, before God, I did care for you beyond measure in my way—it was not a very pleasant way—only I tried my best to hide it. I knew your amiable peculiarity of never valuing what you could get; but I *did* love you—I did—I *did!*" (rising into an emphasis and excitement most unlike him as he ends).

"Did you," she says faintly, a little spark of animation coming into her face and into her dull eyes. "I thought you liked me; afterward they all said you did not."

"Well, I love no one beyond measure now, I suppose," he says hastily, pushing the hair off his forehead with a cross and jerky movement. "My affections are quite within bounds—well in hand" (smiling ironically). "The other was the pleasantest while it lasted, but no doubt this is the healthier state." (Still silence). "It is much better as it is," he says presently, speaking vehemently, and as if more with a view to convincing himself than her. "If we had married then, how we should have hated each other by now! Did we ever look at anything from the same point of view?—and you are not a woman to be shaped to a husband's liking. Good God! how I laughed at that idiot West's notion of *moulding* you! You would not have given in, neither should I. Yes, we should have been miserable."

"Miserable—yes, miserable—*most* miserable," she echoes very slowly and mechanically; but whether she applies the word to the hypothetical case he puts, or to her own actual one, is not clear even to herself.

"You agree with me?" he says sharply, as if not much gratified by the discovery of her acquiescence. "Of course! I knew you did. Yes, it is better for both of us; specially better for *you*."

"Much better," she says, speaking with an immense effort, and even accomplishing a laugh. "As you say, when did we ever look at anything from the same point of view, even during the short time we were together?—how short! how short!" (uttering the words in a dragging, dreary way.) "Hardly a day passed that we did not quarrel. Yes, it was pleasant at the time—*quite* pleasant. I suppose that your—your—cousin" (with a tight, strained smile) "will not mind my allowing *that*, will she? But no doubt we shall both do better—I, as you say, especially."

A little pause.

"Do you remember," he says suddenly, "that day at St. Malo; how I"——

She interrupts. "I remember nothing," she says firmly, though her pale lips tremble. "I have the worst memory in the world." He looks mortified, and relapses into silence. "Tell me," she says presently, with a nervous excitement in her manner, "tell me all about *yourself;* that is much more interesting. When is it to be—what day exactly? I should like to think of you, you know—to drink your health, and" (laughing hysterically) "I suppose I ought to send you a present, ought not I?"

"For God's sake, do not!" he cries hastily, "unless you can send me your bad memory; I *should* thank you for that."

"You *never* quarrel with her, I sup-

pose?" continues the girl, drawing strength even from the very intensity of her own misery to speak collectedly, and even smilingly. "It is all smooth sailing, like a boat on a duck-pond! No doubt you can *mould* her, like a piece of clay, into whatever shape you like."

Paul reddens. "She is a good girl," he says moodily; "and when I am away from you I know that I shall be happy with her—at least" (sighing heavily) "I ought to be; at all events, I shall have peace—that is something. All my life before I met you I thought it was everything." (After a pause) "Thank God she does not know how to sneer."

"And when is it to be?" she asks, still smiling; "you know you have not told me; tell me. I wish to know the day—the very day."

"Immediately," he says, feverishly; "the sooner the better. What is there to wait for?"

"Well, I will think of you," she says, commanding her voice with great difficulty, and stretching out her trembling hand kindly to him; "yes, I will—that is" (breaking into an unsteady laugh), "if—if—I do not forget."

"Do nothing of the kind," he cries, roughly pressing the slender cold fingers; "neither *then* nor *ever!* Let us make a compact never to think of each other again. What pleasant thoughts can we have of one another? Least of all, think of me on that day," he continues after an interval, speaking with the signs of strong excitement. "I ask it of you as a favor; if your face comes between me and the parson" (laughing harshly) "I shall not be very ready with my responses! Let me have one good look at you!" (after another pause, while his breath comes quick and short) "just one. It would be a pity quite to forget the face of the handsomest woman one ever knew, would not it? There!—There!" There is a pallor of a mad longing on his cold shrewd face, as he stands staring and stammering in the moonlight. "Good-bye, lovely eyes!" he says, in a hoarse whisper; "good-bye, lovely lips! you gave me no peace while I had you; but, yet I wish—oh God! how I wish——"

He stops abruptly. His mad fond words have brought back the solace of all the sorrowful to her smarting eyes; they are shining with the soft dimness of tender tears, as they grow to his harsh and altered face.

"Wish nothing," she says, gently. "I have wished many things in my time—that you were dead; that I myself were; that one could have things twice over, or not at all—but you see they have none of them come true."

"Let me, at least, wish one thing," he cries, violently. "Whether you let me, or no, I *will* wish it! I will pray, and urgently entreat God for it—that this—this *hell*, that is just half a step off heaven, may not come over again! Lenore, pretty Lenore, what ill-luck makes us both live in England? What security have we that we shall not come across each other again, and yet again, and yet again?"

"There is not much danger," she says, calmly, "at least, not yet awhile; we are not going home; we are going up to Pontresina for many months—for all the summer."

"To Pontresina?" he exclaims, brusquely. "What are you going there for? Health or pleasure? Not *health* surely?" peering at her again with an anxious suspicion.

"Partly," she answers; and then trying to speak lightly and merrily, "I suppose being over-lively and over-amused wears one out as much as over-work or over-grief; I was so gay last winter—so gay—that I danced all the flesh off my bones."

He makes no comment on this announcement.

"I am going to lay up such a store of strength against next winter," she continues, laughing almost loudly, "for I mean to be gayer than ever then—gayer than ever."

The contrast between the words she is uttering and the black devastation that is laying waste her soul, strikes her with such bitter force that she turns away sharply.

"Do you?" he says, fiercely. "I dare say! What is it to me? Why do you tell me?"

Higher and higher the fair broad moon has been sailing; she has reached her zenith; now, nothing escapes her; every larch feather, every yeasty crown of

froth, every daisy and fine grass blade, she has daintily washed.

"I am going," Paul says, with rough suddenness. "What am I waiting for? Can you tell me that? If I stayed here all to-night and to-morrow, and the night after, what would be changed? This vile stream would be still thundering on, and we should still be standing here, eating our hearts out with longing for things that, if we had them, would not give us content."

"Yes," she says, and her own pretty womanly voice is almost as harsh as his, "go! Who is keeping you?"

His face is white—so white—with the pallor of unwilling passion, and he is trembling all over. "And must I leave you here, all alone in this desolate place?" he asks, in a husky whisper; "all alone, as I found you?"

And she echoes, "All alone!"

"You are not frightened?"

Again she laughs, though the muscles about her face seem tight and stiff. "What should I be frightened at?"

Their hands are interlocked, and their eyes are fixed on each other's faces.

"This is the third time we have said 'Good-bye,'" he says, indistinctly. "The last was bad enough, but for my part, I liked it better than this; and the first—Lenore, do you remember the first on the steamboat at St. Malo?"

"I remember *nothing*," she says, breaking out into impetuous passion, while the blood runs headlong to her cheeks. "How many times must I tell you that it is an *accursed* word? I have torn it out of my vocabulary! I always look on—*on*—now" (speaking feverishly). "Surely there must be something pleasant ahead somewhere—somewhere!"

"Perhaps," he says, gloomily; "but one thing I am sure of—oh Lenore, you are sure of it, too—and that is, that there is nothing so pleasant ahead as what we have left behind!"

These are his last words.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

AND now we have done with Bergun; in all probability we shall see its little eaves and deep doll's-house windows never again. How happily might one (one is not equivalent to *I* here) spend a honeymoon among its rocks, and pine-slopes, and flowered fields, and always supposing that one had brought one's own food with one. I confess to an opinion that the chicken's black skeleton and the untold nauseousness of the Sasseila, would cool the ardor of the warmest pair that ever yawned and fondled through the conventional month. We are still, however, in the foodless land of the Engadin; we have reached Pontresina. It is a long name, is not it? But the name is longer than the place; it is only a cluster of houses, white as the defacer of all beauty, whitewash, can make them. If I had the world's reins in my hands I would put him that invented whitewash to even a feller death than that which I would have inflicted on the twin demons who brought up gunpowder and electricity from hell's lowest pit. At the foot of a long, stern hill the village humbly crouches, while round it stand a silent solemn conclave of great mountains—white snow spires reaching heavenward—God's church steeples; while far off, a gray-green glacier dimly shines. Oh, mighty mountains, you coldly awe me with your

"aloof and loveless permanence."

The trees cluster in the valley, but the great hills stand bare-headed before God. Here we are at the little hotel "*De la Croix Blanche*," having taken root among the whitewash. We have been here a week, and we have yawned a good deal. The season has hardly begun—at least for the English—and it has rained an infinity. We have even had the doubtful pleasure of seeing flakes of unseasonable snow. There are no books to be got, and we have exhausted our few Tauchnitz novels. To-day we have grown tired of our own sitting-room, and have strayed objectlessly up to the general *salon* at the top of the house. It is a bare, light room, whitewashed, of course. A carpet would be pleasant to-day, but no rag of carpet is there; only aggressively clean squares of deal, intersected with red pine. There has been a wedding party in the house all day; their all-pervading din and to us incomprehensible Romansch mirth have had a large shar in driving us upward. It is afterno now, and, thank God, they are g

We have been standing out in the balcony, watching their departure, as they pack themselves into their shabby hooded carriages, garlanded with dusty green wreathes. Yes, they are gone; the arm of each gawky youth, with ostentatious candor, clasping the solid waist of his maiden. Now that they are gone, Sylvia retires inside, grumbling and shivering.

"Had you not better go in too?" I say to Lenore; "it is very damp. You will never get well if you do not take more care of yourself."

"Why *should* I get well?" she says querulously. "I do not want to get well; what object in life should I have if I were well? Being ill is something to do. I can be interested in my symp toms and my tonics; I would not be well for worlds."

I look at her compassionately—at her sharpened profile; it is getting a look of pinched and suffering discontent. Where is its lovely debonair roundness? Alas! even since we left Bergun it has been slipping—oh, how quickly!—away.

"You may get me a shawl if you like," she says presently, "and a chair."

I re-enter the *salon* to fetch them. Sylvia is sitting with the landlord's book of dried plants before her, lamentably turning over the leaves. At the best of times nothing can be more melancholy than a dried flower—a colorless skeleton, without any likeness to itself. One ought to be in the best of spirits to look at such a collection as is now engaging Mrs. Prodgers' slack attention. I return with the shawl—a heavy and warm one—and wrap it about my youngest sister, and then remain by her side, vacantly gazing at the view. The rain has ceased, but the clouds still hide the top of the glacier mountain; one tiny cloudlet has lost its way, and is wandering about near the hill foot, slowly evaporating, and losing its thin life. The balcony where we are is much higher than the opposite houses; it can look magnificently down on their roofs. They are a queer little row; not in a line at all, but each seeming to be shoving and elbowing its neighbor, in order to get forwardest; in the narrow street below a man is leaning against a doorpost, smoking a long pipe; another is sweeping the round stones of the pavement with a besom. How can one possibly get up any interest in either of them?

"I do not think Kolb behaved quite honestly about this place," says Sylvia's voice, dolorously, from the interior; "somehow one never can get foreigners to speak *quite* the truth—he certainly told me distinctly, when I asked him, that one might always wear *demi-saison* dresses here."

We are both too much depressed to join even in abuse of Kolb's mendacity. Several more leaves turned over; a heavy sigh.

"I wish the Websters were here; they talked of going abroad this summer. I will write and advise them to come here."

"Rather a case of the fox that had lost his tail," I say, laughing dismally.

"Tell them not to bring any *demi-saison* dresses," subjoins Lenore sarcastically.

Several moments of forlorn silence. Sylvia has finished her book, and with a vague and mistaken idea that we have got some little piece of amusement that we are privately *worrying* without giving her information of it, she issues forth a second time and joins us. We are all in a row, like three storks standing on one leg on a housetop. The cloudlet has quite melted; there is not a trace of it. I wish I could melt, too. The man has stopped sweeping. Suddenly—no, not suddenly—gradually a sound of distant wheels and bells salutes our ears. A vehicle of some kind is approaching at a brisk trot from the direction of Samaden.

"Coming *here*, do you think?" I say, with a spark of animation shooting, as I feel, from my lack-luster eye.

"No such luck," answers Lenore gloomily.

"No doubt it is going on to 'The Krone,'" says Sylvia peevishly. "Everybody goes to 'The Krone.' I wish I had gone there. It was all Kolb's doing."

The bells ring louder, the horses' hoofs stamp the stones more distinctly; it is in sight. Yes, a carriage, twin brother to our own late one, only that it is shut on account of the weather; four horses, piles of luggage, dusty tarpaulin. A moment of breathless suspense; we all

lean over the balcony as far as our necks and heads will take us. Yes!—no!—yes! Far down in the street, right under our eager eyes, it is pulling up.

"My heart was in my mouth!" says Lenore, smiling a broad smile of relief. "I thought it *was* going on to 'The Krone.'"

"We are too high up here," I say excitedly; "we should see better from our own windows.

Hereupon we all rush violently, helter-skelter, down-stairs to our sitting-room, which is on a lower floor. Only one window gives upon the street; it is small, but we all huddle into it. M. Enderlin, the landlord, letting down the steps; Madame Enderlin courtseying; Marie and Menga hovering near ready to carry out parcels.

"*Maid*, of course," I say, as the first occupant slowly emerges. "She looks rather wet; evidently she was in the *coupé* with the courier, and they only took her inside because it rained."

A man's legs and a wide-awake, then a great deal of golden hair and a plump smart woman's figure. Being above them, we see none of their faces.

"Nothing looks so nice for traveling as those French lawns trimmed with unbleached Cluny," says Sylvia, with pensive envy; "they never show the dust."

"Bride and bridegroom," say I. "What a bore! They will not do us much good; they will be swallowed up in one another."

"They look like *people*, however," says Sylvia, by which expression she means to intimate a favorable opinion of of the new-comers' gentility. "if they are nice," she continues, "I mean, really people that one would like to know—and Kolb could easily find out that—we might make a party to go up Piz Languard with them."

"There is some one else with them," cry I eagerly. "Surely they cannot have taken their parents to *chaperon* them!"

"Like the people at Dinan," says Lenore drily, "who went a wedding tour *à l'anglaise*, and took the bride's mother *and the bridegroom's* with them.

A fat but nicely-booted female foot treads the step, and then the ground; it and its fellow support a form of shapely mature portliness. Having descended, this last figure lifts its face to look at the little cross swinging out as the inn sign in the street.

"Good heavens!" cries Lenore, emphatically.

"Why that pious ejaculation?" say I, gaily, my spirits having gone up fifty per cent. at the prospect of human companionship.

"Did not you see?" breaks out Lenore excitedly. "Do not you know who they are?"

"Not I. How should I?"

"Why, old Mrs. Scrope, to be sure—Charlie's mother."

"What! all three of them!" I say, derisively. "My dear child, you are dreaming."

"Impossible!" says Sylvia, straining her little neck out of the window to catch a last glimpse; but they are gone. "You have such a mania for seeing likenesses that no one else can. How could you tell? one only saw their backs."

"And should not I know my own mother-in-law's back among a hundred?" says Lenore, with sardonic mirth.

"Oh, if it was only her back," I say, with a sigh of relief, "I do not mind; all old women's backs are much alike."

"Are they?" says Lenore, with a grim smile. "I do not agree with you; there are backs and backs; but I do not confine myself to backs—I saw her *face*, and my ex-mother-in-law's it was, I am sorry to say."

"And the other two were the married daughter and her husband, I suppose?" I say, a painful conviction that Lenore is speaking the truth forcing itself on my mind. "Now that I think of it, there was something familiar to me in the broad gold arrow she wore in her hair."

Silence for a few moments, while we stare at one another blankly.

"I wish they *had* gone on to the 'Krone' now," says Lenore drily.

"If we wait to go up Piz Languard till we go up with them," I say with a vexed laugh, "we shall remain some time at the foot, I think."

"*How* glad they will be to see us," cries Lenore, breaking out into violent merriment, that does not express any equally violent enjoyment, "considering that last time they saw us they left us

with the Elizabethan sentiment, that 'God might forgive us, but they never would,' or words to that effect."

"I declare I do not know what you are laughing at," says Sylvia pettishly, with her eyes full of tears; "it is a great thing to be easily amused; as for me, I see nothing amusing in it! This sort of thing never happens to any one but me; really *good* people, that one would have liked to know *en intimes*"——

"Listen," I say, leaving the window and approaching the door, "they are coming up! I hear Madame Enderlin's voice."

"We shall be always meeting them on the stairs," says Sylvia lachrymosely, "and I declare I shall no more know how to behave—very likely they will take their cue from me—whether to stop and shake hands, or bow and pass on——"

"Stop and shake hands with the man—bow and pass on to the women," says Lenore, promptly; "men are always kind."

"As for *you*," retorts Sylvia, turning upon her with a tearful spitefulness, "in your case there can be no difficulty; they will cut *you*, of course, out and out—*dead*—and really, considering all things, one cannot blame them."

"Of course they will," replies Lenore, calmly, though her color deepens; "I should think very meanly of them if they did not."

"And *you*" (speaking very rapidly, while the large tears still roll helplessly down her cheeks), "what will you do? how will you take it?"

"*Do?*" says Lenore, with a little dry laugh; "what *is* there to do? I shall *be* cut, I suppose, and try to look as if I liked it."

Cornhill Magazine.

THE PORTUGUESE IN AFRICA.

THE knowledge which the ancients had of Southern Africa was soon lost to the world; and up to the time of the conquest of Northern Africa by the Saracens its eastern shores had not been visited by Europeans beyond the Straits of Babelmandeb, and on the west they had sent no ship farther south than the limits of Mauritania. For six centuries after the occupation of North Africa by the Saracens naval enterprise was almost unknown to Europe: but during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Portuguese and Spaniards made themselves famous by maritime adventures. It was Prince Henry of Portugal, a nephew of our own Henry IV., who stimulated and directed this spirit of daring in his countrymen. At the beginning of the fifteenth century this prince, while engaged with his father in an expedition against the Moors of Barbary, obtained information which led him to think (1) that the boundaries of the Portuguese dominions might be greatly enlarged by the acquisition of territory in Western Africa, and (2) that a new way to India might be found by sailing round Africa, and so might be secured for Portugal the vast stores of wealth which had hitherto been at the exclusive command of Genoa and Venice. And, in 1415, he sent out an expedition consisting of two small ships to Western Africa, and thus inaugurated that wonderful series of geographical enterprises which terminated in the exploration of the whole coast-line of Africa, and the discovery of the long-sought passage to India. The prince did not live to see these great deeds accomplished; he died in 1463, and it was not until 1498 that Vasco de Gama reached the coast of Malabar, and thus won a reputation amongst navigators only second to that of Columbus.

By the achievements of De Gama and his predecessors in this "great drama of discovery." and by the conquests of Albuquerque and others who succeeded him, the Portuguese obtained vast possessions both in Western and Eastern Africa. The southern portion of the continent they did not occupy, for then, as now, it was eminently an agricultural

country, peopled by tribes of rude hardihood, and it offered, therefore, but few temptations to men who were urged by a desire to obtain power and to make wealth speedily; but in the east and west they were supreme. Nor were their possessions confined to the coasts. By degrees they obtained much land and important positions in the interior, partly by pushing forward their military establishments as opportunities offered, but chiefly through the instrumentality of their missionary priests, whose patriotic ardor was not less than their religious enthusiasm, and who, while striving for the conversion of the natives, were equally zealous for the aggrandizement of the Portuguese throne and nation. And for a time it seemed as though Portugal would rise to the height of her grand opportunity, and build up in Eastern and Western Africa great colonial empires. But the present position of the Portuguese in Africa affords an illustration of the sad results of opportunities neglected and power abused, perhaps without a parallel in the world.

Of the Portuguese in Western Africa I have no personal knowledge; but from information which I have received from Dr. Livingstone and others who know them, I am very sure I do them no wrong by saying that, in no respect do they differ from their countrymen on the other side of the continent; and their personal acquaintance I have been privileged to make.

In Eastern Africa the Portuguese profess to hold the coast from Delagoa Bay to Cape Delgado, and important establishments and towns which extend for hundreds of miles inland along the course of the river Zambezi. Theoretically their form of government is excellent. There is a governor-general of Mozambique, having under him the governors of Quillimane and Inhambane, on the coast, and Sena, Tete, and Zumbo, on the Zambezi; and subordinate to them are lesser notabilities—Commandos they are called—who occupy positions as rulers of districts that have not yet been raised to the dignity of provinces. In alliance to these officials there are said to be judges and magistrates for the due administration of law, and a sufficient military force to protect the colonists from the incursions of the tribes of the interior. The instructions which the governors, major and minor, receive from Portugal express in high-flown language the most exalted sentiments. Never were the blessings of civilization and Christianity more eloquently set forth; never was the duty of extending such blessings to the barbarous heathens more urgently enforced. The laws are faultless. True, they recognize the right of the Portuguese to enslave the Africans when moved thereto by the necessity of the colony, yet the provisions which regulate the conduct of the master toward the slave are so admirably framed with reference to the well-being of the slave, that by them the slaves are shown to be far better off in all things than their brethren who are not in bondage. Theoretically nothing can be better than the position, the policy and character of the Portuguese in Africa. Take the account which they give of themselves and you could but say of them—Here is a highly civilized and Christian people, the worthy possessors of a glorious heritage, potent for good, great in that spirit of enterprise which makes light of difficulty and overcomes danger, using their grand capacity to develop the resources of the land, and to raise in the scale of humanity the barbarous races that have been brought under their power or within the scope of their influence.

And now for my experience of them.

When Livingstone brought the river Zambezi and its suitability as a commercial highway to the interior before the world, the Portuguese promptly declared that they were its legitimate guardians, and that they had established a military force, a custom house, and all other appliances of civilization, for the protection of their rights and the encouragement of commerce. When I entered the Zambezi this is what I saw—a flagstaff from which flaunted the flag of Portugal, a rectangular house that would have been dignified by the mistaking of it for an English cow-shed, and a few huts such as the natives build. Of buildings, domestic or governmental, nothing more. The house was for the officer in command, the huts for the common soldiers, and such other people, male or female, as belonged to the settlement. The

military consisted of Senhor A., the officer in question, a Portuguese sergeant, and six natives who were dressed in blue cotton uniforms, and armed with old muskets. I did not at first meet with Senhor A., but when I made his acquaintance he did honor to himself and his government by donning his uniform and parading his troops. The display was so amusingly absurd that I could scarcely refrain from laughter. The Senhor's perceptive faculties were large, he saw my difficulty, he divined its cause, and instead of resenting it, he sympathized, for after he had dismissed his soldiers, he held out his hand and said—"You are amused at what you see. Well you may be. If I were not what I am I should be amused too. The position is very absurd." Before I left the country I saw much of this man. He was a gentleman by birth, and had been well educated. He knew something of Latin and Greek, spoke English, French and Italian fluently, and was a fair mathematician. But he was a ruffian according to common report. In Portugal, by his reckless disregard of the conventionalities of life, I heard that he gained for himself an evil reputation, and to escape more unpleasant consequences had been obliged to migrate to Africa, where he was hated and shunned. I have, however, no reason to think that he was worse than many in Portugal, who with more discretion, managed to keep position, and in most things I found him infinitely the superior of the majority of his countrymen in Africa. His great offense with them was that he spoke of things as he knew them to be. He prided himself upon this, and on one occasion said to me: "I am a blackguard it is true; but in that I do not differ from my countrymen in this vile land; we are all blackguards together. But in one thing I do differ from them; they pretend to be better than they are; they are humbugs, hypocrites, all that is mean. I am not with them there. I hate humbugs, and it is natural that humbugs should hate me. I care not. I take their hate as a compliment to my greater integrity."

From this man I obtained much information upon the position which his countrymen now occupy in Africa. In reply to my inquiry as to what hold they had upon the land, he said: "Upon the land we have no hold. We have a few important positions on the coast, and a few unimportant places on the Zambezi; beyond that, nothing. Mozambique is our capital, in itself it is strong; for defense it is impregnable against all assaults from natives, and it might be as powerful for offense; but it is not. We are powerless beyond the precincts of the city. We cannot venture inland twenty miles from Mozambique without the consent of the natives. They are once more the masters of the soil, and they shut us up in our stronghold. Quillimane is better placed, the tribes about are more docile, and we are more free to move at our pleasure from thence.

Yet our power is but small, and were it not for the barrier which the Zambezi interposes, Quillimane would soon be destroyed by the Landeens (a branch of the Zulu Kaffir race) who keep all on this the south side of the river in a state of terror, and impose tribute upon us at will. Inhambane is always in peril from the natives; we cannot keep a foot of ground beyond it. Sena is in ruins; Tete is powerless; and at Zumbo you will but find the site of what was in the days of our prosperity a considerable town."

I inquired of the position of the commandos, who were said to govern the land in those parts that were not immediately under the cognizance of the more regularly constituted authorities, and his reply was: "Humbug again! There are certain men, it is true, who have made themselves powerful here and there, but with one exception they are in the position of rebels. There is Senhor V., for instance, who inherited from his father some money, and more than a thousand slaves. He is a man of enterprise, and not being content with the ordinary life of Quillimane, he armed many of his trustworthy slaves and made an exhibition toward the Angoxa. He had to do some fighting, and being better armed than the natives, he did not fight in vain. He gained territory, built himself a stockade, and by force and by fraud has become a great man. His will is law, and his followers obey him, and only him. But he has no wish to break with the government, and the gov-

ernment has no wish to break with him. He has free scope to do as he pleases, and the land he may gain is formally secured to him and to his successors for three lives, free from all taxation. This transaction is recorded in the archives of the government as another triumph of law and order, as another proof of the greatness of Portugal; whereas V. is irresponsible, he does as he will, and if he were to die to-morrow, as his influence is purely personal, the old state of things would again prevail, our authority would not be recognized in any way. V. is not a rebel, but the others who are said to occupy his office are; and they are the centers of a state of things which realizes hell upon earth. There is Mariano and Belchioro. (It was Belchioro's marauders who murdered Captain Faulkner, last year). They are infamously notorious. They live amongst slaves and the natives whom they have subjected to their will, and who now pander to their desires. They outrage all law, human and divine, unchecked. They plunder the tribes, and they destroy where they are resisted. Their quest is ivory and slaves, by means of which they procure from their agents in Quillimane and Mozambique, who are generally government officers, wine and spirits, and such other things as their vices and wants make necessary. Sometimes they quarrel with one another, when they are near neighbors, or encroach upon each other's preserves, and then they urge on the fighting-men, as your countrymen, I am told, urge on bull-dogs, to tear and destroy one another; and the daily strife of these slave partisans keeps the whole country in turmoil, and ultimately depopulates it—for both parties plunder and make slaves of the natives. The fact is these commandos are the captains of slaving and robbing hordes. They do incalcuable mischief, and they make havoc of the land. Through them good government is impossible, for they keep the country far and wide in a continual state of anarchy and bloodshed."

Of course it is only in such a land as that, and where slavery had thoroughly demoralized the people, white and black, that such a state of things could exist. Inordinate self-will, and all the worst vices that can invest humanity, almost invariably manifested in men who dare to regard their fellow-men as property, in the same sense that we do a horse or a cow. I can quite imagine, however, that at no time was slavery in our own colonies, or in the Southern States of America so utterly brutalizing in its effects as in the Portuguese African colonies; for of all the forms of slavery which have cursed mankind, that which is constituted by the Portuguese in Africa, their philanthropic declamations to the contrary, is the most brutal. And before I left Senhor A. I had a very fair illustration of the truth of this. One day I saw him superintending the punishment of a slave boy whom he kept to wait upon him, and who had been guilty of some act of disobedience. The punishment was severe; it was whipping inflicted by a strong man—the Portuguese sergeant in fact—with a three-thonged whip, each thong consisting of a plait of three strips of buck-hide. I remonstrated with the Senhor upon the brutality of this punishment. He took it in good part, but maintained, as a principle which cannot be set aside that, wherever slavery is, the discipline, even under the best of masters, must be more or less brutal, and the results demoralizing both to master and slave: especially in countries where the masters form, as with the Portuguese in Africa, a very small minority. "You cannot," said he, "treat a slave in this land like a free man; do so and he will rise against you or run away. You must keep them under by the whip, and any other means that suggest themselves, until they are reduced in mind and soul to the condition of dogs and live only for you. You see that man?" pointing to one of his slaves, a stout-bodied, sturdy-looking fellow, who was at work near the house; "well, that fellow gave me a great deal of trouble when he first became my property. He was brought down fresh from the hills. He is an Achowa, and like all of his tribe, had some independence of character. The Achowas make good slaves when they are well broken in, but out of five you are fortunate if you get one moulded to your will, for the process kills them; that is, they will die rather than submit to you as unreservedly as is needful. This fellow at first was sullen and disobedient,

thought of his home on the hills, his wife and children, may be. Well, that was nothing to me, he had become, through the operations of a perfectly legitimate traffic my property; for though the law prohibits the exportation of slaves, it permits slavery, and consequently the buying and selling of slaves amongst ourselves. So when he was disobedient I whipped him; when he ran away, as he did more than once, I made every effort and spared no expense to recover him, as it will never do to let a slave escape—better kill him—the example of a successful runaway is so pernicious to the rest. At last he gave me so much trouble, and was the cause of so much excitement amongst my slaves, that I ordered him to be beaten in a way that I hoped would kill him, and his punishment was severe enough to kill any but a *brutos-negros*. You shall see. Come here you ——!" called out the Senhor to the man in question. The fellow came, and his master turned down his loin-cloth, which in shame he had carefully tied over large scars in his loins, and I saw from them how horribly he must have suffered. "Well, that man would not die," continued the Senhor. "Life was strong in him, as it is indeed in all of the Africans. But the whip had at length cleaned the mucus from his brain. As he got well he became cheerful, went to work without a murmur, and having made up his mind to his position, determined to get to himself as much pleasure out of life as he could. So one day he came to me, and said, 'Master, give me a wife; it is bad for a man to have no woman to light his fire, cook his food, and make him happy.' I had no spare one at that moment, and this I told him.

"'Will you give me a woman when you have one?' asked he.

"'Certainly; I shall be sending ivory to Quillimane in a few days, and I will have women brought in return,' said I.

"'That is good! I will at once build a house for her,' was his joyful response.

"I received three women in exchange for my ivory; and as I was examining my purchase, the Achowa came up and looked at them. Presently he said, 'Master, you promised me a wife; will you give me one of these women?'

"'Certainly; take which you please.'

"'May I have this one?' taking hold of the hand of the youngest and best looking.

"I gave consent, and away he went with her, light of heart. Time passed; the wife became ill from maternal causes. She was not then able to cook the Achowa's food, light his fire and make him happy, and the man was evidently getting back into his old state of mind.

"'What ails you?' said I. 'Do you want another whipping?'

"'No, master, no; but the woman you gave me is ill; she can do nothing for me. I am worse off than if I had no wife,' was his reply.

"'Then why not take another wife?'

"'May I?' said he, with animation.

"'Surely. There is So-and-So; take her.'

"And he took her. But she was not the last, for having on a journey he undertook for me picked up another girl, he, with my permission, took her to wife also. And but lately, with my consent, of course, he has taken to a fourth. I passed by his hut the other day. One woman was in the house nursing her baby, another was preparing the evening meal, another was threading beads and making a necklace for him, and he was sitting at the feet of the fourth, who was dressing his hair. He looked up at me as I passed, as much as to say, 'It is all right, master. I am content. I shall not run away again.' It was necessary to give this man the whip first, but now the women will keep him quiet. Should they not—well, he must have the whip again, for he is a valuable fellow, and I don't mean to part with him easily. Of course it is better to have children and educate them to your use, but we cannot always wait for that, and we cannot always afford to buy those who have not been trained; we must purchase the raw material and work it up ourselves, and the process is truly not elevating to master or slave. I am not naturally a cruel man. I do not use the whip unless it be necessary; but the misfortune is, it is necessary—always necessary. I do not disguise that fact; others do; but take my word for it, I am no worse than any other of the masters in this land."

"But have the masters the power to

punish their slaves as they think proper?" inquired I.

"By law, no; practically, yes; that is, in all the outlying settlements, for the law reaches not beyond the shadow of the governor's house. If I lived at Quillimane, or Mozambique, or at Tete, I should have to be discreet; for unless I was at friendship with the governor, he has the power to make me uncomfortable if I took the law into my own hands. But even there, unless you are at enmity with the authorities, you can get your slaves whipped according to your will, and without incurring the responsibility of your own deeds. The law says—the master who has had cause to complain of his slave must bring him before the magistrate, and prove that he is guilty of offense, and then the magistrate shall award the punishment, which shall be administered by the proper officers; but that law was made at Lisbon; it lost its efficacy before it reached these parts. Ask the magistrate to dinner, tell him you want a slave whipped, 'Very good; I will send my men to you to-morrow; tell them what you wish done, and they will do it,' would be his reply. And if that be the state of things at the center of authority, what will it be in localities far removed from it? just what you see here, or worse, as you will judge for yourself."

Upon one other point I interrogated my informant, and that was upon the efforts made to Christianize the natives. This at one period was a strong point with the Portuguese. In Prince Henry's time, and long after his death, their zeal for religion was not less than their enthusiasm for geographical enterprise. No expedition left Portugal without a consignment of missionary priests. And so successfully did these good fathers labor, that in Western Africa whole tribes became professed Christians; and in the east, though the results of their self-sacrificing labors were not so considerable as in the west, they made many converts; I myself have seen, nearly five hundred miles in the interior, the ruins of a large missionary establishment, which had once been the center of a considerable Christian population.

"Efforts to Christianize!" said he, "none are made. We have a law which has much significance. It says: 'It is not lawful to make any Christian a slave.' And the result is there are no Christians amongst the natives. In the palmy days of the slave trade it would have been bad policy to have allowed the missionaries free scope; they would have baptized the people *en masse*, and cut off our supplies; and as we could not restrain them we got rid of them. There has been no missionary work out here for more than two hundred years. The converts died out, having no one to look after them: or their Christianity was not recognized, and they were enslaved with the rest. It was not convenient, you will perceive, to have native Christians. Our priests nowadays, as missionaries, would as soon think of baptizing a pig as a native. Now and then, however, there is a sort of baptism, and on a large scale." And here the Senhor chuckled at the recollection of what he was about to tell me. "Some time since a friend of mine wished to migrate to another part of this country, which could only be reached by sea. He had some slaves that he was desirous of taking with him. The exportation of slaves under any circumstances is illegal. All natives who leave any of our ports are required to produce a certificate of baptism, which of course is conclusive in favor of their being free men, seeing by law no Christian can be a slave. Manifestly this is a difficulty, but such difficulties in this country are easily surmounted. And this is the way in which my friend got over his difficulty. He was staying with me, and I invited the priest to meet him at dinner. We plied the father with brandy until he was nearly drunk, and then apprised him of the obstacle. 'Is that all!' said he, 'do not trouble, I will smooth the way for you.' And he smoothed it by going to the shed where the slaves were sleeping, throwing a lot of water over them indiscriminately, and then certifying that he had baptized them. Of course the slaves were none the wiser for what had been done, and the certificate when it had answered its purpose was destroyed. That," concluded the Senhor, "is the only mission work I ever knew performed by any of our priests, and I leave you to judge of its efficiency."

During a period of three years I had abundant opportunity of proving the veracity of the Senhor's statements, and where personal dislike had not led him astray, my experience showed them to be trustworthy. But he by no means exhausted the subject upon which I write. Of the operations of the slave trade as carried on by the Portuguese, Livingstone and others have written abundantly. Some, I know, have thought their accounts too highly colored; but it is not so. It is impossible to exaggerate the misery and suffering caused by this iniquitous traffic. Wherever it penetrates, villages are burnt, men, women, and children are killed or enslaved. I am not a sanguinary man; I abhor bloodshed; I have signed petitions for the abolition of capital punishment; yet I would unhesitatingly sign the warrant that should doom to death by rifle or rope the men who, daring to call themselves Christians, pursue this abominable trade. This is not fustian, but the simple expression of a genuine indignation which I cannot but feel after having witnessed the horrible results of the slave trade as carried on by the Portuguese.

But though the slave trade may have received a fitting exposition, the domestic life of the Portuguese in Africa has not, that I am aware of, been delineated: and I shall best describe one phase of it by a brief detail of my own experience in the house of a Senhor B——, with whom I was of necessity for a short time cast; for his mode of living was like unto that of most of his countrymen who had establishments either on the Delta or the banks of the Zambezi. Senhor B—— was about thirty-five years of age, but looked much older, for vicious indulgences had played havoc with his constitution and prematurely aged him. In this he did not differ from many more, for either from congenital disease, or from the effects of their own depravity, most of the Portuguese in Africa are miserably, hideously afflicted. The Senhor had a farm on the banks of the Zambezi, and occasionally made expeditions for ivory and slaves. He was also "a man under authority," being entrusted by the government with magisterial powers. He was not of pure blood, but the darker tint in his veins was scarcely visible. His establishment consisted of two houses—one for himself and family, the other for himself and guests; two or three store-sheds, sheds for slaves, and the usual arrangements for goats and sheep. His family consisted of the Senhorina, for the time being, a native woman, the daughter of one of the head men amongst the Colona of the neighborhood, and several children, by various mothers, who called him father. (The Colona, be it said, are the descendants of the original owners of the soil. They are free men, but have submitted to the Portuguese. And for the privilege of occupying the ground on which they live they are so heavily taxed, and have to render so much personal service, and are in other ways so exposed to exaction and ill-usage, that their condition is scarcely better than that of the slaves). There were about two hundred slaves on the establishment most of whom were women and children. Of the women, some were employed about the house, others in the field; of the men, but a few were field laborers, some were canoe-men, and others had special vocations—were skilled in the use of the gun, were not averse to fighting, and were the unhesitating instruments and trusted agents of the Senhor in all his adventures.

The Senhorina was but a girl in years, and of all the African women I have seen the most attractive in personal appearance. On my arrival she received me without embarrassment, and was evidently unconscious that I saw in her position any reason for constraint. Of the Senhor she seemed to be in great awe, and his manner toward her was hard and imperious, it contained no recognition of the woman, as such, but only of the inferior creature who existed by his will, and for his gratification. And this I found was the almost invariable treatment which the Senhorinas received from their lords and masters. In return she was not gentle with the slaves, and I noticed that with them the Senhor was scrupulously careful to uphold her authority.

The furniture of the establishment was scarce in quantity and rude in design; but there were indications of wealth in piles of ivory tusks; and a certain barbaric comfort was given to the place by a somewhat profuse display of leopard skins.

Our food consisted of fowls excellently dressed in various ways, goat, sheep, rice, and vegetables. Bad tea, worse coffee, but very good wine and spirits, of which the Senhor had a considerable store. The Senhorina did not feed with the Senhor, she took her meals in her own apartment. Toward the evening she would put on her best apparel; she dressed as native women dress, only in costlier material and with more elaboration, and sat with the Senhor and myself while we smoked in the summer-house. She was a heathen, and with no ideas beyond those of her own race; yet she was simple in nature and faithful in disposition; and if the Senhor did not tire of her, she would be content to abide with him. Should she be discarded, unless he made arrangements for her to go to some one of his friends, she would return to her own people, and become the wife of a man of her own tribe. Her children if she had any, would remain with the Senhor, and generally such children are well provided for by the father.

The moral tone of the whole establishment was as low as it could be. I was never in an atmosphere of greater depravity. From the Senhor to the youngest slave just emerging from babyhood you could distinguish nothing but foul minds, you heard scarcely anything but foul words and saw little else but foul deeds. It seemed as though these people were encircled with evil of the most conceivable form, until its essence had moulded itself into their very natures, and they had become the embodiments of unmitigated, uncontrolled wickedness.

But to every depth there is a deeper still, and of this I had an illustration before I left Senhor B. One morning a half-caste, evidently well-to-do in the world, brought a present of fruit and other things to Senhor, by whom he was received in a manner that, had not the other been in some way in his power, must have given offense. When this man had gone, I said to the Senhor, "You did not treat your friend very civilly."

"Friend!" was his exclamation; "he is no friend of mine—he is a murderer!"

I was eating one of this man's oranges, and upon hearing this dropped it as though it had been hot iron.

"And yet you received his present! why not arrest him?" said I.

"This man is not the chief offender; his brother actually committed the murder while this man did but consent to it, and looked on while it was done. The brother is in hiding, and these presents are made to cause me to shut my eyes to his whereabouts. But I bide my time."

"And pocketed the presents!" I might have answered to this reply, for while the Senhor was talking he turned over the oranges, and from the bottom of the basket brought out a small calico bag from whence came a metallic sound as he put it into his jacket pocket. As he was not willing to give me the details of this crime, I resolved to become acquainted with them through other channels; and it was not long before his major domo, a gossiping old African between whose brain and the tip of his tongue there seemed to be a perfect bond of sympathy, put me in possession of them. Said he: "Listen, Senhor, and I will tell you all. The two brothers lived together on a farm not far from here, just round the bend of the river. The elder, not the man that was here yesterday, took a Senhora from the Colona who live near to him. She was young and strong and well; but he is never well, always ill with a sickness that poisons his blood. The mother of the Senhora did not like him, she refused his presents for her daughter, and did not wish that she should go to him; but he took her; and then the mother in her anger cursed him with many bad words. Soon after the Senhora becomes ill, and she remains ill until her child is born. The child is like its father, full of sickness, and dies in a few days. The mother of the Senhora tells all people that the sickness of her daughter and the death of the child is the fault of the father; he swears it is because of her curse; and vows that if the next child be the same as the first-born, he will be revenged. Time passes, Senhor, another child is born, in a worse condition than the other, so bad that the father when he saw it, threw it into the river. The mother of the Senhora is still very angry, she makes use of many bad words against the Senhor; and he declares that she has betwitched him, and will kill her. He and his brother watch for her, they catch

her, they tie her to a tree and beat her until she is nearly dead, then the Senhor, the brother of the man who came here, unties her, drags her to the river and throws her in. No more is seen of her, for the crocodiles are plentiful. All this is true, Senhor, very true."

"But how was this all discovered?"

"Some Colona heard the woman's screams, saw her beaten and then thrown into the water, Senhor."

If this were an exceptional case of crime, and if Senhor B——'s establishment were of an exceptionably bad character, I should not have brought them forward; but they fairly illustrate the condition of things as exhibited in the domestic life of most of the Portuguese who occupy isolated positions on the delta, and the banks of the Zambezi.

I was personally much obliged for the hospitality of Senhor B——, yet I was thankful to leave him, for when I was again amongst the unsophisticated natives I felt I was within a purer moral atmosphere.

In the towns a somewhat better state of things prevails. The proprieties of life are not shamelessly outraged, and outwardly law and order are maintained. Before I left Africa I had the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with Tete, Quillimane and Mozambique. I went to Tete with a friend who was striving as a geologist to enrich the realm of science. I was engaged in the interests of another kingdom. We had to walk nearly two hundred miles through a difficult country somewhat infested with wild beasts before we reached our destination. Tete is the headquarters of the slave trade, and I took with me several men who had been rescued by myself and friends from the slave dealers as they were being taken to Tete; and never have I had a greater proof of confidence than that given by those men, who, with full knowledge of the character of the men of Tete, volunteered to accompany me. When we came in sight of the town we halted to make ourselves presentable to the inhabitants of so important a place, and to my surprise and amusement my native allies arrayed themselves in calico trousers which they had made on the road. Now I know there is no essential connection between Christianity and trousers, and nobody but a fool would think there was, but in that part of the world there is between trousers and freedom. No slave is permitted to wear trousers by the Portuguese, and when my men entered Tete with us they proclaimed themselves free men by their nether garments. My friend had been to Tete before, and upon a trying emergency had received much kindness from a merchant there; for frequently you find in these Portuguese great generosity existing with an utter absence of principle; and to this man's house our steps were directed. We were made welcome, and not having room for us in his own home, he assigned to our use an empty house of which he was the owner.

Tete is situated on the south bank of the Zambezi, and is backed by Mount Caroera, a hill of sandstone, destitute of all vegetation, and about 3,000 feet high. The houses are large, well built, and of stone. The fortifications are contemptible. The soil in the town and about the town is brown and barren of verdure; but cattle were feeding upon the stunted herbage by the river side. The Tete merchants generally come from Goa or are the descendants of Goa men. As a rule they have but little capital, and they make desperate ventures to realize a fortune. Sometimes they succeed, more frequently they fail. One man was pointed out to me who had become an infidel because Providence had not favored his attempts to get rich. For a time all went well with him. Ivory was gained and found a profitable market, slaves were obtained for little and disposed of for much. Then he gathered his strength for a crowning effort, and visions of peace and plenty in Europe delighted him. He ventured all he had in the world, and more, for he borrowed money from his friends. He took with him an army of retainers, and plunged into the interior. For a time all went well with him, but success made him imprudent; he plundered where he might have bought, he seized with violence men, women and children, where he might have had them in barter; and when he was returning laden with spoil, he found his way barred by the hostility of the natives he had made his enemies. In the conflicts which ensued he lost all his booty, his slaves

and retainers were killed or dispersed, and he hardly escaped with his own life. He returned to Tete a ruined man, sick and wounded, and in disgust with Providence renounced Christianity, and with other fools said in his heart, "There is no God."

Tete is a garrison town, and the soldiers were of three classes—natives, Europeans who are convicts, and Europeans of good character. The officers were Europeans, and, for the most part, gentlemen.

There were but two or three European women at Tete—the wife of the governor, and the wives of one or two of the soldiers. The half-caste women were more numerous, and bore a bad reputation.

The governor of Tete was not popular; he was a reformer, and too much of a gentleman for the majority of the inhabitants. He enforced law, and made nefarious practices difficult, and he was hated accordingly. Hatred begets the desire for revenge, and in revenge for being compelled to act justly, one merchant swore he would seduce the governor's daughter, and nearly succeeded in doing so. Altogether, his position was a very unenviable one, for a more reprobate set of desperadoes than the generality of the Tete people it would be difficult to find.

The last incident of my life at Tete it is difficult to forget. We were to commence the return journey on the morrow. I gave my men a goat in order that they might feast with the friends they had made. They feasted in the yard at the back of the house we occupied. I had dined with the governor that night, and on returning to our house found my men in a state of indignation. The cause was this: They had invited a boy who fetched them water to partake of their good cheer. He was the slave of a peddling huckster in the place, who, hearing of what his slave was doing, came to the house and caught him in the act of eating a piece of meat. He seized him by the throat, and nearly strangled him; he beat him about the head and face until he was not recognizable; he threw him down and jumped upon him; and wherefore? Because he had dared to eat animal food. Said he when he went away, after throwing the child apparently lifeless into a corner of the yard: "I told him not to eat meat. He shall not eat meat. Meat makes the creatures proud."

The child revived, and so far recovered during the night as to be able to be removed. And some of my men took him across the river, placed him in hiding, picked him up next day, and brought him on with us; but, being too injured to walk at once, they made a rough kind of palanquin, in which they helped him forward.

The time came for me to leave Africa, and I was again at the mouth of the Zambezi, where a ship was expected to take off any Englishmen who were ready for departure. For weeks I watched for this ship, less anxious for myself than for a friend with me, who was all but dead with fever. The ship came, and my friend's delight when from my shoulders he saw it approach was excessive; but not seeing our signal she sent in no boat, and then his heart was nearly broken as he beheld her sail away again. To give him a chance of life I resolved to take him up the Zambezi again as far as Mazaro, a distance of a hundred miles, and from thence, by way of the Naquiqu river, proceed to Quillimane, where I hoped to find some vessel which would convey us to some port more within hail of English ships than the Zambezi. We had been the guests of Senhor A——. He helped us in every way that he could, and finding that I had no money, forced upon me £30 out of £50 of pay he had just received. I was able to return it before I left Quillimane, and with it letters of introduction to friends, in case he should ever try to leave his wretched life in Africa, and wanted the opportunity to make a fresh and a better start in England. Poor fellow! my hopes for him were not realized, for soon after I left he was removed to Mozambique, where he died.

The general appearance of Quillimane is far from displeasing. The houses are backed or surrounded by gardens, in which are orange and other trees; and groves of cocoa-nut palms judiciously planted give to the whole place that peculiar charm which that tree alone imparts. Yet upon all there seems the spirit of ruin and decay. Everywhere

you see symptoms of that deterioration of character, that indifference to honest, manly pursuits, which is invariably associated with slavery. Of the past of this place, it were scarcely possible to speak; it has had terrible antecedents. Outwardly, however, the present life of Quillimane seems less obnoxious than I had been led to expect. There are several respectable families in the town, and they are sufficiently influential to give tone to the rest. I became acquainted with the priests; they were men of very inferior capacity, and from what I saw of them I had no difficulty in believing with Senhor A——, that virtuous precept from their mouths would be sheer mockery.

A small ship which traded between Quillimane and Mozambique was almost ready for sailing when we arrived. We took passage in her, as at Mozambique it was almost certain that we should soon fall in with one of the British cruisers. We slept on board the night before she sailed, and early in the morning four soldiers, accompanied by a civilian who used an umbrella to shield his person from the rays of the rising sun, brought down a slave to the whipping-post, which was not far from our moorings. After binding him to the post the soldiers, two on and two off, as they tired, beat him with rods made of hippopotamus hide, a single blow from which seems almost sufficient to ruin an ordinary muscle. I counted more than five hundred stripes, and then: "He is dead," was the careless comment of one of the passengers standing beside me. He may have been, I do not know: I dare say he was, for this passenger was doubtless a good judge of such matters; but I do know that as I looked on I thought—what a good thing it would be to send the master (the man with the umbrella) as well as the slave to meet at one and the same moment the consequences of their acts in the regions of eternity. And I felt angry, God forgive me! that I could not take this act of vengeance upon myself.

I came to Mozambique with every disposition to think favorably of it. For twenty days we had knocked about the Mozambique channel in a dirty little ship filled with dirty men, whose minds and habits were as foul as their persons.

I had been compelled to endure bad food and worse accommodation; for having to choose between a pestiferous berth below, in company with men who excited nausea to look at them, and a corner of the deck where I might sleep like a dog in a kennel: I chose the latter. I longed for land, and with it release from my vile imprisonment; and when we sighted Mozambique I rejoiced greatly. Mozambique certainly is the most important monument of the by-gone glory or the Portuguese in Eastern Africa, and as you approach it from the sea it still seems invested with an atmosphere of grandeur. But "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view," for the Portuguese neglected drainage, and it is impossible to regard as beautiful any place or thing from whence proceeds the most abominable odors. There is at Mozambique a semblance of power and an affectation of commercial energy. But considering the advantages of its position, the many years it has been in the possession of the Portuguese, and the monopoly of trade which they have jealously held, the result is most contemptible. The export of slaves being illegal, one source of profit is lost to the people of Mozambique, yet instead of exerting themselves to develop the revenues of the mainland, one of the richest and, might be, most productive districts of this part of Africa, and to the furtherance of a legitimate trade, they scheme to evade the law, to keep up an illicit commerce in human beings, and will risk life and fortune in this not frequently profitable traffic; for it is rarely that a cargo of slaves from Portuguese territory escapes the vigilance of our cruisers. When I was at Mozambique four large Spanish ships were off the coast, nominally for rice, in reality for slaves, which were ready for shipment at various stations; but so closely were they watched by our ships that they not only failed to secure their cargoes, but two of them were seized on suspicion of being slavers, and were condemned as such. I do not venture to tax the Portuguese officials with connivance in these cases, yet I have heard it said repeatedly by men who were avowedly interested in such ventures, that without their connivance the trade would be absolutely impossible; and without the bribes which they receive on such occasions it would be impossible for

them to acquire the wealth with which they are frequently known to retire from office.

We had not been at Mozambique long before a man-of-war came into port, the captain of which received us on board; and never felt I more proud of my nationality than when first I stood on the deck of that ship.

As Mozambique faded from my view I thought what a gain it would be to the cause of humanity if the Portuguese in Africa could be suddenly blotted from existence; even though no other civilized power occupied their places for centuries to come. That they can for long maintain their present position seems very improbable. Since I was there they have lost much territory and prestige. Bonga, a native chief and the son of a man who once sacked Tete but was himself afterward defeated, has improved upon his father's proceedings, and has utterly destroyed Tete and all other Portuguese establishments thereabouts. In vain have troops in great numbers been sent from Europe to recover the position, all attempts to do so have failed, the Portuguese have been again and again ignominiously beaten. They now hold nothing but their places on the coast; but from Quillimane they may be driven any day by the Landeens; and so contemptible are their defenses elsewhere that the crew of a single British man-of-war would be amply sufficient to dislodge them from every other position.

I saw in the papers lately an announcement that the Portuguese were making a road to the diamond diggings from Inhambane, in the hope of drawing trade to that place. The country about Inhambane has great capacity; cotton might be grown there to any extent, and many other things also that are in general demand and fetch high prices; but I trust no Englishman will be deluded by the above announcement to make trial of this Portuguese road, for if they do they will surely repent it. The Portuguese in Africa are not given to road making, or to any other occupation that requires hard work, manly energy, and patient endurance. I have not misrepresented them: as I found them so I have described them; and my description will, I fear, hold good of them wherever in Africa they may be found.

Temple Bar.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GOZLAN.

About half-past seven in the evening, toward the fall of the year 1844, two men were seated at table—Balzac the host, Vidocq the guest.

Said the latter: "M. de Balzac, why do you tax your imagination for fiction when you can get reality, before your eyes, close to your ears, under your hand?"

You believe in reality? I'm delighted. I did not imagine you so innocent. 'Tis only novelists who create reality and make it visible. Whenever any one comes to me with 'Monsieur de Balzac, I've got a splendid subject for you,' I know before hearing it that its worthless. If the subject is good there are no details; if the details are excellent there is no subject. No reality—only half a fact."

"But I can give you one."

"Complete?"

"Complete."

"Ah!"

And Vidocq commenced: "On the 15th of December, 1834 or '35, a fearfully cold night, I was on duty at the Prefecture de police. The room in which my colleagues and myself were stationed opened on to the staircase leading to the offices of Monsieur le Prefet. The glass in the upper part of the door was rendered almost opaque by the condensed moisture which had settled on it; but about about one o'clock I noticed two shadows flit past, and opening the door I saw two women, a lady and her servant, the former dressed in full evening custume. This puzzled me. What could a lady want, one hour after midnight,

with the prefect of police? Strangely dressed too; the flowers in her hair put in at hap-hazard; her hair hardly even looked as if it had been combed, and beneath her rouge (for she had used some, although she was very young and marvelously beautiful) her face was ghastly pale. But what struck me as being the most extraordinary in this strange toilette was that, while on the one foot she wore a black boot, the other was protected by a white satin slipper.

"On my asking what brought her there, the lady, without even stopping or looking round, answered curtly that she wanted to speak to Monsieur le Prefet, and before I was able to reply that he could not be seen at such an hour of the night, the door of the magistrate's apartment opened and the lady entered; it was closed again immediately, and the servant, thus left alone on the staircase, accepted my invitation to come into the room I had just left. Although her dress was not as strange as that of her mistress, she was equally excited, and in the few words she spoke in answer to me I noticed a nervous trembling which was not caused by cold alone. In our profession we are obliged to study and examine well all signs of emotion, that we may not mistake fear for remorse; for if I ever saw fear it was shown by that woman. A dismay so terrible I had never seen before in any one except her mistress; and yet, as the woman was strong-minded, energetic and resolute, it must be a case of the most urgent importance that could affect her in so startling a manner. Her mind was preoccupied, so troubled and uneasy, that she could not remain quiet for two consecutive moments. She started up every few seconds, wiped with her gloved hands a small space clear on the fogged windows, and looked out intently into the street; and then I noticed that her gloves had been drawn on carelessly, as though in a great hurry. I followed her to see what the object of her anxiety was: a private carriage—not a hired one or common cab; no doubt the one in which she and her mistress had come, for it was drawn up close to the door of the Prefecture. Why was she so anxious? Was she afraid the coachman might drive off? or was there some one in it awaiting the result of this nocturnal visit to the chief of police? I could not make it out, and the puzzle became more complicated and interesting when the woman, her eyes intently fixed on the driver, and not knowing how close I was to her, let fall, in a strange and undefinable tone of voice, the exclamation, 'Asleep!' with a convulsive movement of the lip that betokened, not only joy, but dismay—a sense of security, yet also a feeling of danger.

"But let us see what was taking place meantime in the Prefet's apartments. After an exceptionally heavy and fatiguing day's work he had gone to bed at midnight, giving orders that he was not to be awakened till eight o'clock on any pretext whatever; and such orders were never known to be disobeyed. The *huissier*, astonished that both the sentinel and the porter had allowed these two women to enter, desired to know the object of the lady's visit.

"'To see Monsieur le Prefet.'

"'Impossible.'

"The lady stormed, entreated, threatened; but all in vain, till at last, tearing off her pearl necklace and diamond bracelets, she thrust them excitedly into Père Caron's hand, crying:

"'Ten thousand francs—twenty thousand—I don't know, more or less. But now, go!'

"He went; how could he resist? Timorously he set about his task, and at last succeeded; while the magistrate, irritated and savage at being thus disturbed, sprang up in bed with a sudden bound.

"'Scamp! scoundrel!' he stormed. "What were your orders?'

"'A—a—a lady, sir,' stammered the unfortunate *huissier*.

"'Well, even then?'

"'Most urgent and important reasons, sir.'

"'A lady—at this hour and in such weather! Let her go to the devil!'

"'The lady knows Monsieur le Prefet?'

"'Of course—who doesn't? But sufficient: I want to sleep; and the next time you disobey my orders you march. Now go.'

"The *huissier* retired crestfallen; but the lady was not to be discouraged. 'He

must not be allowed to fall asleep again,' she urged. 'Run back at once'——

"'No, madame,' interrupted Pere Caron. 'I should lose my place, and I have a wife and children to support.'

"'Is that all?' cried the lady. 'If you lose your post through me I promise on my honor that you shall have an annuity of two, three, four thousand francs settled on you and your family. Take these, as earnest;' and handing him two thousand francs in notes, she continued, 'Tell Monsieur le Prefet that to-morrow, at the Tuileries, Louis Philippe, King of France, will thank him for what he does for me to-night.'

"The words 'King,' 'Tuileries,' 'four thousand francs annuity,' whirled through Caron's head as he again confronted his master, whose rage this time was almost uncontrollable.

"'What is the woman's name?'

"'She has not told me, monsieur.'

"'Fool that you are! go and ask at once; and if this business be not finished in three minutes you pass the rest of the night in the cells.'

"The lady, however, would not disclose her name, and the *huissier* gave himself up as lost; but the Prefet, struck by this strange persistence of the nameless lady, who dared to promise the King's gratitude, felt that the case must be an extraordinary one, and at last decided to give way.

"'If the lady won't give her name, ask her then to send it under seal,' was the result of his deliberations.

"With a deep-drawn sigh of relief the strange visitor acceded to this request, and inclosed her card in a sealed envelope. The Prefet started up in astonishment when he saw the name, and after a second glance to assure himself that he had read aright he turned to Caron:

"'Show the lady into my private office—quick! and with the greatest deference.'

"It was the Countess Helene de B——, one of the most remarkable women of Louis Philippe's reign, distinguished by her beauty and elevation of mind; one of those women who, rightly or wrongly, were considered to carry in the folds of their dresses the fate of ministries—nay, even war or peace.

"The Prefet, on joining the Countess, attempted to excuse himself, but the lady gave him no time for explanations, for her case was too pressing to allow of formalities. Her voice broken and quivering, she thus addressed him:

"'Sir, I have come to you because—because a dreadful misfortune has happened to me, such as no other woman has ever known—so dreadful you can form no idea. Monsieur, save me! You can—you must,' she gasped with a despairing cry. 'You know that my husband left for Bordeaux a week ago?'

"The magistrate inclined his head, and the lady, after making a great effort to subdue the involuntary tremor in her voice, continued her story:—During his absence she had been visited by a person—a young man—whom she became acquainted with at the Austrian Embassy. Her husband, whose passions would sometimes border on a delirious frenzy, had noted the attentions of this Hungarian officer, who, although she did not encourage him, would continue his visits during her husband's absence, sometimes even late—very late—in the evening. That very night M. de Karls (such was the officer's name) would insist on seeing her home, much against her will, for her husband's return was to be expected every hour; and then occured that fatal *event*. This word let loose the flood of sorrow so long pent up, and the Countess, losing all control over her feelings, buried her face in her hands and sobbed forth passionately:

"'He is my lover—my love; yes, for six months I had been his mistress.'

"This confession placed the magistrate more at his ease. He knew now what was wanted—saw exactly what had happened—at least he thought so: unexpected arrival of the husband, surprise of the lovers, duel already fought or to be fought, and the lady flying to him for his assistance in order to thwart her husband's revenge—or at least to prevent the scandal from becoming known. But he was wrong. Her husband had not even come back, asserted the Countess.

"'Then what is this dreadful misfortune?' asked the Prefet ironically. 'No one wounded—no one killed?'

"'Neither killed nor wounded, do

you say, Monsieur le Prefet? Wounded there is none yet; but dead there are two—first, myself (for I shall never survive this), and then he, who is now in my carriage.'

"'In your carriage?'

"'Yes—M. de Karls; he died two hours ago in my house, and his corpse is now below in my carriage.'

"'At your house?—assassinated?—a corpse?'

"'No, no; not murdered, thank God! He died from a sudden rush of blood to the head while he was with me—with me! Oh! it is horrible, terrible, that I should have to think of my reputation—my honor, my worldly name, of that world that will soon know all, of my husband's honor—when I would be alone with my sorrow, my tears, and the dear one who is dead! But no, that cannot be; and to you I have come for help. You can—you must assist me.'

"'How, madame, how? My resources are not infinite. A case so unparalleled—what can I do?'

"'You must!' cried the countess, rising, and speaking with the authority partly of a powerful and influential woman, partly of one who implores, 'till you have designed some means I do not leave this place. Surely you—of the secret police'——

"'It is impossible, madame, impossible!'

"'In three hours my husband will be here.'

"The Prefet rose and rang the bell. 'There is but one man in Paris, nay, I might say, in the world, who can save you, and I have called him. Will you confide in him?—tell him all?'

"'You answer for his secresy?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then let him come.'

"As soon as I entered the room the Prefet addressed me brusquely: 'Vidocq, a great personage died suddenly, a few hours ago, at madame's house.'

"'Very good, M. le Prefet, we will say he died a sudden death.'

"'Madame's husband is away, but returns to-night.'

"'At what hour?'

"'Any moment.'

"'Then we may as well say he has returned.'

"'Just as well. The body of the young man is below in madame's carriage,' continued the Prefet.

"I waited, listening.

"'Vidocq.'

"'M. le Prefet.'

"'You must get rid of this man for us.'

"'Which one? Husband or lover?'

"'The dead man,' said the Prefet, curtly.

"I understood well enough, but the joke was too much for me. 'Then,' I said, 'that will be a more difficult affair. It's easy enough to get rid of a living man, but a dead one, ah! But let me see; you wish me to spirit away, before daylight, the corpse in Madame la Comtesse de B.'s carriage?'

"The lady started. 'You know me?'

"'I have that honor, madame. Now there is one way of getting rid of this corpse.'

"'And that is?'

"'What do you say, madame, to the body being found in the streets this morning, about three or four o'clock, pierced with several dagger wounds?'

"'Assassinated?'

"'Yes, madame. Three stabs in the stomach and one in the heart; it shall be well done. The body is found; nothing on it, not even watch or rings—murdered by thieves. Great excitement for twenty-four hours; inquest, which will end in nothing, and in a week the whole affair forgotten.'

"'Murdered!'

"'But since he is dead, madame, where is the crime or wrong to stab him?'

"'Enough!' cried the countess, her face buried in her hands; 'enough, monsieur, enough. Horrible, horrible—it can never be—never!'

"I could not understand her; but some people are delicate, you see. What can one do?

"'Then what do you say, madame, to the body disappearing suddenly from the face of the earth, so that even the most rigorous search should fail to recover it? It should never be found.'

"'Never?'

"'Never.'

"'Then there would be no burial?'

"'Burial, madame, burial? Ah! if

madame desires the luxury of a burial, my plan is useless.'

"'But how would you hide it?'

"'That is my business.'

"'Oh! no—I must know.'

"'Believe me, madame, you had better not. Does the surgeon show his saw to the patient whose limb he is going to amputate? Nay, madame, do not seek to control my actions, let me choose my own expedients; what can it matter so long as you are set free? and therefore, madame, tell me if my second offer is accepted.'

"'No.'

"On receiving this sharp and decided answer I took my hat and moved toward the door; but, on seeing this, the countess gave a quick, sudden cry of pain, that made me turn round involuntarily, and in doing so I caught the Prefet's eye. He signed to me to remain.

"'Oh, monsieur!' exclaimed the countess, 'imagine some other means, I conjure you. My life and my honor are in your hands.'

"Had it not been out of respect for my chief, I should have disregarded the lady's scruples altogether, and have caused the body to be thrown in the Seine, with a hundredweight of stones fastened to it. As it was, I saw that I was master of the position, and thus addressed the countess:

"'Madame, if I am to do anything for you, tell me everything that took place to-night or else I can promise nothing. When the disease is mortal you must hide nothing from the surgeon.'

"'Then—if it must be . . . . M. Karls wrung from my weakness yester-evening, permission to stay a few instants with me after the opera.'

"'For the first time since the absence of your husband?' I asked.

"'The first time, monsieur; but why that question?'

"'Because your people will suspect nothing; they will only be astonished.'

"The countess continued: 'The drawing-room was so warm that I was obliged to make Honorine, my maid, open the door of my bed-room so as to equalize the temperature a little. To open the windows was out of the question, for you know how cold it is to-night. What with the heat, the tea, and the conversation, M. Karls became so troubled and excited that he at last asked permission, either to retire or to be allowed to lay aside his coat, for he felt as though he was choking and short of breath. I allowed him to take off his coat, and having done so, he sat down again on the sofa, and began to relate, with greater animation even than before, a ridiculous accident which had happened to an actress while she was before the audience. Suddenly he was silent; I ask him to continue; no answer. I beg, I insist—still the same silence. At first I thought he was asleep, but, on reflection, this sudden transition from noisy hilarity to so deep a slumber appeared so strange to me that I left my seat to look at him more closely. His face was horribly drawn; his eyes thrown up; the corner of his mouth almost touching his ear. He was dead. I screamed and fainted, cutting my forehead against the sofa foot as I fell. Honorine rushed in, and although one of us was dead and the other senseless, she never lost her presence of mind for a moment; with one glance she sees the danger of the position, and never was danger more vast, more real, for my husband was on his way home—between Etampes and Paris—and would be with us in three hours. As soon as she had brought me to my senses, she pushed the sofa close to the window, and covered the corpse with the falling curtain. Something must be done, but what could I do?—everything fell to her. She had often heard me speak of the Prefect of Police, and decided that we must tell him all, without losing a moment, and, profiting by the fact that every one else in the house had gone to bed, carry the corpse between us downstairs, place it in the carriage, and then waken the coachman. While he was harnessing the horses, I must dress myself in evening costume, so that if my husband should arrive at home before us, I might say I had just returned from a soirée. From whose? Honorine decides everything, for I am too bewildered to do aught but look on; but the poor girl had not foreseen the greatest difficulty. Oh, the horrible task! the difficulty, nay almost impossibility, of dressing a body from which all life has fled. It fell, it slipped, it almost floated away. The

arms, stretched out and stiff, refused to pass through the sleeves, and when we forced them in, it was hideous to hear the horrible cracking and snapping of the joints. And the boots! Oh! nothing can be compared with this sacrilegious toilet. And then we had to carry him down-stairs, avoiding the slightest noise lest we should rouse the porter; when we had placed him in the carriage, Honorine went to wake the coachman, and stay with him whilst he put the horses to, lest he should discover our secret, and I—I had my ball costume to attend to. How I did it I know not; I took ribbons, jewels, bracelets, rouge, flowers, anything that came under my hand. What took place afterward I can hardly say. As soon as I heard the noise of the carriage wheels I ran down-stairs, got in with Honorine, and drove here.'

"Such was Madame de B.'s account, told with decision, a calmness and courage, than made my blood run cold—ay! even mine—Vidocq's."

"'Madame,' I said, 'one more word.'

"'More,' she murmured between her teeth, which were closed together with a force that threatened to break them, 'what more can you want?'

"'M. Karl's address.'

"'What, is that necessary?'

"'Indispensable.'

"'She gave it me.

"'Now, madame, in a few minutes I hope to have finished my task successfully.'

"'And how? No stabbing, no dreadful disappearance?'

"'None whatever, since you wish it so. Everything will be done in the most simple manner, your reputation uncompromised, and M. Karl's body treated with as great respect as though it was under his father's roof. In a quarter of an hour the corpse will be in M. Karl's own room, and you, madame, will, in five minutes, be in your own carriage, free from the dreadful burden it now contains.'

"'Ah, monsieur! how can I thank you? How can my gratitude equal the service you do me?'

"She shook me by the hand, as though she would crush it to pieces; it was one of the finest moments of my life.

"Although I spoke with such assurance to the countess, I will not deny that I was not without uneasiness, and intimated to the lady that we had done with the Prefet's private office, and that our next scene of action would be the street.

"Before leaving the room she turned round to the magistrate, and pressing her hand closely to her heart, she bade him trust in her as he would in God. To Père Caron, who was waiting with lights in the ante-chamber, she spoke in passing:

"'You shall not be forgotten, monsieur; all that I have promised shall be done.'

"Descending the grand staircase, I stopped at the door of the room where I had left the servant, who now joined us with the delight of a prisoner set free.

"'Honorine,' said the countess, 'all goes well, but we have yet to finish.'

"'Ah! yes—to finish.'

"While the two went on a little in advance, I called out one of the most intelligent inspectors, and told him, as concisely as I could, what had to be done.

"I had not forgotten the servant's exclamation, 'Asleep!' and told the officer that if the coachman were awake the matter would be more difficult, for the principal object in view was to get the dead body out of the carriage without the coachman knowing what had taken place. But how to do so, if he should be awake?

"'We shall see,' said the officer; 'we shall soon see.'

"'If he does not sleep,' I answered, 'he must sleep.'

"'Of course he must, one way or another.'

"'The devil!' I cried; 'not the other way—no, no.'

"Following the two women, we crept along in the shadows of the houses, when suddenly, as we neared the corner of the street, we were startled by one of the most abominable occurrences that could have happened, although I had foreseen and dreaded it.

"A man was singing a well-known and very popular air. Could it be the coachman? In that case what should we do? The officer proposed to creep up behind the driver, garotte him, and, after pulling him down from the box, pretend to rob him, while the ladies helped me to

get the corpse out of the way. He would then take to his heels, and the coachman would mount his box again without knowing the trick played upon him. But I would not consent to this plan of campaign.

"'Then what will you do?' asked the agent.

"'How can I tell?' I answered; 'first let us see the true state of affairs;' and, moving cautiously forward, glanced round the corner. The driver was fast asleep; the singer being a stranger, who was fast disappearing in the direction of Pont St. Michel.

"While the officer ran back to tell the ladies they might advance, I opened the carriage door, got out the dead body, and placed him at full length in the shadow of the parapet which runs along the Quai des Orfèvres, wedging him firmly with a couple of stones, for the pavement was sloping. He was a magnificent man, six feet or six feet one, at least; fair, elegant—and such clothes, such linen! All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. The two ladies had now arrived, but they could hardly crawl along; they were worn out, and more like shadows than human beings, and could not even get into the carriage without assistance. Such fright, such terror in their downward looks, as they took their places without uttering a sound!

"'Monsieur,' said the countess to me, seizing my arm with a force that left the imprints of her nails; 'you promise me that the body shall not be outraged?'

"'I swore, madame, that in a quarter of an hour M. de Karls should be in his own bed; he will be there.'

"And, bowing to the ladies, I closed the door with a terrific bang, and then jumping upon the wheel, I woke the coachman.

"'You sleepy scoundrel;' I cried, 'can't you hear the ladies? They've been calling out to you to start for more than a quarter of an hour.'

"'All right, all right,' he muttered, gathering up the reins. 'Where to? where to?'

"'Home, of course, you idiot—Rue Bellechasse.'

"The carriage dashed off at full speed, the horses' feet striking fire from the stones in their mad gallop; a few minutes later, and all was quiet.

"Without loss of time I led the inspector to the place where I had put the dead man, and raising him up, we placed his arms within our own, and carried him away as though he was dead drunk; but, although we were both strong men, it was with the greatest difficulty that we could keep from slipping as we made our way to the Pont Neuf. My idea was this. Pont Neuf is a vast thoroughfare, into which all the principal streets empty themselves, and where it is impossible for any one to say with certainty from which part of Paris the wayfarer may have come. From the city—from the Faubourg St. Germain—from the Grève—or from the Faubourg St. Jacques—he cannot say. I further intended to throw off the scent any ulterior search as to where M. de Karls had passed the night; hence my choice of the Pont Neuf. As soon as we arrived opposite the Place Dauphine, I decided to stop and wait for the first passing cab; and any one who knows Paris can easily imagine that we had not to wait long. As soon as we heard the sound of wheels, I told the inspector to imitate the singing of a drunken man, and to do so as well as he could in a German jargon. I had hardly given the order, when he burst forth in splendid style with an Alsatian drinking song, in which I joined heartily as one could wish, and in such a manner that the approaching cabman could not fail to think us both intoxicated. As soon as the cab came within a few yards of us I cried out, 'Here, my man, can you take this gentleman home; we've neither time, nor are we sober enough, to do it ourselves.' Without waiting for an answer, I opened the door and thrust in the dead body, not being very particular, you may imagine, whether he was seated comfortably or not, and banging the door to, gave the driver five francs for his journey, and told him the address: 'Rue St. Florentin, first large house on the right; and look alive.' And he did, whilst we struck up our song again, as two drunken men will when they part from a companion.

"The trick was done.

"When the cabman got to his journey's end he was not at all astonished to

find his fare fast asleep; but experiencing very great difficulty in awakening him, he began to think something must be wrong, and rang the bell fiercely. The door was opened; the porter and his wife came out, recognized M. de Karls at once, although his face was still more drawn and disfigured, and in a few moments the whole household was up, in a dreadful state of dismay and consternation. The driver, examined by M. de Karls' valet, told all he knew—the gentleman was completely drunk when he was put into the cab on Pont Neuf by two other gentlemen hardly less intoxicated, who went off singing as soon as they had put him in; that was all—everything.

"The dead man was carried up-stairs to his room and laid on his bed—so that I had kept my word to the countess; while next day the papers mentioned the unfortunate death M. de Karls, a young man of noble family, who was seized with apoplexy while going home in a cab. What took place on the countess's return home I cannot tell you, for I never heard; but a few days after she was obliged to attend the funeral service in the Madeleine, owing to the count's official relation with the Austrian embassy. What a torture it must have been to her? Obliged to appear calm and indifferent, not daring to weep or to pray, while her whole soul went out in sorrow to the beloved dead.

"She returned home, and never again left her house alive; her sorrow turned to melancholy, then to depressed languor, then came illness, doctors, and lastly, death. She lived in her love—that dead, she died too. *Que voulez-vous?* But she had not forgotten her promises. Caron received secretly a large sum of money; the servant, independent for life, now lives at Villevorde on property of her own; nor was I overlooked—this splendid diamond was my reward, and I would not part with it for millions—no, nor tens of millions—it is riveted to my finger.

"The count left Paris, and, after years of travel in all parts of the world, he retired to Dalmatia, where he had large estates, and settled at last in Trieste. Lonely, melancholy, visiting no one, he had only one pleasure—the opera; music alone seemed to have the power of lightening the burden of sorrow he bore with him wherever he went.

"One evening he heard his wife's name mentioned by a French tourist, who was in the adjoining box; the gentleman was describing to his companions the extraordinary likeness between the prima donna and the countess of B——, a lady formerly well-known in Paris, who, suspected by her husband of being faithless, was poisoned by him, although it was given out that she had died of consumption. He further entered into other details of the most painful description to the count, who at the end of the act knocked at the door of the adjoining *loge*, formally handed his card to the talkative tourist, and bowing low returned to his own place, where he quietly remained till the end of the opera. On the card both time and place were fixed for the morrow, swords being the weapons chosen by the count, whose reputation as a fencer was known both far and wide.

"After wounding his adversary slightly and disarming him two or three times, the count suddenly threw himself, perfectly uncovered, on his opponent's sword, which transfixed his heart. He had wished to commit suicide by another man's hand; and thus my story ends."

After a slight pause, Balzac spoke: "I do not like that finish; it is not equal to the rest; there is something wanting. I should have desired—in fact, if the count knew nothing of the death of M. de Karls, in his house, on his sofa, at the feet of his wife, and he could not know that unless the Prefet, you, or Honorine, had been indiscreet enough to"——

"No, no," protested Vidocq, interrupting; "no one has spoken a word, no one. I tell you to-day because I have a right to do so, since the only persons who could complain are both dead."

"Then," continued Balzac, "this duel, this suicide by the hand of another, as you call it, is not sufficiently justified. Were I to take this domestic drama as the groundwork, and relate it after my own fashion, I would seek, invent, imagine a better conclusion—one more logical and complete. Not that I disagree with the kind of death chosen by the count, which is not only possible, but true, nay very true in its originality; but

still—and I come back again to the old fault—the count knew too little to justify his great despair. So you see, after all, that your story is not complete as you thought—it wants something—and something very important."

"*Dame!*" answered Vidocq, somewhat staggered by Balzac's triumphant manner, "if it is not complete it is not far from it. I did not intend it as a lesson in literature for you; no, my idea, was a more modest one than that, and originated in this manner: on my way here I took a cab, and as I was stepping in I recognized in the coachman the cabman of the Pont Neuf."

"Strange!"

"Not at all; cabmen don't generally get promoted to colonelcies—they die cabmen. The sight of him called forth the old recollections, and I determined to amuse myself by telling you this portion of my life, thinking that perhaps you might be able to turn it to account."

"You say this cabman brought you here?" asked Balzac who had not heard a single word of Vidocq's explanation, "did you take his number?"

"Why should I?"

"You—you great"——

"Great what!"

"Anything you like."

"But why should I take his number? He's at your door, waiting for me."

The man was sent for immediately, and Balzac, in great glee, filled all the glasses within reach. Soon, the clatter of sabots was heard on the stairs, and in another moment the cabman entered. When he had tossed off the drink prepared for him, with the remark that he could not refuse as the day was so thirsty, Vidocq commenced:

"If I am not mistaken, I engaged you the other evening on the Pont Neuf?"

"What other evening?"

"Don't you remember? There were three of us singing."

"Ah! I take up so many of that kind. When was it?"

"About ten or twelve years ago," answered Vidocq.

"You call that the other evening?"

"Well, more or less—we were just opposite the statue of Henry the Fourth, about four o'clock in the morning. Can you remember now?"

"No, that does not tell me anything; that has happened to me a hundred thousand times."

"I gave you five francs for your fare."

"Ah! that doesn't happen so often. Still I can't think—ten years ago!"

"The person who got in went to Rue St. Florentin."

The man started. "Rue St. Florentin!" he cried.

"Yes," continued Vidocq, "a large house—and when you got there you had a surprise; what did you find?

"A dead man!" said the driver, with another start; "is that what you wanted me to say. But was it you who made me that present?"

Vidocq laughed, and the cabman getting angry he quieted him with one of those looks that Martin used to quell his lions with.

"Then," said the coachman, "if it was you, you owe me two francs."

"How's that? I gave you five."

"I don't deny it; but look at the trouble. Besides, it took me more than an hour, and I was engaged by the distance, and not by the hour."

"But why did you not get your money at the house?" asked Vidocq.

"Ah! servants are such thieves; they wouldn't give me a farthing. However, I went to Rue Bellechasse."

"Rue Bellechasse!" cried the astonished listener, whose turn it now was to be startled.

"Yes, to a Countess or Duchess of—confound it, I forget the name."

"And why did you go there? Who told you?"

"Well, you see, I found a little pocket-book in my cab next morning, and it could only have belonged to the dead man."

Vidocq and Balzac exchanged a meaning glance at this revelation.

"What did you find in the pocket-book?" asked Balzac, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"A letter addressed to the Countess, or Duchess, Rue Bellechasse—that was all. Oh! no bank notes, no, no! or I should have returned them. But I wanted my two francs, as I told you, so I went to the hotel, and gave the letter to a gentleman and lady, who were just getting into their carriage. 'Two francs,' I said. The

gentleman with white hair, whose breast was covered with crosses and orders, took the letter and read it. He turned as white as the paper itself, but told the footman to pay me, and so I got the two francs."

"There," cried Balzac triumphantly, "the history is complete now. The letter tells the husband all—that M. de Karls was the wife's lover. The scene in the theater at Trieste proved to him that the world knew it also, and then he determined to kill himself. Yes, the history is complete now."

"No, no, not at all," cried the coachman; "I went three times afterward to Rue Bellechasse to get my money."

"But you had been paid already."

"Ay! but the two-franc piece was a bad one."

Belgravia.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES.

BY J. E. TAYLOR, F. G. S.

ONE is sometimes tempted to put a literal construction on the old-world saying—"There is nothing new under the sun." The chief difference between the ancients and moderns almost seems to lie in the fact that we have better means of carrying out our ideas than they had. It is really surprising what a multitude of old friends may be recognized under still more ancient masks. Ideas which have been filtered through millions of minds, which have dropped through one language into another, have had the time, place and person on which they hung all removed, still remain in substance unchanged. What philologists say of "word-roots"—that they may be recognized in a hundred languages, spite of their metamorphoses—might be applied with equal force to some of the best thoughts and brightest witticisms of modern times. The parallel might be carried further. These "word-roots" stretch back to the primitive Aryan language; and, in like manner, many of our modern ideas can be traced to ancient authors. Among these the Greeks come first. But whether they struck them from their own mint, or literally "spoiled the Egyptians" to obtain them, we cannot tell. Human nature takes a long time to alter; and it is likely enough many of these classic writers were as great plagiarists as ourselves.

Those two modern sciences, comparative philology and comparative mythology, have played sad havoc with the speculations of the last century—those to which all of us are more immediately wedded. We are called upon to put aside the works on the origin of language, and the identity of pagan traditions with scriptural characters and narratives, or must retain them on our shelves for the sake of the good English they still teach us. Amid all the maze of myth, language and religion which so long has perplexed the philosophic mind, we are tracing the thread which will guide us so as to find our way out. Mankind, with its host of languages and religions, its civilizations and barbarisms, seems nevertheless to have had a common legacy of old-world ideas. From grave to gay, from lively to severe—nearly all kinds of modern ideas find their representatives in the literature of antiquity. The most dazzling of our systems of philosophy would have been baseless without those of Aristotle, Socrates and Plato. But we little imagine how much we are indebted to the Greeks for the very tales which for so long have been effectual in setting "the table in a roar." That such is the case, however, any student of out-of-the-way Greek authors who has read Hierocles is well aware.

This classic "Sydney Smith" was the opponent of the Sophists, and did for them exactly what our own *Punch* would have, had his comic lordship then been in existence. The pedantic pride of his sect raised the bile of the cant-hating wit, who accordingly made them the butts of his jokes. Many of these were so good that they have been in existence

ever since. All the circumstances, the auxiliaries, have been changed; but the substance of the jokes has not evaporated. We have decanted this old wine repeatedly; but it has proved none the worse for the process. Strange enough, many of our modern Joe Millers are merely free translations of Hierocles' jokes, although few readers or utterers of the former are aware of it. No tale is anything without a peg to hang upon. This peg our ancient jester found in the Sophists, or *Scholasticus;* we discover it in Irishmen. It is really astonishing what a number of "bulls" we habitually refer to the natives of Hibernia, which were fathered more than two thousand years ago on people who were forgotten long before Irishmen were known. In taking a few commonplace ones, it will be impossible not to perceive their identity. Thus, there is the story of the Irishman who, having narrowly escaped drowning, declared he would not go into the water again until he learned to swim! This dates before the Christian era; as also does the tale of the "gintleman" in distressed circumstances, who decreased the feed of his horse until it came to a straw a day, when, much to the chagrin of its master, "Be jabers, just as he got to do widout food at all, the cratur died!" We have heard this story repeated so often, that we fail to laugh at it. Another "cock-and-bull" tale is that told of an Irishman who had a house to sell, and therefore frequented the market-place with a brick and a chimney-pot as samples of its quality! The ancient Greeks shook their sides at its ludicrousness when *Scholasticus* took the Irishman's place. The coincidence between ancient and modern *bon-mots* may be carried still further. One of the most laughable of the tales told of these classic pedants—who were always popularly represented as making fools of themselves, in spite of their learning—was that in which a member has an adventure with a barber and a bald-headed man. The barber seems to have been fond of practical joking; for during the night he arose and shaved Scholasticus' head to the same condition as that of his sleeping companion! The tale runs on to tell how the philosopher had to get up before the rest to pursue his journey, and, accordingly, was wakened early for the purpose. No sooner was he aroused, than, putting his hand to his head and finding it denuded of its hirsute covering, he declared they had wakened the *wrong man!* Nearly a similar story is told nowadays of an Irishman who, being on the "tramp," practically realized the truth that travelers become acquainted with strange bedfellows. In stopping at a village inn, he found himself obliged to sleep with a negro. During the night some wags blackened his face; and Paddy, having to be called early, rose and went on his way, as usual unmindful of ablution. After he had got some distance on the road—so runs the common story—he accidentally saw his blackened features in some water by the wayside, when he immediately returned, declaring they had wakened the "wrong man after all!" It is impossible not to see the clear connection between these two tales, although upward of twenty centuries elapsed between their telling. Again, who has not heard the story of the two Hibernians who, having twenty miles to walk before they reached London, and being deadbeat, cheered each other by declaring it was "only ten miles a-piece?" There are few of us who have not fallen into the trap of uttering something like this as original. The ancient Greeks, however, told the tale of *four* Sophists; and the joke has passed, on its way to England, through Italy and France. In each country it has been slightly modified, although the same point of wit has always been preserved. Then come one or two other stories of even commoner repetition, such as that of an inquisitive Paddy, who heard that ravens lived two hundred years, and accordingly bought one to try! Alas, this is only another instance of the social tyranny we are in the habit of inflicting upon the sons of the Emerald Isle; for the same tale was told long before the advent of the Christian religion. The narrative of the Irishman who sat down with shut eyes before a mirror, to see how he looked when asleep, is equally antique.

Let us render social justice to Ireland, if we have hitherto found it difficult to administer political. Notwithstanding the erratic tendency to blunder peculiar

to his race, it is hardly fair that modern ridicule should lay all these ancient bulls on Pat's broad and good-tempered back. When we think of the flashes of merriment which these old joks have made across the social and intellectual darkness of the intervening ages, we cannot but be thankful for them. "There is a time to laugh," says the Wise Man, and the world instinctively seizes hold of the opportunity. Jokers and punsters are therefore as necessary to its well-being as individuals of more ambitious talents. Puerile and feeble though many of the witticisms we have mentioned may be, human nature could not afford to let them die. It is too fond of an occasional ray of laughter solemnly to bury what produces it, and therefore has carefully handed it down as a legacy from one generation to another. But there is a dark side to this antiquity of jokes, as well as a bright one. We have not only preserved all the good old wine, and rebottled it in more attractive magnums—we have also received a legacy of unfit beverage along with it. The weak-minded and "fast" young men, who prime each other with tales and narratives unfit for their mothers and sisters to hear, are little aware they are retailing merely the dregs of Aristophanes, Boccaccio, Rabelais, or La Fontaine! All the genuine wit and humor which this morality *in extremis* was lugged in to illustrate has been forgotten or lost sight of, so that the narrators have not even the merit of originality in their lasciviousness!

But not only are many of our jokes, good and bad, as "old as the hills," but our fables are generally still more so. This is a fact in literature so well known generally as to require little proof in these pages. Æsop's fables will live as long as the world endures. The poets and writers of most European countries have gained another reputation, either by translating or paraphrasing them, to say nothing about their having served as models for similar and original attempts. In England, our own Gay transposed them in smooth native verse for the use of his royal pupils. In France, La Fontaine translated them in his own sparkling champagny manner. Indeed, there are few fables in any civilized country which cannot be more or less traced to the ancient Greeks. This was a method of teaching morality very popular among them. Among those fables which undoubtedly have an outside origin may be mentioned that of Reynard the Fox. This has perhaps a greater antiquity than any in Æsop, although there is reason to suppose that many of his had floated as illustrations in popular folk-lore, before he fixed them as part of Greek classic literature. That just mentioned can be easily followed in European literature to the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, when it is lost sight of. But far beyond this period it had an immense Scandinavian antiquity. It has also been recently found among the South African Kaffres, with whom it has been naturalized for untold ages. So great was the popular influence of this fable in France at one time, that it changed the common name of the fox (*vulpes*) into that of *renard*, which it still holds as proof of its former hold on the national mind.

This antique and, geographically speaking, widespread existence of certain fables or allegorical morals naturally leads me to the consideration of those old-world stories which have laid a common basis of tradition and legend in most European countries. There is something more important than the indulgence of mere curiosity in this investigation, interesting though that engagement may be. The scattered incongruous myths and legends which most civilized nations have in common give us a glimpse of the former unity which bound races together before their pre-historic migrations. The "whence and whither" of nations speaking a hundred different languages are frequently better indicated by their half-forgotten and much changed traditions than from their physiological resemblances. I have no hesitation in affirming that the roots of many popular beliefs and legends extend backward to the palæolithic age, when savage man was compared to the wooly-haired mammoth and rhinoceros. Singularly enough, what comparative philology, in the hands of Max Müller and others, has so plainly indicated—viz.: the origin of all European and Asiatic peoples from a common Aryan source—is more or less borne out by the still younger science of comparative mythology. The latter takes

these obscure myths, compares and collates them, and out of seeming chaos brings forth unity of origin. The commonest differences in these family traditions are just those we might expect from our knowledge of the geographical distribution of animals and plants. These *incidentalia* naturally change in the tradition with the fauna and flora of the places where they are mentioned—modified much after the fashion that English colonists gave the names of "dog," "bear," etc., to the marsupial animals of Australia most resembling these well-known creatures.

How such a metamorphosis could be effected we have an illustration in the early history of Christianity. Milton, in his poem on the "Nativity," represents the pagan deities as fleeing before the introduction of Christian personages. But, as Lecky has shown in his *History of European Morals*, the opposite was probably the policy of the early teachers of the new religion. Paganism, with its gods and goddesses of the mountains, woods and streams, had taken too deep hold of the popular imagination to be loosened by any mere didactic teaching. And so these fabulous beings were represented as evil spirits, now to be dreaded and shunned. The popular idea of the Satanic appearance, with its horns, hoofs, and tail, still exists, and bears undoubted traces of its origin from Pan. The fables which had grown around the pagan deities were Christianized, or excelled by the supposed miracles of saintly anchorites. Many of the old classic myths in this way became dressed in Christian garb, and as such swell our hagiology. From our old church and cathedral windows they look down upon us, and their symbols figure on ecclesiastical screens. No wonder, therefore, they should have taken such deep root in the mediæval mind, seeing they were perpetually before it, and always associated with its most solemn duties and engagements.

The ancient Romans undoubtedly borrowed from the Greeks to enrich their mythology, and the latter from the still more ancient Egyptians. Whence this "pyramid-building people" obtained them we can only guess from the identity of some of their myths with those of the Hindoos. In many cases, from the latter to the Roman Catholicism of the sixteenth century we have an unbroken, although greatly modified, sequence of legend. The close resemblance, amounting frequently to identity, of Scandinavain and Keltic myths to those of ancient Hindostan, is a wonderful instance given by comparative mythology to the science of language and ethnology. It requires little logical perception to see there must have been some connection between peoples so far removed in time and space as the ancient Druids of Britain and the modern Javanese, as the following will show: The inhabitants of Java have a superstitious reverence for the *Ficus religiosa*—which tree receives its name on that account—because there grows upon it a species of mistletoe! With our own pagan ancestors it was the oak which received semi-worship on that account.

A French geologist has lately thrown out the idea that the huge fossil bones found so abundantly in the miocene beds of Pikermi, near Athens, may have influenced popular belief in the tradition of the Titans warring against Zeus, and others of a similar kind. And it has frequently struck the writer that the tradition of a deluge, certainly more or less believed in by every distinct nation or race, may have resulted in the dim antiquity of man, from the forced migration of the palæolithic men, when the period known as the glacial drove all mammalian life from the northern continents, and forced it to retreat to southern latitudes. The whole of Europe was then gradually submerged beneath a wintry sea, and it is an incontestible fact that land animals and plants had the only option of migration. If man were then in existence (and there is ample reason to believe he was), he would have been forced by circumstances to a similar result, and thus the hazy tradition of a mighty deluge, modified as the narrative is by every nation, would be common to all subsequent races.

The origin of myths, and their relative antiquity and meaning, has been popularly treated by the Rev. Baring-Gould in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*. With great learning and research, that author has shown, in a style at once clear and attractive, the connection of many

modern legends with those of antiquity. Who, for instance, would ever dream of finding the original of St. George and the Dragon in the Greek myth of Apollo and Python, or Perseus and the sea monster? This the Greeks doubtless borrowed from the Phenecians, and the latter, possibly, from India, in whose most ancient literature we find it enshrined. The myth of the Wandering Jew—now so well known to us all from Dore's magnificent illustrations of this weird subject—was in the middle ages applied to a hypothetical Jew who refused to allow the Saviour to halt at his threshold as He was bearing the cross. But the groundwork of this legend is considerably older than the Christian era. The story of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus has both an oriental and Scandinavian source. The idea of a miraculous sleep is not limited to these mythical individuals, but extends to Charlemagne, Thomas of Ercildoune (see old ballad), and Frederick Barbarossa. We find it shadowed forth in the traditions of the North American Indians, and it was common property, ten centuries ago, to every country in Europe. Even the symbol of the cross—properly deemed so peculiarly characteristic of the Christian era—has an antiquity extending for centuries beyond the date when it was supposed to have originated. We find it connected with Hindoo mythological figures, and even engraved among Assyrian hieroglyphics. It was an ornament or symbol among the Etruscans, and has been met with even among the Mexican antiquities of Central America. Both among the Romans and Greeks it was well known, and the writer has seen it on British pottery considerably older than the Christian era. Singularly enough, there were varieties of the cross-symbol in ancient times, just as we have them at present.

The sacred sign throws its protecting shadow backward as well as forward, as though it would shelter and protect all the races of mankind. The legend of the Piper of Hamelin is now well-known to all English readers from Robert Browning's poem. But its basis is founded in very ancient myths, each of them having for its theme the power of music over the animate creation. We have the body of the story in the legend of Orpheus and his descent into hell.

But the most curious deduction from the spirit of these ancient myths is that made by the Rev. Baring-Gould, who detects the old Druidic theory of the soul's departure being accompanied by unearthly music, in the hymns of many of the English dissenting sects. Referring to that of the late Dr. Faber, beginning:

> "Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
> O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore,"

he expresses his decided opinion that the idea is undoubtedly founded on this ancient superstition. He continues this explanation in his article on the "Fortunate Islands;" wherein, referring to the Keltic idea of the souls of the departed passing across an unknown sea—an idea we have, by the way, in the classic fable of Charon's boat—he quotes this as an illustration of the hold which ancient mythological doctrines relative to death still have upon the people, and shows how it is engrafted on popular religion on such hyms as—

> "Shall we meet beyond the river,
> Where the surges cease to roll?"

I cannot forbear quoting the passage which treats on this singular and unlooked-for relationship between ancient and modern religious idea. "A careful study of these sources will, I am satisfied, lead to the discovery, that under the name of Methodism we have the old Druidic religion still alive, energetic, and possibly more vigorous than it was when it exercised a spiritual supremacy over the whole of Britain. With the loss of the British tongue, much of the old terminology has died out, and a series of adaptations to Christianity has taken place without radically affecting the system."

Further, Mr. Gould tells us that it is a fair subject for inquiry whether the popular iconography of the angel-hosts is not indebted to ancient tradition for its most striking features. Another heathen myth is "embodied in the tenet that the souls of the departed become angels. In Judaic and Christian doctrines, the angelic creation is distinct from that of human beings. According to Druidic dogma, the souls of the dead were guardians to the living; a belief shared with the an-

cient Indians. Thus the hymn, "I want to be an angel, etc.," so common in dissenting schools, is founded on the venerable Aryan myth, and therefore of exceeding interest, but Christian it is not." The very basis of so-called "spiritualism," therefore, lies not in a Christian, but in the old Druidic dogmas. Truly there is "nothing new under the sun."

The oft-repeated, and still much believed in, stories of mermen and mermaids are as old as the days of the Philistines, whose god Dagon, represented as falling to pieces before the ark of the Lord, was symbolically represented as half-fish, half-man. The same idea is expressed on Assyrian and Hindoo sculpture. Many old tales, which have been reduced to the level of nursery rhymes, have an antiquity even greater than this notion. In the youth of the world, when the poetic spirit was strong upon it (if Lord Macaulay's theory be true), the only way in which natural phenomena could be popularly expressed and understood would be in trope and allegory. We have a remnant of this personification even now, in our masculine and feminine gender for the sun and moon. Most of the old myths resolve themselves into physical explanations of natural phenomena. Afterward they became crystallized apart from the subjects to which they primarily referred, or were sublimed into the regions of tradition. And lastly, when inquiry and experience had put many relations on a better-known footing, we should have these very legends and stories exiled to a separate condition of their own, still to be drawn upon, however, as one means of awing the vulgar crowd.

Macmillan's Magazine.

A BENGALI HISTORICAL NOVEL.*

BY PROFESSOR COWELL.

INDIA is the native land of fiction. Half the popular stories of mediæval Europe can be traced to ancient Sanskrit sources, whence they filtered by a hundred hidden channels into the popular literature of the West. But with us these ancient stories have been eclipsed by our modern works of genius, or, if they ever and anon reappear, they have been so transmuted by modern ideas that the old substance can hardly be recognized under its present forms; but in India the case has been far different. The old legendi have there retained their hold on the popular imagination, and every new effort of fiction to win a sympathetic audience must reproduce the old favorites. Every story must begin with its childless king, who at last, by some vow, obtains a peerless son; every princess must choose her husband from some concourse of suitors at a *swayamvara;* and every tale must be full of the magic metamorphoses which so naturally arise from the universal belief in transmigration. It is only within a very few years that Hindu authors, especially in Bengal, have begun to look beyond this limited range of subjects, and to exchange the mythic region of fable and romance for the deeper interest of actual life and history. Some years ago a Bengali poet produced some popular poems, which treated of stirring incidents from the romantic history of the Rajputs; and similarly we have now before us an historical prose romance, by a Bengali author, which, rejecting all the mythological times, has fixed its scene in the days of the great Emperor Akbar, and without a single marvel of magic or metempsychosis, seeks its sole interest in human passion and life's daily struggles with adverse circumstances. The book has already reached its fourth edition, and we may therefore fairly consider it as the successful inaugurator of a new kind of literature in Bengal.

There is also another interest in the book, as being a visible result of our English system of education in India.

* "Durgesanandini; or, The Fortress-chieftain's Daughter." By Bankim Chandra Chattaji. Catcutta, 1871.

Cynical critics have long complained that our Calcutta system of education only produced clever automatons "books in *chuddars*" used to be the favorite phrase—who produced in the examinations a great amount of ill-digested information, but were utterly unable to originate an idea of their own. The present work, as well as several others, may well refute these assertions. Its author was one of the first two Bachelors of Arts produced by the Calcutta University. He was educated at the Presidency College, and took his degree in 1858. He has since written several novels in Bengali; but the one which we have taken as our subject is the most successful with his countrymen; and we think it is well worthy some notice in England, as the first attempt to transplant into India our own historical novel.

Its subject is thoroughly characteristic. We can trace occasionally the marks of Western influence—its author has evidently read Cooper and Scott; but he is no mere copyist; the scenery and the persons are Indian, and hence, no doubt, the popularity which his books have attained. He has naturally placed the epoch of his story in the the times of Akbar, for no ruler of India has ever left so deep a mark on the Hindu mind. The present writer well remembers the bells of his native town ringing to celebrate the queen's accession in 1837, and he was astonished as a child to hear an illiterate countryman express a hope that the new queen might be as good as "Queen Bess:" the speaker knew nothing of the glories of her reign, but the name had come down to him as a treasured symbol from his fathers. It is just the same with Akbar Shah in India: most of those who utter the name may know nothing of the details of his history, but the name itself lingers on every mouth,

"Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters."

Akbar was the only Moghul ruler who conceived the broad idea of universal all-ligious toleration, and desired to unite ing'ndus and Mohammedans into one great very anunity. The attitude of the Rajput for its t during his reign is the strongest animat of the success of his policy. He .ually converted them from his bitterest enemies to his firmest friends, and Rajputs were found among the bravest leaders of his armies and the most successful administrators of his civil government. The most famous of these Rajput chiefs was Man Singh, the Rajah of Jeipur. His sister was married to the emperor's eldest son, who afterward succeeded to the throne as the Sultan Jehangir; and we find him employed during nearly all the great wars of Akbar's reign. His name is especially associated with the conquest of the Pathans or Afghans, who had long held Bengal and Orissa; and it is this episode which furnishes the groundwork of our Hindu novel.

The Pathans had held Bengal for more than two centuries, but the gradual consolidation of the Moghul empire under Akbar had begun to narrow their power. Daud, their leader, had in vain endeavored to withstand the gradual advance of the imperial forces; after several battles he fell at Rajmahal in 1576, and Bengal and Behar were annexed to the Empire of Delhi. But the southern province of Orissa was still held, and the Pathans kept up from thence a desultory warfare, which was aided by the frequent revolts of Akbar's own officers in the conquered districts, who had seized on the fiefs of the Pathan nobles and tried to hold their prey against the demands of the court. At last, Rajah Man Singh was summoned from his government at Cabul, and sent to Bengal to settle the province.* He arrived in the year 1588, and our story opens with his encampment at Jahanabad, a village some fifty miles north-west of the old swamp where now stands Calcutta, the city of palaces. The Pathans, under their leader, Katlu Khan, had made an invasion from Orissa, and had seized Midnapur, the well-known town on the road from Calcutta to Cuttack. Man Singh had dispatched his son, Jagat Singh, to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and the story begins with the young hero's return.

The first chapter opens with Jagat

* Our author says, with pardonable pride, "The Emperor's Viceroy, Azim Khan, and after him Shah Baz Khan, in vain tried to recover the province. At length a Hindu warrior was sent to accomplish what baffled every effort."

Singh riding alone in a waste tract of country between Jahanabad and Bishnupur, where he has hurried on in advance of his little party. A sudden storm, as evening approaches, drives him to seek shelter in a deserted temple of Siva. After some delay at the entrance, he at length forces his way within, and finds that a young lady and her attendant Bimala have previously taken shelter there. The storm has surprised them as they were traveling home in their palankins; their bearers have fled to the neighboring village, and they are left alone in the temple. The Rajput soon sets them at their ease by his gallant bearing; the storm ceases, and the fair strangers depart as their truant bearers return; but Jagat Singh obtains a promise from Bimala that she will meet him that day fortnight at the same hour and place, when she is to tell him the name of her companion.

The young lady is Tilottama, the only daughter of a Hindu chief, Birendra Singh, who holds the neighboring castle of Gar Mandaran. She was his daughter by a former wife, and he had since married Bimala, who was the daughter of a Brahman named Abhiram Swami; but on his discovering that her mother was of the lowest or Sudra caste, he had only consented to keep her in his house on condition that she was to attend his young child as a servant, and never breathe a word as to the real nature of their connection. Bimala accepts her fate with silent resignation, and finds her comfort in the care of Tilottama, who grows up with the fondest affection for her nurse, though she never for a moment suspects that she is her stepmother.

The fortnight passes, but not wholly without incidents. Katlu Khan summons Birendra Singh to join his standard against the Moghul invaders, and the chieftain is sorely tempted to comply with the demand, as he has a private quarrel with Man Singh; but he is persuaded by his councilor, Abhiram Swami, to smother his resentment, and join the imperial forces. The Brahman is an astrologer, and he warns him that the stars foretell an approaching misfortune from the Moghuls to his daughter, and he advises him to lose no time in taking their side.

Tilottama is no uneducated maiden, like the generality of Hindu women. Perhaps the author has somewhat drawn his picture from imagination, or rather from the earlier state of his country-women before the Mohammedan conquest taught the Hindus to adopt the seclusion of the harem from their conquerors. In the mediæval stories of India, before the Mohammedan invasion, women of rank appear in public, and in their own habitations they are not subject to any of those restraints which are so universal in modern times; and they are represented as fitted by education to be the companions and not merely the playthings of their husbands. And even among the Mohammedans female accomplishments were not wholly unknown. Nur Jehan, the famous queen of Sultan Jehangir, is said to have won her husband's heart by her facility in composing extempore poetry as much as by her beauty;* and Zib-ul-Nisa, , the daughter of the Emperor Aurangzib, is one of India's well-known poets, and her odes under the assumed name of Makhfi, or "the concealed one," were lithographed only a few years ago at Lucknow. In the same way Tilottama had been taught by the Brahman Abhiram to read Sanskrit, and we find her in her boudoir busy over the famous romance of Kadambarf, which in its Bengali translation is now one of the most favorite books in Bengal.

At the end of the fortnight Bimala determines to fulfill her promise of meeting the Rajput prince once more in the temple of Siva. She has seen that her stepchild's heart has been touched, and she resolves to do all she can to aid her in her love. In her perplexity she consults her father, Abhiram Swami, as to her wisest course, but he opposes her with all a Brahman's vehemence; Man Singh's family is, in his eyes, irrevocably disgraced by the marriage of one of its princesses into the reigning house of Delhi, and he sternly protests against any attempt to bring about an alliance between Tilottama and one of the degraded

*She is said one day to have appeased the Sultan's anger by the following extempore distich:
"If your imperial pleasure be to slay so mean a victim, I
With my whole heart say 'smite,'—but stay, will not your sword be stained thereby?"

race. "Shall Jagat Singh," he said, "marry a daughter of Birendra Singh?" "Why not?" answered Bimala, mistaking his meaning, and supposing that he thought she was too inferior to the great Rajput family to aspire to an alliance with it: "why not? what fault is their in her family? Her ancestors also belonging to the great race of Yadu!" "Her ancestors!" exclaimed the Brahman; "shall a daughter of the race of Yadu become the daughter-in-law of a Musalman's brother-in-law?"*

Bimala takes with her as her guard in her solitary walk to the temple a half-crazy pupil of the Brahman's, who acts as the fool of the novel. Bengalis have a great deal of humor, and this conceited pedant's extavagances afford no little amusement to Hindu readers, but such scenes seldom bear transplanting into another language. She sends her servant to fetch him, who finds him eating his meal of boiled rice, and slily makes him break the rule of silence which a Brahman should observe in eating his food. At length, however, he is persuaded to accompany her mistress, and the two set out on their lonely journey by moonlight. As they approach the rendezvous Bimala determines to get rid of her companion, as his presence would be inconvenient at the meeting; she easily frightens him by a ghost story, and he hurries off without even a word of farewell. She then enters the temple and finds the Rajput already there. He is very anxious to learn the name of her young companion, but when he hears that she is the daughter of his father's enemy, he begins to despair. He prays, however, for one more interview, and and accordingly he and Bimala return together to the castle. As they return, Bimala is confirmed in a suspicion which had crossed her in her previous walk, that they were watched; she fancies she hears sounds of footsteps under the trees, and catches glimpses of moving figures between the boughs in the moonlight. At length they reach the castle; and, contrary to her expectations, she contrives a meeting between the lovers. Unfortunately she leaves the postern doors open, and the party are suddenly surprised by a band of Katlu Khan's soldiers, who force their way into the fort and overpower the defenders. The attack is described with considerable spirit. The assailing party is commanded by Osman Kahn, a Pathan officer, who had been sent to punish the chieftain of the fort for refusing his alliance against Man Singh.

Katlu Khan himself soon arrives, and takes charge of the prisoners. Birendra, Tilottama's father, is put to death; but the Khan has the wounded Rajput prince carefully tended in his own house, as he hopes by his meditation to secure advantageous terms of peace with Man Singh; when, however, he finds these hopes of his disappointed, he has him transferred to a dungeon and treated as a common prisoner. Tilottama is placed in the Nawab's zenana, but Bimala has a parting interview with her husband before his death, when a final

*It is well known that the Moghul emperors married several Rajput princesses, but our historians have been too ready to assume that the Rajput family pride was wholly satisfied with the alliance. Thus Elphinstone says that "the connection was on a footing of so much equality that, from being looked on with repugnance as a loss of caste, it soon came to be counted as an honorable alliance with the family of the sovereign." But in Kaye's "Life of Lord Metcalfe," vol. i. p. 416, we have an interesting letter written by Metcalfe from Delhi, in reply to an inquiry from England, in reference to these matrimoial connections between the Moghul princes and the daughters of the Rajput Rajahs. "I received your letter," he writes, "a few minutes before a visit from the Jodpur wakil, a most respectable and well-informed old man; and I availed myself of the opportunity to apply to him for a solution of the question. He says that it was first proposed to the Rajput Rajahs to form a connection with the imperial family by taking in marriage imperial princesses, but that this proposal was rejected, as such a communication would have polluted the blood of the Rajahs' and would have been utter abomination for ever; that they were glad to effect their escape from so alarming a danger by sacrificing their own daughters, who were considered as dead from the time of their connection with the emperors; that after ice had been once broken by the formation of a connection of this kind, it came to be considered a custom, and ceased to be objectionable; that a connection with the emperors was thought to be desirable for political purposes, and that the rivalship of the Rajahs of Jeipur and Jodpur made both occasionally press forward with their daughters, each being jealous when such a connection was formed by the other; nevertheless, that the daughters were considered as dead and gone, though their posthumous influence was an object of desire to their fathers."

reconciliation takes place, and she vows to avenge him.

There is a very amusing scene when Jagat Singh, just before his removal to his cell, has an interview with Abhiram Swami's crazy pupil. Bidya-diggaj, "the world-supporting elephant of knowledge," is his uphadi or honorary title; but the poor fellow has been frightened into embracing Mohammedanism, and he now swears by the Kuran instead of the Shasters, and wishes to be considered a "Mochhalman" and to be called Shekh! Through him he hears of Tilottama's threatened fate, as if it were already accomplished and she had voluntarily welcomed her disgrace.

Bimala in the meantime finds a friend in Osman. She had saved his life when a child, and he now promises to save her; and he accordingly gives free passage through the guards round the palace. She is to use it on the night of the tyrant's birthday, which he is to celebrate by a wild revel. The ring will only pass one through the guards, and Bimala resolves to save her step-child. She herself remains behind to accomplish her own purpose of revenge, and Tilottama is to personate her and so regain her liberty.

Tilottama obeys her step-mother's instructions, and assumes her disguise; and as all the guards are engaged in revelry, she has no difficulty in treading her way through the various apartments of the palace, until she reaches the appointed door. There she finds a soldier for her by Osman's orders, who, on her showing him the ring, offers to conduct her where she pleases. In her agitation and utter uncertainty as to her lover's fate, she asks to be conducted to his cell. The soldier of course at first hesitates, and the prisoner's guards, when he explains her wish to them, are still more reluctant, but Osman's ring at last overcomes every obstacle, and the door is thrown open, and Tilottama finds herself in his presence. He was lying dressed on a common prisoner's bed, when he was suddenly aroused by the opening of the door.

"At first when he saw her he did not recognize her. He was only astonished to see a woman enter his cell. He was still more astonished to see the stranger approach no nearer, but remain with her face bent downward, leaning against the wall. He sprang from his bed, advanced toward the door, and looked—it was Tilottama! For a moment their eyes met; but at that very instant her glance dropped to the ground, and her limbs slightly moved as if she were about to fall at his feet. The Rajput a little drew back, and in an instant her limbs became rigid as by a spell. The blossom of her heart which had opened for a moment began at once to dry up and contract. He coldly exclaimed, 'How! Birendra Singh's daughter?' The words pierced her like an arrow—what meant this address? Had he forgotten her very name? Both remained silent for a while, until he again asked, 'For what purpose have you come here?' What a question! her head became giddy; the room, the bed, the lamp, the wall all began to swim before her; she seized hold of the wall to support herself. The Rajput waited for an answer, but what answer could she give? At last he said, 'You are distressed,—go back whence you came, and forget all the past.'

"Tilottama no longer felt giddy. Like a creeper fallen from the tree, she dropped senseless on the floor."

Jagat Singh had heard that she had been taken into the zenana, and all his Rajput pride had been roused; hence he had vowed to tear her image and memory from his mind. He now consults with the soldier who had brought her, as to what had best be done; and they finally agree to send a message to 'Ayesha, the daughter of Nawab Katlu Khan. Her character is the best drawn in the book. She had nursed Jagat Singh while he lay dangerously wounded in her father's house, and her heart had been insensibly interested in the young Rajput hero. She comes when summoned, and makes her appearance in the cell with her attendant, and soon restores Tilottama to consciousness. But all hope or power of escape is over for the present, and she is sent back to 'Ayesha's room, who, however, promises to protect her and to seize the first opportunity of sending her away.

"The female attendant left the room with her. Jagat Singh thought to himself, 'Is it thus that we have met again?' and he heaved a deep sigh and remained silent. As long as Tilottama could be

seen through the doorway, he kept his eyes fixed in that direction.

"Tilottama also thought, 'Is it thus that we have met?' but as long as she was in sight she did not look back. When she turned and looked, he was no more to be seen."

'Ayesha remains behind for a few minutes to offer the Rajput his liberty. She urges him to escape while there is time, as she fears for his life from her father's anger. But he refuses to risk her safety; he feels that he already owes his life to her care, and he peremptorily rejects every plan of escape which would involve her honor or life. Our readers will see that some of the traits of 'Ayesha are drawn from Scott's Rebecca, but it is far from being a mere servile copy.

Bimala in the meantime assassinates the tyrant in the midst of his drunken revel; and of course this entirely changes the aspect of things. 'Ayesha sends off Tilottama to the appointed spot where the Brahman Abhiram was waiting for her. Jagat Singh is released from prison, and soon proceeds to his father's camp to effect a peace between the two armies.*

For some time his Rajput pride repels the thought of Tilottama, but eventually it gradually yields to the softening influence of her memory: and the story ends happily, as indeed, by a rule of Hindu rhetoric, all romances ought to do.

*Compare Elphinstone's "History of India," p. 511.

We have not said much of 'Ayesha, though, like Rebecca, she naturally interests the reader most. Her figure is the last seen in the book, and we extract the striking scene with which the story closes.

She gives to Tilottama at her marriage a casket of jewels, just as Rebecca did to Rowena, and she then returns home.

"It was night when 'Ayesha returned to her house. She stood at her chamber window in the cool evening breeze. Countless stars were shining in the dark sky, and the leaves of the trees were heard rustling in the darkness as the wind stirred them. The owl uttered his cry from the top of the tower, and beneath where she stood the moat reflected the image of the sky. She thought for some time, and at last drew off a ring from her hand. In that ring there was poison. She thought to herself, "If I drink this little draught, I shall have quenched all my thirst; but then again she thought, 'Did God send me into the world for such a deed as this?' If I had not power to bear this sorrow, why did I accept at the first to be born as a woman? And what, too, would Jagat Singh say if he heard of it?' She replaced the ring on her finger, but she soon afterward again drew it off. She thought to herself, 'It is not for a woman to keep this temptation near her; it is better to throw the tempter away.' So saying 'Ayesha dropped the poison-ring into the moat."

Dark Blue.

MY COUSIN JAMES.

BY E. LINN LINTON.

I DARE SAY I was cross to them at home. I can understand it now on looking back, though at the time I suffered quite as much as they did from the terrible want of harmony between us. But how could I help it?" There was I a tall, strong, healthy girl, full of life and energy, longing for something to do, yearning for the right to feel, the power to *live;* and there were they—my father, a confirmed invalid; my mother a nervous woman whom I never remember in a good temper, and who found even our quiet life so full of pains and troubles and anxieties she used to sit down and cry over them, when she did not scold; my sister Nora, twelve years older than myself, nearly as delicate as my father and quite as nervous as my mother, besides holding it as a canon of faith immutable that to be lady-like a woman ought never to show feeling or energy, or any form of excitement—that, in fact, she ought to be as wooden as a doll, and

about as lifeless; so it is easy to understand what a dreadful creature I must have seemed to them all, and how unsuited we were mutually to each other.

I stood five feet six, was strong armed, and largely built altogether; more like a boy than a girl in my tastes, delighting in dogs and horses; and boating and crag climbing (we lived among the dear old mountains), and utterly unable to sit in the house like other women for a quiet afternoon's embroidering strips of muslin or reading trashy novels, which were the chief pleasures of my mother and Nora. They scarcely ever went out, even in the summer; and always had the blinds down, and the windows closed. They used to shudder at me when I came into their neat, twilight drawing-room, bringing great clumps of snow on my boots, or patches of mud, or bits of hay or straw, or bark according to the season; and when they heard my step come striding through the hall, they used to sigh plaintively; and I have often heard them say, in their injured tones: "Here comes Ida again; she walks just like a man!"

I dare say I did. But they did not know, and would not see, how often I used to try and walk gently, and take little short steps, like Nora. To be sure, I could never keep it up, and was forced to go back to the old swift strides natural to me. But I tried; which was something in my favor, if they would but acknowledge it.

I often thought in those days that I could not be papa's or mamma's child, I was so utterly unlike them, and unlike Nora too. Papa and Nora were both small and dark; mamma was fatter and larger than either, and fairer even than I, for her hair was pure flaxen and mine is nearly red—a dash more and it would have been really red hair—as it is, I believe it is auburn; but I was as unlike mamma as I was unlike the others. And if papa had not had a brother, to whom he said I bore the most wonderful likeness—a brother who had gone out to California when he was quite young, and had never come back again—I think they, too, would have believed that I had been changed at nurse, and that I was a stranger to their blood as I was to their sympathies. As it was, the Californian brother saved my dear old Mary's credit; but certainly he did not make my parents any the better satisfied with their unlikely daughter.

So I lived till I was seventeen, practically without any control or education, but always in disgrace, always trying to win ther favor but never succeeding because I never knew when I offended; wondering why I was such a black sheep among them, and trying to feel that I was naughty and abominable, and that I deserved their displeasure; but somehow I never could get quite to it. I knew that I wished to please them, but as my strength and health and size were my offenses, it is not difficult to understand why I did not attain my wish. "You are so big, Ida!" they used to say reproachfully; and oh, dear me! how many tears my large, thick boots, and my gloves at seven and a quarter, have cost me; how many tears my appetite! Yet I really could not eat less than I did; and I was always hungry as it was, for they used to give me such little bits I was ashamed to ask so often for more. They were all more or less invalids, and as they never went out, or took any exercise, of course they eat like birds; but I was always in the open air doing something that gave me an appetite; and besides, I was growing fast, and I had superb health, so naturally I did eat an enormous quantity compared with them; and that used to vex them. In fact, my whole manner of being, the person that I was, used to vex them, and there was no remedy for it anyhow.

When I was seventeen the first great change came to our quiet household. Nora married. I was thunderstruck when she told me, which she did only a week before. I was a great goose, I fear, for though I was dimly conscious of something going on in the household, I had not an idea what it was; and as I had been accustomed to be shut out from all family confidences, and taught not to ask questions, I had not troubled myself much with what did not concern me. I thought Nora was joking when she told me. She had always declared she never would marry, and I had believed her. And then she was so prim and staid, and to my insolence of youth she seemed so infinitely old—nine-and-twenty; and

she looked forty. It was incredible to me, look how it would. However, I soon found it true enough; she married; and of all men in the world, the one I most hated, the Reverend Alexander Tagart—a pale, thin-lipped, austere man of about fifty, whose whole code of righteousness lay in the denial of everything natural and healthy. He and I had never got on well together, the antagonism between us having been pretty well pronounced from the beginning, so I was naturally not over pleased at his entrance into our family. Things had been bad enough for me before. I knew they would be worse now. And the sequel proved I was right.

Nora's marriage killed poor papa. He had been in bad health to begin with, and the excitement, quietly as the wedding was managed, was too much for him. And then he fretted for her. They were so exactly alike in everything that he felt as if a part of himself had gone; at least, he used to say so, and he fretted so much that in about three months after she left he died. And was it not cruel?—they would not let me see him when he was ill! They said I was so loud and noisy, and so big, I should disturb him. This was Mr. Tagart's doing, I am sure; and when I cried about it to mamma, and complained of the cruelty, she only said peevishly: "It is your own fault, Ida; you should be gentler and more affectionate than you are, and obey us when we tell you anything, and then perhaps you might have seen papa."

Soon after his funeral poor mamma died quite suddenly, of heart disease—fat about the heart, the doctor said; but Mr. Tagart always insisted on it that I killed her. We were at dinner, she and I; and I had been for a long ramble by myself over the fields, and I certainly had come in awfully hungry. It was a brisk, clear, frosty day, and I had been out five hours, and had walked and scrambled full fifteen miles. Mamma was not well that day, and would not eat; and I remember we had a large piece of roast beef; and I remember, too, her horrified look at me when I asked for a second plateful. I shall never forget it.

"What! *more*, Ida?" she said, in a reproachful tone, as if I had done something wrong.

"Yes, please, mamma dear, I have had such a long walk, and I am so hungry," I said.

She cut the meat I remember quite passionately—cut me off a huge bit—a *chunk* fit for a plow-boy, and quite flung it on my plate; and she looked very angry; then she gave a deep sigh and sank back in her chair. I was too much ashamed to look at her, so I eat my meat in silence; and when I had finished I asked her if I should ring the bell. She did not answer, and she looked so pale and strange that I was frightened, and rang loudly for Jane, and Jane sent for the doctor; but when he came he said she was dead, and had been dead for more than half an hour. Poor mamma! I don't like to think of that moment!

"See what your unruly appetite, your selfishness and greediness have done!" cried Mr. Tagart, when he heard how it all happened; "you have killed your mother!"

I was left by my father's will under the guardianship of Nora and her husband until I came of age, when I should have about five hundred a year of my own, through my grandfather. Nora, as the eldest, had double that; for papa had left all his fortune to her, and she had, through mamma's father, the same as I. So as soon as the funeral was over I went back with the Tagarts to Cracroft Vicarage, which was henceforth to be my home; at least for the next three years and a half. "Not a day after," I said to myself by way of promise and consolation; "I will bear it for three years, because I cannot help myself, and I will bear it as cheerfully and good-temperedly as I can; but after then—not an hour."

So you see I did not enter on my new life with any expectation of happiness, nor with any cordial feeling on my own side to sweeten what I knew to be Mr. Tagart's dislike and Nora's disapprobation. I was tired of trying to win favor I could not feel I had deservedly lost; but I meant to make the best of everything, and I was not an ill-tempered girl.

Had I been misunderstood at my own old home? I soon learned to look back

on my life there as one comparatively rich in sympathies and love. I had sufferred in my large, noisy, healthy childhood in a house of nerves and sickness, but it was all as nothing compared to the torture of my brother-in-law's rule. Heaven forgive me if I speak of him too bitterly but I cannot think of him calmly even yet; and the less so because all his cruelty, his evil temper, his tyranny and injustice, were in the name of religion and for the honor of God and Christianity. He set himself to tame me, he said; he would not continue the mistake which my father and mother had made—the mistake of indulgence—and let me run riot in my godless and unfeminine career; he had undertaken to subdue my proud defying spirit, God helping him, and he owed it to his own character to succeed, and to bring me into a state befitting the household of a minister of the Word.

All this was right enough, so far as it went; but we split on the question of what was wrong, and what was unbecoming in a clergyman's family. He made out that almost everything was wrong. I was not to ride; neither he nor Nora rode, and they would not let me go alone or with only a groom. This last, Mr. Tagart said, was "dangerous," but I really could not see how, and I could never get him to explain. I was not to take long walks, not indeed to go out of the garden alone, and I had no walking companion. I was not to dance, even if I had an opportunity, which was not likely at Cracroft; but even if a dance had been got up among the girls I should not have been allowed to join in it, for Mr. Tagart always said that dancing was the direct road to hell. I was not to sing, except Calvinistic hymns which I did not like: and it was the same with music. All that I might do without rebuke was, at the first to teach in the Sabbath-school under the superintendence of the teacher of the first class, a tailor's daughter with correct views on baptismal regeneration, and to take a part in what he called parish-work. But he soon forbade me even that, because, he said, I taught unsound doctrine and sowed tares. This was because I once said that the very strict and narrow people seemed to think themselves consecrated to the task of putting God's work to rights. Mr. Tagart was so angry with me for saying this!—and punished me by praying at me, and not speaking to me for more than a week.

You can understand now something of what my life must have been. I think that even Nora was sorry for me; but I never knew. Her husband had so completely dominated her that she seemed afraid of having an opinion of her own; and if he had put a pair of handcuffs on me she would not have dared to take them off. I used to be sorry for Nora, however, whether she was so for me or not. I don't know if I threw away my sympathy, for she never complained, never said she was unhappy, though certainly she never said she was happy. I think she held it sinful to be very happy and unlady-like as well; but I fancy she got rather more than she had quite bargained for in her husband, and that he made even her, frigid and narrow as she was, feel cramped and chilled.

I had no female friends of any value at Cracroft; indeed there were none to have. There was only one family with whom we could associate on equal terms, the Lawrences, of the Hollies; and they were not very fascinating people. They were just common-place country girls who took a tremendous interest in all the village gossip afloat, and to whom the every-day affairs of domestic life were of more importance than the most stirring events of current history. Whether the jam was to be made to-day or to-morrow was of far greater moment to the family at the Hollies than whether the Prussians or the French would beat; and a change of servants outweighed in their esteem the rise and fall of empires. I used to wonder at their want of sympathy with all outside their own circle; and they used to wonder at me for feeling so much as I did about things in which I was not personally interested. When bad news once came over about the Commune, and I could not keep the tears out of my eyes in speaking of it—for I was an ardent republican and believed in the Commune—I gave them occasion for a week's amusement, and my brother-in-law occasion for a sermon on the damnable sin of rebellion, which lasted over two hours and made my head ache; this was what he called preaching the Gospel to me.

There was a brother however at the Hollies, who used to come down at vacation time—he was at Cambridge, in his last year—with whom I fraternized more than with any one else. He was not quite like the rest, being broader and more liberal-minded, and he seemed to understand me better. He helped me with my studies too; for I was too energetic to live in idleness, and too real to be satisfied with dreams; so, as Mr. Tagart had cut me off my usual amount of physical energy, I was forced to fall back on books and hard study as my resource; and Guy Lawrence helped me.

I should have liked Guy much better than I did had he not been going into the church. But I had taken such a horror for the profession since I had known Mr. Tagart, that I at times included Guy himself in my antipathy, when I thought of him as a clergyman. Poor Guy! my best, and indeed my only friend! I did not always dislike him, you know. In general I liked him very much, but when I thought of him as a clergyman—solemn, austere, unnatural, tyrannical, as I felt sure he *must* be—I used to almost hate him. Poor fellow! he must have been immensely puzzled by my changeful ways toward him; but he was always the same to me, always good and kind; and really, for a man who was not my ideal of a man at all—who did not ride, or hunt, or shoot, or do anything I thought a man ought to do—I liked him very much, And then he was so clever! He knew all about everything, as it seemed to me; and more than this, I was grateful to him for liking me as he did, and letting me think as I liked and say what I thought, without telling me I was going to perdition and that I was prompted by Satan, as Mr. Tagart used. One gets to this almost craven gratitude for tolerance and sympathy when one has been kept long enough in an atmosphere of repression and antagonism.

Time went on, and my life at the vicarage became even harder. I would not give way under it—else what was the good of being strong and healthy? But it was a hard fight to keep up and not let myself become either peevish or crushed. But I think the better I bore it and the more cheerful I remained, the more angry Mr. Tagart was with me, and the more determined he was to break my spirit. One day we had a tremendous quarrel. We seldom quarreled, because I would not. I never answered him when he was insolent and abominable, but to-day he was so outrageous that I was forced to defend myself. It all began about a mere trifle—a handful of wild flowers I had brought in and had left on the sideboard; but it ended in an explosion of wrath on both sides, and bitter words that were anything but trifling. I scarcely remember now what I said, but I do remember that he said I was accursed, and a child of the devil, and that God had forsaken me and given me over to the vile imagination of a reprobate heart; and a great deal more of the same kind. When it was all over, I went down into the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, to get myself cool and think out my position camly. And I had not been there long before Guy Lawrence came in. Guy had never seen me so cast down. In general I used to keep my troubles to myself, and show a bright face under them all. I was too strong and healthy to fret. But to-day I was utterly undone; and when my only friend came in I fairly broke down, and at his first word of kindness burst into tears, like any silly school-girl. The poor fellow was in an awful state.

"Don't! don't, Miss Beecham! Oh, what is the matter? Don't do that; pray don't!" he kept saying.

But I could not restrain myself. It had been a hard matter to bring me to this; but now that I had failed, I failed entirely. So I wept and sobbed as if my heart would break, and took no heed of the fact that poor Guy was kneeling beside me, with my hand in his, which he was alternately kissing and crying over. Or rather, I did take heed of it; but it was so soothing to my bruised nature that any one should show me affection—any one care for me—that I could not repel it. And thus, partly in despair at my present miserable position, which seemed to my exaggerated fancy interminable—for had I not two whole years to wait?—and partly for gratitude at finding myself loved by any one, I let Guy Lawrence keep my hand, and I promised that I would be his wife. I knew that I did

not love him as I felt I could love; but I did not expect ever to see my ideal, and I had a very tender regard and respect for him. So, desperate and self-deceiving, I gave him my promise, and repented of it the instant after. Mind, I do not wish to exonerate myself. I did wrong; only I did not know at the time *how* wrong.

Strange to say, Mr. Tagart did not oppose my engagement with Guy. On the contrary, he approved of it with a certain grim satisfaction which struck me at the time as meaning more than it expressed. I have often thought since that he saw how entirely unsuited a shy, reserved, sensitive student like Guy Lawrence was to such a girl as I, and how the restricted life of a country clergyman's wife would have told upon me. I think he saw in it a life-long punishment for me, which he was glad I had inflicted with my own hand. He might have looked upon it as a means of grace; he said he did; but I had learned by now the real meaning of his religious praises. However that may be; he spoke of my engagement everywhere; and there was something in his manner in speaking of it that made me feel as if I had put myself into chains which he had padlocked. My sister said very little. Only once she looked at me rather anxiously, and said in a kinder voice than usual: "Are you quite sure of yourself, Ida? quite certain that you love him as you ought? You are very young!"

To which I answered cheerfully, "Oh yes, it is all right! I like Guy Lawrence better than any one I know, and he has always been good to me."

So no more was said; and my engagement was the recognized fact of the neighborhood.

I think I told you that papa had a brother in California?—a man who went out when quite young, and who had married and settled there. We used to hear of him occasionally, but we did not know much about him. We knew that he had married a half-caste, and that he had a son James; and that was all. You may imagine our surprise, then, when the post brought a letter to Nora from uncle Rowland, telling us that we should see his son James, who had taken a fancy to run over to the old country—James himself, our cousin, adding a few words of his own, saying that he would be down at Cracroft to-morrow, having been in England a week.

I never saw Nora or Mr. Tagart so angry. I do not know what they expected to see; but they spoke of cousin James all that evening as a "savage;" and really, if he had come in a wampum belt, and with a row of eagle's feathers round his head, brandishing a tomahawk and uttering a war whoop, they could not have expected anything more dreadful by the way in which they spoke. As for me, I was glad. Whatever my cousin James might be, he would be a relief to the monotony and deadness of our lives. So the evening passed; they breaking out into angry lamentations at this unwelcome advent, and I trying to look at the matter cheerfully—till I saw I made them worse, and then I held my tongue.

The next day I was in the garden, on the lower walk, when I saw, coming along at the foot of the meadow that skirted the garden, a tall, singular looking man. It was a cool but pleasant day in June, but the man striding along the road, with a longer step and quieter movements than are usual to Englishmen, wore a velvet coat belted round his waist; his hat was one of those soft felt things which take all manner of shapes, and was drawn close over his eyes; his dark hair was long, and curling on to his neck; he wore over-boots that came up to his knee; and he carried a huge knotted stick. As he came along, apparently half lazily in reality very swiftly, he looked up at the house and then at me; then he strode across the fence that divided the field from the road, and came right up the meadow to where I stood by the hedge. I knew at once who it was.

"Guess you are one of my cousins?" said the stranger, in a rich, full, flexible voice, but with a decided American accent, and a short, abrupt manner.

"Are you cousin James?" I asked; and I felt my cheeks grow hot.

"Sure as life," he said. "And who are you?"

"Your cousin Ida."

"Cousin Ida, shake hands."

I held out my hand across the sweetbrier and privet forming the hedge, and

he grasped it heartily. Then he quietly strode over the garden hedge as he had before surmounted the meadow fence, and looked about him curiously. But he looked most at me.

"I like the looks of you," he said, with his abrupt manner. "Sit down awhile; I'm tired walking; tell me about yourself and the others. I don't know one darned thing about my British relations, and I want to be posted up before I meet the old one."

"There is no old one to meet," I answered; and I began to tell him about poor papa and mamma; but he interrupted me, and said, not rudely or impatiently, only with the frankness of a man accustomed to the simple truth: "You need not tell me about that. I know it all. I want to hear about your sister; Nora, ain't she? *She* must be pretty old, I reckon."

"I dont think she would like you to call her so," I answered, laughing.

But he did not seem to see where there was anything to laugh at. He was evidently a grave man, and laughter seemed to come but seldom to his lips. He only repeated, with a kind of insisting manner, "She is thirty-one; older than me by four years; and that is no chicken I guess."

Then I told him about Nora and Mr. Tagart; and I thought I spoke very guardedly about them both, but especially about him; but cousin James, who had been looking at me from under his broad-leafed hat brought close down over his eyes, suddenly said: "You don't love that brother-in-law of yours?"

"Love him! no, I certainly don't *love* him," I answered, lightly and evasively; "but I did not say I disliked him."

"I didn't say you did," said cousin James, quietly; "but you don't like him, anyhow."

And to this I made no answer.

"Never you mind, then," said cousin James, laying his broad hand on my shoulder, and still looking at me with eyes that seemed as if they saw right through me. "While I'm here none of them shall hurt you, cousin Ida. I'm glad I have come. I'm glad to have seen you first. You and I are to be friends, you know." He took my hand in his, laying it on his palm and looking at it. Then he kissed it, and passed his finger down the veins, saying, 'What a pretty, strong hand! That's the hand I like. You are a grand creature, cousin Ida!"

"I think we had better go into the house," I said, a little disturbed, and with my face on fire.

"I think so, too," said cousin James gravely.

So we went up the garden, neither of us speaking; but when we came to the door he laid his hand again on my shoulder, and said, in a lower voice than he had used before: "We are friends, cousin Ida; that's a fact, ain't it?"

And I, looking up at him as he stood, tall, erect, and with such a fearless and yet such a tender expression in the handsome face that looked into mine, so far above me tall as I was, answered hurriedly, "Yes." But it seemed as if both of us had said a great deal more.

If Nora and Mr. Tagart had disliked the idea of cousin James, they disliked the reality ten times more. It was quite painful to see their horror of him, only because his clothes were cut differently from ours, and because he was not up in all the minor matters of etiquette to which we attend. I had never thought either of them very profound observers, but I certainly did not expect to find them so shallow as they were. They saw nothing of cousin James' goodness, nothing of his bravery, his uprightness, his truth, his self-respecting nobleness of nature; they only knew that he spoke with an accent, said "I guess" and "I reckon," used odd words and not always impeccable grammer, kept his hat on in the room—and his hat itself was a sin—tumbled the antimacassars, which he called "darned rags," disregarded gates and doors and went over hedges and out of windows if it suited him to do so; that, in fact, he was as they said "a savage," and to be despised accordingly. And it was just this "savageness"—that is, this truth and unconventionality—that charmed me. It seemed to me as if I had never known a real man until now. And we were such friends! He had such a quiet, unconquerable way of doing things that even Mr. Tagart was subdued. And when he proposed that I should go for

this walk or that ride with him, how much soever Nora and her husband disapproved and were annoyed, they had to give way. Cousin James would listen to no objections. You see they had no hold on him. I don't know how it was done, but with the most absolute unselfishness he was utterly uncontrolable, and did exactly as he liked. I think a quarrel to him was something so serious he had no idea of the small ill-tempers in which my brother-in-law and Nora indulged, and so he really did not see them. He had that large kind of allowance met with only in the very strong—in men and women who can afford to be generous. He was graver than most men, more silent, but not sad; it was more a kind of serious earnestness, as would be natural to a man who had always lived in a certain amount of danger, in the midst of a larger, grander nature than we have in England—and in solitude. The best description I can give of him is that in Joaquin Miller's noble poem, "With Walker in Nicaragua." It is so like my cousin James that you must let me write it out for you. When you have read this, and what follows, you know all about my cousin:

"He was a brick, and brave as a bear,
As brave as Nevada's grizzlies are,
A Texan tigress in her lair,
Or any lion of anywhere;
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss,
And true of soul as the north pole-star,
Tall, courtly, grand as any king,
Yet simple as a child at play,
In camp and court the same alway,
And never moved at anything."

Oh, indeed he was grand! How glad I was that I had such a cousin! And then the relationship was so delightful. Though a stranger, he was of my own blood; like a brother, whom I must treat with just a little formality but whom I might love as much as I liked, without harm. How unlike that dreadful so-called brother, Mr. Tagart! Here was my true brother! my dear, dear friend! my perfect man! How I delighted in him! how glad I was he had come!

Guy Lawrence was not at home at this time. Of course, cousin James knew that I was engaged; Mr. Tagart told him so before he had been half an hour in the house, and really I thought he might have left my private affairs alone. I could have told cousin James myself. He never spoke about this engagement to me after the first time; but the look and tone with which he took both my hands in his, and said: "I will wait till I see this lover of yours, cousin Ida," did not pass from me quickly. What did he mean by waiting? He would wait to do what?

He could not mean wait at the vicarage, for he was always running off in the oddest way. He used to come down to breakfast and say that he was going away that day to the Isle of Wight, or the Highlands, or Cornwall, or Wales, or Paris, or Ireland, as if he was going out for a walk; and places that we should have taken weeks to see he would do in a couple of days, and speak of them as "pretty little rat holes" afterward. Nora and Mr. Tagart used to be furious with him when he did so; but he made me laugh; and I could understand how a man used to the Sierras and the Cordilleras, and those great rolling prairies and pampas, should find our finest scenery in England small and tame in comparison; but Nora and Mr. Tagart could not see things in this light. They used quite to scold when cousin James laughed at the pretensions of Black Gang Chine to sublimity, and when he said that Skiddaw and Scawfell were only "mole hills of a respectable elevation."

Well, one day—the day when Guy was expected home—cousin James came into breakfast with his velvet coat and his knobbed stick, and his hat over his eyes (he never carried any luggage) and announced that he was going to Holland, and would be back again presently. He never asked about times or trains when he started off like this. He used to swing himself down the garden, and over the fences, as if he could walk over the whole island in a day; but I found out afterward that this was not peculiar to him, but that all Americans, when they come over to England, wander about like wild things in a cage, and crumple up distances which are severe to us into absolute nothings. I went down the garden with him, and I felt so wretched I could scarcely keep the tears out of my eyes. It seemed as if I should never see him again. He was unhappy too, I think; and when we parted, he pressed

my hand till he nearly made me scream.

"I am going now for your good, my girl," he said in an undertone. "When I come back we shall know more how we stand. Good-bye; I think I know you."

All very enigmatical, but somehow I was a little comforted by what he said; perhaps rather by what he looked, for he did look at me very kindly. Then he went; and as he turned the corner of the lane and I lost sight of him, it was really like the sun going out of the sky.

When I went back into the house Nora and Mr. Tagart both attacked me for going down the garden with him; and they both ridiculed and abused him most unmercifully. I fired up in his defense, but something in Mr. Tagart's cruel face took all the blood out of mine, and all the courage from my heart, so I ran away to my usual retreat, the summer-house in the garden, half-ashamed and half-frightened; I do not know what I felt, my whole being was in confusion and distress.

Presently Guy came. Good God! had I been blind or mad? I had never thought him very handsome or manly-looking, but to-day it was as if he or I had been transformed since we met last. Small, nervous, shy, diffident, with his lank thin hair falling in a tattered, faded wisp about his bloodless face, his pale blue eyes weak and quivering, his hesitating tremulous voice, his singular uncomfortable manner—he was too strong a contrast to the lordly cousin who had come into my life-like an ideal realized, and whose absence I was then lamenting.

"Dearest Ida," said poor Guy, with such a painful mixture of timidity and pleasure; "this is joy indeed, to see you again."

"How do you do, Guy?" I said as kindly as I could; but my own voice struck on myself as harsh and constrained; and I held out my hand.

"Are you glad to see me, Ida?" he asked, and he began to mumble my hand, sighing and trembling.

"Why of course I am," I answered, trying to laugh; but the touch of his lips on my hand made my flesh creep, and I drew it hastily away. I could not bear it; it felt like sacrilege.

But he was a good soul, patient and humble and unsuspicious; and I believe he would have left me walk over him if it would have given me any pleasure.

Formerly it had been my greatest comfort to be alone with Guy. I never let him make love to me, and there was something very soothing in his kindness; besides, I used to make him read to me, or explain what I had been reading, so that his companionship had always had something profitable and elevating in it. But now I could not bear it; it was maddening; so I got up and said, "Let us go to the house, Guy," in quite a wild way, for indeed I scarcely knew what I said or did. I only felt I should go out of my mind if I remained there alone with him, and he treating me as if he had a *right* to be kind to me.

Underneath the little table in the summer-house lay a spray of jasmine; I remembered seeing my cousin James with it in his coat last night; when Guy took it up, and in his nervous way began breaking it to pieces, I do not know what possessed me, but I do know that I shrieked quite loudly, and snatched the flower from his hand.

"My darling!" he said in a frightened tone; "I thought I had hurt you!"

I blushed, and stammered out, "It is a piece I wanted to draw," as I thrust it into the bosom of my dress.

"I will pick you one much prettier," said poor Guy, innocently; but I turned away and pretended not to hear him.

What a hypocrite I was growing; and why? I could not understand myself. Guy's coming had been like a revolution into chaos of the cheerful cosmos I had once called my soul. Oh! if only he would go away again, and my cousin James come back! How much more I cared to listen to adventures with grizzlies and wild Indians than to hear "Cowper's Sofa" and "Pope's Satires!"

Days passed: two, three, four days—a week—a fortnight—and no tidings of cousin James; not even a letter, which Nora and Mr. Tagart said was "only what might be expected from a savage as he was." They sometimes made me almost mad by the way in which they spoke of him; but somehow I never dared to defend him—Mr. Tagart's hard, cold eyes used to *hold* me. I had

never known such misery as I was enduring now. I cried all night and I moped all day. I, who had never let myself fret in my life, who had always shaken myself free of my sorrows, and smiled and carried a brave heart and a high head through them all, now was as nerveless and hysterical as a mere miss; and the worst of it was, I did not know why I was so dreadfully unhappy. Mr. Tagart was horrible, as usual; but he was no more horrible than usual, when I came to think of it—he only seemed so. My sister Nora was no colder than she had always been; but her coldness hurt me more. Guy, poor Guy, was kinder than ever; but his kindness, which was once such a comfort, was now an absolute torture. Good heavens! how had I ever promised to be his wife! I must have been dreaming; I must have been insane; I could not marry him; I would not; I would go away to my uncle in California; I would be free, natural and happy; I would leave this narrow and conventional life for one where I might breathe; I would go away forever, and never come back to the thraldom, the shams, the tyranny of England! I had no home here—no one cared for me—my uncle should be my father, and my cousin James, ah! cousin James should be my brother, and I would be his faithful friend and sister. But these two terrible years, until I came of age? What should I do! what could I do! and there was no one to help me, not even cousin James; for I could appeal to him as little as I could appeal to Guy Lawrence himself.

What any one knew or noticed of me at this time I neither asked nor cared. I was not myself, not my own mistress. It was was shame and grief to me that I had broken down so helplessly; but so it was, and I could not retrieve myself, I could not call back my lost cheerfulness, my vanished self-command. But in the midst of all this despair and agony I saw from my bed-room window—where I generally sat, now straining my eyes to the South—I saw crossing the bridge that tall, commanding figure my eyes and heart were aching to see. There he was —the slouched hat drawn close over his eyes, the velvet coat belted round his waist, the knotted stick, the air of proprietor of all he saw yet stranger to all we valued; and had he been a god, as he was my hero, he could not have been more welcome, more glorious to me. Why not? Was he not my only friend? I saw him coming with his quick movements and swift red Indian stride across the bridge, down the little turning, and along the path that skirted the meadow by the garden. I was in my own room, as I say, when I first saw him; but before he had left the bridge behind him, and while he was still in the little lane, I was down by the hedge, waiting for him in the sunlight.

The wind took my hair and blew it in waves and wreaths about my head and across my face; it took my purple dress and eddyed it into light, gauzy clouds; it was refreshment to my parched lips and feverish cheeks; and when, as on the first day, he crossed the meadow to the hedge, I, too, as on that first day, reached out my hands to him over the sweet briar and flowering privet; but I could not speak, my heart was too full; I could only hold out my hands and look down; I could not look at him for more that just one glance.

In a moment he had leaped the hedge; in a moment I felt his heart beating against mine, as he took me in his arms.

"You love me Ida?" he said, in his full, rich voice; and as the Lord lives, I love you."

I do not need to die to know what heaven is—I knew it then.

It was all done in the open air, and the drawing-room windows looked on to the lower terrace where we stood; but I thought of nothing; I cared for nothing; I was in cousin James' keeping now, and I felt that I was safe. He would let nothing harm me, and no one take me from him.

Suddenly I was pulled violently, and I heard Mr. Tagart cry hoarsely: 'Shameless, abandoned girl! do you dare to carry on your abominable intrigues before our very eyes?"

The next instant he was on the ground. One blow from cousin James' strong arm had laid him there.

I had been content to keep my hands clasped together and resting on my cousin's breast, but now I threw my arms around him as far as they would go, say-

ing, "Do not let them take me from you, cousin James! do not let them take me away!"

"They shall take my life first, I guess," said my cousin in a low, concentrated voice.

Presently Mr. Tagart picked himself up.

"You shall hear of this again, sir," he said with a scowl.

"Expect I shall," said cousin James; "and you have not done with me yet."

"I have done with you so far that I forbid you to enter my house again, where I can and will keep Miss Beecham safe," said Mr. Tagart. "The law gives me that power."

"I don't care a curse for your old laws," said cousin James; "Ida is mine and I mean to keep her."

"We shall see about that," said Mr. Tagart; then turning to me he added authoritatively, speaking as if I had been a dog, "Go into the house, do you hear? go in this instant, I say!" He put out his hand as if to take hold of me.

"Do you want to feel the earth again, you mean cuss?" cried cousin James, striking down his arm, and my brother-in-law shrank back.

"You are aware of the penalty of assaulting a clergyman?" he faltered, trying to bluster, but in reality very frightened.

"I neither know nor care," said cousin James; "but if you touch her, I'll do it again. Now, Ida, my girl, listen to me. You know after this I can't go to your house again; but I'll take lodgings in the town and look after you. I'll trust you and you'll trust me, and all will come right. And as for the coil you've got into with the man you've promised, you must tell him you have made a mistake, and that you are coming to me as my wife; and I'll tell him so, too."

"I will, cousin James," I said.

"I am sorry to disturb your pleasant little arrangement," said Mr. Tagart, sneeringly; but I am your master, Miss Beecham, till you are of age; and until then I absolutely forbid all intercourse whatsoever with your cousin James. You have engaged yourself to Mr. Lawrence, and I warn you I will use all my influence over him to hold you to your bond."

"I know Guy too well for that!" I exclaimed. "He will give me up the moment I ask him."

"For yourself perhaps he might; *I* would, If I were in his place," said my brother-in-law;" "but your money may be useful. Apparently more than Mr. Lawrence thinks so."

My cousin's bronzed cheek flamed at this insolence, and he made a stride toward Mr. Tagart, with a look on his face I did not like to see. I laid both my hands on his arms, and placed myself in his way. "Do not touch him, dear," I said, imploringly, "we can afford to let him rave."

"Ida, it is hard," said my cousin, between his teeth. But he obeyed me, and turned his back abruptly on my brother-in-law.

I knew it cost the quick, hot, California blood something to subdue itself to our tamer manners; but cousin James was too brave to be a brawler, and if he might not strike he would not condescend to wrangle; so he left Mr. Tagart to himself, and took me away to the summer-house, where my brother-in-law was obliged to leave us in peace, having by this time become nervous and alarmed.

Here we made our plans; plans, indeed they were not; only that we were both to declare ourselves to Guy, and to remain faithful to each other and hopeful, until cousin James could see his way to an effectual deliverance from what we both knew would be a tyrannous bondage. And when the evening had come I tore myself away—I going into prison, while cousin James stood motionless on the terrace, watching me to the end. And when I got into the house he was standing there still; but I was in the power of my brother-in-law and guardian.

And now my trial began in real earnest. All that could be thought of to break down my love, my pride, my resolution, was put in force; but I stood firm. Guy was induced—heaven knows by what shameful misrepresentations of my cousin!—to refuse to see me, and to maintain his claim on me. He wrote me a long letter, and I was not unjust enough not to see the real love and tenderness in it. He held me for my own good, he said, and until my madness had subsided;

if, in the future, when I had grown calmer and could see things as they were, I still wished to break off my engagement, I should; but for my own sake, as matters were now, he must keep me to my word. So there was no hope there; and as I was kept a close prisoner in my room, denied every kind of liberty, I had nothing for it but to be patient, to rely on circumstances, and to hope: and not to believe what both Nora and Mr. Tagart told me, which was that cousin James had left Cracroft, and that no one knew where he had gone or what had become of him, and that he had probably washed his hands of the affair altogether and returned to California, or been lost among the mountains, and was now lying dead at the foot of some precipice. I did not believe either one or the other story; but it is not easy to keep up one's courage when one is in such a position as mine—an absolute prisoner, and unable to hold any kind of communication with any one but one's jailers and tormentors.

It was a wild autumn night. The rain was falling in torrents; the wind was howling through the trees; the waterfall at the back of the vicarage roared and rushed as though it would tear the very roots of the earth away; and I sat in the dark, in my own room, listening and waiting.

I was past midnight, and all the house had gone to bed; but I sat by the window, looking out into the darkness. All I could see were the outlines of the trees and mountains, and sometimes the white sheet of the seething water in the distance, by the lightning that streamed across the sky. Suddenly I heard a muffled kind of noise against the side of the house, and then a gentle tapping against the window; and I saw by a vivid flash the figure of a man standing dark against the pane. I was frightened at the first, but I soon recovered myself. When you are very miserable, even a danger comes as a relief. The tapping was repeated, softly, and I cautiously opened the window. Light and supple as a panther there sprang into my room—something; in the darkness I did not know what or who it was. I only felt a large wet mass of velvet; then two arms that took me up from the ground bodily; and a warm bearded face that kissed mine.

"Ida!" whispered a voice. And then I knew what my heart had already told me. It was my cousin James—my beloved, my deliverer!

"Can you brave the night?" he said.

He did not ask, could I trust him? He knew that.

"With you? Yes, I could brave anything!" I answered.

"Put on your hat and cloak, then, and come," said my cousin. "Never mind what you leave behind you; you shall have double all you lose."

"I have no things," I whispered. "They have taken away everything except what I am wearing. No hat, no cloak, no boots!" And I tried to laugh.

My cousin swore between his teeth.

"The night will kill you," he said. "Oh, the damned cruel tigers!"

Just then a driving gust of wind shook and deluged the room. The lightning flashed brighter and brighter and more frequent, and the thunder roared with more tremendous power. I clung to my cousin. Even I, strong-nerved as I was, shrank from the idea of facing such a storm in a thin muslin dress, and with only my bed-room slippers.

"You are afraid, my darling, my beauty!" he said very tenderly.

I trembled as I clung to him. I was cold, only half-clad, and I had been for a fortnight so poorly fed I was more than half starved; besides, the moral anguish I had gone through had shaken me; so no wonder I trembled.

"I cannot even ask you in such weather," he went on to say soothingly. "We must bide our time and wait for a fairer opportunity; but I have a carriage at the foot of the hill, the ship sails tomorrow, and our passage is taken."

"I will go, cousin James,' I said, lifting my head. "It is only one trial, and then I shall be safe."

He pressed me to him rapturously. "I thought I knew my brave girl!" he said. "One effort, Ida, and you are free!"

Quick as thought he wrapped me in his velvet coat, and buckled it round my waist, so that it did not inconvenience me; then he stepped out into the darkness, holding my hand, and softly telling me

not to fear. I followed him, groped my way on to the ladder that was placed against the window; and in a few seconds I was on the gravel walk—slipperless! But I did not tell him this. We felt our way in the dark through the garden to the gate by the summer-house, where, at the foot of the hill the carriage was waiting. Turning back to look at the vicarage for the last time, I thought I saw a small red flame flicker out of one of the windows. I looked again and saw it more distinctly. Another and another; then came the smell of burning wood, then the hissing of the rain as it fell on the rapidly increasing flames, while wreaths of red smoke wound up into the air and were lost in the blackness of the night. There was no doubt now; the house was on fire.

"We must go back and save the poor cusses," said cousin James, quietly. "My darling! we will not be parted even for this."

He kissed me, and rushed back to the house just as the flames were licking up the floor of my sister's bed-room, and I saw him disappear into the smoke and fire. I could not stay where I was. Like a wild thing I too rushed up to the house, but the heat drove me back. I called to my cousin. Above the din and tumult of the fire and the night, my voice, flung up with the shrill sharpness of agony, reached his ear. He was then carrying down the insensible form of my sister. Mr. Tagart, clinging to him, crying; and as soon as he had placed them in safety he came back to me, saying cheerily, "Here I am, Ida! not a darned hair the worse!"

He did everything so coolly, so much as a matter of course; but though he said he was none the worse, there was a great gash in his strong arm, and the blood was streaming from it.

"Tie it up, my beauty," he said to me pleasantly, as if it were a mere scratch; "let me see if you are fit to be a Californian's wife."

And when I had tied up the wound, which I did as bravely as I could, for I knew that would please him more than sympathetic tremors and tears, he kissed me tenderly, and said, with such love in his voice that my very brain reeled for joy, "God bless you, girl! I thought you were clear grit all through, and now I know it."

Oh, you great heavens, how I loved him at that moment!

By this time the fire had become seen from the town, and the place was alive. But cousin James, having done all he cared to do—saved Nora and Mr. Tagart, and assured himself that the servants too were safe—took me aside, and in the confusion we were lost and made our escape without attracting notice. The next day we embarked on board the boat bound for California, and a clergyman on board married us. And as he read the service I looked up with a strange sensation, and—do not think me absolutely insane?—I declare to you, on my word of honor and as I hope to be saved, I saw Guy Lawrence, beautiful as a glorified angel, and as if floating in mid-air, gazing down on me with a tender but well-pleased smile. As I looked, the vision faded away; but I saw him as distinctly as I see you now, and I knew in my heart that he was dead.

And so he was. When we got to California we found a telegram to arrest my cousin and me on a charge of arson and manslaughter; though I don't know how they made that out exactly. But it seems that poor Guy, hurrying to the burning house, and not being able to find any tidings of me, dashed headlong into the flames, calling out my name, and—I cannot end the sentence! Poor Guy! poor loving, faithful Guy! I wonder if I *am* a wretch, as Mr. Tagart says.

It was a poor kind of reward, however, to my hero for his bravery in saving my sister and her husband from such an awful death, to be arrested the moment he set foot on his native land. But California is not quite like England, and cousin James made it right somehow with the consul and the judge; and to make assurance doubly sure, he took me away the next day to a solitary ravine among the mountains, where no one could find me, and where we lived absolutely in the wilderness till everything had blown over, and I was my own mistress and of age. Up to that time Mr. Tagart did not cease to persecute me; but we were too far off to be touched; and when cousin James told our story, the popular feeling went so entirely with us that it would

have been more than a man's life was worth to have attempted to molest us.

So here I am, at last LIVING—free, blessed and beloved; and though sometimes my heart turns back to dear old England with love and yearning, I have only to look at my hero—only to take my boy, and his, to my heart, and I forget then everything but that I am cousin James' wife, and the happiest mother in the whole of this bright, beautiful, grand New World!

Dark Blue.

GERMAN TROUBADOURS AND MASTER-SINGERS.

BY KARL BLIND.

THE German nation, which is not a political product of to-day, as some appear to think, but which was knit together nearly a thousand years ago, in a union far more efficient than the incomplete one at present existing, has, like its western neighbor, enjoyed an early literary development. A rugged, heroic poetry, and some religious chants, which have come down to us in a fragmentary form, mark the most ancient time. Between the twelfth and the fourteenth century, Germany has had her *minne-singer*, or troubadours. After that, a school of *meister-singer* flourished in the towns, until that gigantic cataclysm occurred—the Thirty Years' War, during which the nation's life-blood ebbed out whilst its soul was panting for spiritual freedom.

Then the "princes,"* who by law were mere provincial governors, but who had for some time past aspired to sovereignty and endeavored to set up particular dynasties, began to tear the empire to shreds. The popular forces which in the various Republican (*Eidgenossen*) Leagues, and in the War of the Peasants during the Reformation movement, had sought to reorganize the nation on a democratic basis, were no longer in the field. The princes thus had it all their own way; and Germany who once had undoubtedly been an indivisible union—not a mere confederacy of sovereign states, but a real union—became split up into a medley of petty principalities over whom merely a shadow of imperial rule flitted, until that shadow, too, was formally done away with in 1806, when the Corsican conqueror lorded it over Continental Europe.

During the colossal misfortune which befell Germany in consequence of the terrible struggle of the seventeenth century, it seemed for a while as if her intellectual light were extinguished. Her very language, with its combined strength and aptitude for musical development, became barbarized. It sank down to the level of a rude dialect. Only gradually, our literature, which had had so promising a beginning, recovered the lost ground, but at last attained once more a development the extent, beauty, grandeur and richness of which is now universally acknowledged, even by a nation in which an unapproachable poetical master-mind has risen.

There is a great break between the Master-singer epoch and the literature of which Goethe and Schiller are the foremost representatives. Yet, Goethe was, as he himself confesses, deeply indebted to that particular poet of the Master-singer school who is best known by name, though not by his works, namely, to Hans Sachs, the much-villified "shoemaking rhymester" of Nuremberg. "In order to find a congenial poetical soil on which we could plant our feet, in order to discover an element on which we could breathe freely"—says the author of *Wahrheit und Dichtung*—"we had to go back a few centuries, when solid capabilities rose splendidly from a chaotic condition; and thus we entered into friendly intercourse with the poetry of those bygone ages. The minne-singers were too far removed

* *Fürsten*, which originally did not mean sovereign rulers, but simply the first or foremost of the high aristocracy—a meaning that word still had at Luther's time.

from us. We would first have had to study their language; and that did not suit us. Our object was to live, and not to learn. Hans Sachs, the truly masterly poet, was nearest to us. A genuine talent, although not in the manner of those knights and courtiers; but a quaint citizen, even as we boasted of being! His diadactic realism agreed with our tendency; and we used, on many occasions, his easy rhythm, his facile rhythm."

So Goethe, who, moreover, in his "Poetical Mission of Hans Sachs,"* has fervently sung the praise of the citizen-poet, uttering strange curses against "the folk that would not acknowledge their master," and condemning them to "be banished into the frog-pond," instead of dwelling on the serene heights where genuine bards throne in glory.

If a Goethe could thus speak of a master-singer, that often-despised school of town's-poets may, after all, merit some mention. The proper judgment of the rise and origin of the Meister-singer is, however, generally obscured at the very outset by the unduly-sharp division made between their early representatives and the chivalric Minstrels of Love. Minne-song and Master-song are reckoned to bear their antagonistic difference in their very appellations. Yet, the apparently distinctive name of "Meister" was applied already to poets in the period in which we generally assume the German troubadours flourished. On the other hand, the word "minne-singer" is of quite recent date. It was Bodmer who first used it in the last century: and this comparatively new word then gave rise to an overstrained division line which is detrimental to a proper understanding. Grimm, at least, the great authority, has decidedly laid it down as his opinion that the Troubadour-song and the Master-song in Germany are not only not to be thus divided, but that they have a close affinity in their essential points. Docen and von der Hagen have upheld the contrary view. "The Minne and Meister-song," Grimm says, "are one plant, which at first was sweet; which in its older age developed into a degree of acerbity; and which at last necessarily became woody. But unless we go back to the days of its youth, we shall never comprehend the branches and twigs which have sprouted forth from it."

Even the usual separation into "chivalric" poets and "civic" poets must be accepted with some caution. Among the crowd of lyric bards whose songs have been handed down to us in that famous collection attributed to Rüdger von Maness, the splendid manuscript of which is still, in spite of the Peace of Frankfort, retained by the French, there are not a few singers of humble descent and calling. We there meet with a clerk, a school-master, a fisherman, a smith, and other mechanics—even a poet of the much persecuted race of the Hebrews, namely, the Jew Süsskind, of Trimberg. That which we possess of him is poetry of a more abstract, philosophical character, a kind of Solomonic wisdom, not untinged with melancholy. In the midst of priestly fanaticism, he sings of the freedom of thought. "Thought penetrates through stone and steel; Thought travels quicker over the field than the quickest glance of eyes; Thought rises high up in the air above the soaring eagle." No doubt, this Jewish Marquis Posa had, as he himself relates, at last to leave the poetic art, finding little favor among its noble patrons. In bitter disappointment he complains that he is traveling on the fool's high-road (*ich var ûf der tôren vart*), and says he will give it up, grow a long beard of gray hairs, live in the manner of the old Jews, clad in a long mantle, with a capacious hood, walking along with lowly gait, and trying to forget that he had ever sung at courts.

The vast majority of those whom we now call minne-singers, were no doubt of noble descent. Some of our emperors were befriended by the muse. Even Henry VI., that iron ruler, is reckoned among the troubadours; his lay: "*Ich grueze mit gesang die suezen, die ich vermîden niht wil, noch enmac*" is one of the most touching:

> I greet with song that sweetest lady
> Whom I can ne'er forget;
> Though many a day is past and gone
> Since face to face we met.

Frederick II., too, another German

*Hans Sachsens poëtische Sendung.

ruler of the Suabian house of Hohenstaufen, struck the lyre; but as he composed in the Italian tongue, he cannot be included among our own troubadours. Great depth of feeling marks his song: "*Di dolor mi conviene cantare.*" An excellent English translation, under the title of "My Lady in Bondage," is to be found in "The Early Italian Poets, from Ciullo D'Alcamo to Dante Alghieri," by G. D. Rossetti. Some have fancied to see in this song of the free-thinking German Emperor an allusion to the captivity of the Church, a symbolization of religious ideas. This view is undoubtedly a most erroneous one; Frederick's lay has as much to do with the Church as the Song of Solomon has.

But though king-emperors, dukes, princes and counts, had a slight part in the literary productions of that age, the main strength of the minne-singing brotherhood resided in men of less ambitious descent, who had sprung from the lower nobility, and who were generally gifted with very small worldly goods, if with any at all. Uhland, in his otherwise so beautiful tale of German Poesy (*Marchen*), which describes the different periods of our literature in a charming Dornroschen allegory, calls German poesy a "princely child,"* and a "princess." The great connoiseur of our ancient literature, who knew better when he wrote in prose, allowed himself, in his "Tale," to be beguiled into this misstatement by the seduction which the Dornroschen myth naturally offered.

The truth is, the mass of our early lyric bards, were, in rank, only removed a degree from the generality of freemen. Some of them pass even wrongly as members of the nobiliary order. For instance, it is by no means sure that Walter von der Vogelweide was of aristocratic origin; the contrary is more probable in fact. Again, as I have above remarked, there were, among the poets of that period, not a few whose civic character is beyond question. These circumstances have to be mentioned, in order to show how difficult it is to draw a strong line of demarcation between *minne-singer* and *meister-singer*, at least in the intermediary stage during which they blend, whilst afterward no doubt a change occurs—imperceptible at first, and only later of the most pronounced kind.

The master-singers regard themselves as the continuators of the old poetry. Among the "Twelve Masters" who, the legend says, founded the poetical schools in the cities, Frauenlob, Klingsor, Walter von der Vogelweide, the Marner, and Reinmar von Zweter are named—all undoubtedly troubadours, although by no means all belonging to the nobiliary order. I need not say that this alleged formal foundation of a master-singer guild as much a myth as Arthur's Round Table. Chronologically, the Twelve Masters could not have acted together; nor could they have done what the fable relates, in the reign of Otto the Great under whom the event is said to have taken place. Nevertheless, even that myth shows that the meister-singer felt some contact with their predecessors.

And indeed there are, among what are now called the minne-singer, several who are remarkably like some of the later didactic sententious master-singers. Again, among the towns'-poets, especially among those who are reckoned as precursors of the school, some by far excel, in fervor and chivalric coloring, their aristocratic prototypes. The master-singers called their own art "*die holdselige Kunst*;" an appellation reminding us of the "*science gaye*" of the Provencal troubadours, among which latter, however—in the words of Gorres—"the ardent breath of Moorish poetry is felt," whilst among

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*Zwo macht'ge Feen nahten
Dem schonen Furstenkind;
An seine Wiege traten
Sie mit den Angebind. . .

Und als es kam zu Jahren,
Ward es die schonste Frau,
Mit langen, goldnen Haaren,
Mit Augen dunkelblau. . .

Viel stolze Ritter gingen
Der Holden Dienste nach:
Heinrich von Ofterdingen,
Wolfram von Eschenbach.

Sie gingen in Stahl uud Eisen,
Goldharfen in der Hand;
Die Furstin war zu preisen,
Die solche Diener fand.

Von alter Stadte Mauern
Der Wiederhall erklang;
Die Burger und die Bauern
Erhuben frischen Sang.

the minne-singer, and still more among the majority of the meister-singer, a colder tone prevails.

Territorially also, the master-song coincides with the minne-song. It extended from the Upper Rhine, from Alsace, then a very cradle of German culture, into Franconia, Bavaria, Thuringia, and partly also Lower Germany, or Saxony, as it was then called. It was mainly the south and the west on which both forms of poetry grew up—the one sprouting forth from the other. At Toulouse also, as Grimm remarks, the last remnant of Provencal poetry, the *jeux floraux*, lingered on the same spot where they had flourished of old.

And even as the later master-singer composed their lays according to set rules, so we find "rules" and "masters" already among the chivalric poets in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Nor could it well be otherwise if we remember the form and figure of the poetic art of those early ages. Now a days, in thinking of poems, we have a notion of some book that is to be read, of some production composed in the solitude of a study, and destined to be conveyed into the mind of others through the medium of the eye. But the minne-singer were yet bards in the ancient Orphic fashion. They really sang; their delivery was essentially a chanting one. Hence the birds on the flowery meadow play such a part in their lays. Hence those poets, not quite inaptly, called themselves "nightingales." In this respect also, the two poetic circles have a point of contact which ought to be kept in mind, for the *meister-singer*, like their predecessors, never delivered their productions otherwise than in singing. Their name, therefore, was not a mere figure of speech.

Germany was then, even in a higher degree than now, a country full of song. The melodies, some of which have been preserved, were simple enough; but the whole nation delighted in the repetition of those strains: and song, which was but another word for poetry, was almost invariably connected with dance. Dance, among all nations of ancient time, is not simply an amusement, but at the same time an act of consecration: in the earliest ages a religious, sacrificial performance. It is as if the harmony of the many-winded movements had been considered an image of the variegated, and yet orderly, cycle of Nature; of the recurrence, after many changes, of the same phenomena on this planet, as well as on the starry skies.

A "wandering society" (*fahrende diet*) of minne-singer consisted, at least, of the poet, the declamator (*sager*), the fiddler, and the dancer. When the poet himself was unable to sing, he was represented by another, called the little songster (*das singerlein*). A player on some wind-instrument (*blasgeselle*) is also mentioned by some of the minne-singer; he probably played on the flute. Now, in order to get a proper conception of the character of these migratory poetical associations, we must dismiss the remembrance of our modern manners and views, and rather think of the most ancient Greek, or, for the sake of that, Teutonic life, and we shall at once look upon the matter in a very different light. It will be seen at a glance that where such a co-operation was required as is indicated by the appellations of the various members of a "Fahrende Diet," a sort of poetical school would gradually be formed, with distinct rules—a school in which there would be masters and pupils, and various degrees.

"From whom have you learnt your art?" asks Klingsor, in wrathful contempt, his rival, Wolfram von Eschenbach, during the famous Tournament of Song known as the Wartburg Contest, in which the rival minne-singer were represented as contending for the palm. The ironical question can only be understood when one knows that the then united arts of poetry and of singing were already at that time taught in regular school, or guild, fashion, even as was later the case among the burgher-poets. Klingsor is probably but a mythic personage, a sort of early mediæval Faust. But the author of the "Wartburg War" has certainly not put an anachronistic remark into his mouth.

There were many gradations in these poetical fellowships. The high-born dukes and members of ruling houses who occasionally turned to the harp, did not, of course, belong to the singer class properly speaking. The veritable singers, or poets, according to the customs of the

age, led a migratory life, going from one court, or nobleman's mansion, to the other, expecting reward for what they gave. Their poetry is by themselves called "courtly song" (*hovelicher sang*). The expression had, however, not the unpleasant meaning that would now be evoked by the term "courtly." *Hof*, from which "hovelich" (courtly) is derived, then meant any country seat. The word is even now used in Germany as well for a prince's court as for a peasant freeholder's dwelling. The habit of taking reward, wages (*miete*), for their poems, was openly acknowledged by these minstrels. So distinguished a poet as Walter von der Vogelweide did not scruple to say that he expected his "wages." Still, in the beautiful lay in which he sings the praise of German women—

> German men are nobly bred;
> E'en as angels our women are . . . .
> Virtue and pure love,
> He who seeks for them,
> May he come to our land so full of bliss—
> O, long would I live therein!

the poet has the good taste (that is to say, according to the courtesy of the time) of declaring that womankind is far too sublime for him to expect any other "wages" from them than amiable greetings (*schone gruezе*). The same Walter, some time afterward, obtained a feudal tenure in reward for his exertions during an election contest for the German crown. The poetical effusion in which he expresses his unbounded gratitude for this liberal act of the ruler whom he had helped to place on the Imperial throne, is rather comic in its exuberance. He says he no longer fears to "feel frosty winter in his toes," nor does he mind what wicked lords think of him. He now has "air in summer, and fuel in the cold season;" his neighbors consider him a most excellent man, whereas formerly they looked quite bearishly at him. His poems, once regarded as bitter, grumbling, and scolding utterances (his satires on Church and State are here alluded to), are now thought quite clean and fit for court:

> Ich was so volle scheltens, daz min aten stanc:
> Daz hat der kunec gemachet reine, und dar zuo
> minen sanc.

A rather realistic expression for a tender minne-singer! But troubadour language, generally so fragrant, sometimes breaks out into utterances totally unfit for a modern drawing-room.

Between the various poetical associations, and the different rivals in the art, angry feuds occasionally sprang up, according to the excitable nature which has from olden times been attributed to the poetical genius. The angriest words were exchanged between those who looked down upon each other as being of an inferior degree in the poetical guild. There were bards who carefully cultivated the ancient and purer traditions; others who descended to the lowest humdrum versification. As taste generated in consequence of the nobility assuming more and more a lansquenet and even robber character, and becoming, therefore, unable to enjoy true poetry, the inferior caste of poetasters rose to the surface. Even as the minstrels in England, and the *Confrérie des Menestriers* and the *Troubadours* in Northern and Southern France, gradually became mere street-bawlers and *jongleurs*, so also in Germany a gradual deterioration took place in the character of the wandering bards. So-called "sentence-sayers" (*spruch-sprecher*) and court fools (*hofschalke*) began to introduce themselves in the castles and mansions and to obtain the chief hold on the people at large. A great many complaints are yet extant of later minne-singer, who utter their grief at the decaying art.

They charge that decay upon the miserly habits which had grown up among the nobility, as well as upon the increase of "court foolery." Thus Konrad von Würzburg complains of these "untutored fools" (*künstelose schalke*), whom he calls a bastard cross-breed between a wolf and a fox, and of whom he says that they steal from the real poets (the *künstereichen*) both the language and the melody. In a symbolical representation he leads True Art into a wood before the throne of Justice. Clad in tattered, beggarly garments, True Art utters her grievance. The verdict of Justice is, that he who confers upon the vile poetasters the rewards which rightfully belong to the veritable bards, shall for all time to come be shunned by Love.

Much stronger are the expressions of the minne-singer Boppo, with the sur-

name of "the Strong." He was famed for his bodily strength; nor was his language deficient in massiveness. In abusing the inferior versifex class, he runs through the whole animal kingdom, and through every imaginable scolding term, in order to fix strange denominations upon them—as for instance: *herr*, *esel*, *dünkelgut*, *ehrenneider*, *galgenschwengel*, *niemands freund*, *wiedehopf*, *schwalbennest*, *entenschnabel*, *affenzagel*, *schandendeckebloss*. That power which our language possesses of coining new terms, had evidently been concentrated in a remarkable degree in the hands of Boppo, who, albeit a troubadour, is supposed to have originally been a glass-blower, and who subjected his antagonists to a most unmerciful fire of vituperative appellations.

The minne-song had flourished in the twelfth, thirteenth, and partly still in the fourteenth century. Even in the fifteenth we yet meet with wandering poets; but they are few and far between; and the castle-gates generally remain locked to them. The nobles change into robber knights. The chase, plundering expeditions, petty feuds, and gross carousals, are now their only occupations. The Empire is distracted and convulsed by the aristocratic leagues of the "Cudgellers" (*Benegler*), the "Grim Lions," and other brigand associations of the nobility. Meanwhile, in the towns, a new power rises. There, a spirit of freedom makes its way; there, trade and commerce expand; a lofty architecture combines with the development of the pictorial art. In the towns, therefore, Poetry also takes its refuge. The lyre is little heard now in the courts and the castles; the bardic guilds are henceforth established in the cities.

The transition is a gradual one. The old poetical forms remain at first the same as before; the master-song is, as it were, evolved from the Troubadour song, and it appears, at least in the beginning, so mixed up with the latter that in some cases it is impossible to make a distinct classification one way or the other. Even as in nature there is no abrupt break in the forms of life, so also on the domain of intellectual development. The lines of division are generally less marked in reality than we assume them to be for the sake of finding our way through the maze of multiform phenomena. Epic poetry is, through a process of condensation, evolved from the ballad form, and gradually dissolves again into the latter. The drama arises from the lyric strophe and antistrophe. Chivalric poetry in Germany takes its rise from a previous popular and monkish literature. The master-song, too, sprouts up from the ancient stem; a later blossom, of less fragrancy, amidst the shed leaves of the decaying minne-song. On the emblematic *meistertafel* at Nuremberg, the Rose Garden was depicted in which the great errant chivalry once sang; and Hans Sachs, in the sixteenth century, still composed many of his lays on the melodies of Walter von der Vogelweide and other troubadours.

Generally, Oswald von Wolkenstein and Hugo von Montfort are regarded as the last representatives of the minne-song; Muscatblüt and Michael Beheim, who lived at the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth centuries as the chief precursors of the master-song. Wolkenstein and Muscatblüt are the more important of the four. Their poetical character, it seems to me, is almost invariably indicated in the wrong way, even in standard works like those by Gervinus and Vilmar. Both these eminent historians of our literature reckon Oswald von Wolkenstein among those who once more raised the old troubadour song, while they accuse Muscatblut of affectation and triviality. I consider this statement a very unwarranted one. The opinion of Gervinus that Mascatblut was "as far from the breath of free nature as his artificial tone is from the artless strophes of Montfort," can at most be applied to his Lays on The Virgin Mary. In them we meet with a complicated versification, an affected rhyme, an offensive superabundance of imagery. Still, it ought not to be forgotten that even in this he kept within the taste of his time.

On the other hand we frequently find in his productions a wealth of sentiment, rendered in such simple words that it is not too much to say that some of his poems may be placed at the side of the best of all times and nations.

Who has not admired Gretchen's Song

at the Spinning Wheel as a true masterpiece? On looking more closely, we meet, in ancient German literature, poems coming so near to it that we may assume without disrespect that Goethe, who had studied the old Faust plays and borrowed much from them, had also embodied many a lyric jewel of that time in his dramatic treasure. Has not Gretchen's plaint: "My peace is gone, my heart is sore" a striking affinity to a poem by Muscatblut,* in which a lover thus pours forth his grief:

Herz, Muth und Sinn
Sehnt sich dahin,
Wo meine Gewalt
So mannigfalt
Sigh ganz hat hingekehret.
Mein freier Will'
Ist worden still;
Mein stater Muth
Mich trau'ren thut:
Mein Herz ist ganz versehret.

I fear it will be found impossible to render in English the pathetic simplicity of these quaint lines. The following† gives, however, some idea of the poet's power:

With grief o'erborne,
And anguish-torn,
My soul and heart
Would fain depart
Where each sad thought a captive dwells.
My once free will
Is quelled and still;
My constant breast
By woe oppressed;
My heart with hopeless mis'ry swells.

Somewhat in the tone of the popular Parting-songs (*Scheidelieder*), but at the same time reminding one of Gretchen's: "*Ach neige, du Schmerzensreiche,*" are the following passages in the same poem by Muscatblut:

Ach Gott, erkenn,
Warum und wenn
Ich schnender Mann
Verdienet han,
Dass ich muss von ihr scheiden . . .
Dass Lieb' mit Leid
Von Liebe scheid',
Das heisst doch wohl ein Leiden.
Denn Lieb ohne Leid nidht kann sein;
Lieb' bringet Pein,
So Mann und Weib
Mit betrubten Leib
Hie von einander scheiden.
Wei mocht mein Herz
In solchem Schmerz
Frohlich sein,
Dass ich die Reine
Soll ewiglich vermeiden.
Ach, Scheiden, dass du je wardst erda
Scheiden thut mich kranken.
Scheiden hat mich zu Sorgen gebracht,
Thut Muscatblut bedenken.
Scheides hat mich
Gemachet siech;
Scheiden will mich verderben.
Daran gedenk', traut selig Weib!

Is there a want of natural truthfulness, a want of deep feeling, in this? Undoubtedly Gervinus' *Geschichte der Deutchen Dichtung* has rendered great service by showing the intimate connection between the political and the intellectual life of the nation. But Gervinus has not, to my knowledge, made very profound studies in our ancient writers. I am afraid that in the case of Muscatblut he rendered his verdict off-hand, without being intimately acquainted with the subject. The same might be said with regard to the judgement he passed on Wolkenstein—again a most erroneous one, giving a false notion both of Wolkenstein's particular bent and of his general capabilities.

In saying this, I am surely far from endeavoring unduly to raise Muscatblut, the commoner, above Wolkenstein, the knight. Muscatblut certainly does not attract our sympthies by anything else than his lyric merits. Whilst Walter von der Vogelweide boldly denounces papal tyranny and priestly arrogance with a truly reformatory energy, Muscatblut, the precursor of the Master-song, combines a voluptuous Mariolatry with an ardent hatred against all reformatory aspirations, for instance, of the Hussites. It is true, the Czechian movement in Bohemia, even at that time, created already much bitterness in Germany on national and political grounds; and John Huss, besides being a reformer, was a representative of this Czechian, anti-German movement. But Muscatblut attacked the memory of Huss on Church grounds, giving his assent in rather a brutal manner to the fiendish act of the industrial assembly at Constance. With an allusion to the name of the Bohemian leader, which in Czechian signi-

* I give it but slightly changed in orthography, so as to render it more accessible to the student of modern German.

† I am indebted for this version, as well as for one or two others, to the kindness of a friend, Miss Garnett.

fies "goose," he exclaimed: "There is yet many an unroasted gosling to be examined!" "To examine," in those days was the technical term for "putting on the rack!"

Altogether, some of the forerunners of the Master-singer school were rather characterized by this dark spirit of opposition to the reformatory movement, which was strongly coming up long before Luther. However, at Augsburg, about the middle of the fifteenth century, we already find considerable enlightenment among the master-singer school there: for in a reactionary satire against the boldness of the towns, which dates from that time, there is the following ironical praise of Augsburg:

Augsburg hat einen weisen Rath;
Das sieht man an ihrer kecken That
Im Singen, Dichten und Klaffen.
Sie haben erichtet eine Singschul,
Und setzen oben auf den Stuhl
Den, der ubel redt von den Pfaffen.

Thus, heretical views were already a recommendation, in 1450, for the position of chairman among the civic bards of that free town. That was before Luther was born! We here see the beginning of that Protestant movement which afterward became a very law to the master-singers; the Bible, in the opposition to the legendary cycle of the Catholic Church, serving them as a textbook and a guide in their poetical productions.

Michael Beheim, that other precursor of the Meister-singer school, was one of the last wandering poets who tried their luck by singing at courts. He however met with many rebuffs, and then, ill-humored and full of anger against those who would not be his patrons, broke out into pungent satires against the princes and the nobility. In this he certainly was far from representing in any way the character of the latter meister-singer who never asked for princely or aristocratic favor, much less for pecuniary reward from courts. Following their trade for a livelihood, they sought in poetry, so far as they understood it, merely a satisfaction for the mind and the heart, endeavoring to render their "schools" a means of raising the intellectual and moral standard of their own class and of the popular classes in general. As to Beheim's effusions, they were rather of that artificial and somewhat tasteless style which Gervinus wrongly attributes to Muscatblut. Yet it must not be forgotten that even in such stiff and strangely-set devices as we meet with, for instance, in his praise of a lady, who is said to be—

ein Balsamgarten rein,
Der Lilien ein Stengel,
Violensprengel, Ros',
Und auch Zeitlos, Blum,'
Der Seligkeit Ruhm, Gute,
Mainenbluthe, des Sommers Zier

he is not too far removed from some troubadour prototypes.

On the contrary, how distant, in spirit and tone, is Oscar von Wolkenstein from the minne-poets, whilst yet it has been said of him that he had continued the old chivalric song! I, for my part, cannot conceive a more erroneous judgment. A few songs of a more delicate nature there are no doubt to be found in Wolkenstein, who is a queer mixture of a venturesome, heroic *ritter*, of a Don Quixote, and of a Sancho Panza. But the bulk of his poems, which fill a goodly volume, is surely not of the nobler troubadour kind. His dancing songs especially are of a broad-grinning comicality. There is a boorish bacchanalianism in them which sometimes verges upon satyr-like grossness, or seeks relief in mere senseless outcries. What could be less like a minne-song than the poem which begins with the words: "Mine host, we feel a jolly thirst," and in which one of the tamest verses, utterly untranslatable in their unbridled hop-and-jump wildness, runs thus:

Pfeifauf, Heinzel, Lippel, Jackel!
Frisch, froh, frei! Frisch, froh, frei! Frisch, froh, frei!
Zweit euch; ruhrt euch; schnurra backel!
Hans, Luzei! Kunz, Katrei! Benz, Clarei!
Spring kalbrisch drunter, Jackel!
Ju hei hei! Ju hei! hei! Ju hei hei!

Or take the following bit of a nonsensical jumble of words! Barring two or three lines, no meaning can be detected in them, except a fierce animalism that breaks out into rapid utterarance of inarticulate cries:—

Da zysly, musly,
fysly, fusly,
henne, klusly,

kumbt in's husly,
werffen ain tusly,
susa, susly,
negena grusly
well wir sicher han.
Clerly, metzly,
elly, ketzly,
thuont ein setzly,
richt eur letzli,
tula hetzly,
trutza tretzly,
vacht das retzly,
der uns freud vergan.

Unless I greatly err, the minne-singers had a somewhat different style.

In other poems, Wolkenstein, who on his adventurous expeditions in Europe, Asia, and Africa, had become something of a linguist in a rather unscientific sense, heaps together, in the absurdest manner, odds and ends of various languages, so as to produce a perfect maze of gibberish. A few biographical notes on this vagabond freelance, to whom in all histories of our literature, a totally wrong place is assigned, may perhaps prove of interest; the more so because in his character there is such an eccentric medley of the old and the beginning modern time, a mixture of chivalry and of very Nether-Dutch "popular" ways and manners.

He was a Tyrolese by birth, and lived between 1354 and 1423. As a boy, he lost an eye by a shot; but with his other eye he peered only the more deeply into the romantic "ritter" literature of his time. At the age of ten he left his father's castle, in order to participate in a crusade against the heathen Slavonians in Prussia. His parants let him depart without much ado; for his support they handed him three farthings and a piece of bread. On the march he gained his livelihood as a groom. At night the roystering boy slept in a stable corner, or covered by the starry canopy. For eight years he served as a common baggage-boy, went through Prussia, Lithuania, Poland, Red Russia; became a captive, was almost mortally wounded, went to Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Flanders, England, Scotland, Ireland, mostly serving—in what later became the lansquenet character—in various armies and countries. In the company of German merchants he went through Poland to the shores of the Black Sea, and into the Crimea; became a cook on board ship, then a common boatswain; saw Armenia and Persia; sailed, again as a ship's cook, to Candia; took part in an expedition against the Turks; fled from a lost battle, wandering through Dalmatia, and returning to the Tyrol. At the age of twenty-five his hair had become gray, his face was deeply furrowed, but he had learnt no less than ten languages.

When he resolved to marry, he met with a tragi-comic misfortune. Wooing a certain Sabina Jager, a citizen's daughter, he was told by her that to prove his true love, he ought, as a first chivalric duty, to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; which he did. But on returning he found Sabina Jager married! Later he turns up in the struggles of the Tyrolese nobles against the dukes in Austria; then again in Spain, Holland, England, Portugal; in a crusade against the Moors; afterward as a wandering singer in the Moorish kingdom of Granada and in the Provence. Meanwhile his castles had been burnt down; still, immediately afterward, he celebrates a marriage. But his former love, Sabina aforesaid, who now resided at the Court of Innsbruck, allures him to a rendezvous under the pretext of a pilgrimage; and as Don Quixote Wolkenstein unsuspectingly meets her, she has him captured and bound, in order to extort from him a ransom of six thousand gulden. The iron fetters which the false fair one imposed upon him, made him a cripple for life; nevertheless, after the death of his wife, we see him once more in the field and once more in captivity. For a long time he pines in a loathsome dungeon. On issuing from it he marries again! Then he goes to war against the Hussites. But at last he can neither move foot nor arm, neither walk nor stand; and thus he dies an inglorious death from dropsy. In the wars in which he played a part, he always kept on the losing side—a born bird of ill-luck. Even after his death, there was an evil star shining over his remains; for on the church, near which he was buried, being rebuilt, his tomb-stone became accidentally transposed, and the whereabouts of his burial-place was forgotten.

Such was the chequered career of the strange man who erroneously is repre-

sented as one of the last "Minne" poets, but whose lays generally resemble the troubadour style as much as a broomstick does a forget-me-not.

However, Wolkenstein, as a poet, does not stand alone in this exuberant hilarity. Between minne and meister-song, we find a third element interposing at that time—and element of gross joviality, which, strange to say, makes its appearance even on clerical ground. This peculiar phenomenon is to be observed in many spiritual Church poems of the fifteenth century. Whilst the minnesinger, when they yielded to religious enthusiasm, exhibit a melancholy, brooding mood, a mystically ardent adherence to sacred traditions; whilst the meistersinger, about the time of Hans Sachs, are characterized by a profound but quiet profession of faith, there is in that age of transition when the master-song only begins to rise, a certain hilarious form of spiritual poetry.

Many of those clerical poems sound almost like a student's *Gaudeamus igitur*. Were it not known that they are church songs, they might be mistaken for satires against the clergy. The mixture of Latin and German, in itself not unapt to produce a risible effect, is very much used in those poems:

In dulci jubilo—
Nun singet und seid froh!
All unsre Wonne
Liegt in praesegia;
Sie leuchtet mehr als die Sonne
Matris in gremio;
Qui est A et O,
Qui est A et O!

O Jesu parvule,
Nach dir ist mir weh!
Tröst' mir meik Gemüthe,
O puer optime,
Durch aller Jungfrau'n Güte,
O princeps gloriæ,
Trahe me post te!
Trahe me post te!

Mater et filia
Ist Jungfrau Maria.
Wir waren gar verdorben
Per nostra crimina:
Nun hat sie uns erworben
Coelorum gaudia.
Quanta gratia!
Quanta gratia!

Ubi sunt gaudia?
Woe die Engel singen
Nova cantica,
Und die Glöcklein klingen
In regis curia.
Eia, qualia!
Eia, qualia!

This, surely, is not a very austere triumphal song on the birth of the Saviour. A clerical May-song in honor of the Thorn-crowned is also extant, in which the faithful are invited to assemble under the Tree of the Cross:

Unter des Kreuzes aste,
Da schenkt man Cyperwein;
Maria ist die Kellnerin,
Die Engel schenken ein;
Da sollen die lieben Seelen
Von Minne trunken sein.

Under the branches of the Cross
Is poured forth Cyprus wine;
Maria bears the goblet round,
The angels pour the wine;
There all dear souls shall drunken be
With juice of Love's own vine.

In the "Bath-song," another clerical lay, the pilgrimage of the faithful to the Saviour is literally described as a journey to a Spa, nay as a voyage to Baden-Baden. Even the effect of the water, the bleeding necessary for the cure and other mundane matters, are strangely mixed up with the religious subject. The five introductory verses run thus:

Wohlauf! im Geist gen Baden,
Ihr zarten Fräulein;
Dahin hat uns geladen
Jesus der Herre mein.

Hie quillt der Gnaden Bronnen,
Der Freuden Morgenröth';
Da glänzt die ewige Sonne,
Und alles Leid zergeht.

Da hört mon süss erklingen
Der Vögelein Getön,
Und auch die Engelein singen
Ihre Melodie gar schon.

Da führt Jesus den Tanz
Mit aller Mädchen Schaar;
Da ist die Liebe ganz
Ohn' alles Ende gar.

Da is ein lieblich Kosen *
Und Lachen immermehr;
Da kann die Seel' hofiren
Mit Freuden ohn' alles Weh!

The following I believe to be a fair translation:

Up! haste to the Baden spring,
Ye tender maidens fair!

* *Smiren*, in the old text.

Jesus, our Lord and King,
Himself invites us there.

The well of grace supernal,
Joy's rosy dawn is there;
There shines a sun eternal—
Banished are pain and care.

There soundeth, sweetly singing,
Of birds the harmony;
There angels' voices are ringing
Celestial melody.

There the Lord doth lead the measure
'Mid troops of damsels bright;
And there the heavenly pleasure
Of love is infinite.

There caresses sweet are given,
And unending laughter is heard;
There the souls may go a-courting,
With gladness undeterred.

And let it not be too hastily assumed that in these extraordinary verses, which partake so strongly of the erotic character and even of the erotic terminology, the spirit of the later pietists, or "Mucker," is already visible. On the contrary, strange as it may seem, the probability rather is that this bath-song, which describes the well, the dawn, the crowd of young girls, and the chirping of the feathered songsters in a region where all grief ceases, is a dim echo of the worship of the Germanic Goddess of Love, whose place after the introduction of Christianity, was occupied by the Virgin Mary. In the Freia myth also, we have the well of eternal rejuvenation—the rosy dawn which everlastingly pervades the region of this goddess—the crowd of children that move joyously on a flowery meadow filled with the song of birds; in short, the whole outer structure of a legend in which afterward only names were changed.

In this way, ancient Germanic paganism, with its mystic poetical charms, once more flickers up from beneath the Roman Catholic integument, ere the *Meister-singer* intone the sadly serious chaunts of the "Haupt voll Blut und Wunden:"

O sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!

Tinsley's Magazine.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

In the first place, it must be clearly understood that I have nothing to do with the drama or the stage, except in so far as being an enthusiastic admirer thereof. Whatever my ambitions in life may have been, that of appearing before the footlights has not been among them; and no burning desire, therefore, has led me to search out the mysteries that lie beyond the broad gulf of orchestra, and behind the somber curtain that so persistently comes down and shuts out from our view the splendors of fairy land, just as they are at their brightest and best. My whole experience of actors and their domain has, until very lately, been gained entirely from observations made from the pit and boxes; and if I had presumed to act even the part of critic, it has been in my private capacity alone. Even the experience I talk about is not exactly an extensive one; for fifteen or twenty years is certainly the utmost I can claim as the limit of my theatrical knowledge. But beyond the insight thus acquired, I have, in common with many other good people, been impressed somehow with certain orthodox notions regarding the stage, that have been so long indulged in as to become a sort of time-honored belief among us; and it is in regard to some of the misconceptions that I desire to have my little say.

As I have just hinted, a short time ago I had an opportunity of learning a great deal of what goes on "behind the scenes," although my relations with the stage still remain in the same neutral condition; and oddly enough—for I can scarcely assign any specific reason—I have insensibly drifted so much into theatrical circles, that I am now proud to call half a dozen clever comedians my friends, and to be moreover actually

on speaking terms with two or three of those most despotic of potentates, theatrical managers. In this way it has come to pass that I have been privileged to stand now and then at the wing, and to observe plays and players at close quarters. I had of course no right to be there—an idle spectator in everybody's way—but it is just for this very reason that I now venture to tell a few of my experiences.

To commence, it may not be known to all, that access to the theater through the stage-door is to us ordinary mortals an almost insurmountable difficulty. No griffin or dragon ever watched the portals of a fairy palace with such tenacity and dogged perseverance as does the door-keeper at the stage-entrance. Hid away in a little den, ofttimes below earth's level, this enemy to trespassers lies constantly in wait for the inexperienced and unwary; let any stranger attempt to pass that narrow defile, and he is suddenly pounced upon and brought to bay. Again and again will the sanguine intruder attempt an entrance, and deftly search for some weak and vulnerable point in his adversary; but it is rare indeed to be successful. Every ruse is tried in vain. You demand to see the lessee; he is not in. You inquire for the manager; he has at that moment gone out. You ask for the leading comedian; he is on the stage. There is no help for it. Unless you are exceedingly well equipped and prepared for battle, you may at once declare yourself worsted; for it is only at the intercession of a very great power indeed that the surly griffin allows himself to be baulked of his prey.

And even if your message from without does reach its destination by the exercise maybe of a silver talisman, it in no way follows that success is at hand. But a little while ago, while I was seated in the stage-manager's snug office below the stage—provokingly difficult of evasion by belated supers and sinning carpenters—an incident happened very well illustrating this point. A knock at the door, and the griffin entered, bearing in his talons a missive from without, which his master, by the aid of spectacles, found to be the humble petition of a mortal of high dignity to enter the castle of enchantment. Unwilling to offend by a direct denial, the griffin was instructed to make reply that the manager was on the stage. A few minutes afterward the call-boy appeared, also bearing a very neatly-twisted document. The ancient Greek—for such was the worthy manager's nationality for the time being—careless of the incongruity of such a proceeding, stuck his glasses again across his nose, and read the note. "Why," cried out wrathfully the contemporary of Homer, "this is the very letter I have just answered; I'm on the stage, and that's enough." Some time later a female voice was heard demanding admittance, and in tripped a lady, who whispered something in the manager's ear, and handed over a scrap of paper. Again were the spectacles resumed; but scarcely were they clapped upon the classic brow than the irascible Greek found himself again reading the same document, and for the third time the reply was repeated, albeit with more determination than before. Following shortly in the wake was still another messenger—the fireman of the establishment—who, halting on the threshold, requested a private speech; but the wary Spartan, now fully alive to treachery, forbade all farther entrance, and carried on the parley from behind the door.

My first theatrical experience at the wing was at one of the large opera-houses in pantomime season. Up a stone staircase, into a vast open space, dimly illuminated by sections of bright light, choked with dusky hangings, canvas screens, and other unintelligible machinery and paraphernalia, and I stand upon the stage. The streaks of light come from the wings; and as one passes from back to front, section after section of the stage is disclosed to view, with the actors standing on the same level, and playing in a locality without seemingly any definite limits in front, behind, or at the sides; while now and then comes a sound like that of a mighty heave or sigh—the applause of a delighted audience. Fairies, demons, cupids, carpenters, gasmen, stand about in incongruous groups, and interchange gossip, with a good deal of giggling and joking; a dozen men in bright yellow stockings, but otherwise in fustain or canvas clothing, are struggling into grotesque heads and manes, prior to

their entry in procession; the king of Otaheite, or some such potentate, is gazing through a crevice at the public, quietly biding his assumption of power; a shaggy-looking sprite, all red ochre and tinsel eyebrows, is talking confidentially to an admiring friend in mufti; and the clown and pantaloon—as yet in plain clothes, for they have still a good hour before them—are in excited controversy with the stage-manager. Animation is in every one's face; and the scramble now and then to get out of the way of the scene-shifters, as they rapidly run the huge flapping scenes over the stage, does not allow the excitement to flag.

Moralists are apt to shake their heads at the laughter and delight of the audience during performances of this kind, and to allude to the "poor pantomimists" who thus exert themselves night after night for our amusement. It might be a startling revelation to such philosophers, but it is not the less true, that the "poor pantomimists" in question are themselves quite as merry during the performance as any of their patrons can well be. Every nymph, hobgoblin, dwarf, giant, demon and imp, appears to take very great interest in its own doings, and seems as eager and anxious to do its utmost, as if success depended solely upon its individual efforts; and the clown and his consorts, far from being dull and cast down when off the stage, are, on the contrary, as fond of enjoying a lively chat as other quick-witted people usually are. The interest and vivacity exhibited by all indeed struck me so forcibly on my first visit, that I could not but think some out-of-the-way event must have prompted it; and it was not until I had made repeated visits to several other theaters, that I found cheerfulness to be the chief characteristic quality of all these good people. It is surely something to know that the troop of dancing girls, smiling and skipping before us to win our admiration and applause, are not altogether very sad and cast down when they disappear at the wing, as I think we are apt to suppose; and that the body-guard of King Pippin, as they marshal themselves on the O. P. side, talk and joke among themselves with anything but dejected countenances. And if the small urchins, who usually go on as farm produce and the like, do not always show excessive bouyancy of spirits, it is simply because they are weightily impressed to sustain their reputation, not less than the strictness of the stage-manager. There are of course occasions when bodily or mental suffering will rob the actor of his accustomed gaiety; but, as a general rule, I fearlessly assert that a more bright and cheerful set of people do not exist. It was only the other day that, in allusion to an opera bouffe which failed to attract good houses, a comedian remarked to me, "Well, I can't tell how the audience like the piece, but this I will say, we ourselves enjoy it exceedingly."

Another subject upon which I had formed an equally erroneous impression was in regard to the appearance and behavior of the artists behind the scenes, a point upon which great misconception prevails with us in front. The fair looks and fine forms, we are told, are as much assumed as is the choice language we listen to; and—so runs the popular warning—should we feel tempted to scrape a closer acquaintance with the gifted beings that charm us, our admiration is too often changed to disgust on discovering the plain truth. Will it be believed, then, that as far as my experience goes, I have found but very little illusion to exist? My opera-glass has shown me all along the color upon face and eyebrows, where I from the first expected it; and when I stand in close proximity to the "Sylphs of the Glen" or the "Faries of the Enchanted Island," I find paint and false hair in plenty, it is true, but I likewise discover, what I was pretty sure of before, that the ladies of the ballet are of themselves very comely bodies indeed, and they look so well at a distance for the simple reason that they also look well *de pres*. To walk among the ballet of a first-class theater is much the same as passing through a ball-room, and the conversation carried on is to the full as harmless. In truth, the only questionable observation that has ever come to my hearing, I will here set down; but even this, bear in mind, is from report only. At the close of the performance one evening, up came a little excited foreigner, who was acting as ballet-master, to where I was standing

talking to the manager. "Sair, sair," he cried, bursting with rage and tugging at my friend's sleeve, "you come to Miss Blank, please, at once." The manager asked the reason. "Why, she stand in ze second row shust now, and I say, Will you keep straight line? and she say, What for? and I say, Because I tell you; and she say, Go to ze devil!" And away went my friend to support the little gentleman's dignity, and to visit Miss Blank, I suppose, with condign punishment.

But it is, perhaps, the discipline maintained throughout that strikes the visitor as most remarkable. Indeed, it would be difficult to find an analogous instance of strict observance of order, except it be, perhaps on board a man-of-war; and, curiously enough, not only on the score of discipline, but in many other matters the simile holds good—the hauling of pulleys, the combination of tackle, the handling of ropes to be seen in the 'tween decks under the stage and aloft in the flies, remind one forcibly of nautical life. Here the stage manager, is of course, in supreme command; although when a piece has come to work smoothly and is pretty plain-sailing, the bow'sen—I mean prompter—generally discharges all routine duties. This functionary is stationed at the prompt side, or proper left, of the stage, and never on any pretense leaves his particular recess, whence he can control the doings of the whole establishment. A perfect series of handles, arranged in order like the stops of an organ, is convenient to hand, and puts him in communication with the orchestra, the gas-main, the flies, the basement, the dressing-rooms, the manager, etc.; so that the music, the lighting, the working of the traps, the fall of the curtain, and the change of scene, are all directly under his thumb.

The orderly manner in which the stage-business is usually carried on is a perfect marvel. When not actually required in the scene, the players are seldom at the wings, which during an ordinary performance are quite empty and forsaken. At the opera-houses half a dozen spectators may sometimes be seen loitering about; but, generally speaking, there is not a soul present who has no business there. Sometime indeed, it is the custom to lock the doors leading to the stage during an important act or scene, so anxious is the manager to preserve order and to prevent distraction of the players. Perfect silence is maintained, and it behooves one to step about very lightly, to avoid the sound of footsteps.

During the course of a piece, no one seems so little interested in its progress as the actor off duty; for during the "waits" he is seldom at hand, and does not, as one might perhaps imagine, constantly watch the action of business, so as to be always on the alert when his time comes. The leading comedian retires to his dressing-room to chat quietly with a friend, or talk over business matters and future engagements; the first old man returns to his game of cribbage with the first walking gentleman, which but a little while back was so inopportunely interrupted by a call to the stage; the representative of low comedy repairs below the orchestra to talk with the leader of the band about the new burlesque; the leading lady exchanges opinions with the singing waiting-maid upon the last bit of green-room gossip; while in the latter apartment are gathered the remainder, often the only decently-furnished room connected with the stage. It is only when called to duty by the ever watchful call-boy, whose post is, without exception, one of the most arduous and important in the whole theater, that each one returns to the wing to take up his part where he left it; and in all probability, the performers never assemble and see each other together at one time, except at the finale of a piece, when their collective attendance is required. So smoothly and mechanically does everything go on in a well-ordered house, that the orchestra is signaled and the piece commenced without even ascertaining whether all the company and *employes* have arrived. They are supposed to be at their post promptly at the nick of time, after a few minutes' warning from the call-boy; and practically it is very rare indeed that a stage-wait of any importance occurs.

Theatrical dressing-rooms, by the way, are quite a study by themselves. It is my firm belief that there is in London scarcely a room of this nature possessed of symmetrical proportions. Cramped,

narrow, angular, deformed closets are they for the most part, with roughly planked walls and furniture of the most meager description; and this, too, in theaters of the most handsome and newest construction. One apartment that I know of—occupied by a leading actor too, a gentleman with an income probably equal to that of a bishop or cabinet minister—is simply a sort of triangular cupboard under the stage, scarcely measuring six feet in any direction, containing by way of furniture a couple of chairs, a huge hamper, a wash-basin, and deal bracket or table-fittings, that would look uncommonly mean in a servant's room; and another chamber I remember, situated this time in the roof of the house, among the flies, equally inadequate, being occupied by three gentlemen, any one of whose names in the bill is sufficient to draw good audiences. Here the space allowed was perhaps more liberal; but, barring a chair apiece, there was scarcely a stick of furniture, and the heat and dust of the atmosphere was something to bear in mind as an experience. And it is thus, remember, how the first actors of the day are treated; for those of less note are generally crowded together in one common apartment, a long planked-off partition, with a wooden dresser, such as one sees in a kitchen, running the whole length, and studded about with fragments of looking-glass—a dressing-room, indeed, such as one would expect at a Richardson's show. When will our theaters, I wonder, be fitted with proper and sufficient dressing apartments? The arrangements in the auditorium portion of the house are now becoming as complete as they well can be, provided with luxuries and conveniences of all kinds, and it is certainly high time that some attention should be given to the comforts of the actor, whose wants are after all very moderate indeed.

It is only then as I have endeavored to show, at the performance of pantomimes and burlesques, and then merely in the busy scenes, that the stage and wings present an animated appearance; otherwise everything is most surprisingly quiet; and sometimes, in a set-scene, the players are so shut in on all sides that there is little or nothing of them to be seen from the side-scenes. The fun and frolic that went on "behind the scenes"—if, by the bye, they ever did exist—have long since passed away; for the putting on the stage of a modern play or pantomime is a most responsible task, and could only be done by the prompt and ready discharge of their duties by the carpenters, scene-shifters, gas-men, property-men and others, working under one supreme head. And it behooves a looker-on to be exceedingly active and wide-awake to keep clear of the workmen when a grand change is about to take place. The tall unwieldy scenes are run rapidly into position, bending and cracking so much as to be in constant jeopardy of snapping asunder, foregrounds rise from below, clouds are lowered, properties lifted from the traps, a whole system of gas-piping laid down, lime-lights adjusted, and a hundred minor things completed; and this, too, while public attention is being engaged for a few minutes with a dance or a song in front. To the casual spectator, the setting up of one of these grand scenic displays is truly marvelous. As the men move quickly but noiselessly to and fro, working against time, and building up the scene piece by piece, one becomes positively nervous that the work will not be complete in time; and the last finishing touches have scarcely been given, and the lighting-up effected throughout, before the prompter gives the signal, the band bursts forth, and the shallow "carpenter's scene" in front breaks up with a crash terrible enough to frighten a timid person out of his wits, as the dazzling spectacle is disclosed to view, and presented to the admiring gaze of the public.

NONE OF HER BUSINESS.—"I was told to ask you, Hannah, whether it was really true you were engaged to be married to the deacon's son, young Timothy Upham? I said I'd ask you the very next time I saw you. I told Jerusha that I didn't know myself whether it was true or not. What shall I say to her when I see her?" "You tell Jerusha," was the reply of the handsome, blushing, buxom Yankee damsel, "that you did ask Hannah, and that she told you it was none of your business whether it was true or not."

Macmillan's Magazine.

TURNER AND MULREADY.

*On the Effect of Certain Faults of Vision on Painting, with Especial Reference to their Works.**

BY R. LIEBREICH, OPHTHALMIC SURGEON AND LECTURER AT ST THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

WHEN I arrived in England about eighteen months ago, little thinking that a short vacation tour would end in my permanent residence here, I at once paid a visit to the National Gallery. I was anxious to see Turner's pictures, which on the continent I had had no opportunity of doing. How great was my astonishment when, after having admired his earlier works, I entered another room which contained his later paintings! Are these really from the same hand? I asked myself on first inspecting them; or have they suffered in any way? On examining them, however, more closely, a question presented itself to my mind which was to me a subject of interesting diagnosis. Was the great change which made the painter of "Crossing the Brook" afterward produce such pictures as "Shade and Darkness," caused by an ocular or cerebral disturbance? Researches into the life of Turner could not afford an answer to this question. All that I could learn was, that during the last five years of his life his power of vision as well as his intellect had suffered. In no way, however, did this account for the changes which began to manifest themselves about fifteen years before that time. The question could therefore only be answered by a direct study of his pictures from a purely scientific, and not at all from an æsthetic or artistic point of view.

I chose for this purpose pictures belonging to the middle of the period which I consider pathological, *i. e.*, not quite healthy, and analyzed them in all their details, with regard to color, drawing, and distribution of light and shade.

It was particularly important to ascertain if the anomaly of the whole picture could be deduced from a regularly recurring fault in its details. This fault is a vertical streakiness, which is caused by every illuminated point having been changed into a vertical line. The elongation is, generally speaking, in exact proportion to the brightness of the light; that is to say, the more intense the light which diffuses itself from the illuminated point in nature, the longer becomes the line which represents it on the picture. Thus, for instance, there proceeds from the sun in the center of a picture a vertical yellow streak, dividing it into two entirely distinct halves, which are not connected by any horizontal line. In Turner's earlier pictures, the disk of the sun is clearly defined, the light equally radiating to all parts; and even where through the reflection of water a vertical streak is produced, there appears, distinctly marked through the vertical streak of light, the line of the horizon, the demarcation of the land in the foreground, and the outline of the waves in a horizontal direction. In the pictures, however, of which I am now speaking, the tracing of any detail is perfectly effaced when it falls in the vertical streak of light. Even less illuminated objects, like houses and figures, form considerably elongated streaks of light. In this manner, therefore, houses that stand near the water, or people in a boat, blend so entirely with the reflection in the water, that the horizontal line of demarcation between house and water or boat and water entirely disappears, and all becomes a conglomeration of vertical lines. Everything that is abnormal in the shape of objects, in the drawing, and even in the coloring of the pictures of this period, can be explained by this vertical diffusion of light.

How and at what time did this anomaly develop itself?

Till the year 1830 all is normal. In 1831 a change in the coloring becomes for the first time perceptible, which gives to the works of Turner a peculiar character not found in any other master. Optically this is caused by an increased intensity of the diffused light proceeding from the most illuminated parts of the landscape. This light forms a haze of a

* A lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on the 8th of March, 1872.

bluish color which contrasts too much with the surrounding portion in shadow. From the year 1833 this diffusion of light becomes more and more vertical. It gradually increases during the following years. At first it can only be perceived by a careful examination of the picture, but from the year 1839 the regular vertical streaks become apparent to every one. This increases subsequently to such a degree, that when the pictures are closely examined they appear as if they had been willfully detroyed by vertical strokes of the brush before they were dry, and it is only from a considerable distance that the object and the meaning of the picture can be comprehended. During the last years of Turner's life this peculiarity became so extreme that his pictures can hardly be understood at all.

It is a generally received opinion that Turner adopted a peculiar manner, that he exaggerated it more and more, and that his last works are the result of a deranged intellect. I am convinced of the incorrectness, I might almost say of the injustice, of this opinion. The word "manner" has a very vague meaning. In general we understand it by something which has been arbitrarily assumed by the artist. It may be the result of study, of reflection, of an experiment, or of an occasional success. Nothing of all this applies to what has been called Turner's manner. Nothing in him is arbitrary, assumed, or of set purpose. According to my opinion, his manner is exclusively the result of a change in his *eyes*, which developed itself during the last twenty years of his life. In consequence of it the aspect of nature gradually changed for him, while he continued in an unconscious, I might almost say in a *naive* manner, to reproduce what he saw.

And he reproduced it so faithfully and accurately, that he enables us distinctly to recognize the nature of the disease of his eyes, to follow its development, step by step, and to prove by an optical contrivance the correctness of our diagnosis. By the aid of this contrivance we can see nature under the same aspect as he saw and represented it. With the same we can also, as I shall prove to you by an experiment, give to Turner's early pictures the appearance of those of the later period.

After he had reached the age of fifty-five, the crystalline lenses of Turner's eyes became rather dim, and dispersed the light more strongly, and in consequence threw a bluish mist over illuminated objects. This is a pathological increase of an optical effect, the existence of which, even in the normal eye, can be proved by the following experiment: If you look at a picture which hangs between two windows, you will not be able to see it distinctly, as it will be, so to speak, veiled by a grayish haze. But if you hold your hands before your eyes so as to shade them from the light of the windows, the veiling mist disappears, and the picture becomes clearly visible. The disturbing light had been diffused by the refracting media of the eye, and had fallen on the same part of the retina on which the picture was formed. If we examine the eye by an illumination resembling that by means of which Professor Tyndall, in his brilliant experiments, demonstrated to you the imperfect transparency of water, we find that even the clearest and most beautiful eye is not so perfectly transparent as we would suppose. The older we get the more the transparency decreases, especially of the lens. But to produce an effect equal to that visible in Turner's pictures after the year 1831, pathological conditions are required. In the years that followed, as often happens in such cases, a clearly-defined opacity was formed in the slight and diffuse dimness of the crystalline lens. In consequence of this, the light was no longer evenly diffused in all directions, but principally dispersed in a vertical direction. At this period the alteration offers, in the case of a painter, the peculiarity that it only affects the appearance of natural objects, where the light is strong enough to produce this disturbing effect, whilst the light of his painting is too feeble to do so: therefore, the aspect of nature is altered, that of his picture correct. Only within the last years of Turner's life the dimness had increased so much that it prevented him from seeing even his pictures correctly. This sufficiently accounts for the strange appearance of his last pictures, without its being necessary

to take into account the state of his mind.

It may seem hazardous to designate a period as deceased, the beginning of which art critics and connoisseurs have considered as his climax. I do not think that the two opinions are in decided contradiction to each other. To be physiologically normal is not at all a fundamental condition in art; and we cannot deny the legitimacy of the taste which regards that which is entirely sound and healthy, as commonplace, trivial and uninteresting, and which, on the contrary, is fascinated by that which approaches the border of disease, and even goes beyond it.

Many of the best musicians, for instance, and some of the greatest admirers of Beethoven, prefer his latest works, and consider them the most interesting, although the influence of his deafness upon them is apparent to others.

In poetry, we rank some poems among the highest productions of art, in which the imagination of the poet goes far beyond the normal region of the mind:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

Thus it seems to me perfectly natural that the peculiar poetical haze which is produced by the diffusion of light in Turner's pictures after 1831 should have a particular attraction for many of Turner's admirers. On the other hand, passing over the faults, we discover in these pictures peculiar merits, and we recognize that the great artist continued in many ways to improve, even at a time of his life when his failing sight began to deprive his works of general favor. I cannot, however, defend the opinion of those who are enraptured with Turner's pictures belonging to a still later period —who consider a picture beautiful which, in consequence of this optical defect, is entirely disfigured and defaced, and who, calling this Turner's style, would like to form it into a school and imitate it. They resemble the porter of a certain dealer in works of art, who one day, when he had to deliver the torso of a Venus at a gentleman's house, answered the servant, who had expressed his astonishment that his master should have bought a thing without head, arms, or legs, "You don't understand; that's just the beauty of it."

I show you here first a picture which is copied from an oil-painting in the South Kensington Museum. This picture was not exhibited till the year 1833, but it was painted some time before, and from sketches taken in Venice previous to any change in Turner's sight. I shall now try so to change this picture, by an optical contrivance, as to make it resemble the pictures he painted after 1839. You must, of course, not expect to see in this rough representation, which a large theater necessitates, anything of the real beauty of Turner's pictures. Our object is to analyze their faults.

In order to show you in a single object what you have already observed in the general aspect of the picture, I choose purposely a tree, because there are no trees in the "Venice" you have just seen, and more particularly because after the year 1833 Turner painted trees that were unknown to any botanist, had never been seen in nature, nor been painted by any other artist. I do not think it likely that Turner invented a tree he had never seen; it seems to me more probable that he painted such trees because he saw them so in nature. I searched for them with the aid of the lens, and soon discovered them. Here is a common tree; the glass changes it into a Turner tree.

Let us now turn from the individual case of a great artist to a whole category of cases, in which the works of painters are modified by anomalies in their vision —I mean cases of irregularities in the refraction of the eye. The optical apparatus of the eye forms, like the apparatus of the photographer, inverted images. In order to be seen distinctly, these images must fall exactly upon the retina. The capacity of the eye to accommodate itself to different consecutive distances, so as to receive on the retina distinct images of objects, is called accommodation. This faculty depends upon the power of the crystalline lens to change its form. The accommodation is at its greatest tension if we adapt our eye to the nearest point. It is, on the contrary, in complete repose if we adapt it to the farthest point. The optical state of the eye during its adaptation for the far-

thest point when every effort of accommodation is completely suspended, is called its refraction.

There are three different kinds of refraction: firstly, that of the normal eye; secondly, of the short-sighted eye; thirdly, of the over-sighted eye.

1. The normal eye, when the activity of its accommodation is perfectly suspended, is adjusted for the infinite distance; that is to say, it unites upon the retina parallel rays of light.

2. The short-sighted eye has, in consequence of an extension of its axis, a stronger refraction, and unites therefore in front of the retina the rays of light which proceed from infinite distance. In order to be united upon the retina itself the rays of light must be divergent; that is to say, they must come from a nearer point. The more short-sighted the eye is, the stronger must be the divergence; such an eye, in order to see distinctly distant objects, must make the rays from a distant object more divergent, by aid of a concave glass. We determine the degree of short-sightedness by the power of the weakest concave glass that enables the eye to see distinctly at a great distance.

3. The over-sighted, or hypermetropic eye, on the contrary, has too weak a refraction: it unites convergent rays of light upon the retina; parallel or divergent rays of light it unites behind the retina, unless an effort of accommodation is made. The degree of hypermetropy, or over-sightedness, is determined by the focal distance of the strongest convex glass with which objects can still be distinctly seen at a great distance.

Hypermetropy has no essential influence upon painting; it only reduces the power of application, and must therefore be corrected by wearing convex glasses. This can never be avoided if the hypermetropy is so great as to diminish the distinctness of vision. Short-sightedness, on the contrary, generally influences the choice of the subject of the artist, and also the manner of its execution. As a very small handwriting is an indication of short-sightedness, so we find that artists who paint small pictures, and finish the details with great minuteness, and with fine touches of the brush, are mostly short-sighted.

Sometimes the shape of the eye diverges from its normal spherical form, and this is called astigmatism. This has only been closely investigated since Airy discovered it in his own eye. Figure to yourself meridians drawn on the eye as on a globe, so that one pole is placed in front; then you can define astigmatism as a difference in the curvature of two meridians, which may, for instance, stand perpendicularly upon each other; the consequence of which is a difference in the power of refraction of the eye in the direction of the two meridians. An eye may, for instance, have a normal refraction in its horizontal meridian, and be short-sighted in its vertical meridian. Small differences of this kind are found in almost every eye, but are not perceived. Higher degrees of astigmatism, which decidedly disturb vision, are, however, not uncommon, and are therefore also found among painters. I have had occasion to examine the eyes of several distinguished artists which presented such an anomaly, and it interested me much to discover what influence this defect had upon their works. The diversity depends in part upon the degree and nature of the optical anomaly, but its effect shows itself in different ways, according to the subjects the artist paints. An example will explain this better. I know a landscape painter and a portrait painter who have both the same kind of astigmatism; that is, the refraction of the vertical meridian differs from the refraction of the horizontal one. The consequence is, that their sight is normal for vertical lines, but for horizontal lines they are slightly short-sighted. Upon the landscape painter this has hardly any disturbing influence. In painting distant views sharp outlines are not requisite, but rather undefined and blending tones of color. His eye is sufficiently normal to see these. I was struck, however, by the fact that the foreground of his pictures, which generally represents water with gently-moving waves, was not painted with the same truthfulness to nature as the middle and background. There I found short horizontal strokes of the brush in different colors, which did not seem to belong to the water. I therefore examined the picture with a glass, which, when added to my eye, produced

the same degree of astigmatism as existed in the painter's eye, and the whole picture appeared much more beautiful, the foreground being now as perfect as the middle and background. In consequence of this artificially-produced astigmatism, I saw the horizontal strokes of the brush indistinctly and so mixed together that through them the color and transparency of the water were most exquisitely rendered.

Upon the portrait painter astigmatism had a very different influence. He was held in high esteem in Paris, on account of his excellent grasp of character and intellectual individuality. His admirers considered even the material resemblance of his portraits as perfect; most people, however, thought he had intentionally neglected the material likeness by rendering in an indistinct and vague manner the details of the features and the forms. A careful analysis of the picture shows that this indistinctness was not at all intentional, but simply the consequence of astigmatism. Within the last few years the portraits of this painter have become considerably worse, because the former indistinctness has grown into positively false proportions. The neck and oval of the face appear in all his portraits considerably elongated, and all details are in the same manner distorted. What is the cause of this? Has the degree of his astigmatism increased? No; this does not often happen: but the effect of astigmatism has doubled, and this has happened in the following manner: An eye which is normal as regards the vision of vertical lines, but short-sighted for horizontal lines, sees the object elongated in a vertical direction. When the time of life arrives that the normal eye becomes far-sighted, but not yet the short-sighted eye, this astigmatic eye will at short distance see the vertical lines indistinctly, but horizontal lines still distinctly; and therefore near objects will be elongated in a horizontal direction. The portrait painter, in whom a slight degree of astigmatism manifested itself at first only by the indistinctness of the horizontal lines, has now become far-sighted for vertical lines, and therefore sees a distant person elongated in a vertical direction; his picture, on the contrary, being at a short distance, is seen by him enlarged in horizontal direction, and is thus painted still more elongated than the subject is seen: so the fault is doubled. I shall be able to show this more clearly by experiments.

The vertical and horizontal lines of this diagram are reflected with equal distinctness upon the screen by the spherical apparatus.

Those among my audience who have a decided form of astigmatism will, nevertheless, see them differently. Those whose sight is normal will only observe a difference after I have added a cylindrical lens to this apparatus, and thus made it astigmatical. Ordinary spectacle glasses are worked by a rotating movement on the surface of a sphere; cylindrical lenses are worked by moving the glass backward and forward upon a cylindrical surface. Such glasses produce an optical effect only in one direction. If instead of white lines I make the experiment with colored lines, it will show the mixing of colors produced by astigmatism; and if I now turn the axis of the lens, you will observe the effect of different forms of astigmatism. I show you here a square: if I add a cylindrical concave glass, with its axis placed horizontally, the square becomes an oblong.

In order now to show you how it is possible that the same eye may see an object at too great a distance elongated in a vertical direction, and, on the contrary, one that is too near enlarged in a horizontal direction, I need only place this cylindrical glass before or behind the focus of the apparatus without turning the axis, and you will then see the square, first elongated in a vertical direction, and then enlarged in a horizontal direction.

Lastly, I show you a portrait. Imagine to yourself that it represents the person whom the astigmatical painter is painting; then, by aid of the cylindrical glass you can form an idea how the painter sees this person.

If I alter the position of the glass, the portrait assumes the form in which the painter sees his own painting on the canvas. This will explain to you why he paints the portrait still longer than he sees the person.

With regard to an anomaly of sight,

which seems almost foreign to the subject of painting—I mean color-blindness—I will also say a few words here, as the subject seems to be regarded with particular interest in England.

What we call color-blindness is a congenital defect of vision, which is characterized by the absence of one of the three primary sensations of color. The primary sensations of color are red, green, and violet, according to Thomas Young and Helmholtz; or red, green and blue, according to Maxwell. When, as may easily happen, to this defect is joined a decided talent for painting, drawing alone ought to be attempted, because so absolute a defect will soon assert itself. But we meet with slighter degrees of color-blindness, where the perception of red is not entirely wanting, but only considerably diminished; so that, for instance, an intense or strongly illuminated red can be perceived as such, while a less intense red appears green. This moderate degree of color-blindness does not always deter people from painting. A proof of this I saw at the last year's exhibition, in a picture which represented a cattle market. The roofs of the surrounding houses were all painted red on the sunny side, green in the shadow; but—what particularly struck me—the oxen also were red in the sun, green in the shadow. The slighter degrees of this anomaly, in the form of an insufficient perception of colors, have probably been the real cause why several great artists, who have become famous on account of the beauty of their drawings and the richness of their compositions, have failed to attain an equal degree of perfection in coloring.

In opposition to these isolated cases, I have to draw your attention to other cases which happen more frequently, and in advanced age, in consequence of a change in the perception of colors. They do not arise from a deficient function of the nervous apparatus of the eye, but in consequence of a change in the color of the lens.

The lens always gets rather yellow at an advanced age, and with many people the intensity of the discoloration is considerable. This, however, does not essentially diminish the power of vision. In order to get a distinct idea of the effect of this discoloration, it is best to make experiments with yellow glasses of the corresponding shade. Only the experiment must be continued for some time, because at first everything looks yellow to us. But the eye gets soon accustomed to the color, or rather it becomes dulled with regard to it, and then things appear again in their true light and color. This is at least the case with all objects of a somewhat bright and deep color. A careful examination, however, shows that a pale blue, or rather a certain small quantity of blue, cannot be perceived even after a very prolonged experiment, and after the eye has long got accustomed to the yellow color, because the yellow glass really excludes it. This must, of course, exercise a considerable influence when looking at pictures, on account of the great difference which necessarily exists between real objects and their representation in pictures.

These differences are many and great, as has been so thoroughly explained by Helmholtz. Let us for a moment waive the consideration of the difference produced by transmitting an object seen as a body on to a simple flat surface, and consider only the intensity of light and color. The intensity of light proceeding from the sun and reflected by objects is so infinitely greater than the strongest light reflected from a picture, that the proportion expressed in numbers is far beyond our comprehension. There is also so great a difference between the color of light, or of an illuminated object, and the pigments employed in painting, that it appears wonderful that the art of painting can by the use of them produce such perfect optical delusions. It can of course only produce optical delusions, never a real optical identity; that is to say, the image which is traced in our eye by real objects is not identical with the image produced in our eye by the picture. This is best observed by changing the light. Whoever paints in London has but too frequent opportunities of observing this. A little more or less fog, the reflection of a cloud illuminated by the sun, suffices to alter entirely the coloring of the picture, while the coloring of natural objects is not changed in the same manner.

Let us now return to our experiment with the yellow glass, and we shall find that it affects our eve very much in the same way as a yellow tint in the light, and therefore modifies natural objects in quite a different degree from pictures. If we continue the experiment for a considerable time, the difference becomes more and more essential. As I said before, the eye becomes dulled with regard to the yellow light, and thus sees nature again in its normal coloring. The small quantity of blue light which is excluded by the yellow glass produces no sensible difference, as the difference is equalized by a diminution of sensibility with regard to yellow. In the picture, on the contrary, there is found in many places only as much blue as is perfectly absorbed by the yellow glass, and this therefore can never be perceived, however long we continue the experiment. Even for those parts of the picture which have been painted with the most intense blue the painter could produce, the quantity of blue excluded by the yellow glass will make itself felt, because its power is not so small with regard to pigments as with regard to the blue in nature.

Imagine now that in the course of years one of the transparent media in the eye of the painter had gradually become yellowish, and that this yellow had by degrees considerably increased in intensity, and you will easily understand the influence it must exercise upon his work. He will see in nature almost everything correctly; but in his picture everything will appear to him yellowish, and consequently he will paint it too blue. Does he not perceive this himself? Does he not believe it if told of it? Were this the case, it would be easy for him to correct the fault, since an artist can paint in a yellower or bluer tone, as he chooses. These are two questions which are easily answered by psychological experience. He does not perceive it himself, because he does not remember that he formerly saw in a different way. Our remembrance with regard to opinions, sensations, perceptions, etc., which have become gradually modified in the course of years—not by any external influence or sudden impression, but by a gradual change in our own physical or mental individuality—is almost *nil*.

He does not believe it—I would not say because an artist rarely recognizes what others tell him with regard to his works, but because with him, as with everyone else, the impressions received through his own eye have a stronger power of conviction than anything else. "Sehen geht vor Sagen" (Seeing is believing), says the old adage.

We are almost always conscious of *indistinct* vision, be it in consequence of incorrect accommodation or insufficient power of sight, especially if it is not congenital, but has gradually dispeared. But it is extremely difficult and in many cases impossible to convince those of their defect who suffer from *incorrect* vision as to form and color. They never become conscious of it themselves, even if it is not congenital, and the most enlightened and intelligent among them remain incredulous, or become even angry and offended, when told of it. Incorrect perception of form may, however, easily be demonstrated. If in consequence of astigmatism a square appears oblong to any one, he can measure the sides with a compass; or, what is more simple still, he can turn it so that the horizontal lines are changed into vertical ones, and *vice versâ*, and his own sight will convince him of his error. It is more difficult to demonstrate whether a person sees colors correctly or not. Such glaring mistakes as those produced by color-blindness can be easily recognized, but faults produced by a diminished sensation of small differences in the shades of color can only be recognized as such by the fact that the majority of persons with normal vision declare them to be faults. Such, for instance, are deviations produced by an incorrect perception of pigments, which in painting makes itself felt by a constantly recurring *plus* or *minus* of a single color in the whole picture. It may also show itself by small faults in the rendering of every color. In discussing this subject with artists, they at once declare these anomalies to represent a school, a taste, a manner, which may be arbitrarily changed. They most unwillingly concede that peculiarities of sight have anything to do with it. It seems to me sometimes as if they considered it in a certain measure a degradation of their

art that it should be influenced by an organ of sense, and not depend entirely upon free choice, intelligence, imagination, and talent.

Thus, to return to the point from which we started, if a painter whose lens becomes yellower begins to paint in a bluer tone, it is said that he has changed his style. The painter himself vehemently protests against this opinion; he thinks that he still paints in his old style, and that he has only improved the tone of his color. His earlier works appear to him too brown. To convince him of his error it would be necessary to remove his lens suddenly. Then everything would appear to him too blue, and his paintings far too blue. This is no hypothesis, but a fact. Patients on whom I have operated for cataract very often spontaneously declared, immediately after the operation, that they saw everything blue; in these cases I invariably found their crystalline lens to be of an intense yellow color. In pictures painted after the artists were considerably over sixty, the effect of the yellow lens can often be studied. To me their pictures have so characteristic a tone of color that I could easily point them out while passing through a picture-gallery. As a striking example I will only mention Mulready. It is generally stated that in his advanced age he painted too purple. A careful examination shows that the peculiarity of the colors of his later pictures is produced by an addition of blue. Thus, for instance, the shadows on the flesh are painted in pure ultramarine. Blue drapery he painted most unnaturally blue. Red of course became purple. If you look at these pictures through a yellow glass, all these faults disappear; what formerly appeared unnatural and displeasing is at once corrected; the violet color of the face shows a natural red; the blue shades become gray; the unnatural glaring blue of the drapery is softened. To make the correction perfect, the glass must not be of a bright gold color, but rather of the color of pale sherry. It must be gradually darkened in accordance with the advancing age of the painter, and will then correspond exactly with the color of his lens. The best proof of the correctness of this statement is, that the yellow glass not only modifies the blue in Mulready's pictures, but gives truthfulness to all the other colors he employed. To make the proof complete, it would be necessary to show that by the aid of yellow glass we saw Mulready's pictures as he saw them with the naked eye; and this can be proved. It happens that Mulready has painted the same subject twice—first in 1836, when he was fifty years of age and his lens was in a normal state, and again in 1857, when he was seventy-one, and the yellow discoloration had considerably advanced. The first picture was called when exhibited, "Brother and Sister; or, Pinching the Ear;" the second was called "The Young Brother." In both pictures a girl, whose back only is visible, is carrying a little child. A young peasant, in a blue smock-frock, stands to the right and seizes the ear of the child. The background is formed by a cloudy sky and part of a tree. Both pictures are in the Kensington Museum. The identity of the composition makes the difference in the coloring more striking. If we look at the second picture through a yellow glass, the difference between the two almost entirely disappears, as the glass corrects the faults of the picture. The smock-frock of the boy no longer appears of that intense blue which we may see in a lady's silk dress, but never in the smock-frock of a peasant. It changes into the natural tint which we find in the first picture. The purple face of the boy also becomes a natural color. The shades on the neck of the girl and the arms of the child, which are painted in a pure blue, look now gray, and so do the blue shadows in the clouds. The gray trunk of the tree becomes brown. Surprising is the effect upon the yellowish green foliage, which, instead of appearing still more yellow, is restored to its natural color, and shows the same tone of color as the foliage in the earlier picture. This last fact is most important to prove the correctness of my supposition. My endeavor to explain it became the starting-point of a series of investigations to ascertain the optical qualities of the pigments used in painting, and thus to enable us to recognize them by optical contrivances, when the vision of the naked eye does not suffice to analyze the colors of a picture.

When I had the pleasure of showing this experiment with Mulready's pictures to Professor Tyndall, he drew my attention to the fact that one single color, namely, the blue of the sky, was not affected by the yellow glass. The blue of the sky was almost the same in both pictures. I could not at once explain the cause of this, but I discovered it afterward. The fact is, it is impossible to change the sky-blue of the first picture so as to form a color that looks like it when seen through a yellow glass. If more white is added, the sky becomes too pale; if a deeper blue is used, it becomes too dark. Mulready was thus forced to content himself by giving to the sky in his later pictures the same color as in the earlier ones.

If we look at Mulready's earlier works through the same yellow glass, they lose considerably in beauty of coloring: the tone appears too weak; the shadows brown; the green, dark and colorless; we see them as he saw them, and understand why he became dissatisfied with them and changed his coloring.

It would be more important to correct the abnormal vision of the artist, than to make a normal eye see as the artist saw when his sight had suffered. This unfortunately can only be done to a certain extent.

It is the dispersion of light which, as in Turner's case, alters the perception of nature, it can be partly rectified by a kind of diaphragm with a small opening (Donders' sthenopeical spectacles).

In cases of astigmatism, the use of cylindrical glasses will completely correct the aspect of nature, as well as of the picture. Certain anomalies in the sensation of color may also be counteracted to some extent by the use of colored glasses; for instance, by a blue glass, when the lens has become yellow, as in Mulready's case.

If science aims at proving that certain works of art offend against physiological laws, artists and art critics ought not to think that by being subjected to the material analysis of physiological investigation, that which is noble, beautiful, and purely intellectual will be dragged into the dust. They ought, on the contrary, to make the results of these investigations their own. In this way art critics will often obtain an explanation of the development of the artist, while artists will avoid the inward struggles and disappointments which often arise through the difference between their own perceptions and those of the majority of the public. Never will science be an impediment to the creations of genius.

Tinsley's Magazine.

BY THE MILL.

A FEW short hours, a few short hours,
The noisy wheel goes round;
A few short hours, a little while,
And hushed is every sound.

Yon stream that flows so swiftly by,
So swift by lawn and lea,
Shall still flow on when you and I
Have long since ceased to be.

A few short hours, a few short hours,
We wander by the mill;
A few short hours, a little while,
And all is hushed and still.

The ivy wreaths that upward creep
Shall clasp yon stalwart tree,
While scarce in memory men shall keep
A thought of you or me.

Then let us wander while we may,
The noisy wheel goes round;
And strangers, where we roam to-day,
To-morrow shall be found.

London Society.

A SONG OF LIFE.

I LEFT my love in homeland dear,
And oh! my heart was dreary!
I wandered alone by rivers clear,
And the sedgy banks of the sluggish mere,
Aweary and aweary!

I heard the wayside minstrel sing,
And oh! my heart was dreary!
I heard the convent vespers ring,
But peace they ne'er to my soul could bring,
Aweary and aweary!

I paced mirth's halls, ablaze with light,
But oh! my heart was dreary!
I turned me from the soulless sight,
And wept out in the starry night,
Aweary and aweary!

I thought of my love at break of day,
And oh! my heart was dreary!
For ah! he was miles and miles away,
And his sweet farewell on my sad heart lay,
Aweary and aweary!

* * * * * *

A dove was away from its homeland long,
And oh! its heart was dreary!
But now it is safe from the world's wild throng,
Safe by a bosom that's true and strong;
And never again will its low sweet song
Be weary and aweary!

Tinsley's Magazine.

THE HAIR'S BREADTH.

THIS proverbial, figurative and infinitesimal measurement, as applied in its every-day use to escapes, chances, luck, or good or evil fortune, opens so vast a field of speculation in connection with this mysterious life of ours, that there is ever a temptation to look back in wonderment upon events that, we say, have turned out so or so by "a hair's breadth." Thousands upon thousands of them, we can see, attained their existing results simply by that very delicate degree; but it is quite impossible to calculate how many of our most treasured and now successful schemes were upon the point of wreckage by an invisible hair's breadth, or how, on the other hand, some of our direst calamities were on the point of being escaped by the like "capillary" interposition.

We know that out of Alfred Hennypeck just happening to meet his old acquaintance Cuthbert Crusher, whom he had not seen for three years, on that particular evening in January, 1851, when they were both waiting for an omnibus at Charing-cross, sprang an intimacy which led to the matrimonial alliance between A. H. and Miss Crusher, which the former has never had cause to regret but once since. We know too that had not that half-bred obscure foreigner, Monsieur Paul Parvenu, chanced to have taken up the *Times* at the moment he did in that dingy café in Licester-square where he was wont to partake of his frugal dinner, and had his eye not fallen upon the advertisement headed "next of kin," which informed him that "by applying," etc., etc., "on or before that day week, he would hear of something," etc., etc., he would probably never have come into possession of the princely fortune to which it appears he was entitled, and which in the eyes of a discriminating world has made him the estimable and refined gentleman he is. It is also now quite apparent to us, farseeing and sagacious as we are, that if Clavering Huntingdon, Esq., had not been thrown from his horse precisely opposite "Storks Hall, Clapham-common," and been carried for dead into that noble and hospitable mansion, he would never have married the gentle Selina Storks, and lived happily ever afterward.

Equally obvious is it that if Bluster Babblecome, Esq., the great actor, after his successful tour through the United States, had not attempted to return to his native land by the ill-fated steamship Dictator, and by so doing have gone to the bottom with the large fortune he had amassed, his wife and children would now have been in affluent circumstances, instead of on the verge of the workhouse. We are aware that poor Babblecome traveled night and day for a week to catch that particular steamer, and that he caught it by "a hair's breadth," the precise space which lay between him and his grave. By the same token, also, it is recorded that Mellicott Mercier, the celebrated Manchester merchant, traveled for the same period indefatigably, for the same purpose; but, arriving in New York an hour too late, lost the steamer and saved his life. Ruin appeared to stare him in the face from this miscarriage of his plans, but the "hair's breadth" by which he missed the steamer left him the opportunity of recovering from his financial difficulties. The governing power thus swaying our fortunes—mighty, obscure, mysterious as it is, is, however, apparently balanced by this most delicate of weights, the weight of a hair. Incomprehensible to us, it nevertheless binds us eternally and irresistibly to certain courses, as surely and as firmly as if its chains were links of steel and iron, instead of the spider's web-like hair, upon the turning of which we see the fate of all of us depends. Drawn along by the slender thread, it would appear that we are sometimes no more capable of counteracting its tension on us than we are of flying to the moon.

But why attempt to enumerate such cases? Life is made up of them. They constitute our very existence; these are the terms upon which we hold possession of this fragile tenement of bone and muscle. Patent to everybody, they show

upon how precarious a basis the whole fabric stands; but what is not so clearly shown is, by what especial hairs' breadths we have missed, are missing every moment of our lives, fatal catastrophe or illimitable fortune. Trivial and slight, serious and important—ay, important even unto death—circumstances hourly happen, all turning this way or that by "a hair's breadth." Fortunately we are not over-conscious of this state of things, or existence would be unbearable; but glimpses of it are now and then vouchsafed, just, as it would seem, often enough to remind us from time to time of the slender tenure of our days and the crumbling nature of the ground along which time is hurrying us. We may be quite conscious on occasions, and in a thousand obvious ways, by what a very little our efforts have resulted in failure or success; but we are blind to so many of our risks and to the escapes we have, that perhaps we do not often enough meditate on what is at the best quite inscrutable, and therefore do not value sufficiently the mercies which are vouchsafed to us. A great calamity befalls us, and we rebel before we take into consideration that the very state of things we are condemning has probably preserved us from a much worse one.

Should a perception of the danger we are exposed to from the tails of goods-trains, the imperfect fitting of points and switches, from the inattention of over-taxed pointsmen, brakesmen, signalmen, guards, or engine-drivers, constantly recur, we should shudder at the thought of ever entering a railway carriage. But for once we chance to be looking out of the compartment in which we are bowling through Mugby Junction just in time to see our engine miss by a hair's breadth the tail of the goods-train which is being shunted into a siding out of our way—for once that we do this, we pass fifty times through that important station, at which expresses never stop (and we always travel express), with our eyes gently closing in a comfortable doze, or fixed upon the evening paper, and so never know how frequently we are upon the verge of annihilation or life-long suffering. If we could see what we call every providential escape we have on our daily journeys from suburb to city—well, the dividends of railway companies might be by no means certain that the days of the old stage-coach and the long stage-wagon would be for evergone.

If fate, or the doctrine of chance, should ordain that, for three days in succession, the gentleman happening to be walking immediately in front of us on the pavement should tread on the loose iron plate of a coal-hole, slip and break his leg, the accident would so impress us with the risks we run at every step, that our future comfortable progress through the London thoroughfares would be much interfered with; for we should concentrate our attention upon dodging every such pitfall, and our wobbling and meandering gait would draw down upon us the incisive chaff of the street-boy; we should be accounted either mad or drunk.

Happily it is only now and again that we get a warning, and the hold it takes upon us is usually so transient as never materially to interfere with our general conduct. It is not our lot to be on the spot at every misadventure which occurs on the pavement, and so we only shrug our shoulders, and say when we see the man break his leg perhaps once in our lives, "By Jove that might have happened to me; I might as well have trodden on that hole as he; I only missed it by a shave," or "by a hair's breadth." But we forget the circumstances after a while, and go along on our business or pleasure with our usual jaunty air, taking no heed whatever of coal-hole or trap-door, and remaining in blissful ignorance of how often we miss by a hair's breadth actually or metaphorically "putting our foot in it."

We set our mind and heart on marrying Rosa Munda, and we should have been a blighted being to the end of our life had we not carried out our purpose; but we perhaps shall never have a suspicion of what a touch-and-go affair it was, that getting her father's consent. We shall never have a suspicion that if we had let slip at that momentous interview the fact that our uncle by the mother's side formerly kept a baker's shop at Barking, the aristocratic and inexorable parent of our wife would at once and forever have forbidden us the house. The pieces of orange-peel

we unconsciously avoid treading on, and the tender toes of our ftiends which, by a merciful interposition, we equally avoid crushing by a hair's breadth, we never can enumerate; but if it be any satisfaction to us, we may be quite sure that we are missing these catastrophes all day, and every day of our lives, and always by a hair's breadth. Our good genius alone was responsible for preserving us from entering into malicious diatribe against the aggressive policy of Prussia, and of expressing our unqualified dislike for Germans generally, the other day, when we dined for the first time with our old college companion Barnabas Blunter. It was not due to our instinct even that we abstained from so eternally committing ourselves, and it was only by "a hair's breadth" that we discovered, in time to stop our mouth, that Mrs. Blunter was of German birth, and closely related to the Grand Duke of Schwigemhoff. The lady spoke English so admirably, in the few words we exchanged on being introduced, that we had no suspicion of the delicate ground we were about to tread upon, and therefore were saved from committing a gross breach of politeness and good taste by a hair's breadth. Had we never found out her nationality, we should never have known, as we now know, the escape we had; and utterly impossible must it be, therefore, for us to estimate how frequently, without knowing it, we are preserved under similar conditions from treading on our most esteemed friends' most tender corns. There are some people, less fortunate than ourselves, who are everlastingly getting into scrapes by "a hair's breadth." Another moment, and the words they utter would not have been uttered; they just manage by a hair's breadth to have the opportunity of saying the wrong thing, identically as we were prevented by a hair's breadth from saying it. They continue to display their antipathy, shall we say, to the Hebrew race, when in presence of some worthy retiring Isrealite, or, by "a hair's breadth," a turn in the conversation—the turn of a hair, that is—frustrates their unintentional rudeness, and likely enough they remain for ever unaware of how near they have been to damaging their character for good breeding; and these are the escapes—the number of which we can never calculate—we all have more or less, according to what we call our good or bad luck.

Grateful indeed should we be that nature has not given us two pair of eyes, a set in the back as well as in front of our heads; for with such an abnormal amount of vision we should perpetually see by what a hair's breadth we escape death whenever we attempt to cross Regent-street in the afternoon during the month of May. Life in London would become a burden, if we always saw the glee with which the hansom cabmen charge at us the instant our foot leaves the curb, and with what exultation they display their skill as good whips by driving so close upon our heels as only to save themselves from committing manslaughter by a hair's breadth.

What a mercy it is, too, that we are not all doctors—that we do not perceive how we are everlastingly jeopardizing our valuable lives by our imprudence or want of caution in eating and drinhing, in dancing or riding, in jumping or running, in rowing or cricketing, in going up-stairs or down, in stooping or stretching, in coughing or sneezing, in cutting our corns, or blowing our noses!

Nevertheless, we may lay the flattering fact to heart if we please, that in all our natural, ordinary everyday, acts, simple or complex, the barrier between our present state of perfect health, and the possibility of paralysis, apoplexy, tetanus, broken limbs, dislocations, strains, and "all the thousand natural shocks this flesh is heir to," is no wider than a hair's breadth. Whether that seat in the cab which we occupied in our drive home in the rain half an hour ago, had only been vacated five minutes before we got into the vehicle by some one sickening for, or just recovering from, scarlet fever, typhus, or small-pox, time alone will show; but if we find, in the course of a few days, that suspicious symptoms are beginning to manifest themselves, we have the consolation of knowing it was by the merest chance that we called that particular cab, and that we only missed the bran-new fresh-looking one, which came up the next instant, by a hair's breadth. Equally also may we console ourselves with the reflection that the loss of that secretaryship, worth a thousand a year,

for which we were competing, was due entirely to our boot-lace breaking at the moment it did, and so causing us to arrive five minutes late at our appointment with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and just in time to hear that he had bestowed the post upon our bitterest enemy, Muddlestone, simply because he was there, and we were not. We shall have the consolation of remembering all our lives that we missed that valuable situation only by a hair's breadth, and that only by that extent were our prospects marred for life. On the other hand, should this consideration fail to reconcile us to our ill-luck, we may at least call to our aid the philosophic recollection that had we obtained the berth we might, by an over-zealous attention to our duties, have laid the foundation for softening of the brain. and so have been less well off on the whole than we are now with our miserable pittance of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum ; and then that hair's breadth of boot-lace, which we anathematized so cordially presents itself to our imagination in the light of a stout rope, by which we for a while were suspended over a yawning precipice, and to the strength of which rope is due our present robust state of health.

If the fabric of social civil life, in all its relations of one item to another, thus appears to hang upon an infinitesimal quantity, how much more obvious does the system seem when applied to military matters! Once upon the "tented field" there literally is no possibility of calculating how vast may be the destinies which are swayed by the turning, that is, by the breadth of a hair. Take even the most recent examples, and where the tide of fortune set continuously in one direction, and it must still be admitted that, at one period, the security of the German army's position round Paris was menaced to an extent that will never be actually known, but which escaped disturbance only by a hair's breadth. Had Metz held out a little longer, who can say what might have been the chances which the army of the Loire would have had of raising the siege? With regard to individual risks and escapes, there is no limit to the evidence of the influence which this remarkable little measurement has. One officer goes through a dozen actions; bullets and shells fly about his head, and miss him by the proverbial space; he has half a dozen horses killed under him, and never gets a scratch; whilst another falls with a bullet through his heart the moment he, for the first time, comes within range of the enemy's fire. Wounds escape being mortal, vital arteries and organs are passed by the deadly lead, quite actually and not figuratively at all, by a hair's breadth. It were endless to point to instances of

> "most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scaped i' the imminent deadly breach;"

and the conditions of warfare, to a large extent, point out so clearly the risks to which they put human life, that the sensations of surprise are the turn of events may take are somewhat dulled.

The glaring and obvious evils, miseries, and dangers of every-day life, however, are too constantly apparent to be entirely overlooked, and as in war, so in peace, we are in a measure prepared for them. They arise; we see them and evade them, "by the skin of our teeth," and are justly set wondering at our good luck; but we are not astonished under some circumstances to find ourselves "coming to grief," as the phrase goes, in spite of all experience, eyesight, caution, and forethought. The events, which startle us by their results, are those which are unforseeable, which no amount of caution appears capable of preventing, but which nevertheless eventuate by a hair's breadth, and, amidst the mass of proverbial expressions in daily use, we can hardly find one which teems with so much that is mysterious, and at the same time so literally applicable to the chances of existence, as this our text. Even as we lay down our pen, it occurs to us that this paper was within a hair's breadth of not being written—only by a hair's breadth was it suggested. As it comes to a conclusion, as we rise to vacate our chair, who can say what trivial act, at this moment quite uncontemplated, may not bring us, with all the rest of our scribblings, plans, hopes and ambitions, to within a hair's breadth of the end.

TRUE CHARITY.

A widow poor, Dame Gray by name,
  The subject of my tale shall be.
Her husband dead long years ago,
  She lived alone down by the sea.

No children e'er had blessed her home;
  No friend had she in all that place;
No kindly hand was e'er outstretched
  To aid her tottering footstep's pace.

Too proud to beg, in truth was she,
  E'en though the wolf was at her door,
Her palsied hands, her feeble eye,
  Were broken reeds and nothing more.

The nimble fingers that had once
  So deft and neat the needle plied,
Had lost their art of "Auld Lang Syne,"
  She could not sew though hard she tried.

Yet life was sweet to this poor dame,
  As in the days when she was blest
With love and all that makes life dear,
  E'er her good John had gone to rest.

To earn her bread she fain must work,
  But what was there that she could do?
The only thing—alas! poor dame!
  Was washing clothes, 'twas hard she knew.

Kind-hearted friends there were who would
  Have gladly shared with her their store,
But charity she would not have;
  Pay for her work, but nothing more.

These gladly gave her clothes to wash,
  Till she had work from all around.
But soon the toil day after day,
  Of rubbing clothes too hard she found.

Her strength was all her stock in trade,
  And that once gone, she would indeed,
Be in a strait could no kind hand
  Her labors lighten in her need.

Just at this time a lady rare,
  The judge's wife, good Mrs. Mott,
Called on our dame to see if aught
  That she could do would ease her lot.

Now Mrs. Mott's chief aim in life
  Was helping those who needed aid,
The poor in her their best friend had,
  And many a home she'd happy made.

She found Dame Gray still at her work,
  Bending intently o'er her tub,
Rubbing away as if for life,
  And growing sore with every rub.

"Dear, dear!" said she, "this will not do.
  How long think you that you will have
Sufficient strength to earn your bread,
  If thus you waste it like a slave?"

"Not long I fear," said old Dame Gray,
"For even now the fact I prove,
But still there is no other mode
By which the dirt I may remove.

"Not with such soap as that you use,
I grant to you," said Mrs. Mott.
"*That* is, no aid in washing clothes;
You do the work that *it* should do."

"I know, good friend, the soap is poor,"
Replied Dame Gray, "but then, you know,
That better I cannot afford,
Beyond its price I dare not go."

"Not so, my dear," said Mrs. Mott,
"*You* can't afford such *trash* to buy;
The rich, perhaps, may think it cheap,
Who have more cash than you or I."

"But *you* have nought to throw away,
The *best* is none too good for
It cheaper is, though higher priced;
Take my advice you'll find it true.

"The soap *I* use, though costing more
Than this brown soap, much cheaper is,
Because a bar will last as long
As five or six of such as this."

"And what is worth far more to you
Than any paltry dime or two—
Your health and strength—these both demand
Economy—keep that in view."

"Dobbins' Electric Soap I use,
No soap can ever it excel;
It is so pure. It does its work
Like magic, too, so quick and well."

"Here is a box for you to try;
Follow the rules around each bar,
And you will find, as I have said,
Your health and strength both better far."

Dame Gray of course expressed her thanks
And took the soap of Mrs. Mott;
And not a week elapsed, before
A treasure rare she found she'd got.

Some years have passed away since then,
And *old* Dame Gray is growing *young;*
But still she uses Dobbins' Soap—
Its praise is ever on her tongue.

'Tis meet a moral should adorn
This homely verse of old Dame Gray;
So here it is—"Use Dobbins' Soap;
Get it at once, without delay."

Dobbins' Electric Soap is better than any other brand made. Strictly pu
I. L. Cragin & Co., sole proprietors and manufacturers. 119 S. 4th st., Philad
phia, Pa., 102 Barclay st., New York, N. Y., 144 State st., Boston.

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